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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

THAT evening I went to Mrs. Poyntz's; it was one of her ordinary "reception nights," and I felt that she would naturally expect my attendance as 'a proper attention.'

I joined a group engaged in general conversation, of which Mrs. Poyntz herself made the centre, knitting, as usual, rapidly while she talked, slowly when she listened.

Without mentioning the visit I had paid that morning, I turned the conversation on the different country places in the neighbourhood, and then incidentally asked, "What sort of a man is Sir Philip Derval? Is it not strange that he should suffer so fine a place to fall into decay?" The answers I received added little to the information I had already obtained. Mrs. Poyntz knew nothing of Sir Philip Derval, except as a man of large estates, whose rental had been greatly increased by a rise in the value of property he possessed in the town of L——, and which lay contiguous to that of her husband. Two or three of the older inhabitants of the Hill had remembered him in his early days, when he was gay, high-spirited, hospitable, lavish. One observed that the only person in L—— whom he had admitted to his subsequent seclusion was Dr. Lloyd, who was then without practice, and whom he had employed as an assistant in certain chemical experiments.

Here a gentleman struck into the conversation. He was a stranger to me and to L——, a visitor to one of the dwellers on the Hill, who had asked leave to present him to its Queen as a great traveller and an accomplished antiquarian.

Said this gentleman: "Sir Philip Derval! I know him. I met him in the East. He was then, still, I believe, very fond of chemical science; a clever, odd, philanthropical man; had studied medicine, or at least practised it; was said to have made many marvellous cures. I became acquainted with him in Aleppo. He had come to that town, not much frequented by English travellers, in order to inquire into the murder of two men, of whom one was his friend and the other his countryman.

"This is interesting," said Mrs. Poyntz, dryly. "We who live on this innocent Hill all love stories of crime; murder is the pleasantest subject you could have hit on. Pray give us the details."

"So encouraged," said the traveller, good humouredly, "I will not hesitate to communicate the little I know. In Aleppo, there had lived for some years a man who was held by the natives in great reverence. He had the reputation of extraordinary wisdom, but was difficult of access; the lively imagination of the Orientals invested his character with the fascinations of fable; in short, Haroun of Aleppo was popularly considered a magician. Wild stories were told of his powers, of his preternatural age, of his hoarded treasures. Apart from such disputable titles to homage, there seemed no question, from all I heard, that his learning was considerable, his charities extensive, his manner of life irreproachably ascetic. He appears to have resembled those Arabian sages of the Gothic age to whom modern science is largely indebted—a mystic enthusiast but an earnest scholar. A wealthy and singular Englishman, long resident in another part of the East, afflicted by some languishing disease, took a journey to Aleppo to consult this sage, who, among his other acquirements, was held to have discovered rare secrets in medicine—his countrymen said in 'charms.' One morning, not long after the Englishman's arrival, Haroun was found dead in his bed, apparently strangled, and the Englishman, who lodged in another part of the town, had disappeared; but some of his clothes, and a crutch on which he habitually supported himself, were found a few miles distant from Aleppo near the roadside. There appeared no doubt that he, too, had been murdered, but his corpse could not be discovered. Sir Philip Derval had been a loving disciple of this Sage of Aleppo, to whom he assured me he owed not only that knowledge of medicine which, by report, Sir Philip possessed, but the insight into various truths of nature, on the promulgation of which it was evident Sir Philip cherished the ambition to found a philosophical celebrity for himself."

"Of what description were those truths of nature?" I asked, somewhat sarcastically.

"Sir, I am unable to tell you, for Sir Philip did not inform me, nor did I much care to ask, for what may be revered as truths in Asia are usually despised as dreams in Europe. To return to my story. Sir Philip had been in Aleppo a little time before the murder; had left the Englishman under the care of Haroun; he

returned to Aleppo on hearing the tragic events I have related, and was busied in collecting such evidence as could be gleaned, and instituting inquiries after our missing countryman at the time that I myself chanced to arrive in the city. I assisted in his researches, but without avail. The assassins remained undiscovered. I do not myself doubt that they were mere vulgar robbers. Sir Philip had a darker suspicion, of which he made no secret to me, but as I confess that I thought the suspicion groundless, you will pardon me if I do not repeat it. Whether, since I left the East, the Englishman's remains have been discovered, I know not. Very probably; for I understand that his heirs have got hold of what fortune he left—less than was generally supposed. But it was reported that he had buried great treasures, a rumour, however absurd, not altogether inconsistent with his character."

"What was his character?" asked Mrs. Poyntz.

"One of evil and sinister repute. He was regarded with terror by the attendants who had accompanied him to Aleppo. But he had lived in a very remote part of the East, little known to Europeans, and, from all I could learn, had there established an extraordinary power, strengthened by superstitious awe. He was said to have studied deeply that knowledge which the philosophers of old called 'occult,' not, like the Sage of Aleppo, for benevolent, but for malignant ends. He was accused of conferring with evil spirits, and filling his barbaric court (for he lived in a kind of savage royalty) with charmers and sorcerers. I suspect, after all, that he was only like myself, an ardent antiquarian, and cunningly made use of the fear he inspired in order to secure his authority, and prosecute, in safety, researches into ancient sepulchres or temples. His great passion was, indeed, in excavating such remains in his neighbourhood, with what result I know not, never having penetrated so far into regions infested by robbers and pestiferous with malaria. He wore the Eastern dress, and always carried jewels about him. I came to the conclusion that for the sake of these jewels he was murdered, perhaps by some of his own servants, who then at once buried his body, and kept their own secret. He was old, very infirm; could never have got far from the town without assistance."

"You have not yet told us his name," said Mrs. Poyntz.

"His name was Grayle."

"Grayle!" exclaimed Mrs. Poyntz, dropping her work, "Louis Grayle?"

"Yes; Louis Grayle. You could not have known him?"

"Known him! No. But I have often heard my father speak of him. Such, then, was the tragic end of that strong dark creature, for whom, as a young girl in the nursery, I used to feel a kind of fearful admiring interest?"

"It is your turn to narrate now," said the traveller.

And we all drew closer round our hostess, who remained silent some moments, her brow thoughtful, her work suspended.

"Well," said she, at last, looking round us with a lofty air, which seemed half defying, "force and courage are always fascinating, even when they are quite in the wrong. I go with the world, because the world goes with me; if it did not——" Here she stopped for a moment, clenched the firm white hand, and then scornfully waved it, left the sentence unfinished, and broke into another.

"Going with the world, of course we must march over those who stand against it. But when one man stands single-handed against our march, we do not despise him; it is enough to crush. I am very glad I did not see Louis Grayle when I was a girl of sixteen." Again she paused a moment—and resumed: "Louis Grayle was the only son of an usurer, infamous for the rapacity with which he had acquired enormous wealth. Old Grayle desired to rear his heir as a gentleman; sent him to Eton; boys are always aristocratic; his birth was soon thrown in his teeth; he was fierce; he struck boys bigger than himself—fought till he was half-killed. My father was at school with him; described him as a tiger whelp. One day he—still a fag—struck a sixth form boy. Sixth form boys do not fight fags; they punish them. Louis Grayle was ordered to hold out his hand to the cane; he received the blow, drew forth his schoolboy knife, and stabbed the punisher. After that, he left Eton. I don't think he was publicly expelled—too mere a child for that honour—but he was taken or sent away: educated with great care under the first masters at home: when he was of age to enter the University, old Grayle was dead. Louis was sent by his guardians to Cambridge, with acquirements far exceeding the average of young men, and with unlimited command of money. My father was at the same college, and described him again — haughty, quarrelsome, reckless, handsome, aspiring, brave. Does that kind of creature interest you my dears?" (appealing to the ladies).

"La!" said Miss Brabazon; "a horrid usurer's son!"

"Ay, true; the vulgar proverb says it is good to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth; so it is when one has one's own family crest on it; but when it is a spoon on which people recognise their family crest, and cry out, 'Stolen from our plate chest,' it is a heritage that outlaws a babe in his cradle. However, young men at college who want money are less scrupulous about descent than boys at Eton are. Louis Grayle found, while at college, plenty of well-born acquaintances willing to recover from him some of the plunder his father had extorted from theirs. He was too wild to distinguish himself by academical honours, but my father said that the tutors of the college declared there were not six undergraduates in the University who knew as much hard and dry science as wild Louis Grayle. He went into the world, no doubt, hoping to shine; but his father's name

was too notorious to admit the son into good society. The Polite World, it is true, does not examine a scutcheon with the nice eye of a herald, nor look upon riches with the stately contempt of a stoic—still the Polite World has its family pride and its moral sentiment. It does not like to be cheated—I mean, in money matters—and when the son of the man who has emptied its purse and foreclosed on its acres, rides by its club windows, hand on haunch, and head in the air, no lion has a scowl more awful, no hyæna a laugh more dread, than that same easy, good-tempered, tolerant, polite, well-bred world which is so pleasant an acquaintance, so languid a friend, and—so remorseless an enemy. In short, Louis Grayle claimed the right to be courted—he was shunned; to be admired—he was loathed. Even his old college acquaintances were shamed out of knowing him. Perhaps he could have lived through all this, had he sought to glide quietly into position; but he wanted the tact of the well-bred, and strove to storm his way, not to steal it. Reduced for companions to needy parasites, he braved and he shocked all decorous opinion by that ostentation of excess, which made Richelieus and Lauzuns the rage. But then Richelieus and Lauzuns were dukes! He now very naturally took the Polite World into hate—gave it scorn for scorn. He would ally himself with Democracy; his wealth could not get him into a club, but it would buy him into parliament; he could not be a Lauzun, nor, perhaps, a Mirabeau; but he might be a Danton. He had plenty of knowledge and audacity, and with knowledge and audacity a good hater is sure to be eloquent. Possibly, then, this poor Louis Grayle might have made a great figure, left his mark on his age and his name in history; but in contesting the borough which he was sure to carry, he had to face an opponent in a real fine gentleman whom his father had ruined, cool and high bred, with a tongue like a rapier, a sneer like an adder. A quarrel of course; Louis Grayle sent a challenge. The fine gentleman, known to be no coward (fine gentlemen never are), was at first disposed to refuse with contempt. But Grayle had made himself the idol of the mob; and at a word from Grayle the fine gentleman might have been ducked at a pump, or tossed in a blanket—that would have made him ridiculous—to be shot at is a trifle, to be laughed at is serious. He therefore condescended to accept the challenge, and my father was his second.

"It was settled, of course, according to English custom, that both combatants should fire at the same time, and by signal. The antagonist fired at the right moment; his ball grazed Louis Grayle's temple. Louis Grayle had not fired. He now seemed to the seconds to take slow and deliberate aim. They called out to him not to fire—they were rushing to prevent him—when the trigger was pulled and his opponent fell dead on the field. The fight was, therefore, considered unfair; Louis Grayle was tried for his life; he did not stand the trial in person. He escaped to the Continent; hurried on to some distant uncivilised lands; could not be traced; reappeared in England no more. The lawyer who conducted his defence pleaded skilfully. He argued that the delay in firing was not intentional, therefore not criminal—the effect of the stun which the wound in the temple had occasioned. The judge was a gentleman, and summed up the evidence so as to direct the jury to a verdict against the low wretch who had murdered a gentleman. But the jurors were not gentlemen, and Grayle's advocate had of course excited their sympathy for a son of the people whom a gentleman had wantonly insulted—the verdict was manslaughter. But the sentence emphatically marked the aggravated nature of the homicide—three years' imprisonment. Grayle eluded the prison, but he was a man disgraced and an exile; his ambition blasted, his career an outlaw's, and his age not yet twenty-three. My father said that he was supposed to have changed his name; none knew what had become of him. And so in his old age this creature, brilliant and daring, whom if born under better auspices we might now be all fawning on, cringing to—after living to old age, no one knows how—dies, murdered at Aleppo, no one, you say, knows by whom."

"I saw some account of his death in the papers about three years ago," said one of the party, "but the name was misspelt, and I had no idea that it was the same man who had fought the duel which Mrs. Colonel Poyntz has so graphically described. I have a vague recollection of the trial; it took place when I was a boy, more than forty years since. The affair made a stir at the time, but was soon forgotten."

"Soon forgotten," said Mrs. Poyntz; "ay, what is not? Leave your place in the world for ten minutes, and when you come back somebody else has taken it: but when you leave the world for good who remembers that you had ever a place even in the parish register!"

"Nevertheless," said I, "a great poet has said, finely and truly,

The sun of Homer shines upon us still."

"But it does not shine upon Homer; and learned folks tell me that we know no more who and what Homer was; if there was ever a single Homer at all, or rather a whole herd of Homers, than we know about the man in the moon—if there be one man there, or a million. Now, my dear Miss Brabazon, it will be very kind in you to divert our thoughts into channels less gloomy. Some pretty French air——Dr. Fenwick, I have something to say to you." She drew me towards the window. "So, Anne Ashleigh writes me word that I am not to mention your engagement. Do you think it quite prudent to keep it a secret?"

"I do not see how prudence is concerned in keeping it secret one way or the other—it is a mere matter of feeling. Most people wish to abridge, as far as they can, the time in which their private arrangements are the topic of public gossip."

"Public gossip is sometimes the best security for the due completion of private arrangements. As long as a girl is not known to be engaged, her betrothed must be prepared for rivals. Announce the engagement, and rivals are warned off."

"I fear no rivals."

"Do you not? Bold man! I suppose you will write to Lilian?"

"Certainly."

"Do so, and constantly. By the way, Mrs. Ashleigh, before she went, asked me to send her back Lady Haughton's letter of invitation. What for? to show to you?"

"Very likely. Have you the letter still? May I see it?"

"Not just at present. When Lilian or Mrs. Ashleigh write to you, come and tell me how they like their visit, and what other guests form the party."

Therewith she turned away and conversed apart with the traveller.

Her words disquieted me, and I felt that they were meant to do so. Wherefore, I could not guess. But there is no language on earth which has more words with a double meaning than that spoken by the Clever Woman, who is never so guarded as when she appears to be frank.

As I walked home thoughtfully, I was accosted by a young man, the son of one of the wealthiest merchants in the town. I had attended him with success, some months before, in a rheumatic fever; he and his family were much attached to me.

"Ah, my dear Fenwick, I am so glad to see you; I owe you an obligation of which you are not aware—an exceedingly pleasant travelling companion. I came with him to-day from London, where I have been sight-seeing and holiday-making for the last fortnight."

"I suppose you mean that you kindly bring me a patient?"

"No, only an admirer. I was staying at Fenton's Hotel. It so happened one day that I had left in the coffee-room your last work on the Vital Principle, which, by-the-by, the bookseller assures me is selling immensely among readers as non-professional as myself. Coming into the coffee-room again I found a gentleman reading it. I claimed it politely; he as politely tendered his excuse for taking it. We made acquaintance on the spot. The next day we were intimate. He expressed great interest and curiosity about your theory and your experiments. I told him I knew you. You may guess if I described you as less clever in your practice than you are in your writings. And, in short, he came with me to L——, partly to see our flourishing town, principally on my promise to introduce him to you. My mother, you know, has what she calls a *déjeûner* to-morrow; *déjeûner* and dance. You will be there?"

"Thank you for reminding me of her invitation. I will avail myself of it if I can. Your new friend will be present? Who and what is he? A medical student?"

"No, a mere gentleman at ease; but seems to have a good deal of general information. Very young; apparently very rich; wonderfully good-looking. I am sure you will like him; everybody must."

"It is quite enough to prepare me to like him, that he is a friend of yours." And so we shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was late in the afternoon of the following day before I was able to join the party assembled at the merchant's house; it was a villa about two miles out of the town, pleasantly situated, amidst flower-gardens celebrated in the neighbourhood for their beauty. The breakfast had been long over; the company was scattered over the lawn; some formed into a dance on the smooth lawn; some seated under shady awnings; others gliding amidst parterres, in which all the glow of colour took a glory yet more vivid under the flush of a brilliant sunshine, and the ripple of a soft western breeze. Music, loud and lively, mingled with the laughter of happy children, who formed much the larger number of the party.

Standing at the entrance of an arched trellis, that led from the hardier flowers of the lawn to a rare collection of tropical plants under a lofty glass dome (connecting, as it were, the familiar vegetation of the North with that of the remotest East), was a form that instantaneously caught and fixed my gaze. The entrance of the arcade was covered with parasite creepers, in prodigal luxuriance, of variegated gorgeous tints—scarlet, golden, purple—and the form, an idealised picture of man's youth fresh from the hand of Nature, stood literally in a frame of blooms. Never have I seen human face so radiant as that young man's.

There was in the aspect an indescribable something that literally dazzled. As one continued to gaze, it was with surprise, one was forced to acknowledge that in the features themselves there was no faultless regularity; nor was the young man's stature imposing — about the middle height. But the effect of the whole was not less transcendent. Large eyes, unspeakably lustrous; a most harmonious colouring; an expression of contagious animation and joyousness; and the form itself so critically fine, that the welded strength of its sinews was best shown in the lightness and grace of its movements.

He was resting one hand carelessly on the golden locks of a child that had nestled itself against his knees, looking up in his face, in that silent loving wonder, with which children regard something too strangely beautiful for noisy admiration; he himself was conversing with the host, an old grey-haired gouty man, propped on his crutch-stick, and listening with a look of mournful envy. To the wealth of the old man all the flowers in that garden owed their renewed delight in the summer air and sun. Oh, that his wealth could renew to himself one hour of the youth that stood beside

him, lord, indeed, of Creation; its splendour woven into his crown of beauty, its enjoyments subject to his sceptre of hope and gladness!

I was startled by the hearty voice of the merchant's son: "Ah, my dear Fenwick, I was afraid you would not come—you are late. There is the new friend of whom I spoke to you last night; let me now make you acquainted with him." He drew my arm in his and led me up to the young man, where he stood under the arching flowers, and whom he then introduced to me by the name of Margrave.

Nothing could be more frankly cordial than Mr. Margrave's manner. In a few minutes I found myself conversing with him familiarly, as if we had been reared in the same home, and sported together in the same playground. His vein of talk was peculiar, off hand, careless, shifting from topic to topic, with a bright rapidity.

He said that he liked the place; proposed to stay in it some weeks; asked my address, which I gave to him; promised to call soon at an early hour, while my time was yet free from professional visits. I endeavoured, when I went away, to analyse to myself the fascination which this young stranger so notably exercised over all who approached him; and it seemed to me, ever seeking to find material causes for all moral effects, that it arose from the contagious vitality of that rarest of all rare gifts in highly civilised circles—perfect health; that health which is in itself the most exquisite luxury; which, finding happiness in the mere sense of existence, diffuses round it, like an atmosphere, the harmless hilarity of its bright animal being. Health, to the utmost perfection, is seldom known after childhood; health to the utmost cannot be enjoyed by those who overwork the brain, or admit the sure wear and tear of the passions. The creature I had just seen gave me the notion of youth in the golden age of the poets—the youth of the careless Arcadian, before nymph or shepherdess had vexed his heart with a sigh.

SUTTEE IN CHINA.

The Indian Suttee, or voluntary sacrifice of a living wife by burning on one pyre with the corpse of her husband, is abolished throughout the British dominions, and is supposed to be rare in the outlying provinces. The act of self-immolation was often most determined. Of one widow it is said that she not only set at nought all admonitions to relent from her purpose, but that she put a finger into the fire and held it there for some time as a proof of fortitude; also, that she took up some of the fire with one hand, to place it in the other, where she held it while she sprinkled incense on it to fumigate the attendant Brahmins. We have all heard of the custom of Suttee, while the existence of a similar practice in China is almost unknown in England, unknown even to many Englishmen in China who have resided there for years. Of such a scene of public self-immolation by a Chinese widow, I, writing now at Foo-Chow-Foo in the month of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, was a few days ago an eye-witness.

The Chinese Suttee, when it occurs, is the self-sacrifice of widows, who are also orphans and childless; who consider themselves useless, and, as it were, lost in the world; and who seek death, not only as a means to show their affection for the deceased husband, but of escape from the evils of a very wretched and isolated position. It is commonly a suicide of the desperate, put forth as a public and glorious act of devotion. Highly praised by Chinese moralists, both ancient and modern, many instances of this kind of solemn self-destruction are recorded in history and romance, though of late years there has been scant resort to it in practice.

There is a small book—uncivilly small—purporting to be the history of all the celebrated beauties of China. The work is arranged in divisions, each of which contains the lives of those ladies notorious for some particular virtue or vice, whether for chastity or its opposite, for heroism physical or moral, for kindly gratitude or cruel hate. The woman whom the Chinese author thought entitled to the first place in esteem, was one whose story is as follows:

Her husband was a private soldier in the imperial army. On his return from service, away from his comrades, in a distant province, he was told by his wife how, during his absence, she had been annoyed by the persecutions of the officer of his regiment. The poor soldier sought then to revenge himself on the libertine by taking his life. He failed in the attempt, and military law claimed his own life as penalty for the attack on a superior. In vain he pleaded provocation; justice was inexorable, and, despite the intercessions of his friends, he was condemned to die. His loving wife, on seeing how sad a calamity her beauty had brought upon her unoffending spouse, determined that since she could not save him she would not survive him. She provided, therefore, for the welfare of her two children by selling them into the families of wealthy neighbours where she knew they would be well cared for. This done, she went to a rapid stream, and, casting herself in where the current was strongest, perished beneath the waters. Now followed her reward. The current, though so strong, refused to convey her body from the spot at which her act of piety had been performed, and there it was soon discovered by the passers-by, who reported to the district magistrate the miracle of a dead body lying unmoved on a running river. This officer, at once hastening to the river-side, took charge of the corpse. A statement was then laid before the higher authorities, and a further investigation made. The end of it was that the condemned soldier was pardoned, a public funeral was granted to the wife, and an arch, inscribed with the words "Ardently chaste," was erected to her honourable memory. Moreover, the children were returned to the arms of their father, and he, feeling the deep debt of gratitude which he owed to his virtuous partner, refrained for his whole life from contracting any other mar-

riage, lest he should weaken the tender remembrance of one who had proved herself so faithful to his interests.

This is one among many stories of the kind in Chinese literature. But, without any more reference to books, I will proceed to show how a sacrifice is managed in our own times, by relating the facts of the tragedy enacted before my own eyes in the neighbourhood of Foo-Chow-Foo.

The first notification I had of what was about to take place was the parading of a handsome wedding chair about that suburb of the provincial capital in which our foreign settlement is situated. The chair was accompanied by all the pomps and gaieties of a wedding—music, gay streamers, and so forth. There was, however, one thing most unusual in this procession. The occupant of the chair was exposed to public gaze, instead of being, as in weddings is invariably the case, closely screened. On making inquiry among our Chinese servants as to what this extraordinary departure from established customs might portend, I was informed that the lady was no bride, but a disconsolate widow, recently bereaved, who, finding herself unprovided for and unprotected, and having, moreover, neither father nor mother, son nor daughter, father-in-law nor mother-in-law, was determined upon following her husband to the unknown world, where she might serve and wait upon him as became his dutiful and loving wife. Having accordingly made known her intention to her friends, and having fixed the day for her departure, she was now taking leave of all she knew, and parading the streets as a pattern to her sex. The object of her death being to rejoin her husband, the ceremony was a sort of wedding; she was arrayed and adorned as a bride, and seated in a wedding chair.

I ascertained the time and place appointed for the closing ceremony, and on the morning of Wednesday, the 16th of January, proceeded, accompanied by two friends, to a spot some four miles distant from Nantae, the seat of the foreign settlement and southern suburb of Foo-Chow-Foo.

Everybody we passed appeared as well acquainted with the object of our journey as we ourselves were. As we approached the scene of action we found ourselves in a stream of people, chiefly women and girls, the greater part of whom were small footed, and were hobbling along leaning one against another for support, or assisting their tottering footsteps, by means of the shoulders of dutiful sons or brothers.

We arrived only just in time to see the chair of the victim carried on the ground, and herself ascend the scaffold which had been prepared for her. The chair was the bridal chair in which she had been carried about the streets; and the scaffold consisted of two stages, one raised a few feet from the ground, and the other about a foot higher. The whole was covered with a dark cloth canopy, supported by a framework of bamboos, within which was set a gallows of one very thick cross piece of bamboo, fastened at either end to a stong upright pole. From this bamboo, under the canopy, and exactly in the middle of the scaffold, hung the fatal rope, covered with a red silk napkin; beneath it was set a chair, to enable the devotee to reach the noose. On the lower platform, was a table of choice meats and vegetables, at which she was to take her last meal in the land of the living. The table was surrounded by the woman's friends, dressed in holiday costumes, and wearing the red cap of Chinese officials. In former times it was the custom for two district magistrates to be in attendance on all these occasions; but since the higher authorities were hoaxed, some years ago, by a lady whose courage failed her at the last moment, they have refused to be present at such exhibitions, and now despatch an inferior officer to superintend the arrangements.

The scaffold was raised in the midst of a large expanse of fields, at the time lying fallow, and was surrounded by a crowd numbering some thousands. Benches from which a better view could be had, were so much in demand, that we were obliged to pay a dollar (four and ninepence) before we could obtain one for myself and another for my companion; I use the singular number, because we had lost the third member of our party in the crowd.

The chief actress in this extraordinary scene appeared at first to be far less excited than any one in the vast concourse assembled. She was dressed in red bridal robes, richly embroidered with coloured silk, and her head was adorned with a handsome gilt coronet. Her decidedly plain face betrayed not the slightest emotion, and she sat down at the table with as much apparent good will as if it had been her bridal, rather than her funeral, feast. While she was eating, we made some inquiries among the crowd, and ascertained, in addition to the fact of her being childless, that she was twenty-five years of age, and that her only surviving relations were a brother in poor circumstances, and his infant child, her nephew. We were further informed that she had resided in a village which was pointed out to us at a little distance from the spot.

After the lapse of about half an hour, the poor woman having apparently satisfied her appetite, rose from her seat, and, still standing on the lower platform, addressed the surrounding crowd in a set speech, thanking them for their attendance, and explaining why she acted as she did. When she had finished speaking, she took from a bowl on the table, several handfuls of uncooked rice, which she scattered among the crowd, and eager was the scramble to get a few grains as her virtuous blessing. This done, she fondled her baby nephew, and bade an affectionate farewell to her brother, who stood by her on the scaffold; then, stepping upon the upper stage of the platform, she bowed gracefully to the surrounding multitude, and addressed to them a few last words. It struck me at this moment that she might be under the influence of opium, for her laughing countenance and rapid gestures were too highly excited, to be natural, except under the influence of some such stimulants. It

is right to add, that the gaiety was clearly not assumed.

She was helped to mount the high chair placed under the rope, but the rope proving to be still beyond her reach, her brother stepped forward and held her up in his arms, while she with her own hands passed the fatal noose over her head and adjusted the cruel slip-knot to the back of her neck. The red silk napkin was then placed over her face, and a handkerchief fastened to her right hand. At a signal given by herself, her brother stepped back and left her suspended in mid air. She then, shaking her joined hands before her breast, "chin-chinned" the crowd: her own weight causing her to turn round and round, so that persons on all sides received her parting salutations. The spectators had, up to the fatal moment, been laughing and chattering as if assembled at a village fair; but now there was perfect stillness, as every ear was strained and every eye intent. In two or three minutes the action of the hands, at first decided and regular, grew weaker and weaker, and finally ceased altogether; then followed a convulsive shudder of the tiny feet (not above three inches in length), and all was over.

The body was allowed to remain suspended for about a quarter of an hour, when it was cut down and placed in a common covered palanquin, which was in waiting: the bridal chair having been removed. The rope which had been the instrument of death, was now cut into small pieces and distributed among the friends on the scaffold, all struggling violently to obtain a portion. The chair and the corpse were carried to a small temple about a hundred yards from the spot, followed by a terrific rush of people anxious to obtain another glimpse of the lifeless clay. My friend, who was somewhat sceptical of the reality of the transaction, forced his way into the temple, and witnessed the removal of the corpse from the chair. He returned, painfully satisfied that no deception had been practised: the poor girl's swollen and blackened face bearing unmistakable testimony to the manner of her death.

I have since been informed that had her mother-in-law been alive, she would have been in attendance, and that it would have been her duty to help in forcing the soul from its earthly tenement by grasping the feet of her daughter, and adding her strength to the weight already bearing on the rope.

It is worthy of note that, although the greater part of those present were, as I have said, females, yet the only sense of pity or dread that I saw shown in any way, was on the part of one of three Canton women who stood near us, and whose dress and manner showed but too plainly the position they held in Foo-Chow. At the moment the victim was left to herself on the rope, this girl, unable to endure the sight, crouched on the ground, and buried her face in her handkerchief: while others, holding respected stations in society, were tearless and unmoved.

I have since heard that a costly funeral will be granted to the remains of the devotee, at the public expense; an arch will be erected to her memory, as to the memory of the soldier's wife in the story, in order that the bright example of her virtue may be impressed upon others, and may receive the praise of future generations.

As to the real nature of this dreadful transaction, I cannot help looking upon it rather as an act of determined suicide than as an instance of extraordinary and superstitious devotion. The woman was evidently in a low station of life, and on the death of her husband was left absolutely destitute and unprotected. Her small feet would prevent her from gaining a living by field labour, or any work of a like nature, while her unprepossessing face left her no chance of being purchased into the harem of any man of wealth. In England, a country abounding with the rich and generous, and furnished with a poor-law, such a desolate condition would be bad enough; but in China, where the wounded deer is invariably either driven from the herd, or gored to death, it is far more miserable. The choice lay between abject life as a drudge, and triumphant death as a saint—and the woman preferred the latter.

THIS SHEET OF PAPER.

My parents, natives of Livonia, were originally settled near Riga. About a year before my birth they emigrated to Belgium, with a vast number of their relatives, and established themselves in the neighbourhood of Courtrai, where—on the broad plain watered by the river Lys—I first felt the breath of air. My family name, Latinised, according to a prevalent custom, was Linum, but the honest Flemings amongst whom my earliest days were spent preferred calling me Vlas, which, with a very slight alteration, becomes, in English, Flax. Though not very tall, my height being under two feet, I was greatly admired for my slender figure and general elegance of appearance, and I must do my Flemish nurses the justice to say that, during my infancy, they took the greatest care of me, and did their best to train me in an upright manner. A selfish motive was, without doubt, at the bottom of this treatment; but, as it made me strong and healthy, I suppose I must not complain. I had a great many brothers and sisters, all born at the same time as myself, and treated in every respect like me; so completely, indeed, were our fortunes identified in after life, that I necessarily include their adventures in relating my own.

A great poet has told of the cruelties which, in his tender age, were practised on the renowned John Barleycorn. Those inflicted upon us, after the first period of delusive kindness was past, would not fall short by comparison. Torn from our mother's bosom, we were huddled together in groups, and exposed to the wind and sun until all the moisture in us was evaporated. We were then carried into rude sheds, and treated with great barbarity, some of us

being subjected to the torture of an iron comb, and others stretched on a board and beaten with a flat wooden bat, till our capsules were all removed and nothing was left of us but the dry stems on which they grew. Collected into bundles, we were then, without the least regard to our own convenience, set up alternately on our heads and tails, and closely jammed into a large oaken frame, which was sunk in the river Lys, heavy stones being placed upon us to keep us down. Here we remained until, in the language of our persecutors, we were thoroughly "steeped"—a heartless word for expressing our pitiful noyade. Removed from the water, our ligatures were taken off, comparative liberty was allowed us, and we were spread upon the grass. But we had not been there long, before our tormentors were at us again, pushing us about with long thin rods, and not suffering us to enjoy a moment's rest, except when they themselves went to bed. After about a fortnight of this treatment, we were taken under cover and broken into four, and stuck into narrow slits, and "scutched" (as they call it) with wooden swords; and, as if this were not enough, they "heckled" us with a square piece of wood studded with rows of iron teeth about four inches long, scratching and scarifying our fibre until not a particle of manly roughness remained in our composition. They then said that we were "finished"—by which they meant marketable—and on the very first opportunity, not being able to devise any more tortures, or do us any further harm, they sold us to a linen-manufacturer, who lost no time in converting us into the substance in which he dealt. The process we were now submitted to, if less cruel than the first, was equally tedious and annoying; and after having been drawn, doubled, carded, roved, and spun, we finally assumed the texture which, under the name of linen, plays so important a part in all well-regulated households. As my personal fibre—if I may be allowed the expression—was of a far robuster nature than that of any of my companions, I shall henceforward speak of myself only, in describing our subsequent career.

I never knew exactly how the transfer took place—being sewn up for some time in a coarse packing-cloth—but one morning the bale to which I belonged came down with a heavy thump on what I have since learnt was a counter in a merchant's warehouse in Paris; and before I could recover from my surprise—and I may add, from the pain I felt—I heard voices chaffering over my body, like the Greeks and Trojans contending for the corse of Patroclus. A bargain was being struck between the warehouseman and the retail dealer, and the result was my removal to the shop of the latter, where, one fine day, I was cut up into lengths and carried off by a porter to the establishment of Mademoiselle Clotilde, a celebrated seamstress, whose sign was the Toison d'Or, in the Rue de la Paix. They were a merry, hard-working lot the couturières over whom Mademoiselle Clotilde presided, and if martyrdom could at any time be made pleasant to the sufferers, I, for one, might have enjoyed being made a martyr under the sharp scissors and needles of the lively chattering damsels, whose province it was to convert me and my relatives into shirts.

An English nobleman, called by Mademoiselle Clotilde, "Milor," and nothing else, had long been a customer at the "Toison d'Or," and, passing through Paris after a long journey, during which his stock of linen had become greatly reduced—let us say through the negligence of washerwomen, without accusing his valet—found it necessary to give an order for an immediate supply. Milor, who paid handsomely, required garments of the very finest quality, and I (speaking collectively) was the article destined to adorn his person. My particular maker was a girl named Aglaë, a fine tall Brugeoise, with a large share of the beauty which is the peculiar inheritance of her townswomen—the only women, by the way, who can boast of beauty in my native Flanders—and I confess it was with something like a pang—for shirts are often as sensitive as the hearts they cover—that I felt for the last time the pressure of her slender fingers and quitted the lap on which I had happily reposed, to take my place in the wardrobe of Milor. I had been admirably "got up" by the blanchisseuse whom Mademoiselle Clotilde employed, and unsunned snow was not whiter than my delicate form, as, with swan-like bosom, proudly displayed, over which floated a cloud-like frill of transparent muslin — a collar full six inches high, and sharp all round as the edge of the exterminating instrument of Monsieur de Paris—and my arms somewhat singularly folded behind my back, I lay on the top of my companions; white, I repeat, as Alpine snow, but as cold as that which rests on the herbless granite. Excuse fine writing at this point of my story, for I am thinking of Aglaë, and contrasting her joyous society with the splendid misery of being for ever after associated with the dull, heavy, pompous, unintelligent, obstinate old nobleman whose property I became. "For ever after," do I say? No, thank goodness, not that exactly, but long enough in all conscience, if I had not been a remarkably smart piece of linen, to have made me as dull, heavy, pompous, unintelligent and obstinate as himself.

That these epithets are not misplaced will, I think, be admitted by every candid person in these enlightened days, when I state that my proprietor was perhaps the most thorough-going Tory that ever sat in the House of Lords, the most determined placeman, the most uncompromising sinecurist, and the most resolute foe that ever breathed to everything that wore a look of change. His political creed—he had been born in that creed, and in that creed he meant to die, on the floor, too, of the august House of which he was a member, if necessary—was taxation: that is to say, taxation of all the necessities of life; for on its luxuries he looked with an indulgent eye. If his advice had been taken—and he very frequently offered it, un-

asked, in the form which, in "a certain place," is called "a speech"—he would have no such things as taxes on hair-powder, armorial bearings, hounds, race-horses, carriages, dice, or playing-cards; these he considered dangerous fiscal innovations, or, at best, unwise concessions; but taxes on food, and light, and clothing, on all that most affects the hard-working community, for these he lent his voice with the heartiest good will, and the minister whose budget most severely ground the faces of the poor, was always sure of the support of Lord Millstone. He was not, however, a man with only one idea, though what follows may be thought by many merely the complement of his political character, and not a distinct feature; he detested "freedom of opinion," whether written or spoken, but chiefly written, that is to say printed. A radical orator was, naturally, Lord Millstone's aversion; but he had no words to express his abhorrence of a radical newspaper.

Some fragments have been preserved of a speech of his which show how strong this feeling was in him. It was on the occasion of the great privilege question, when Type, the famous printer, was brought before the bar of the House of Lords and sentenced to a fine of five hundred pounds and twelve months' imprisonment for having made a noble lord speak sense in a previous debate, whereas the noble lord had spoken quite the contrary. The point was one that touched Lord Millstone nearly. He accordingly rose and said:

"I can conceive nothing more fatal to the authority of your lordships' House—and I need not say if that authority be sapped, what must be the consequences, not only to this realm, but to the world at large—nothing more fatal, I repeat, to that authority than the substitution for your lordships' language of the words of a common person like the culprit, whose unauthorised, and, I may say, daring interference with your lordships' privileges we are here to arraign. It is not the least amongst the evils which, in our legislative capacity, we are called upon to combat, and, by the assistance of Divine Providence, to eradicate—evils which have their source, as most of your lordships are aware, in the pernicious doctrines that were disseminated by the French revolution. (Loud cheers from three Tory peers, not quite deaf enough to lose this point, Lord Millstone's perpetual illustration.) It is not, I say (Lord Millstone was given to repetition), the least amongst the evils against which we have to fight, that a system of ideas is at present abroad,—encouraged, I grieve to say, by those whose rank and station, and whose duty to—to—society—and to—themselves, should teach them a widely different lesson,—which tends to reduce everything above it to its own vulgar level. (More cheers from the three Tory peers.) Can anything, my lords, be more monstrous, more insulting, more subversive of all that is right-minded and—and proper, than this attempt to control the prescriptive and constitutional right of your lordships' House to utter their sentiments in whatever way your lordships please? I vote, therefore, in favour of my noble friend's proposition."

Of the pleasures of Paris, the subject of so much animated talk on the part of Aglaë and her companions, I had no experience; for very shortly after I was sold to Lord Millstone he returned to England. He travelled post, but I saw nothing of the country; indeed, I could scarcely hear the oaths of the postilions, being shut up in a large imperial on the top of my lord's carriage; nor did I see the light again until my prison door was thrown open at the Dover custom-house. With a peer of the realm, and such a peer as Lord Millstone, the examination was a mere ceremony; to touch anything marked with a coronet being thought, at that time, far too awful a sacrilege to enter the mind of a custom-house officer. It would have been as much as his place was worth, to have dared to lift me from the spot where I was lying; though had there been a functionary sufficiently resolute and evil-minded to dip his hand deep enough down, his courage, or his malevolence, would have been rewarded by the discovery of as much lace as would have made an ordinary smuggler's fortune. "My lord's wearing apparel!" said the solemn valet who stood by at the "search;" and straightway the searcher shrunk back aghast, the lid of the imperial was clapped down, and the hieroglyphic in chalk affixed, which declared that the custom-house examination had been duly made. Except for the fact that he had plenty of room, Lord Millstone almost went out of his way to smuggle lace in his personal baggage, for the ambassador's bag was at his service in Paris to send anything he liked to the Foreign-office in London, whence it would be forwarded to his own house without the slightest delay; but perhaps he thought that the delicate fabric would run less risk of being rumpled when carefully stowed away with his own effects, or he might have liked to indulge afterwards in the easy boast of having outwitted "a set of fellows," who were much too deferential, and, it may be added, too ready to pocket a guinea, to give his lordship the slightest trouble. Be this as it may, the lace was my bed, and in it I travelled to Grosvenor-square.

My first appearance in London was at a dinner given by Lord Millstone to a few political friends, ostensibly with the object of imparting to them his "views" on the state of Europe, but in reality to discuss the merits of his new chef: an artist who, at a great sacrifice, and a large salary, had consented to accompany the noble stranger to a land of barbarians, where, according to his belief—the only belief he entertained—cookery was a thing unknown. To be a great politician it is not necessary that you should be a "grand politique," as Louis the Thirteenth called Cardinal Richelieu when he was dead, but you must at all events be a gourmand; and politicians of the calibre of Lord Millstone console themselves for their want of political knowledge by reflecting—when they do reflect—that some of the leading statesmen

of Europe have been the best dinner-givers: the first place in that rank being occupied by Prince Talleyrand, of whom Carême said when he died, that he took with him to the grave the greatest secret that ever man possessed—that of the receipt for a "ragoût de truffes à la Périgord," a dish so magically compounded, that it made even the dumb to speak. Dumb enough in "the House," Lord Millstone's guests found the use of their tongues at his table, but only interjectionally until their appetites were sated, for it is a rule with all great eaters not to talk before they have had their fill. What they said then, is not, however, worth recording, and I merely mention this dinner because it was the precursor of hundreds exactly like it. If dinner-giving could prolong life, Lord Millstone might have lived for ever; but as dinner-giving has often an opposite tendency, it is not surprising that the noble lord should one day have been struck down by apoplexy.

It was not altogether the salmi de perdreaux, or the pâté de foie gras, that was in fault, though each of these dishes might have contributed in its degree; the actual catastrophe was caused by a paragraph in the government organ, wherein the probability was hinted at of a change in the ministerial policy on the subject of the paper duties.

Lord Millstone, when he dined alone, always sipped his port to the accompaniment of the evening journal of his predilection, and was thus engaged when his attention was caught by the following lines: "A deputation, consisting of the heads of some of the leading publishing houses in London, Edinburgh, and elsewhere, together with several eminent literary men, and others interested in the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, had an interview, this afternoon, with the First Lord of the Treasury, at his official residence in Downing-street. The views of the deputation having been placed in a very strong light by successive speakers, who dwelt on the impolicy of seeking to derive a revenue from taxing the efforts of the mind, and pointed out the educational advantages which would arise from the diffusion of cheap literature, the minister replied,"—did Lord Millstone read the words aright?—"The minister replied, that the question of the repeal of the taxes on knowledge was not to be debated on mere grounds of finance." "Mere grounds of finance!" exclaimed Lord Millstone, laying down the paper with a trembling hand; "mere grounds! He could *not* have said so! Mere! Why is not taxation everything? How are we to conduct the business of the state, to provide for—for everybody, that is to say, for all of us, without taxation? And what, I should like to know, deserves to be taxed so heavily as a vile levelling revolutionary press? Things are come to a pretty pass when ministers adopt such a jargon as 'taxes on knowledge!' What else did he say, I wonder! Let us see!" Lord Millstone took up the paper again, and read on. "So far from this being the case, he (the First Lord of the Treasury) thought that it was a high moral and political question, and concurring in most of the opinions expressed by the deputation, he trusted that the day was not far distant when an improved aspect of public affairs might present itself sufficient to justify a remission of the fiscal burdens which now weighed so heavily upon thought; being convinced, as he firmly was, that a free and cheap press lay at the root of all public and social improvement." "A free and cheap press," reiterated Lord Millstone, gulping down a glass of port wine and filling again. "Blasphemy and sedition!" another glass emptied and refilled; "everybody free to say what they like. Hone! Cobbett! Tom Paine! God bless my soul, the world's at an end!" A third glass; but, before it was half way down, Lord Millstone was down, and the world remained unchanged. Half an hour afterwards, his lordship's butler entered the room and found his lordship under the table, not drunk, but dead!

When George the Fourth—Lord Millstone's kind and "gracious master"—died, his majesty's white satin small-clothes lined with swansdown, together with the rest of his personal effects, were sold at public auction, as if with the object of paying his debts. On the death of Lord Millstone, who, thanks to his numerous sinecures, had contrived to keep out of debt, his valet came in for his wardrobe, and among his lordship's changes of raiment I was considered sufficiently well preserved to figure as Mr. Tiptoe's principal dress-shirt. I deserved this position, for it had been a leading feature of Mr. Tiptoe's domestic policy—as I believe it to be of the domestic policy of valets in general—not to allow his late master to wear his best clothes oftener than could be helped. The word "reversion" is the pleasantest sounding word in a valet's vocabulary, but of what value to the successor is it, if that which reverts be nearly in rags? A shirt, under such circumstances, can neither be worn nor disposed of—not proudly worn, I mean, nor advantageously disposed of—Mr. Tiptoe having both these objects in view. Mr. Tiptoe was equally fond of creating a sensation by his personal appearance, and of having money to spend. In appropriating Lord Millstone's wardrobe, he made a compromise between his love of finery and his desire for cash. He kept me, consequently, for his grand occasions, and for his menus plaisirs he sold my companions. Unfortunately for those who love pleasure, pocket-money, however carefully expended, must one day be exhausted; and Mr. Tiptoe having, in the course of service, acquired many fashionable wants, found himself at last with nothing in his pockets. It is a common expression—significant of parting with the last thing you have—to say, of a generous man, that "he would give the very shirt off his back;" but with persons who are simply prodigal, the shirt is the first thing that goes when money is to be raised. In the absence of a shirt, a specious appearance may be preserved by wearing a false collar and buttoning the coat close up to the chin; Mr.

Tiptoe, when in extremis, became aware of this fact, and deposited me with the pawnbroker. As a matter of course, Mr. Tiptoe lost the pawnbroker's ticket, and at the expiration of a twelve-month-and-a-day, or some such mysteriously romantic period, I was sold off at a grande battue of unredeemed pledges.

My next proprietor was a dealer in second-hand articles of all kinds, whose customers did not go the length of having tailors, boot-makers, hatters, and shirt-makers, of their own, but, as it were, "chanced it," for any article of dress they might happen to require. To him came one evening a journeyman hairdresser, anxious, as he said, to "come it strong" in the way of fine linen, but desirous of doing so at the lowest figure for which fine linen was procurable. The hairdresser's reasons—need I say what Mr. Washball's reasons were for seeking this luxury?—well,—he was thinking of being married; to tell the truth, the lady had consented, the day was named, the banns were to be read for the third time on the following Sunday, and as Thursday had arrived, it was high time that Mr. Washball should give his mind to the necessity of procuring not the least indispensable of his wedding garments. The second-hand dealer, who made a point of selling everything under prime cost—that condition of things having no reference to the amount *he* had given—accommodated Mr. Washball by mulcting him of nearly a week's wages in exchange for my valuable self. Though the society into which I was thus thrown was not first-rate, I could not complain; for had I not been a prisoner for more than a year, and are not daylight and sunshine precious to the emancipated? Solitary splendour had been my fate while the slave of Lord Millstone; then came a gleam of liberty while I flaunted on the person of Mr. Tiptoe; but those hours of freedom, during which I saw something of the world, were dearly paid for, by my confinement in an obscure garret, a ticketed but unnoticed bundle. On Mr. Washball's wedding-day I was, to a certain extent, myself again; once more I rejoiced in the pleasures of those who were at once happy and innocent, and if Anna Maria, the bride, whose christian names were a stumbling-block to Alfred Washball, did not equal Aglaë in beauty, she was quite her match in light-hearted merriment. It was a satisfaction—my weakness must be pardoned—to be once more associated with white kid gloves and whiskers redolent of bergamot; but it was a greater satisfaction to me to be pressed as Alfred Washball pressed me to the throbbing bosom of Anna Maria, when the ceremony that ends in "amazement" had been duly performed, and we headed the procession that issued from the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on our way in cabs to the Waterloo station. Our destination for the day was Kew. We rowed on the Thames, Alfred, without coat and waistcoat, exhibiting me and his muscular energies in perfection; we made "the Gardens" our own, roaming through the rhododendron vale, racing along the velvet turf, climbing the spiral staircase in the Palm-house, playing at hide-and-seek behind the trees—when Anna Maria was always caught by Alfred, and the two bridesmaids by their respective young men—and then returning to the Rose and Crown, we dined on "all the delicacies of the season;" or, if any were absent from the banquet, none of the party missed them, so perfect in everybody's opinion were all the arrangements.

I confess to having led a very agreeable life during my sojourn with Mr. Washball, and not the less so because I was much envied by my master's friends whenever I was worn. Anna Maria always looked to my washing, plaiting, starching, and ironing, herself: in fact, I held a place in her estimation not second even to the muslin dress which had arrayed her own fair form on the happy day at Kew. For the first twelve months of his married life Alfred was as proud of me as he could possibly be of anything made by hands; after that period, an object that naturally made its appearance usurped my place in his regard. Still I was not by any means neglected. At more than one christening I shone out in all my original splendour; when Anna Maria's next sister, Eliza, was married, to one of the hide-and-seek young men, I again appeared before the altar; I should no doubt have graced an event of a less joyful nature—the funeral of Anna Maria's father—but unfortunately I was unpegged from the clothes-line, and carried off by an unprincipled and unsympathising appropriator of other men's goods and chattels who caught a glimpse of me over the garden wall. And as that was the only obstacle between his desire and its accomplishment, it follows that I was forthwith stolen.

The gentleman who had thus surreptitiously acquired possession of my person, though he occasionally bore a fine historical name, was neither a member of the aristocracy, a legislator by law or popular choice, nor the proprietor of a large landed estate: in point of fact, he had no estate whatever, whether large or small, not so much as would fill a flower-pot; owning nothing more than the personal tenement covered by his hat, and not always the uncontrolled proprietor of that. But if not in either House of Parliament, he yet belonged to a numerous and influential body: being one of the class euphemistically described by the newspapers as "Members" of the Swell Mob. A first-rate linen shirt, though beginning to manifest some symptoms of the wear and tear that accompanies old age, instead of the traditionary "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," was a godsend to one in the position of the Honourable Percy Plantagenet Mowbray Fitz-Howard, as Mr. Thomas Rumball, alias "The Mizzler," at that time called himself. Allusion has already been made to the hermetical process by means of which the shirtless make a figure in society, and it only remains to be observed, that The Mizzler was an adept in art;

when he had a shirt, however, he made up for his compelled abnegation of show by the fullest display of his linen, adorned by studs of the purest strass. It was bad enough to have become the property of a thief, but I must confess that my pride was still more hurt by the reflection that I who, when I lived with Lord Millstone, had been decorated with real diamonds, should now be reduced to paste. I had, however, to reconcile myself to a great deal worse than this, while I continued in The Mizzler's possession. "Fronti nulla fides" is a maxim which they would have done well to remember, who, deceived by my respectability, imagined that anything respectable pertained to Mr. Thomas Rumball. Those guileless persons would not then have allowed that gentleman to button up their money, for safety, in their own trousers-pockets; nor have accepted their share of legacies which the unexpected heir was at a loss what to do with; nor have played at cards or skittles with one who knew nothing whatever of the game, and only joined in it for the sake of being good company; none of these things would they have done, could I—disgusted at the villany I witnessed—have warned them against my swindling master. But the wheel came "full circle" at last, nor was I sorry when it came; for though it introduced me to the last vicissitudes of a shirt's career, it released me from my degrading companionship with The Mizzler, who, when he was sentenced to four years' penal servitude, had to wear shirts of a very different material from the flax of Courtrai.

After that, I passed through several hands, but my memory is not very clear as to the order of succession. Of one fact, however, I am certain; that, after being tumbled out of a large and very promiscuously-filled clothes-bag, and being carefully inspected by a lady with strongly-marked Caucasian features, I was pronounced unmendable, and fit only to be cut up into pillow-slips: which state of life I was thereupon adapted to, considerably to the profit of Mr. Manasseh Moses, my last purchaser. A dreamy sort of existence was thenceforth mine, and a confused recollection for some years of a species of conversation which goes by the name of "curtain lectures." But pillow-slips are not eternal, and my constancy at length gave way—I mean, my texture. I then degenerated into as many dusters as my economical mistress could fashion out of my worn and wasted frame. I was tossed about here and there, crumpled, stained, made to do duty for everything. At length I degenerated to the last degree of which linen is capable, and once more found my way into a bag—but this time it was the rag-bag.

The era of tinder-boxes had gone by, or the last uses to which I might have been applied would have prevented my present revelations; but I was destined to throw a light on other things besides the domestic hearth. A higher and better lot awaited me. I contributed my weight to a heap of chiffons, and soon found that an existence of idleness, if mine could be called such, was my destiny no longer.

Along with my companions in misfortune, as I then thought—how differently I think now!—I was consigned to the hands of women: beings that bore little resemblance to Aglaë or Anna Maria: who cut me up into small pieces with their sharp knives, as if they sought to avenge themselves for the perfidy of the Honourable Percy Plantagenet Mowbray Fitz-Howard, whose victims many of them might possibly have been. We—I must needs speak plurally now—were then thrown into five or six different compartments of a large chest, according to our several qualities, my merits as a rag being as conspicuous as when I occupied a higher sphere. I must not conceal the truth. My pursuits as a duster had left me very dirty, and it was necessary that I should be washed. I had been in hot water—literally and figuratively—many hundreds of times, but my previous scaldings were nothing to the lustration I now underwent. A Turkish bath is a trial to the human frame, but it is a trifle compared with the searching ordeal of steam to which I was submitted. After the act of purification, came a renewal of the cruel treatment to which I had been subjected in my fibrous condition. As I had been combed and scutched in the earliest stage of my career, so I was hacked and scarified in my latest. My instrument of torture was a hollow revolving cylinder, the surface of which was furnished with a number of teeth—each sharper than a serpent's—so placed as to cut against other teeth that were fixed beneath. I say nothing of my sufferings under this process; let it suffice that the cutters never ceased from their work—as we lay well soaked in water—until they had divided every one of our filaments and mangled us into thin pulp; and all the while this torture was going on, we were deluged with chloride of lime until it became a part of our substance: the object of this commixture being to make us perfectly white. Our state of purgatory was at length over, and we were ready for translation to the paradise we now enjoy. As pulp, or, to speak technically, "stuff," we were poured into a large vat and kept at a moderate temperature by the heat of a stove: our fibrous matter being held in suspension by a continuous motion carried on within the vat by means of an apparatus, which, out of spite, perhaps, to Hebrew rag collectors, is called "a hog." A shallow square vessel covered with wire cloth, next received us, and the *deckle*, a very thin frame of wood, was fitted close upon the mould to keep us down, and limit the size it was meant we should attain. Then ensued the duties of the vatman, who dipped the mould into the vat, and having filled it with ourselves, the stuff, shook us about to distribute us equally, released us from the pressure of the deckle, drained us thoroughly, and then handed us over to another workman, called a coucher, who removed us from the mould and deposited us on a piece of woollen cloth or felt, there to remain until we were joined by others of our kindred and formed a lofty pile. But we were

for a digger, come down from Ballarat, who wanted a night's lodging—the digger had slept on the wet ground the night before, poor fellow! —them diggers suffers a mortle lot, I can tell you, ay, that they do. Well! My Jerry slipped on his great-coat, for it was a hawful night, raining in torrents as it always does here if it rains at all. I'm sure I wonder he didn't catch his death o' cold, for he wouldn't put on anything else though I wanted him—'tween you and I, he's got a queer bit of temper at times, precious obstinate, like all the men, when he takes a thing in his head—well, he lets the man in, tells him to throw his mattress and blanket down in that corner, and follow him into the long room at the back where the travellers sleep. After that, he comes a shivering and a shaking into bed again. I never shall forget how his teeth did chatter, to be sure. My Jerry is an American, you know, and the cold cuts him up hawfully."

"An American!" said I, perfectly astonished, for I thought her husband was an African negro, and had often wondered how she came to marry him: she being a fine handsome blue-eyed Englishwoman. "Yes, yes, I know now," said I, on second thoughts; "you mean he was born in America."

"To be sure he was," said she. "That accounts for his complexion. Well! At five, up he gets as usual, and goes down into the bar to open the door and take the shutters down, for we had no man to help us then—couldn't get one for love or money—all up at the diggings, bless ye. Well! When he'd the heavy shutter in his hand, what should he see, think ye, but that native there, creeping into the bar; so, down he puts the shutter, flies into a dreadful passion, and kicks him out. Then he goes outside again, to take the other shutter down. Will you believe it now? That black fellow slipped into the bar again. Now it was haggrivating, wasn't it? My Jerry told me afterwards when it was all over, that it sent him into the most dreadfullest passion he ever was in in his life; so this time he catches hold of a stick—a good thick one, too, it was—and he rushes at that fellow, and that fellow leaps over the counter, and what do you think he clutches hold of? Why, a large snake. And Jerry declares he slapped his face with it."

"What! are there snakes about here, in Geelong?" said I, shuddering.

"Lord bless you, no! I'll tell you how it happened. The poor digger had slept on the damp ground at the side of his fire in the bush, the night before, and the snake, no doubt about it, had got into his mattress while he was fast asleep. But what a mercy, to be sure, it didn't catch hold of my Jerry!"

A JOURNEY TO SINGLETON.

Having a twelve hours' journey before us to Singleton—so, at least, we were told—where I had advertised a concert, to take place the day after, we, with our packed boxes, were getting very anxious and impatient for the arrival of the conveyance we had ordered. It was an hour and a half past the time appointed by the driver for starting, and we had heard that the roads were dangerous to travel at night; so we stood at the window of our room in the hotel at Maitland, looking at the bare sandy plains that stretch themselves out in front, in anything but a contented frame of mind. The only conveyance to be had on that road was a small cart, with a seat on either side, an iron rail to lean against, and a door behind. At last we saw it coming down the road, and we at once hastened down to the door-steps to get into it.

After taking a wide circuit on the smooth sandy ground in front of the hotel, the whole time flourishing his long whip over the backs of the two poor lean horses harnessed tandem fashion, the driver of the little cart drew up before us proudly, and very much to the enjoyment of two or three pretty women who were leaning out of the bedroom windows.

He was a funny good-natured-looking little Irishman, with roguish grey eyes (that had the habit of looking two ways at once) under thick overhanging brows, and a mouth grinning from ear to ear. His arrival was the signal for a number of men belonging to the hotel and neighbourhood to gather round his little cart for a gossip, and to hear the news.

"The tap o' the morning to you, ladies," said he, raising his cabbage-tree hat half a yard, at least, above his head; then jumping down from his elevated position, he very gallantly assisted us into the cart.

"Those two boxes are ours," said I, pointing to them; "you must take great care of them, if you please."

"Boxes? You said boxes?" He stood scratching his head and considering. "Oh, ah! They must come afther us another day, that's all about it; it's intirely unpossible to carry thim with us; they're too heavy far the hosses."

"But we can't go without them," said I.

"Y'up there!" he shouted to a stableman; "haist the boxes up here, ye dirty blackghuard; d'ye think I'm the man to lave the lovely craythurs' boxes behind? Gintly now, my boy, there's pink and white sarsenet gowns in 'em, and lace, and flowers, and feathers, and all sorts of fal-de-rals." And he leered at us, as much as to say, "I know who you are, you see."

We started on our journey at last, and Mike commenced cutting at the poor half-starved horses frantically. The weather was overpoweringly hot, and the road so rough and uneven that we were obliged to lay hold of the iron rail which went round the top of the cart to keep ourselves from tumbling out.

Mike was in excellent spirits, singing Irish songs the whole way he went:

"Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheepskin to make him a pair;
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,
'They are pleasant and cool,' says Bryan O'Lynn."

At that moment the horses suddenly plunged into a gully, which stopped his song, and very nearly jolted us out of the cart.

"That's nothing at all to what we shall have to endure, far this road is full av thim owld gullies," said he, as soon as the horses were all right again.

One of my companions heaved a sigh like a groan, and another declared that her hands were already sore through clinging to the rail; but on we went, over stumps of trees, up and down hills, into gullies and out again: while Mike, in ecstasies of delight, cleverly threaded his way everywhere.

"By Gor! it's my belafe you'll all have the romantics; it's a shocking road, this. Just give us up t'other whip; it's undher the sate; I'll touchen up a bit. Now, Sultan, you baste! Get out there, Ginger! Now my little hosses, and be blowed to ye, what are you afther there? Sure, now, you forgits I'm behind ye." At last, exhausted with the exertion so heavy a whip required in handling so freely, he sat down, wiped his head and face with his pocket-handkerchief, and said to us, in a confidential tone of voice, "You mustn't be alarmed when you hears me a cussing and swearing; the divil himself couldn't git thim hosses on without it."

"A little corn would, perhaps," said I.

"Carn! Faith, that's ondeniable. Carn would do it, sure enough; but that same carn's too dear far sich cattle. Now I'll tell you a story that's thrue, ivery word av it:

"There was wonst a praste in a most dreadful rage with his coachman (a counthryman of mine he was), bekase of his swearing at the hosses he was a dhriven. 'Your rivirince,' says Dan, 'it's my belafe if your honor's holiness had these varmint afore ye you'd be obleedged to swear a bit too; they won't go no how without it, you see.' 'Tut, tut,' says his rivirince, 'I'll not believe it.' 'It's the thruth I'm spakin', be me sowl it is,' says Dan; but his holiness wouldn't belave a word av it, at all, at all. So he tuk the strings in his own precious hands, and began patting the hosses with the whip, and saying, 'Be aff, my little hearties! Gee up, my Lady Mayoress!' (That was the name av one av thim, afther an owld sweetheart of his rivirince's.) Well, the hosses all av a suddint stopped, pawed the ground, and says they, 'We won't go home till morning,' or such loike; his rivirince geed up, and geed up, and at last he gits up and forgits hisself. 'You cussed brutes, be aff wid you!' says he. 'From this time forth no man shall iver do penance for the loikes av you.'

"So I'm privilidgid," said Mike, with one eye shut. And at the same time he stopped in front of a miserable log-hut, which had a bottle, a glass, and an orange, in the window.

He was round at the back of the cart in an instant. We three got up, fancying we were going to alight.

"Prisintly, not yet a while," said Mike. I'm ownly wanting the bag av sassages; they're undher the sate. Hillo! Be aisy now wid 'em, or they'll all be thumbling out."

He quickly disappeared with the bag into the log-hut, and we, glad to rest after the jolting we had had, sat patiently waiting for him. We had got into an interesting conversation, when roars of laughter within the hut attracting our attention, we saw the whole window filled with grinning faces, looking at us. Presently, out came Mike, followed by a smart broad-shouldered woman with a widow's cap on, screaming with laughter, and showing a splendid set of teeth.

"Lave aff making sich a disturbance," said Mike, himself one extensive grin. "Don't you see my shupayriors a lookin' at me?" He jumped up into his seat; the widow held a pannikin of whisky to him; he drank it off at a draught, whipped the horses, and away we went again, helter-skelter.

Mike every now and then cast furtive glances at us, and burst out laughing.

"Your friends were merry," said one of my friends, "and seemed glad to see you."

"I believe you," said he. "I've had sich fun! Be aff ye little hosses, now! You see they all says to me on goin' in: 'By the powers, Mike, you're in luck's way to-day!' 'You may say that, you may; and proud I feels,' says I; 'it isn't aften we gits the lovely craythurs on this road, anyhow; is it, my boys?' Upon that, the women all sets up a scraming out, 'If you don't tell us all about thim, they shall dhrive thimselves all the rest av the way;' and they tuk howld o' me, they did. 'Is it murtherin' me you'd be afther, far divarshin?' says I; 'bekase that 'ud be moighty p'lite afther bringing you the sassages.' 'Then tell us all about thim, at wonst,' says they, 'and we'll let go on you.' 'Well, then,' says I, 'they are the most wonderfullest craythurs I knows on in Australy. The one with the green feather in her bonnet quavers like a nightingal; the little un in the chimley-carner av the convenience, warbles like a bullfinch; and the tother wargin does unpossible meandherings on a gohanna.'"

The half way house now came in sight, and put an end to his description of us.

"We shall git a morsel av somethin' to ate here," said Mike, "if we're in time." So, he whipped his horses, and we arrived in front of the old hut, with a jerk.

In a room with nothing in it but a table and a few wooden chairs, we sat some time waiting, until at last a dirty overworked Irish girl brought a coarse joint of underdone beef, and placed it before us. Shortly afterwards, the mistress of the establishment made her appearance with a tin pan of boiled cabbage. We had just helped ourselves to some cabbage—for vegetables of any kind were a treat—when Mike, peeping in at the door, said, in a confidential low tone of voice, "Have you got your cloaks in the boxes? It'll come down prisintly, if ever it did. Whoo!" As he spoke, a flash of lightning was quickly followed by a heavy roll of thunder that seemed traversing the whole firmament; then down came the rain in torrents. "I towld you so! Be aisy now, and make yourselves comfortable while I have a smoke. I'll come prisintly."

For nearly an hour the rain continued falling.

We had some distance before us, and Mike didn't like the idea of driving in the dark; so at last we determined on starting in the midst of it, Mike undertaking to return the old cloaks we borrowed of the landlady.

By the time we had got comfortably wet through, a glorious sunset dispersed the heavy clouds, and made the sky brilliant with many colours. On we went, through forests of tall trees as straight as poplars, joining their foliage at top, and so forming canopies to pass under. A dray full of large pumpkins, drawn by six lazy bullocks plodding on, we quickly left behind. Then we met immense herds of cattle with drovers in a horrible state of excitement, swearing and smacking long whips, and halloaing to dogs, which were barking furiously, and rushing here and there after oxen that had run off in quest of water. A few miles farther, the air seemed infected by a horrible effluvia. "We'll see summut prisintly," said Mike, "whin we come to the crass roads." And sure enough we did then, and a wretched sight it was, too—the carcase of a poor bullock that had dropped in the middle of the road, from drought and fatigue; the sun had shrunk its skin, so that its skeleton could plainly be seen in many parts. Insects had already consumed most of its flesh, though it had lain there but a few days.

The sun had now sunk beneath the horizon. We yet had many miles to travel, and Mike openly expressed his dread of the darkness overtaking him; for then his horses might chance to stumble over thim confounded stumps of trees that *would* stick up just in the centre of the road where they oughtn't. We were journeying on at a snail's pace, when suddenly in the distance there appeared the light of a lamp. Mike joyfully whipped his horses. "The Lord be thanked!" he said, "we're all roight now; we've passed that owld chasim where I made sure I'd upset you."

In a few short moments we were at the hotel in Singleton, taking off our drenched garments in a pretty room decorated with white muslin curtains looped up with pink silk ribbons, while the handsome good-natured landlady was making tea for us in the room adjoining.

There was the delightful fragrance of fresh lemons everywhere, which was accounted for when I opened my bedroom window next morning. In the lovely garden beneath, stood a row of lemon-trees, as big as apple-trees in England, covered with ripe fruit, diffusing refreshing odours. The sun was rising in the west, making the air sultry with his mighty beams: while every flower, bush, and tiny twig, was sparkling with rain-drops.

RATHER INTERESTED IN RAILWAYS.

A couple of months ago the English railway companies were mustering and joining their strength for an attack upon Lord Campbell's Act, which makes them liable for compensation to the nearest relatives of persons killed by accident arising from neglect upon their lines. Within those months there has been terrible slaughtering of passengers upon the Brighton and the Hampstead Junction Railways, slaughtering that would in each case clearly have been averted by a proper caution in the management. At any rate, therefore, the Brighton and the North-Western Companies will come before Parliament almost with wet blood on their hands if they join next session in the threatened appeal against an act that denies to them (and to all men, whatever their calling) a right to escape, when they cause death by carelessness, the penalty they have to pay when they cause only a wound.

Nearly coincident with Lord Campbell's lamented death was the award by a jury of heavy damages against the Great Northern Company to the widow of a Hertfordshire magistrate, killed by a fault upon their line. The author of the Act and its most powerful defender being for ever silent, the railway companies eagerly fastened upon an opportunity to set on foot an agitation which we trust was among the things crushed lately at Kentish-town and in the Clayton tunnel. But as we sincerely hope that the late railway massacres will be found very costly indeed to those answerable for them, so we fear that when the smart endured by the mangled victims has had its faint after-twinge in the pockets of directors, there will be revived and strengthened the desire of railway companies for the murder or mutilation of Lord Campbell's Act, so that it may again be, in all their disasters, cheapest of all to kill a passenger outright. Let us, therefore, be upon our guard; *this* railway risk, at any rate, the public itself has the power of averting.

We will set down in a few words the true state of the case. The act in question is so short that its whole contents are to be told in a few paragraphs. Before it passed—in the year 'forty-six—coach proprietors, railway proprietors, any persons or person, in fact, through whose negligence injury was caused to another, became liable to an action at law for money compensation, fairly proportionate to the money injury sustained. But if death were caused, the question was one of manslaughter, or homicide, and though the bread winner might have been taken from his children, though the most helpless, who are most in need of compensation, might have been deprived of their one support, there was no claim in law for money compensation. If a man's power of supporting his family had been, by the carelessness of another, and by no fault of his own, crippled, then the person in fault was required, as far as possible, to pay what would make good his loss of means; it was only when the man's power of support was, by the killing of him, withdrawn altogether, that there was an end of the matter, and his children might go to the wall.

This injustice was met, thanks to the late Lord Campbell, by a law. Dated the twenty-sixth of August, eighteen forty-six, it is called

"An Act for Compensating the Families of Persons killed by Accidents." The one good reason assigned for it in its preamble was, that no action at law had been maintainable against a person who by his wrongful act, neglect, or default, had caused the death of another person, although it was oftentimes right and expedient that the wrong-doer in such case should be answerable in damages for the injury so caused by him. Therefore it enacted in six clauses:

1. That in case of every such death, where, if the party injured had recovered, he could have maintained an action and recovered damages, the person liable was to remain liable notwithstanding the death; and although the death should have been caused under such circumstances as would amount in law to felony.

2. That every such action should be brought by the executor or administrator of the person deceased, for the benefit of that person's wife, husband, parent, or child; that the jury should award damages proportionate to the injury resulting from the death to those on whose behalf the action was brought, and that the amount was to be distributed in shares apportioned by the jury.

3. That there should only be one action in each case, and that it was to be brought within twelve months after the death.

4. That the defendant or his attorney should have full particulars of the claim made and the persons claiming.

5. The fifth clause explained the terms of the act, so that they should include the liability of companies and bodies corporate; and here also the word parent was defined to include father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother, and stepfather and stepmother; child to include son and daughter, and grandson and granddaughter, and stepson and stepdaughter.

6. The last clause gave the act immediate operation, and excluded Scotland from its provisions.

That is the whole act. The liability it creates is not confined to railway companies; is not, in that respect, in any way whatever circumscribed. Where the killed man contributed to his own destruction, damages are not recovered. Neither is the wounded heart of the widow or child to be considered in awarding compensation for the loss of husband or father. It is only required, that in proportion to the worldly loss inflicted by the death on those and on those only who were by nature dependent on or interested in the person killed by fault of another, shall be the claim for a worldly repair of the hurt done. The claim, too, is one that can be made only on behalf of those between whom the relation of dependence is the closest; between husband and wife, parent and child, or, at the remotest, grand-parent and grandchild. A niece wholly dependent on an uncle could claim no compensation for his loss even by the most atrocious recklessness of railway management. Obviously, therefore, Lord Campbell's Act, instead of pressing too harshly upon the railway companies, allows some only of the claims that ought to be held good against them. Finally, let it be observed that the claim is dependent altogether upon proof that the accident which caused death was preventable.

The railway companies may say, That is no consolation to us, because ninety-nine in a hundred of our great accidents happen through fault in some of our servants. But the public only replies, Why do you not prevent the ninety-nine accidents in a hundred by being on the safe side in all your regulations, and compelling along your whole line, as you are morally bound to do, where life and limb depend on it, minute obedience to your orders? Very rarely, indeed—never, perhaps—has it been the uncontrollable fault of a single servant that led to a general disaster.

In the two cases that have lately fixed attention, no jury could lay the whole blame on the signalmen immediately concerned. In the Brighton accident three trains had been hurled quickly one after another from a main terminus, not one true to its time. In the Kentish-town accident the disaster befel an excursion train which had no fixed time for running, and for which, by people who were not expecting it, the way had to be cleared as it ran. The breakdown also arose from the failure of a boy of nineteen, at fourteen shillings a week wages, working, under no proper oversight, fifteen hours and a half and ten hours on alternate days, to perform the duties of a too responsible position. In either case the responsibility for shameful laxity of management is not to be got rid of by a censure of some humble servant of the company. And when has it been otherwise? Knowing how to prevent risks, the companies, even in spite of Lord Campbell's Act, are tempted to believe it best economy to run them. The act, however, has by this time taught some sharp lessons on the value of life to the railway boards. Impatient of these, they rose at last in rebellion against it, as we have said, about two months ago.

The occasion of the rebellion was as follows. In April of last year a gentleman from Hertfordshire, having a wife and nine children, and an unencumbered income of almost four thousand a year, was killed at the Hatfield crossing. Now this accident being caused by the snapping in two of a rail, and it being shown that the rail which broke was an old rail that, although cracked at each end, had been doctored and refitted with the unworn side upwards, the fault of the company was clearly proved. The jury then had to consider its award of compensation to the family. It was shown that the killed man died at the age of forty-one without a will. His eldest child was thirteen, and the youngest only two months old. The eldest son received by the father's dying intestate the bulk of the property; the widow had a jointure of a thousand a year; the eight younger children had each a hundred a year during the mother's life, but at her death all passed to the eldest son. Clearly, therefore, the death deprived the younger

children of the education they would have had out of their father's means, of the probability of his provision for their future settlement in professions, and of any benefit they might have derived from his will. The jury awarded, as compensation, a thousand pounds to the widow, nothing to the eldest son, and fifteen hundred to each of the younger children. So that the Great Northern Company had to pay thirteen thousand pounds for a life lost through its attempt to save in a culpable way some thirteen shillings.

The award was made on the fifteenth of last June. Eight days afterwards, Lord Campbell died. He was hardly buried, when newspaper paragraphs began to inform the public that the late award of heavy damages had "had the effect of directing the attention of several gentlemen interested in railways to the importance of improving the law on the subject." There had been, in fact, a conference of chairmen of the principal railway lines (the "several gentlemen interested in railways"), at which it was resolved "that a future Conference should be held, at which all the railway companies of the United Kingdom should be invited to decide in what manner the question should be brought under the consideration of Parliament."

That conference has yet to be held, and there could be no time for it better than the present, no place for it better than the Clayton tunnel, where, if it were not a hundred thousand times too small for such a purpose, a meeting might also be held of several other gentlemen rather interested in railways, who might be invited to decide whether, as passengers, they would like a reduction of the terms on which they might be slaughtered.

In the face of the late accidents doubtless it may be thought by railway authorities good policy not to press the matter, as had been intended, at the next session of parliament. It may even be agreed—hopeless as the suggestion would seem—to wait for a comparatively bloodless year before making an application, of which the gist is to be—if we may gather it from the very few journals that were in this matter of one mind with the "several gentlemen"—that there shall be a reduction of the rates for killing men of fortune.

If Lord Campbell's Act is to stand, the desire of the railways is, that persons of worldly consideration may be killed on the premises of railway companies, not only at the shortest notice, but also at a great reduction of charge. The slender sums representing worldly compensation to the children or widow of a poor mechanic these rich companies do not so much mind paying; but they do flinch from what they have to pay when they kill men whose lives are of great money-value to their families. From all which, it clearly appears that the whole protection to be got by the public from the act lies in that part of it which the railway companies attack; that as men of all classes travel together, although the poor man would be little the safer for any anxiety that a great company would have lest it should forfeit the sum that may represent the value of his labour to his family, he does benefit by the anxiety felt lest the loss of any possible Crœsus in the train should cause a crash among the dividends. The law is an equal one; the principle of compensation just alike to all: but it is only where, in its equal dealing, it can make itself most sharply felt in the company's treasury, that it is of value to a public rather interested in this matter as a wholesome check upon rash management.

STRIKING LIKENESSES.

Nature has patterns which she sometimes repeats in her work; jacquard looms of her own, where she weaves two or three pieces of humanity, varied perhaps in material and colour, but of identical style and arrangement—pieces so much alike, indeed, they can hardly be known apart. Of such were the two slave boys whom Toranius, the great slave merchant of his time, sold to Mark Anthony, saying they were twin brothers, when, in reality, the one had been born in Asia and the other in Europe, and there was not a drop of related blood between them. Of such was Caius Bibius, Pompey's double; and the anonymous youth whom the august Cæsar saw as it had been looking in a mirror, so exactly like himself was he. Asked slyly by the Emperor if his mother had ever been to Rome, the anonymous youth as slyly answered, No, but his father had been there often. But as this anecdote is told of various other persons, perhaps the august Cæsar's living looking-glass is a mere myth, and never existed at all. There have been certain historical doubles, though, about whom there is no doubt, if very much obscurity. For instance, there was Smerdis the magian, a Persian counterfeit of royalty, who, when Cambyses was away in Egypt and just before he died of that unlucky sword-wound at Ecbatana, boldly came forward as Smerdis, the brother — murdered by Cambyses effectually enough some time before—and who managed so well, and was so very like the slaughtered prince, that when the king died he succeeded to the royal estate and dignities unchallenged. He was discovered at last by one of the numerous wives whom he had inherited together with the rolls of costly stuffs, the vessels of gold and silver, the apes, and the peacocks, and the rest of the royal chattels. She, in playful mood, lifting up his curls, saw—not ass's ears like Midas's, nor pointed and furry ears like Donatello's—but no ears. For the knave had lost them, not so very long before, for some trick unbefitting the magian calling. So Smerdis the magian came to the end of his farce; but he was marvellously like Smerdis the prince, for all that.

Then, there was Antiochus the Great of Syria, who had his double in one Artemon, whereby his wife Laodice was enabled to play a trick, and a very good one for herself; after the great man was dead, putting Artemon into the royal bed, and making him commend to the special care of his nobles and people, his faithful and beloved

spouse. Some writers say that Laodice murdered Antiochus, and took Artemon for her husband instead; keeping up the deception for above two years, so wonderfully like to the dead king was he. The best feature in old stories is, that you have so many versions, and all so directly contradicting one another, that you may make your choice according to your fancy; which is an historical luxury in general, extending even down to later times than the classical.

Coming into somewhat more intelligible company and on to firmer English ground, we find ourselves face to face with Jack Cade, who in the sixth Henry's generation spoilt a good and reasonable cause by giving himself out as Mortimer, whom he resembled, and who was believed in by thousands, not only as "the Captain of the Great Assembly in Kent," but also as the close relative of the House of York. He finally got himself and his pretensions fully settled by one Alexander Iden, who had no eye for likenesses. And in fourteen hundred and eighty-six, Lambert Simnel, well tutored by Richard Simon, priest, and backed by the Duchess of Burgundy, sister to the late King Edward the Fourth and aunt to the poor young murdered boys, set himself forward to play the part of Richard, second son of Edward, who, it was reported, had escaped from the Tower, and was now wandering through Europe. Finding this personation would not do, he then said that he was Edward Earl of Warwick; under which name he was warmly supported by the Irish people, who crowned him in Dublin Castle with the diadem taken from the Virgin, and publicly proclaimed him King Edward the Sixth. During the height of the craze, Henry caused the real Warwick to be led through London, that men might see the difference; but that did not prevent their saying that Henry's was the counterfeit and Lambert Simnel was the original; for could not every one see how much more like to the Plantagenets he was than Henry's mummer? Encouraged by so much apparent success, Lambert Simnel landed in England, prepared to carry all before him, but after one or two trials of strength was fairly defeated instead—the king, disdainfully enough, granting him a life which was too insignificant for his high mightiness to take. He made him a scullion in the royal kitchen, as about the most contemptible thing he could be; though afterwards he was raised to the more honourable post of falconer. There was a fine irony in Henry's treatment of the would-be king—that fragment of plebeian stuff which nature had wound off the loom in the likeness of the Plantagenets; and history would be less sad reading if all conquerors had been as contemptuous and as humane.

Six years after Simnel's defeat, the Duchess of Burgundy again brought forward a counterfeit presentment. This time it was Perkin Warbeck, or Osbeck, a handsome youth of fine parts, made even more like to the Plantagenets than Simnel had been; sufficiently like to personate to the life Lambert's first venture—young Richard of York, who had been murdered by Sir John Tyrrell, as all readers of Shakespeare know. Perhaps Warbeck had a left-handed kind of right to be like the son of Edward the Fourth; for his beautiful mother had been honoured with much notice from king's majesty, given to honour pretty women with special and peculiar regard; and when she and her crafty, complaisant husband, the renegade Jew of Tournay, settled in England, they were so greatly patronised by court and king, that Edward actually condescended to stand godfather for the little Perkin, when that small Hebrew was made into a Christian. Rumour said, indeed, that he was the father without any godliness preceding. However that might have been, it is certain that handsome young Perkin was not only exceedingly like Edward's family, but also that he had something regal and distinguished in himself, and so was doubly fitted for his part. The Duchess of Burgundy sent him men and moneys, calling him her dear nephew, and the White Rose of England; Charles of France and James of Scotland espoused his cause, as did many gentlemen of note in England. James, indeed, gave him his own cousin, Lady Catherine Gordon, to wife, and more substantial, but not lavish, aid into the bargain. But fate and Lancaster were too strong for Warbeck and the Yorkists. At a great battle fought near Taunton he lost his army and his cause, was taken prisoner by the king, locked up in the Tower, and after some time of imprisonment executed, on the plea of breaking ward and plotting his escape. This is the last historical counterfeit presentment to be found in England.

In 1554 was born Sebastian of Portugal, posthumous son of Don John, and heir to the crown; and in 1578 he led his men at the disastrous battle of Alcaçar, when Christians and Moors hacked to pieces thousands of the divine image in honour of the God who made them. After the battle, Sebastian was missing: some said he was dead; others, taken prisoner; but the general belief was that he had been slain, though, to be sure, there was just the chance of the prisoner theory. Sufficient chance to encourage a host of adventurers, all more or less like the missing youth, all wanting one eye, all of the same complexion and stature as himself, and all owning their adherents from pure conviction, as well as from design and crafty insight. First, there was Gabriel Spinosa, the one-eyed cook of Madrigal, who, in 1585, got even Doña Anna of Austria on his side, and prevailed on her to give him her jewels, by which means he was arrested, it being thought more than suspicious that such a ragged robin as he should have regal jewels for sale. Yet he was strangely like the princely Sebastian, one-eyed cook though he was. Then there was the son of a tiler at Alcobaça, with two notable adherents, Don Christopher de Tavora and the Bishop of Guarda. This tiler's son of Alcobaça had been a man of loose life and more than doubtful morals, who had become converted, and then turned hermit; but, being exceedingly

like the lost Sebastian, he had been got hold of by the knight and the bishop, and persuaded to act the part of the prince redivivus. He did not succeed, but got sent to the galleys for life, while the bishop was hanged for a treasonable plotter as he was. Of the knight's future not much seems to be known. After him came Gonçalo Alvarez, the son of a mason, who generously granted the title of Earl of Torres Novas to a rich yeoman whose daughter he wanted to marry—raised a body of men, and gave the government a few days of anxiety. He was soon disposed of, like the rest; but under a severer sentence, as he had been more troublesome than they. He was hanged and quartered, and the Earl of Torres Novas was deprived of his dignity and estate, and left shivering in social nakedness, exposed to the ridicule of the world. But twenty years after the battle of Alcaçar, namely, in 1598, came one, about whom history is even yet undecided—a kingly-looking man, noble in spite of poverty and the deep lines of suffering like scars across his face—who presented himself at Venice, saying that he was Sebastian, so long thought to have been slain at Alcaçar, but who had been taken prisoner by the Moors instead, and kept in close ward for all these weary waiting twenty years. He gave a very likely and detailed account of himself when examined by the Venetian nobles deputed to try him, and showed great firmness, piety, and patience, as might have been expected from a prince who had been so severely tried; he knew all the secrets of the palace and the royal family; was exceedingly like what the true Sebastian would have been after twenty years of affliction and privation; had all the bodily marks and personal peculiarities of the prince; and was, in short, so dangerously possible, that the Portuguese authorities were uneasy, and got him ordered out of Venice, afraid to have him any longer in public view. When banished from the Queen of the Adriatic he went to the Queen of the Plains, and took refuge in Florence. But the grand-duke gave him up to Count de Lemos, the viceroy of Naples, by whom he was imprisoned in the Castle d'Ovo, every now and then brought forth and exhibited to the people—the officer in charge of the exhibition crying out, "This is the man who calls himself Sebastian!" "And I am Sebastian," would sometimes answer the patient, proud, and kingly-looking prisoner. From d'Ovo he was sent to the galleys, thence to San Lucar, and thence to a castle in Castile, where he disappeared from history, and no one ever knew what became of him. If he was not the true Sebastian, he was the most remarkable of all the false presentments to be found in history.

Of false Demetriuses in Russia there were many. Demetrius, the son of John Basilowitz, Czar or Grand-Duke of Muscovy, had been murdered by the order of Boris Gudenow in the early part of 1600. But it was found convenient for certain men to say that he had not been murdered, and if there was a likeness anywhere, it was made the most of. The most famous of the false Demetriuses was the monk Otrafief, a fine, brave, handsome fellow, run off the same jacquard loom as the slain prince, who gathered together a large army with which he defeated his enemy Boris Gudenow, who thereupon killed himself, as the best thing he could do for mankind. Otrafief was crowned at Moscow by the name of Demetrius the Fourth, or Fifth, as historians choose to recognise or ignore that other Demetrius some three hundred years before him, and began his reign so well, that even those who thought within themselves, and those who knew for certain, that he was only a shabby monk and no Demetrius at all, held their tongues, finding the new state of things quite sufficiently to their liking to buy their silence. But usurpers seldom prosper. In a short time, Demetrius Otrafief gave way to such cruelties and excesses that mankind, as embodied in the Muscovites of 1605, could bear him no longer. On the day of his marriage with the daughter of the Vaywode of Sendimir, one of his first and most influential adherents, a party of conspirators burst into the palace and slew him; and then the fact was publicly proclaimed that he was only the monk Otrafief, and no more the true son of John Basilowitz than Boris Gudenow himself. Then, in 1773, one Pougatschoff must needs give himself out as Peter the Third, whom the imperial Catherine had good reason to know was sleeping safely his last sleep, carefully put out of her royal way. He seized the fortresses in the county or district of Orenburg, assembled a goodly army, and might have given the royal murderess no end of trouble had he not been betrayed by some of his followers, and given up to the enemy. He was put into an iron cage, and so carried to Moscow, where he was first shown in derision to the people as a bad likeness of the dead Peter, and then executed, January, 1775. Yet he was a counterfeit presentment of no such very grotesque forms, and quite sufficiently like the original to deceive men with more faith than discernment.

Of the false Dauphins who have troubled France since the death of poor little "Louis Capet," we have not much to say. They were rather impostors and adventurers than counterfeit presentments, none of whom were very successful in their attempts, and none of any special mark or political significance. The chief person worried by them was the poor Duchesse d'Angoulême, with whom they all, naturally enough, claimed relationship and knowledge. For the rest, they were only laughed at by the public, and locked up when they became too intrusive and annoying.

But some of the strangest instances of this double likeness are to be found in private life; and the history of the false Martin Guerre is one of the strangest of all. In the middle of the sixteenth century one Martin Guerre, aged eleven, was married to Bertrande de Rols, aged seven, both of Artigues, a little village near Rieux, the "chef lieu" of Haute Garonne. In

due time they had a child, and all went on happily enough, till one day, when of the ripe age of twenty-one, Martin stole some corn from his father, and, in fear of punishment, silently absconded. For eight years Martin Guerre was dead to his family. They never heard of, or from, him; letters in those days were few, and travellers scarce; and Martin Guerre had passed out of the little world of Artigues as if he had never been. Suddenly, one day, he reappeared. As he had been absent for eight years, he was not quite the same man as when he went away; but it was he sure enough—the same marks on his face and hands, the blood-spot in his left eye, the two tusks in the upper jaw, the broken nail of the first finger, the three warts on the right hand, and another on the little finger, as well as the scar on the right eyelid, and the pit which an ulcer had left in his face; signs by which all men might have known Martin Guerre among a thousand. Besides, when he spoke to Bertrande de Rols, the wife, he knew all the secrets lying between them; who the wedding guests had been, where a certain suit was, or ought to be, of which Bertrande herself knew nothing; with some other small mysteries nearer and dearer still. Bertrande had not a doubt that this was Martin's very self: nor had her own immediate relations, nor had his uncle, nor his four sisters. The lost was certainly found, the prodigal publicly repentant, and all Artigues rejoiced with the pretty young wife at the return of her vagrant. So the matter stood for three years; two children were born to the pleasant couple, and though they were strangely unlike Sanxi, Martin's first child, no one thought any the worse of them or their mother for that. But at last, a little, half-inarticulate whisper got abroad, which soon swelled into a loud and angry cry, and the whisper was: "This is not Martin Guerre, but Arnauld du Tilh." The Martin of the past, said some, was taller and darker, of more slender build, bow-backed, high-shouldered, with a cleft in his chin, and a large and flat snub nose; while the Martin of the present, for all his personal marks, had none of these more important characteristics; and especially, his nose was neither large, nor flat, nor snub. When the sluice was once opened, the waters rushed in. All sorts of differences and discrepancies were seen and commented on; and, at last, the cry grew so loud and fierce, that poor Bertrande, who had been the last to give in to the storm, was forced to bow to it. She was made to undertake a prosecution against the man who, for three years, had been to her as Martin Guerre, citing him to appear as Arnauld du Tilh, to answer to the charge of false personation—with other crimes yet more grave and serious. Many witnesses were called on this strange trial: some for, more against, the identity of Arnauld du Tilh with Martin Guerre. One said that Martin had been notoriously skilful in certain games, of which Arnauld knew nothing; another—this was Jean Espagnol, landlord of a little inn not far distant—said that Arnauld had confessed to him that he was not Martin Guerre at all, but only Arnauld du Tilh, beseeching him not to betray him, Arnauld adding that Martin had made over to him all his goods and his rights: whereat Bertrande grew red and bridled. A third said that he had known from the first that the accused was Arnauld du Tilh, and not Martin Guerre, but that he had had a sign not to betray him; so said another, adding that he, the accused, had given him two handkerchiefs for his brother, Jean du Tilh. A soldier, newly arrived from Rochefort, accompanied by two other witnesses, deposed that the true Martin Guerre was in Flanders, with a wooden leg in place of the one he had lost before St. Quentin. Others said that Martin was a Biscayan, and could speak the Biscayan dialect, of which Arnauld was profoundly ignorant; and a few called the attention of the judge to the striking difference between Sanxi, the true Martin's acknowledged child, and the two infants born of the false. On the other hand, Martin's uncle and four sisters testified in Arnauld's favour, and swore positively that he was Martin Guerre and none other, and that the various witnesses against his identity were mistaken, or suborned. In this manner the excitement was kept up, and public opinion very fairly divided, for some time; when suddenly the true Martin Guerre came upon the scene, and complicated matters still more. For Arnauld was not to be outwitted easily. He turned round against Martin, and denounced him as the impostor; and for a time justice was undecided as to the real criminal. But proofs were too strong. The few dear secrets by which Arnauld had been helped to win pretty Bertrande, Martin confessed he had confided to him; also the secret of those white-lined blue breeches in the chest, of which Bertrande herself knew nothing, and the knowledge of which had seemed to her so conclusive. The game was up. Martin was immensely offended with his friends, and grievously indignant that his wife had been deceived; the law was sharp in those days, and neither Martin nor the law understood much of mercy. Arnauld du Tilh was convicted of perjury and imposture, and these were crimes of which men were jealous. Wherefore he was sentenced to do penance, standing in a white shirt, bareheaded and barefooted, having a rope round his neck and a lighted taper in his hand, thus to ask pardon of God, the king, and of justice, also of Martin Guerre, and Bertrande de Rols, his wife; after which the executioner was to lead him through the most public streets and roads about Artigues, and then he was to be hung up by the cord round his neck on a gibbet erected before Martin's house. And when he had hung long enough he was to be cut down, and his dishonoured carcase burnt. His one surviving child by Bertrande was to inherit all his goods: which, however, were not many. Arnauld du Tilh played with edged tools, and he cut his hands grievously in the process.

In 1649 died Lancelot le Moine, leaving his three children, Pierre, Jacques, and Louis, under

the sole guardianship of his wife, Jeanne Vacherot. About four years after his death Jeanne went to an estate she had at Vernon, taking with her the youngest child, little Louis, but leaving her elder two, big boys now of ten and fourteen, under the care of their grandmother and a faithful old servant. One day the two boys went out to play with a companion named Coustard: but though they went out, they forgot to come in again, for all three urchins ran away to see the world, leaving parents and guardians in a beautiful state of uncertainty and excitement. A short time after their flight, Jeanne Vacherot saw, sitting on the steps of the Hôtel Dieu, a boy so exactly like her son Jacques, that she went to the police of that time, making a statement of her loss, and adding her belief that the little beggar-boy of the Hôtel Dieu was her son. On further examination she dropped her claim, and went back to Vernon. The beggar who was called Monrousseau, and the child who was Jacques le Moine's double, went there too; and soon the whole neighbourhood was in an uproar. The people all said that the child was Jeanne's: Jeanne Vacherot said it was not, for all its fair hair, and the mother's mark, so exactly like that on the missing Jacques. Besides, Jacques le Moine was a well-educated lad for his years, and little Monrousseau, the beggar, could not read or write. But this was held to be no proof at all. Indignant at Jeanne's heartlessness, some of the neighbours, having first nearly killed her, instituted an action against her, to make her acknowledge her child, the little beggar; and though Jeanne was ably defended, yet she lost her cause from the overwhelming testimony brought against her. Twenty-one witnesses swore to the identity of this little beggar-boy with Jacques le Moine. Servants, tradespeople, one or two kinsfolk, the surgeon who had made a certain cicatrice upon his body, the farmers on the mother's estate, in short, every one who had any idea on the matter at all. Only Jeanne stood out that he was not her son, and Monrousseau stood out that he was his. The other side won; and the decree was hard enough, considering what the truth was. Claude le Moine, brother to the defunct Lancelot, was ordered to take the boy to his heart and home. Jeanne was made to grant him a pension of a hundred livres; but to mark the disapprobation of her unmotherly conduct, she was deprived of all maternal privileges and rights over him. Monrousseau, the beggar, was imprisoned and heavily ironed for the crime of stealing a well-born child, and hiding the truth when he had the opportunity of undoing his wrong; and for three years this wise arrangement was in full force. Jeanne and her kinsfolk, kept "in silence," that is, not allowed to appeal; Monrousseau kept in prison and irons; and the little beggar-boy kept in luxury and unhappiness. And then vagrant Master Jacques, the real son of Lancelot le Moine and Jeanne Vacherot, returned, giving a pitiful account of his three years' wanderings, and poor elder brother Pierre's death. Whereupon Justice was forced to make amends; which she did, but as surlily as possible; releasing Monrousseau from prison with a sulky pardon for no crime done, and enjoining him to bring up Louis as his son, Louis being enjoined to obey and consider him as his father: neither of them having ever wanted anything but the right of considering themselves father and son. Claude le Moine was released from his enforced guardianship over the little beggar-boy; and Jeanne Vacherot had her hundred livres restored to her.

There was another very curious case of mistaken identity in France. A Calvinist family, named De Caille, were exiled from Provence at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They were people of standing and condition, owning a good property, which, when the law of 1689 was passed, that all those absent from the kingdom on account of their religion should forfeit their estates to their nearest relatives, passed into the hands of a Dame Anne Rolland and a Dame Tardivi, as the nearest inheritors of Dame Judith la Gouche—Madame de Caille. In process of time sundry members of the Caille family died at their new home in Lausanne, and among them the eldest son, Isaac de Rougon, a studious, consumptive young man of thirty or so, leaving De Caille now absolutely heirless—if haply, indeed, any son of his would have constituted himself the heir by renouncing his father's faith, and becoming a Catholic for the sake of gain. A few years after the death of this Isaac, and when the Rollands and the Tardivis were furthest from dreaming of any disturbance, a man known elsewhere by the name of Pierre Mêge, a marine soldier of no very delightful antecedents, came before the authorities, giving himself out as De Caille's eldest son, so long reported dead. He had not been dead at all, said Pierre Mêge, Sieur de Rougon; on the contrary, he had been kept locked up by his father for many years, the old man having the intensest hatred to him, because of his inclination for the Catholic faith. He had, however, managed to escape after repeated trials and increased severities; and he gave a strange account of himself since that escape. He acknowledged that he had passed by the name of Pierre Mêge, whom he had known on board the Fidelle, where they had both served, but where he was distinguished by the sobriquet of "Le Grenadier sans regret;" acknowledged, too, that he had passed as Pierre Mêge with Honorade Venelle, the wife, she knowing of the deception all the time, and helping to keep it up—the friends, creditors, and relatives of the true Pierre accepting him without reserve or suspicion. But now the time had come when it was his duty to throw off this pretence of Pierre Mêge, this false mask or larva that hid his true features, and come forward boldly to claim his rights as André d'Entrevergues, eldest son and heir of le Sieur de Caille. The lawsuit that ensued is too long to dissect here. The most startling points in it were, that this pretended heir could neither read nor write; that he gave himself a wrong

name—the name of De Caille's eldest son being Isaac de Rougon, and not André d'Entrevergues; that he did not know his father's proper name or titles, nor his dead brother's, nor his mother's; nor his sister's age, height, complexion, or name; nor the name of the street, or number of the family house at Manosque, in Provence, where he was born and had lived up to quite intelligent boyhood; nor the name of the house at Lausanne; nor any circumstance whatever connected with the family: in short, he seems to us, on reading the report, to have been the most clumsy and transparent of humbugs and adventurers. But he explained away all these discrepancies and appearances, and so cleverly too, that he got the parliament of Provence and above four hundred of the most respectable people of Manosque on his side. The parliament declared him the rightful heir of the heretic De Caille, and, on his public baptism into the bosom of Holy Church, formally installed him into the De Caille possessions, hitherto held by the Rollands and the Tardivis.

But M. Rolland was a lawyer and a man of spirit. He carried the thing to Paris, where heads were clearer and wits sharper than in the provinces; and one of his first successful moves was to hunt up Honorade Venelle, whom he counted on as his best ally. For Pierre Mêge, or Isaac de Rougon—he had learnt his own name by this time—had married a pretty girl of Manosque, sister to one Serri who had secretly helped him through the process; and M. Rolland knew that no Honorade Venelle in the world could see that bit of chicanery without protest. And M. Rolland reasoned rightly. In spite of the one hundred and thirty ocular witnesses, and the three hundred by hearsay—who testified to the identity of Pierre Mêge with the dead Isaac de Rougon—truth, Honorade's indignant denunciations, baptismal and mortuary documents, and a thousand little ugly corners left unsmoothed, and gaps unfilled in Pierre's evidence, set the matter on a new basis. The Paris parliament undid the work which the Provençal had built up. The Tardivis and the Rollands were reinstated; the poor little Serri girl was decreed to be nor maid, nor wife, nor widow, while to the loud-voiced, red-faced Honorade were assigned all the honours of matrimony and matronhood; Pierre Mêge was adjudged thief, perjurer, bigamist, and impostor, dispossessed of his ill-gotten wealth, and finally sent off to prison, where he was to be seen for many years after—a shy, sullen, stupid fellow, who would never say or confess to anything, and who hid an immense deal of craft under the appearance of profound stupidity. The chief points of identity between him and Isaac de Rougon had been in certain accidental marks, specially a mark round the left ear, which was by no means common. For the young De Caille had been born with one ear fastened to his head, and the surgeon had released it by cutting it through. Strangely enough, Pierre Mêge had precisely the same kind of cicatrice round his left ear, beside other personal signs not usually found so exactly alike in two different men. A few things, too, on his adversaries' side seem to indicate fear of his cause, such as M. Rolland's suppression of certain facts that might seem to tell against his case, his proved subornation of witnesses, and the ill-refuted charge of his attempt to poison the persistent claimant.

There was another very curious story of Count Beneventa's servant, who was claimed by a certain man as his brother, joint-heir with himself of their dead father's property. But though the offer was tempting and the opportunity rare, the man was not to be persuaded out of his identity, and refused the brother, and the mother, and even the dead father's goods, and stood by his true and real self, "to the admiration of all beholders." After all, it must be one of the most disagreeable things in the world to have a second self—another "William Wilson" stalking through life as one's shadow. It is bad enough to have to bear the consequences of one's own follies and misdeeds: if those follies and misdeeds were multiplied by two, the burden upon some of us would be heavier than we could possibly support.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE house I occupied at L—— was a quaint, old-fashioned building—a corner house—one side, in which was the front entrance, looked upon a street which, as there were no shops in it, and it was no direct thoroughfare to the busy centres of the town, was always quiet, and at some hours of the day almost deserted. The other side of the house fronted a lane; opposite to it was the long and high wall of the garden to a Young Ladies' Boarding-School. My stables adjoined the house, abutting on a row of smaller buildings, with little gardens before them, chiefly occupied by mercantile clerks and retired tradesmen. By the lane there was short and ready access both to the high turnpike road and to some pleasant walks through green meadows and along the banks of a river.

This house I had inhabited since my arrival at L——, and it had to me so many attractions, in a situation sufficiently central to be convenient for patients, and yet free from noise, and favourable to ready outlet into the country for such foot or horse exercise as my professional avocations would allow me to carve for myself out of what the Latin poet calls the "solid mass of the day," that I had refused to change it for one better suited to my increased income; but it was not a house which Mrs. Ashleigh would have liked for Lilian. The main objection to it, in the eyes of the 'genteel' was, that it had formerly belonged to a member of the healing profession, who united the shop of an apothecary to the diploma of a surgeon; but that shop had given the house a special attraction to me; for it had been built out on the side of the house which fronted the lane, occupying the greater portion of a small gravel court, fenced from the road by a low iron palisade, and separated from the body of the house itself by a short and narrow corridor that communicated with the entrance-hall. This shop I turned into a rude study for scientific experiments, in which I generally spent some early hours of the morning, before my visiting patients began to arrive. I enjoyed the stillness of its separation from the rest of the house; I enjoyed the glimpse of the great chesnut-trees which overtopped the wall of the school garden; I enjoyed the ease with which, by opening the glazed sash-door, I could get out, if disposed for a short walk, into the pleasant fields; and so completely had I made this sanctuary my own, that not only my man-servant knew that I was never to be disturbed when in it, except by the summons of a patient, but even the housemaid was forbidden to enter it with broom or duster, except upon special invitation. The last thing at night, before retiring to rest, it was the man-servant's business to see that the sash-window was closed and the gate to the iron palisade locked, but during the daytime I so often went out of the house by that private way that the gate was then very seldom locked, nor the sash-door bolted from within. In the town of L—— there was very little apprehension of house-robberies—especially in the daylight—and certainly in this room, cut off from the main building, there was nothing to attract a vulgar cupidity. A few of the apothecary's shelves and cases still remained on the walls, with, here and there, a bottle of some chemical preparation for experiment. Two or three wormeaten, wooden chairs; two or three shabby old tables; an old walnut-tree bureau, without a lock, into which odds and ends were confusedly thrust, and sundry ugly-looking inventions of mechanical science, were, assuredly, not the articles which a timid proprietor would guard with jealous care from the chances of robbery. It will be seen later why I have been thus prolix in description. The morning after I had met the young stranger, by whom I had been so favourably impressed, I was up, as usual, a little before the sun, and long before any of my servants were astir. I went first into the room I have mentioned, and which I shall henceforth designate as my study, opened the window, unlocked the gate, and sauntered for some minutes up and down the silent lane skirting the opposite wall, and overhung by the chesnut-trees rich in the garniture of a glorious summer; then, refreshed for work, I re-entered my study and was soon absorbed in the examination of that now well-known machine, which was then, to me at least, a novelty; invented, if I remember right, by Monsieur Dubois-Reymond, so distinguished by his researches into the mysteries of organic electricity. It is a wooden cylinder fixed against the edge of a table; on the table two vessels filled with salt and water are so placed that, as you close

your hands on the cylinder, the forefinger of each hand can drop into the water; each of the vessels has a metallic plate, and communicates by wires with a galvanometer with its needle. Now the theory is, that if you clutch the cylinder firmly with the right hand, leaving the left perfectly passive, the needle in the galvanometer will move from west to south; if, in like manner, you exert the left arm, leaving the right arm passive, the needle will deflect from west to north. Hence, it is argued that the electric current is induced through the agency of the nervous system, and that, as human Will produces the muscular contraction requisite, so is it human Will that causes the deflection of the needle. I imagined that if this theory were substantiated by experiment, the discovery might lead to some sublime and unconjectured secrets of science. For human Will, thus actively effective on the electric current, and all matter, animate or inanimate, having more or less of electricity, a vast field became opened to conjecture. By what series of patient experimental deduction might not science arrive at the solution of problems which the Newtonian law of gravitation does not suffice to solve; and——But I must not suffer myself to be led away into the vague world of guess, by the vague reminiscences of a knowledge long since wholly neglected, or half-forgotten.

I was dissatisfied with my experiment. The needle stirred, indeed, but erratically, and not in directions which, according to the theory, should correspond to my movement. I was about to dismiss the trial with some uncharitable contempt of the French philosopher's dogmas, when I heard a loud ring at my street door. While I paused to conjecture whether my servant was yet up to attend to the door, and which of my patients was the most likely to summon me at so unseasonable an hour, a shadow darkened my window. I looked up, and to my astonishment beheld the brilliant face of Mr. Margrave. The sash to the door was already partially opened; he raised it higher, and walked into the room. "Was it you who rang at the street door, and at this hour?" said I.

"Yes; and observing, after I had rung, that all the shutters were still closed, I felt ashamed of my own rash action, and made off rather than brave the reproachful face of some injured housemaid, robbed of her morning dreams. I turned down that pretty lane—lured by the green of the chesnut-trees—caught sight of you through the window, took courage, and here I am! You forgive me?" While thus speaking, he continued to move along the littered floor of the dingy room, with the undulating restlessness of some wild animal in the confines of its den, and he now went on, in short fragmentary sentences, very slightly linked together, but smoothed, as it were, into harmony by a voice musical and fresh as a skylark's warble. "Morning dreams, indeed! dreams that waste the life of such a morning. Rosy magnificence of a summer dawn! Do you not pity the fool who prefers to lie abed, and to dream rather than to live? What! and you, strong man, with those noble limbs, in this den! Do you not long for a rush through the green of the fields, a bath in the blue of the river?"

Here he came to a pause, standing, still in the grey light of the growing day, with eyes whose joyous lustre forestalled the sun's, and lips which seemed to laugh even in repose.

But presently those eyes, as quick as they were bright, glanced over the walls, the floor, the shelves, the phials, the mechanical inventions, and then rested full on my cylinder fixed to the table. He approached, examined it curiously, asked what it was? I explained. To gratify him, I sat down and renewed my experiment, with equally ill success. The needle, which should have moved from west to south, describing an angle of from 30 deg. to 40 or even 50 deg., only made a few troubled undecided oscillations.

"Tut!" cried the young man, "I see what it is; you have a wound in your right hand."

That was true. I had burnt my hand a few days before in a chemical experiment, and the sore had not healed.

"Well," said I, "and what does that matter?"

"Everything; the least scratch in the skin of the hand produces chemical actions on the electric current, independently of your will. Let me try."

He took my place, and in a moment the needle in the galvanometer responded to his grasp on the cylinder, exactly as the French philosopher had stated to be the due result of the experiment.

I was startled.

"But how came you, Mr. Margrave, to be so well acquainted with a scientific process little known, and but recently discovered?"

"I well acquainted! not so. But I am fond of all experiments that relate to animal life. Electricity especially, is full of interest."

On that I drew him out (as I thought), and he talked volubly. I was amazed to find this young man, in whose brain I had conceived thought kept one careless holiday, was evidently familiar with the physical sciences, and especially with chemistry, which was my own study by predilection. But never had I met with a student in whom a knowledge so extensive was mixed up with notions so obsolete or so crotchety. In one sentence he showed that he had mastered some late discovery by Faraday or Liebig; in the next sentence he was talking the wild fallacies of Cardan or Van Helmont. I burst out laughing at some paradox about sympathetic powders, which he enounced as if it were a recognised truth.

"Pray tell me," said I, "who was your master in physics, for a cleverer pupil never had a more crackbrained teacher."

"No," he answered, with his merry laugh, "it is not the teacher's fault. I am a mere parrot; just cry out a few scraps of learning picked up here and there. But, however, I am fond of all researches into Nature; all guesses at her riddles. To tell you the truth, one reason why I have taken to you so heartily is not only that your published work caught my fancy in the dip which I took into its contents (pardon me if

I say dip, I never do more than dip into any book), but also because young * * * * tells me that which all whom I have met in this town confirm; viz. that you are one of those few practical chemists who are at once exceedingly cautious and exceedingly bold—willing to try every new experiment, but submitting experiment to rigid tests. Well, I have an experiment running wild in this giddy head of mine, and I want you, some day when at leisure, to catch it, fix it as you have fixed that cylinder: make something of it. I am sure you can."

"What is it?"

"Something akin to the theories in your work. You would replenish or preserve to each special constitution the special substance that may fail to the equilibrium of its health. But you own that in a large proportion of cases the best cure of disease is less to deal with the disease itself than to support and stimulate the whole system, so as to enable Nature to cure the disease and restore the impaired equilibrium by her own agencies. Thus, if you find that in certain cases of nervous debility a substance like nitric acid is efficacious, it is because the nitric acid has a virtue in locking up, as it were, the nervous energy,—that is, preventing all undue waste. Again, in some cases of what is commonly called feverish cold, stimulants like ammonia assist Nature itself to get rid of the disorder that oppresses its normal action; and, on the same principle, I apprehend, it is contended that a large average of human lives is saved in those hospitals which have adopted the supporting system of ample nourishment and alcoholic stimulants."

"Your medical learning surprises me," said I, smiling, "and without pausing to notice where it deals somewhat superficially with disputable points in general, and my own theory in particular, I ask you for the deduction you draw from your premises."

"It is simply this: that to all animate bodies, however various, there must be one principle in common—the vital principle itself. What if there be one certain means of recruiting that principle? and what if that secret can be discovered?"

"Pshaw! The old illusion of the mediæval empirics."

"Not so. But the mediæval empirics were great discoverers. You sneer at Van Helmont, who sought, in water, the principle of all things; but Van Helmont discovered in his search those invisible bodies called gases. Now the principle of life must be certainly ascribed to a gas.* And whatever is a gas, chemistry should not despair of producing! But I can argue no longer now—never can argue long at a stretch—we are wasting the morning; and, joy! the sun is up! See! Out! come out! out! and greet the great Life-giver face to face."

* "According to the views we have mentioned, we must ascribe life to a gas, that is, to an aëriform body."—Liebig, Organic Chemistry, Playfair's translation, p. 363.

I could not resist the young man's invitation. In a few minutes we were in the quiet lane under the glinting chesnut-trees. Margrave was chanting, low, a wild tune—words in a strange language.

"What words are those? no European language, I think; for I know a little of most of the languages which are spoken in our quarter of the globe, at least by its more civilised races."

"Civilised races! What is civilisation? Those words were uttered by men who founded empires when Europe itself was not civilised! Hush, is it not a grand old air?" and lifting his eyes towards the sun, he gave vent to a voice clear and deep as a mighty bell! The air was grand—the words had a sonorous swell that suited it, and they seemed to me jubilant and yet solemn. He stopped abruptly, as a path from the lane had led us into the fields, already half-bathed in sunlight—dews glittering on the hedgerows.

"Your song," said I, "would go well with the clash of cymbals or the peal of the organ. I am no judge of melody, but this strikes me as that of a religious hymn."

"I compliment you on the guess. It is a Persian fire-worshipper's hymn to the sun. The dialect is very different from modern Persian. Cyrus the Great might have chanted it on his march upon Babylon."

"And where did you learn it?"

"In Persia itself."

"You have travelled much—learned much—and are so young and so fresh. Is it an impertinent question, if I ask whether your parents are yet living, or are you wholly lord of yourself?"

"Thank you for the question—pray make my answer known in the town. Parents I have not—never had."

"Never had parents!"

"Well, I ought rather to say that no parents ever owned me. I am a natural son—a vagabond—a nobody. When I came of age I received an anonymous letter, informing me that a sum—I need not say what—but more than enough for all I need, was lodged at an English banker's in my name; that my mother had died in my infancy; that my father was also dead—but recently; that as I was a child of love, and he was unwilling that the secret of my birth should ever be traced, he had provided for me, not by will, but in his life, by a sum consigned to the trust of the friend who now wrote to me; I need give myself no trouble to learn more; faith, I never did. I am young, healthy, rich—yes, rich! Now you know all, and you had better tell it, that I may win no man's courtesy and no maiden's love upon false pretences. I have not even a right, you see, to the name I bear. Hist! let me catch that squirrel."

With what a panther-like bound he sprang! The squirrel eluded his grasp, and was up the oak-tree; in a moment he was up the oak-tree too. In amazement I saw him rising from bough to bough;—saw his bright eyes and glittering teeth through the green leaves; presently I heard the

sharp piteous cry of the squirrel—echoed by the youth's merry laugh—and down, through that maze of green, Margrave came, dropping on the grass and bounding up, as Mercury might have bounded with his wings at his heels.

"I have caught him—what pretty brown eyes!"

Suddenly the gay expression of his face changed to that of a savage; the squirrel had wrenched itself half-loose, and bitten him. The poor brute! In an instant its neck was wrung—its body dashed on the ground; and that fair young creature, every feature quivering with rage, was stamping his foot on his victim again and again! It was horrible. I caught him by the arm indignantly. He turned round on me like a wild beast disturbed from its prey. His teeth set, his hand lifted, his eyes like balls of fire.

"Shame!" said I, calmly; "shame on you!"

He continued to gaze on me a moment or so; his eye glaring—his breath panting—and then, as if mastering himself with an involuntary effort, his arm dropped to his side, and he said, quite humbly, "I beg your pardon; indeed I do. I was beside myself for a moment; I cannot bear pain:" and he looked in deep compassion for himself at his wounded hand. "Venomous brute!" And he stamped again on the body of the squirrel, already crushed out of shape.

I moved away in disgust, and walked on.

But presently I felt my arm softly drawn aside, and a voice, dulcet as the coo of a dove, stole its way into my ears. There was no resisting the charm with which this extraordinary mortal could fascinate even the hard and the cold; nor them, perhaps, the least. For as you see in extreme old age, when the heart seems to have shrunk into itself, and to leave but meagre and nipped affections for the nearest relations if grown up, the indurated egotism softens at once towards a playful child; or as you see in middle life, some misanthrope, whose nature has been soured by wrong and sorrow, shrink from his own species, yet make friends with inferior races and respond to the caress of a dog,—so, for the worldling or the cynic, there was an attraction in the freshness of this joyous favourite of Nature;—an attraction like that of a beautiful child, spoilt and wayward, or of a graceful animal, half docile, half fierce.

"But," said I, with a smile, as I felt all displeasure gone, "such indulgence of passion for such a trifle is surely unworthy a student of philosophy!"

"Trifle," he said, dolorously. "But I tell you it is pain; pain is no trifle. I suffer. Look!"

I looked at the hand, which I took in mine. The bite no doubt had been sharp; but the hand that lay in my own was that which the Greek sculptor gives to a gladiator; not large (the extremities are never large in persons whose strength comes from the just proportion of all the members, rather than the factitious and partial force which continued muscular exertion will give to one part of the frame, to the comparative weakening of the rest), but with the firm-knit joints, the solid fingers, the finished nails, the massive palm, the supple polished skin in which we recognise what Nature designs the human hand to be—the skilled, swift, mighty doer of all those marvels which win Nature herself from the wilderness.

"It is strange," said I, thoughtfully; "but your susceptibility to suffering confirms my opinion, which is different from the popular belief, viz. that pain is most acutely felt by those in whom the animal organisation being perfect, and the sense of vitality exquisitely keen, every injury or lesion finds the whole system rise, as it were, to repel the mischief, and communicate the consciousness of it to all those nerves which are the sentinels to the garrison of life. Yet my theory is scarcely borne out by general fact. The Indian savages must have a health as perfect as yours; a nervous system as fine. Witness their marvellous accuracy of ear, of eye, of scent, probably also of touch, yet they are indifferent to physical pain; or must I mortify your pride by saying that they have some moral quality defective in you which enables them to rise superior to it?"

"The Indian savages," said Margrave, sullenly, "have not a health as perfect as mine, and in what you call vitality—the blissful consciousness of life—they are as sticks and stones compared to me."

"How do you know?"

"Because I have lived with them. It is a fallacy to suppose that the savage has a health superior to that of the civilised man,—if the civilised man be but temperate;—and even if not, he has the stamina that can resist for years what would destroy the savage in a month. As to their fine perceptions of sense, such do not come from exquisite equilibrium of system, but are hereditary attributes transmitted from race to race, and strengthened by training from infancy. But is a pointer stronger and healthier than a mastiff, because the pointer through long descent and early teaching creeps stealthily to his game and stands to it motionless? I will talk of this later; now I suffer! Pain, pain! Has life any ill but pain?"

It so happened that I had about me some roots of the white lily, which I meant, before returning home, to leave with a patient suffering from one of those acute local inflammations, in which that simple remedy often affords great relief. I cut up one of these roots, and bound the cooling leaves to the wounded hand with my handkerchief.

"There," said I. "Fortunately, if you feel pain more sensibly than others, you will recover from it more quickly."

And in a few minutes my companion felt perfectly relieved, and poured out his gratitude with an extravagance of expression and a beaming delight of countenance which positively touched me.

"I almost feel," said I, "as I do when I have stilled an infant's wailing, and restored it smiling to its mother's breast."

"You have done so. I am an infant, and Nature is my mother. Oh, to be restored to the full joy of life, the scent of wild flowers, the song of birds, and this air—summer air—summer air!"

I know not why it was, but at that moment, looking at him and hearing him, I rejoiced that Lilian was not at L——.

"But I came out to bathe. Can we not bathe in that stream?"

"No. You would derange the bandage round your hand; and for all bodily ills, from the least to the gravest, there is nothing like leaving Nature at rest the moment we have hit on the means which assist her own efforts at cure."

"I obey, then, but I so love the water."

"You swim, of course?"

"Ask the fish if it swim. Ask the fish if it can escape me! I delight to dive down—down; to plunge after the startled trout, as an otter does; and then to get amongst those cool, fragrant reeds and bullrushes, or that forest of emerald weed which one sometimes finds waving under clear rivers. Man! man! Could you live but an hour of my life you would know how horrible a thing it is to die!"

"Yet the dying do not think so; they pass away calm and smiling, as you will one day."

"I—I! die one day—die!" and he sank on the grass, and buried his face amongst the herbage, sobbing aloud.

Before I could get through half a dozen words, meant to soothe, he had once more bounded up, dashed the tears from his eyes, and was again singing some wild, barbaric chant. I did not disturb him; in fact, I soon grew absorbed in my own meditations on the singular nature, so wayward, so impulsive, which had forced intimacy on a man grave and practical as myself.

I was puzzled how to reconcile so passionate a childishness, so undisciplined a want of self-control, with an experience of mankind so extended by travel, with an education, desultory and irregular indeed, but which must have been at some time or other familiarised to severe reasonings and laborious studies. There seemed to be wanting in him that mysterious something which is needed to keep our faculties, however severally brilliant, harmoniously linked together—as the string by which a child mechanically binds the wild flowers it gathers; shaping them at choice into the garland or the chain.

AT HOME IN RUSSIA.

IN A PEASANT'S HUT.

Ten at night found us within a station of Pereslaf. After getting our conveyance under cover, and our light luggage removed to the house or den, I had time to visit an adjoining peasant's hut.

Here was a whole family spinning and weaving flax. The family manufactory included every process, from the scutching to the linen weaving, all carried on within the space of a room twenty feet square. In a corner stood a mild, elderly father scutching the straw from the flax; the mother sat near him, helped by a son, combing out the tow with hand brushes; every now and then throwing small twisted rolls of the tow into a bunker, and plaiting up the long flax ready for sale or spinning. Three rather good-looking girls were spinning and twirling the thread, several young ones were winding and unwinding the yarn, and one girl was the weaver at her loom plying the busy shuttle. The whole machinery employed in this primitive workshop and family manufactory—hear it, ye Baxters of Dundee, and Marshalls of Leeds—loom included, would not cost two sovereigns. My companion and fellow-traveller, a young Russian, very soon was on good terms with the young folks, and as I sat down by the dame, the old man joined us, and we talked of the late storm and its consequences, of the flax work, and of how they sold what they made, to pay the baron. They were communicative on the prices they got for the different qualities, told me how they worked at this all winter, and on the land all summer; how the baron was a good man, but spent in Moscow and Petersburg his time and money, leaving his poor slaves to the tender mercies of a German steward, who skinned them unmercifully. One of their boys, they said, had gone, or rather had been sent, to the Crimea as a soldier, and they had never heard of him since; another son was at Moscow in a woollen fabric, and had to pay fifty roubles a year, "obrok," to the baron. The two eldest girls had been ordered to marry after Easter, and to marry men they did not like. One of the men was a drunken worthless fellow, but ah, dear Heaven, had not their father, the emperor, God bless him! decreed their emancipation! And were they not soon to do what they liked, and be freed from the "obrok"! Their notions of liberty or political rights amounted to this, and no more.

Having sent my companion for tea and sugar, I asked the girls to prepare the urn, and further ingratiated myself by buying a piece of the linen they had made and bleached on the grass the previous summer. While the tea was being handed about an old woman came in: the "swacha," or ambassadress, from one of the intended bridegrooms. All marriages among the common people in Russia are negotiated by such go-betweens, who arrange preliminaries, extol the qualities of their clients, examine and decide on the trousseau of the bride, and act as head negotiators in the whole affair. When the father of the bride can afford it, money is demanded, and a written list of the "predania," or articles of the trousseau, is given in. The articles accordingly supplied are scrutinised, and accepted, rejected, or exchanged, according to the fiat of the old go-between. There is no courtship or personal affection before these marriages. The woman generally submits, as a matter of course, and becomes the slave of any brute appointed by the baron or steward, or by her father when no master interferes.

I know a family of free Russians, in which the father was of the rank of "chinovnick."

He had four daughters, all accomplished, the eldest decidedly plain, the others good-looking. A suitor appeared for the hand of the youngest and prettiest, in the person of a young government official. His go-between, or swacha, required to know how much money the father would give, and what the "predania." "I give nothing," said the old man. "The elder sisters must be married first, and it is robbing them to give first to the youngest. If the young man will take the eldest, I will give four thousand roubles; if the second, fifteen hundred; if the third, a 'predani' without money; but if he must have the youngest, nothing." As the young man wanted to buy or bribe his way into a higher station of life, he offered to take the eldest of these girls for six thousand roubles. This would have wronged the other daughters, and the offer was refused. The youngest, who had set her heart on the fellow, pined; the others offered to give up their claims to make her happy, but the father was inexorable. The poor thing was dead of consumption eighteen months afterwards, and the bargaining swain is now married to the eldest, richest, and least handsome. This happened in the capital, among what we called the "French-polished" Russians. But I must return to my poor peasants of no polish.

The swacha finding the field occupied by strange guests, confined herself on this occasion to an enumeration of the many excellences of the appointed husband, among which I remember one which sounded curious—it was, that though fond of brandy, he knew how to get it for nothing. Another was, that his father would not live long, and so, he being the eldest son, his wife would quickly become mistress of the whole family, and own the hut, pig, cow, horse, and other appurtenances of headship. When a woman marries the eldest son of a house, she is taken home to the paternal roof, and, on the death of the father, becomes mistress, to the exclusion of the mother-in-law, whose reign ceases at once.

As it was now late, the good people of this hut offered me a mattress in another room, and I passed the night luxuriously in clean linen, and with my clothes off, for the first and only time during a long Russian journey. Where the night was spent by my young Russian fellow-traveller I cannot tell. In the morning, when we were about to start, he had vanished with his traps, no one knew whither. After waiting at the station some time, I went back to inquire at my host's. One of the daughters met me at the door with sparkling eyes, as pretty a country beauty as I had seen anywhere in Russia. To my question she answered, "I will tell you; you are a good fellow. He cannot leave me yet, and will remain here a day or two. But don't say to anybody where he is. God give you a safe journey. Good-by." Wherewith she vanished. Already my fellow-travellers were grumbling at the long delay, so I had little difficulty in persuading them to travel on without him.

I may as well tell—since I know it—the sequel to this little history. Nine months afterwards, I was stepping out of a railway carriage at Moscow, when I met my old companion of the hut; he seized my portmanteau with one hand, and with the other he dragged me to the gate, tumbled me with himself into a prelotka (a small open carriage), and directed the driver where to go. "You are going to my house," he said, "to meet an old acquaintance, and to be our guest while you remain in Moscow. Don't say no; it *shall* be so." On arriving at his house, a small one, but very respectable, I was agreeably surprised to meet the beauty of the hut, who came forward as his wife, looking as happy as man could desire. She had just finished a music lesson, was dressed very neatly, and she did the honours of the house quite creditably while I stayed.

"You remember telling me on that awful journey in March last," said the young Russian, when we sat up together, "how they married for love in England, and not for money; how women were not there slaves to men, and so forth. Well, I saw this girl, that very night, about to be sacrificed to a brute. I thought her good and pure, and you know she is beautiful. So I began that night to love her, told her so, and told her father so. I could not tear myself away for three days, and at the end of that time I determined I would have her, let it cost me what it might. So when I got to Moscow I called on her master, the baron; offered to buy her; and begged him not to allow her to be married to the bad man whom the steward had appointed. But," he continued, taking me by both hands, "you had been before me there. He told me that he had seen an Englishman who so represented the case, that he had given orders for the stopping of that marriage."

"Yes," I said, "I did see him, and found him a kind-hearted gentleman, quite unaware of some of his steward's pranks. He granted my request at once, and in my presence sent a letter off to stop the marriage."

"But," he said, "that is not all. He refused to sell her, said that he knew the family well, that the old man had charge of him while a boy, and once protected his life at some risk. He asked me what I was, and what interest I had in the girl? I replied, that I wanted to marry her. 'Then,' said he, 'the whole family shall have its freedom as soon as we can make out the necessary papers.' That is all done long ago. The rascally steward is discharged, and I am to fill his place."

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

Again I turn to the snowy winter journey of which a part has been already described. The track on the fourth day was worse than any we had yet encountered, being more cut up with traffic. But we had good cattle, and one man less to carry, so, although we were upset more than once, we did not make less than our usual progress. Once, the kibitka turned over in a deep valley of snow, and the passengers were tossed together into a confused and

struggling mass. My breath was nearly choked out of me by the weight of a fat Russian baron whose thumb I was obliged to bite as he was digging his hands into my face, before he could be induced to tumble off. After scrambling, as usual, out at the top door, and to the track again, we found the whole wreck beyond remedy by our unassisted powers. Fortunately, however, a long line of sledges with goods from Rastov fair, being just in front of us, the poor peasants who were attached as drivers and guards, although they had plenty of troublesome work on their own hands, came back, and by main force lifted us out of the hole. It was some time before we were so far righted as to be able to go on, and then when we were making up lost time and overtook our friends with their sledges, numbering probably a hundred in a long line on the one solitary track, it became necessary to pass them if we would not be kept at a snail's pace for many hours. But the passing was not easy. The whole line must draw close to one side, and in some cases into the soft snow, and this the men for a long time refused to do. It was a difficult job, involving risks to some, and the road was theirs as well as ours. The Russian baron, who was one of us, at length lost all temper, and began to swear as only a Russian can. Being cold and hungry, exhausted and much shaken, he was anxious to get to some shelter, especially as night was now closing. Oaths having no effect, he lost the last glimmer of polish and came out the born Tartar that he was. Dragging the cudgel from my hand, he began belabouring with all his might the men and horses, dealing blows right and left, and compelling the men to draw up to one side as fast as we came up. For an hour this lasted, before we had passed all the sledges.

"There, you canaille!" he cried as he struck. "Take that! Give the road, you lazy vermin! Make room, you pigs! I am a baron, don't you see? A friend of the governor's! Sons of dogs! Defilement of the earth! Your mothers are beasts!" and so forth.

This was his gentlest style, while the blows fell in a shower. Forty or fifty men submitted to all this, grumbled, but cowed; they took the blows and insults of this one man as dogs take their masters' kicks; they were serfs, he was a baron. After he had recovered his seat and his breath, and had wiped the perspiration from his head, he turned to me, and asked, with an air of national pride,

"What do you say to that, me lort?"

"I say, that had you struck the poorest of my countrymen in that manner, they would either have boxed you into a jelly, or they would have tied you to a sledge until they reached the first town, and then given you up to a magistrate for an assault."

"Oh, as to that, I should soon get away from a magistrate. A little money would soon do that."

"Indeed! I can tell you that your whole estate, with a dozen like it, would not buy one of our magistrates."

This assertion only caused an incredulous laugh, and a remark from the baron that he could buy any country magistrate in Russia for fifty kopecks (eighteenpence).

FIVE IN A KIBITKA.

The baron referred to was a tall, stout man, well acquainted with the French and German languages as well as the Russ, and apparently, also, with the literature of England. He had read in French and Russian, translations of the works of the chief English novelists and poets of the present century. He spoke with enthusiasm of the English government and people; and he recited Russian compositions, which, in the time of Nicholas and at St. Petersburg, would have ensured him a free passage to Siberia. He told me he had just manumitted a great portion of his serfs, and was on his way to the two capitals to sell his estate and leave the country; or, failing in that, to lot his land, and bring it into proper cultivation. The great curse of the country, he thought, were the priests, a lazy, ignorant pack, immoral, drunken, and filthy in the interior, polished and crafty in the capitals. The emancipation of the serfs was nothing without the abolition of the priestly influence. The state finances, he said, were in a terrible low state. Why did not the emperor play Henry the Eighth, seize upon the numerous and enormously wealthy monasteries and churches, and melt down the gold and silver lying useless in their coffers, or covering their altars and pretended saints? My name not being asked, the baron and the others called me Lort Palmerston. My baron worshipped Palmerston, but he said it was "Henry the Eighth and Oliver Cromwell *they* wanted." In opinions and character this fellow-traveller was one of a large class that may one day play a cudgel for what it considers Russian regeneration; a man polite to excess, but, "when scraped, a Tartar," as the poor sledge-drivers who had pulled us out of the pit could witness. This baron's son, a young man of twenty-two, was with us, already proud to employ English oaths and talk of "box," besides being so unpleasantly addicted to rather practical jokes, that on one occasion I was obliged to give him a little unexpected practice in the "noble science," for which his father most politely, and I think sincerely, thanked me.

An officer of infantry, wounded at Inkermann, and now invalided, was another of our party. He was very civil to me, and asked many questions about the English army and navy systems. Of Inkermann, "Ah!" he said, "I was there, and received my wound from an English officer's revolver. Poor fellow! I forgave him; it was his last barrel, and the last shot he ever fired; but he hurled the empty pistol at one of those who were pressing on him, so that he knocked the fellow down, but the next moment he fell, pierced with balls and bayonets. My God! how these few men did fight and die, surprised by a whole army!" He related what,

indeed, I had often heard in Russia, that all the detail of attack was carefully planned in St. Petersburg by the Emperor Nicholas, who was perfectly convinced of its complete success. And it would most certainly have sufficed had that handful of Englishmen but known when it was overmatched. "But this we could not make them understand," he said; "so in time the French came, in overwhelming masses, and our troops were forced to retire. English stupidity lost us the best chance we had during that war." When the express courier reached St. Petersburg with the first news of that defeat, and the entire failure of the carefully devised plan that was to drive the allies into the sea, the emperor, scouting the rumour of defeat, arrived the day before, received the messenger—an officer of rank—as the bearer of joyful tidings. Something, however, in the officer's looks betokened anything but joy, and in breathless silence from the assembled court, the emperor stalked up to the man, seized him by both shoulders, and said with evident effort and concentrated emotion, "Say! speak? Is it victory?"

"My liege, I have instructions. There is the despatch!"

"Speak one word: Victory!—quick."

"Nay, sire, I am distressed to say it is Defeat," replied the officer, and hung his head.

"Liar!" roared the emperor; and with his whole force he flung the messenger of evil to the other side of the room, and walked into the adjoining cabinet with the unopened despatch in his hand.—How far this scene, repeated again by my friend the soldier, is true, I cannot tell, but as it is said to have had many witnesses, so I know it is widely credited among men likely to be right as to such matters.

The only other traveller in our kibitka was a Russianised German: one of a class very common in Russia, and, as a class, inquisitive, crafty, unscrupulous, hating the English with what soul they have, cheating and injuring them when they have the power. Russia is overrun with Germans of this sort, who are to be found in all places except where sound knowledge and honourable dealing are essential. Nearly all the apothecaries are such Germans, and the prices they sell drugs at, are audacious. They get to be stewards, and then woe to the poor peasants. They largely import German girls, who are preferred to Russian by the dissolute. They are confectioners, factors, watchmakers, sausage and ham dealers, organ and knife grinders, anything. When they first invaded the country they were called "neimitz," or dummies, because, unable to speak the language, they talked only by signs. The army itself is overrun with greedy German officers and doctors: too commonly men who, while poor, will submit to any degradation; but who, when they get up in the world a little, are fastidious and proud. The Russians hate them with good cause, because they are cruel, extortionate, tyrannical, and practically useless. Many of the nobility and gentry are married to German women, for the Russian women are wan, and not usually good-looking. The German wives exert the influence of their husbands in advancing the interests of all their poor relations. Let me illustrate this by a short history, which will show also the state of Russian serfdom under German management.

FACTORY LIFE—UNDER A GERMAN STEWARD.

General R. was a pure Russian, but having in his youth been employed as a diplomatist in England and elsewhere, he became so deeply sensible of the political degradation of his countrymen, and of his own responsibility in relation to his serfs, that when he returned to Russia he obtained the emperor's permission to retire from public life, and devote himself, assisted by his wife (also of an old Russian family), to the task of improving the condition of the ten thousand serfs on his estates. These estates were extensive, had a splendid soil, and happened to be situated in a genial climate. The general himself went to live in the midst of his people, looked into their wants, established schools and churches, as well as factories, corn-mills, sugar-works, adopted agricultural improvements, and increased his wealth. He was the first to set up a cotton-mill in Russia, in order to employ profitably his people and time during the long lazy winter months formerly spent in perfect idleness. The fortunate serfs increased their allotments; the sound of whip or stick was never heard; traders came far distances to trade in the thriving valleys of R., and their produce brought the best prices in the large town, distant only one hundred versts. In all disputes the general himself was judge and jury; he was adviser and friend in all difficulties. Incorrigible delinquents were punished by being sent off the estate to work, according to the common custom, under other owners, on the "obrok," and on this estate no heavier punishment could be inflicted. He built a country-house, a copy from some English gentleman's seat that he had seen and liked; surrounded it with gardens and a park; erected farm-houses on a large scale; imported implements, cattle, and experienced overseers; and when his barns and coffers were full, and all went well with him and his, he died, beloved and almost worshipped by the men to whom his life had been a blessing. Ten years after the old general's death, I inhabited a wing of his mansion for a twelvemonth, so that I know well what I am relating. Evidences were around me daily, on all sides, of the good that was done, and the cause of the change that followed.

"Ah!" said the old Russian overseer of the cotton-mill, "you should have come in the old general's time. Then, we were men; now, we are beasts. Then, we were all rich; now, we are skinned and robbed of our very flesh. Then, we could eat beef; now, we cannot get enough of 'casha' to keep us alive. Look at me. Am I not as thin as a ghost? The year the general died, I weighed fifteen stone, I had six hundred roubles, saved from rearing poultry, pigs, growing flax, and getting presents from the master. It's

all gone—or," said he, whispering, "they think so. Some of it is buried where they never shall clutch it. Ah! the 'neimitz' came then. They ruined the estate."

"Who is the 'neimitz'?"

"Who, indeed? There came here once, an Englishman as superintendent of these works; I liked him. When the men first went to pay their respects to him, the poor starved-looking beings told their tale in their faces, but poured out also their grievances before him. He said that he was only come to superintend the mechanical processes, that with their social relations he had nothing to do; but whatever was in his power he would do, to make them comfortable. In the mean time he gave them a day's holiday, but our German steward forbade them to take it; that, he said to the Englishman, is against all rules. 'But come,' said the sneak, 'we can make things comfortable by playing into one another's hands. Come to my house to-night and take a glass of schnaps, and we shall talk the matter over; in the mean time I have ordered the engines and works to go on to-morrow as usual.' The Englishman turned him out of the room, and then got the keys of the factory and locked out the work-people, so that they could not go to work. The frightened serfs waited about the doors. The man who gave the keys to the English superintendent, was flogged by the steward. On the same day the Englishman doubled his wages. But he could not fight against a fellow who might send what tales he pleased, to a master in the capital six hundred miles away, so he gave up the contest, and left us to our wretchedness."

It grieves me to tell what I learnt here, and what I saw. The old general had left a son in the army, who succeeded to the family inheritance. The son, immediately on the old man's death, married a very pretty German adventuress whom he had met in one of the more questionable saloons of Moscow. A daughter was born to them, and soon afterwards the husband was seized with a fit and died in a ball-room, also at Moscow. The child being then but three years old, the lady's brother was appointed trustee and administrator of the estate until she came of age—that is to say, was seventeen years old, or married. This man's whole effort was to enrich himself by exhausting the wealth of the place during his trusteeship. A German steward was put in, and every possible thing was done to grind substance out of the poor peasants. The widow, her brother, and daughter lived at Moscow in a round of gaiety and dissipation, never visiting the estates. The steward was becoming very rich. Large sums were being sent to Moscow out of mortgages effected, and instead of the old happiness and contentment amongst the serfs, there was an utter bitterness of destitution. The works were not kept in repair nor properly managed, and the people, become lazy and sullen, were forced to keep the mill going day and night in order to keep up the original rate of production. At four o'clock on Sunday afternoon the work began, and never stopped till Sunday next at nine A.M., when six hours were allowed for church-going. A double set of hands working alternately, kept the machinery in constant motion: one set working for six hours while the other set lay sleeping in corners. A bell was rung at the end of each six hours, when the sleepers rose up, and those who had been working lay down. This went on night and day. Married women brought their babies to the factory, where I saw them stuck in cotton baskets, where mothers bred, fed, slept, worked, and did all manner of things in the grinding din of work—morality, decency, or cleanliness, impossible and far-off dreams. Indeed, these people had approached more nearly to the condition of brutes than I had thought possible for men and women; what I saw here and heard elsewhere, did, let me own it, turn my heart to a strong prejudice against the Russian Germans. This widow of the last male of the R.s was a German; her brother the trustee was a German; his steward was a German; and all of them were idle and rapacious voluptuaries. The poor girl when she comes of age will find the noble estate left by her Russian grandfather and father ruined irretrievably, and she will be one Russian more hating the "neimitz." I have no doubt whatever that, should a popular outbreak take place and the pent-up fury of the peasantry find vent, the first burst of retribution and vengeance will fall on this part of the population.

Even the neimitz who was our travelling companion did not allow us to reach our journey's end until he had played a revengeful trick on one of us, which made it necessary for us to decide between turning him out of our kibitka, or carrying him on, bound, as a prisoner to Moscow. We turned him out, and, on the morning of the eighth day of a perilous and fatiguing journey, reached Moscow without him.

PURSUIT OF CRICKET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

I KNOW that we English are an angular and eccentric people—a people that the great flat-iron of civilisation will take a long time smoothing all the puckers and wrinkles out of—but I was scarcely prepared for the following announcement that I saw the other day in a tobacconist's window near the Elephant and Castle:

On Saturday,
A Cricket Match will be played at the Rosemary Branch, Peckham Rye,
between
Eleven One-armed Men and Eleven One-legged Men.
The Match to begin at Eleven o'Clock A.M.

Well, I have heard of eccentric things in my time, thought I, but I think this beats them all. I know we are a robust muscular people, who require vigorous exercise, so that we would rather be fighting than doing nothing. Our youth walk, run, shoot, fish, hunt (break their necks, even, in pursuit of health), tramp the

world over, and leave their footprints in Arctic snows and Arabian sands. It is to this outward working of the inner fire that we owe our great circumnavigators, travellers, soldiers, and discoverers. Our English arms have built up half the railways in the world; our emigrants are on every sea; we are the harmless Norsemen of the nineteenth century. We can do (some of us) without working our brains much, but we Saxons must all exert our limbs; we pine if we are pent up at desks and ledgers. We are a race of walkers, sportsmen, travellers, and craftsmen. We are (by our arts and colonising) the peaceful conquerors of the world. The days of the old red-handed conquest being now (as it is generally thought) gone by for ever, here these one-armed men go and caricature the national tendencies.

Such were my patriotic thoughts when I trudged down the Old Kent Road — chiefly remarkable, since the old coaching days, as the former residence of Mr. Greenacre—and made my devious way to Peckham. Under swinging golden hams, golden gridirons, swaying concertinas (marked at a very low figure), past bundles of rusty fire-irons, dirty rolls of carpets, and corpulent dusty feather-beds—past deserted-looking horse-troughs and suburban-looking inns, I took my pilgrim way to the not very blooming Rye of Peckham.

Rows of brick boxes, called streets, half-isolated cottages, clung to by affectionate but dusty vines — eventually a canal, where boatmen smoked and had dreams of coming traffic—a sudden outburst of green fields, that made me think I was looking at streets with green spectacles on—brought me to the trim, neat public-house known by the pleasant aromatic name of "The Rosemary Branch."

A trim bar-woman, with, perhaps, rather too demonstrative a photograph brooch, stood in front of a row of glass barrels labelled respectively "Shrub," "Bitters," and "*Sampson*," the latter, I have no doubt, a very strong beverage indeed. Nor did I fail to observe a portrait of the last winner of the Derby over the fireplace, and a little stuffed terrier pup above the glass door leading into the little parlour, where a very comfortable dinner was smoking.

I procured my ticket, and was shown through a deserted billiard-room, and down a back lane, to the cricket-field. I delivered up the blue slip to a very fat man with a child's voice who sat with an air of suffering at the entrance-wicket, and I was in the eccentric creatures' innocent field of battle.

There they were, the one-legged and the one-armed, encamped like two neighbouring armies.

Two potboys, girdled with tucked-up aprons white as the froth of bitter-beer, hurried past me as if to relieve the thirst of men wounded in war. After them came odd men carrying more benches for spectators of the one-armed men's prowess. The one-armed men were having their innings; the fielding of their one-legged adversaries, I could see in a moment, was something painfully wonderful and ludicrously horrible.

Totally indifferent to the mingled humour and horror of the day were the costermongers, who, grouped near the gate, threw a fair-day show over one section of the field. Those mere boys, with hard-lined pale faces and insinuating curls like large fish-hooks on each temple, were totally absorbed in drawing pence from the people of Peckham now that the bloom, so long expected, was undoubtedly on the Rye. There, were boys shooting down an enormous tin telescope for nuts; there, were men bowling clumsily at enormous wooden-headed ninepins. But the crown of the amusements was that corduroy-sheathed lad who had, with true Derby-day alacrity, stuck four slender sticks into hampers of matted sand, and on those shivery columns poised hairy cocoa-nuts, gilt pincushions, and wooden boxes meretriciously covered. One, two — whiz — whirl; what beautiful illustrations of the force of gravity did those boxes and pincushions furnish at three throws a penny! With what an air of sagacious and triumphant foresight did the proprietor bundle up the cudgels under his arm and gingerly replace the glittering prizes!

But while I dally here the eccentric game proceeds; so, avoiding the cannon-shot of chance balls, I pass across the field to the little windowed shed where the scorer sits opposite to the signal-post that, with its 4—6—2 in large white figures, marks the progress of the game. Some boys are playing with a bundle of the large tin numerals that lie at the foot of the signboard-post. Inside the outer and open part of the shed sit a row of Peckham quidnuncs deeply interested in the game—a game which, if it were all innings, I hold would be almost perfect, but, as it is, I deem to be, on the whole, rather wearisome. I seated myself on a garden-roller kept to level the grass, and watched the game. A man driving two calves out of the way of the players informed me that the proceeds of the game were for the benefit of a one-armed man who was going in when the next wicket went down.

The players were not all Peckham men; that one-legged bowler, so deft and ready, I found was a well-known musical barber, a *great dancer*, and I believe a great fisherman, from a distant part of Essex.

The one-legged men were pretty well with the bat, but they were rather beaten when it came to fielding. There was a horrible Holbeinish fun about the way they stumped, trotted, and jolted after the ball. A converging rank of crutches and wooden legs tore down upon the ball from all sides; while the one-armed men, wagging their hooks and stumps, rushed madly from wicket to wicket, fast for a "oner," faster for "a twoer." A lean, droll, rather drunk fellow, in white trousers, was the wit of the one-leg party. "Peggy" evidently rejoiced in the fact that he was the lamest man in the field, one leg being stiff from the hip downwards, and the wooden prop reaching far above the knee.

He did not treat the game so much as a matter of science as an affair of pure fun—of

incongruous drollery, with which seriousness was altogether out of place. If there was a five minutes' lull for beer, when the "over" was shouted, Peggy was sure to devote that interval to dancing a double-shuffle in the refreshment tent, where the plates were now being dealt round ready for some future edible game. When he took his place as slip or long-stop, he ran to his post while others walked; or delighted the boys by assuming an air of the intensest eagerness and watchfulness, putting a hand on either knee and bending forward, as if he had sworn that no ball should escape his vigilance; or when a ball did come, by blocking it with his wooden leg, throwing himself on it, or falling over it: an inevitable result, indeed, with nearly all the one-legged faction, as the slightest abruptness or jerk in movement had the result of throwing them off the perpendicular. I do not think that Peggy stopped a single ball unless it hit him; he generally fell over it and lost it until some comrade stumped up, swore at him, and picked the ball out from between his feet or under his arm.

The one-armed men had a much less invalid and veteran air about them. There was a shapely lad in a pink Jersey, who, from having his hand off only at the wrist, merely looked at a distance like a stripling with his hand hidden by a long coat-cuff. But then, again, there was a thickset, sturdy fellow, in a blue cap, of the "one-leg" party, who, though he had lost one foot, seemed to run and walk almost as well as ordinary people. Then, again, on the "one-leg" side, there was an ostentatious amount of infirmity in the shape of one or two pale men with crutches, yet everybody appeared merry and good natured, and determined to enjoy the game to his heart's content; while every time a player made a run, before the dull beat of the bat had died away, there was a shout that made the Peckham welkin ring again, and all the crutches and wooden legs beat tattoos of pure joy and triumph. And when the musical and Terpsichorean barber rattled the wickets or made the balls fly, did not the very plates in the refreshment tent dance with pleasure!

Yet, really, Peggy's conduct was most reprehensible. In spite of his "greyhound-in-the-leash" attitude, he was worse than useless; he kicked at the passing ball, he talked to it, he tumbled down to stop it, but for all the success he attained, he might as well have been away; why, Wilkins, with the long crutches and swinging legs, was three times as useful, though he was slow. I suppose, what with the beer, the heat of the day, the excess of zeal, and the fatigue, Peggy began at last to be pretty well aware that he was not doing much good, for he took to lying a good deal on his back, and to addressing the boys, who buzzed round him like flies, on the necessity of keeping a steady "look-out" at cricket. I do not know what Peggy had been, but he looked like a waterman.

Now, a lad who lost his leg when a baby, as a bystander told me, took up the bat and went in with calm self-reliance, and the game went forward with the usual concomitants. Now come the tips, the misses, the by-balls, the leg hits, the swinging blows that intend so much and do nothing, the echoing swashing cuts, the lost balls, the stumpings-out, the blocks, the slow treacherous balls, and the spinning, bruising roundhanders; not that our friends of the one leg and one arm swaddled themselves up in any timid paddings or bandages; they put on no india-rubber tubed gloves, no shelter-knuckles, they don no fluted leggings. What is a blow on the knuckles to a man who has lost a leg or an arm, who has felt the surgeon's saw and the keen double-edged knife? Yet all this time there was rather a ghastly reminder of suffering about the whole affair, to my mind. I could fancy the game played by out-patients in some outlying field of Guy's Hospital. I could believe it a party of convalescents in some field outside Sebastopol. Well, I suppose the fact is, that men don't think much of misfortunes when they are once irretrievable, and that these men felt a pleasure in doing an eccentric thing, in showing how bravely and easily they could overcome an infirmity that to some men appears terrible. After all, one thinks, after seeing such a game, one-legged and one-armed men are not so miserable as people imagine. Nature is kind to us in her compensations.

And all this time my eye was perpetually wandering to that blue bulbing dome and the two little pinnacles, that, though from here no larger than a chimney-piece ornament, is, I have reason to believe, Saint Paul's, some five miles distant as the crow flies. How delicate and clean cut its opaque sapphire—how pleasantly it crowns the horizon! That view of Saint Paul's from the Peckham meadows I can strongly recommend to landscape painters as one of the best, because one of the nearest, suburban views of Saint Paul's. I know it, a little blue mushroom button from Banstead Downs, just cropping up above the grey rim of the horizon, where the dark brown cloud ever lingers to mark out London; I know it, a great palace of air from all the winding reaches of the Thames, but I think I never saw it before so beautiful, so unreal, so visionary, so sublime. It seemed more the presiding genius of the busy, turbulent, uneasy city. I felt quite a love for the old blue monster; the sight of him moved me as the sight of a great army moves me, or as the sight of a fleet beating out to sea, with their white wings set all one way.

And now looking again to the game—the excitement has become tremendous. A man with crutches is in; he props himself artfully up, while he strikes the ball feebly and with lack-lustre stroke. A one-armed man with a wavering sleeve, bowls with his left hand, and makes a complicated business of it: the ball moving in a most eccentric orbit. At the opposite wicket Peggy is enthroned: his attitude is a study for Raphael—intense watchfulness, restless ambition, fond love of glory slightly dashed with inebriation, slightly marred by intoxication,

visible in every motion. Alas! the first fell ball comes and damages his wicket. His perfect disbelief in the reality of such a catastrophe is sublime—it typifies the dogged constancy of a nation that never knows when it is beaten.

The one-arms are rudely exulting as Peggy stumps off, not that he ever made a run, but that the look of the man was so imposing. The *one-legs* droop, the *one-arms* throw up their caps, or dance "breakdowns," to give vent to their extreme joy. The outlying one-arms skip and trip, the one-legs put their heads together and mutter detracting observations on the one-armed bowling. "There was no knowing what to make of them balls;" "There was no telling where to have them balls;" "They were a spiteful lot, the one-arms, so cheeky, so braggy;" "But the one-legs knew what's what, and they are going to do the trick yet."

Now the clatter of knives and forks and plates in the refreshment tent grew perfectly alarming; it was like a sale in a china-shop. The players, heedless of such poor sublunary things as boiled beef and greens and the smoke of flowery potatoes, played more like madmen than sober rational cricketers. St. Paul's danced before my eyes as if I was playing cup and ball with it, so dazzled did I get with the flying red ball. The leaping catches were wonderful, the leg-hits admirable, the bowling geometrically wonderful, the tips singularly beautiful; the ball smashed at the palings, dashed into thorn bushes, lost itself, broke plates in the refreshment tent, nearly stunned the scorer, knocked down a boy, flew up in the air like a mad thing. As for Peggy's balustrade leg, had he not occasionally screwed it off to cool himself, it would have been shivered into a thousand pieces. You would have thought, indeed, that the bowler mistook his unfortunate "stick leg" for the wicket, he let fly at it so often and so perversely. But in vain all skill and energy; the one-legs could not get at the ball quick enough, their fielding was not first-rate, the one-arms made a gigantic effort, forged fourteen runs ahead, and won. Peggy performed a pas seul expressive of hopeless despair, and stumped off for a pot of stout.

FALLEN LEAVES.

Weary, the cloud droopeth down from the sky,
Dreary, the leaf lieth low:
All things must come to the earth by-and-by,
Out of which all things grow.

Let the wild wind shriek and whistle
Down aisles of the leafless wood;
In our garden let the thistle
Start where the rose-tree stood;
Let the rotting mass fall rotten
With the rain-drops from the eaves;
Let the dead Past lie forgotten
In his grave with the yellow leaves.

Weary, the cloud droopeth down from the sky,
Dreary, the leaf lieth low:
All things must come to the earth by-and-by,
Out of which all things grow.

And again the hawthorn pale
Shall blossom sweet in the spring;
And again the nightingale
In the long blue nights shall sing;
And seas of the wind shall wave
In the light of the golden grain;
But the love that is gone to the grave
Shall never return again.

Weary, the cloud droopeth out of the sky,
Dreary, the leaf lieth low;
All things must come to the earth by-and-by,
Out of which all things grow.

MR. H.'S OWN NARRATIVE.

There was lately published in these pages (No. 125, page 589) a paper entitled Four Stories. The first of those stories related the strange experience of "a well-known English artist, Mr. H." On the publication of that account, Mr. H. himself addressed the conductor of this Journal (to his great surprise), and forwarded to him his own narrative of the occurrences in question.

As Mr. H. wrote, without any concealment, in his own name in full, and from his own studio in London, and as there was no possible doubt of his being a real existing person and a responsible gentleman, it became a duty to read his communication attentively. And great injustice having been unconsciously done to it, in the version published as the first of the "Four Stories," it follows here exactly as received. It is, of course, published with the sanction and authority of Mr. H., and Mr. H. has himself corrected the proofs.

Entering on no theory of our own towards the explanation of any part of this remarkable narrative, we have prevailed on Mr. H. to present it without any introductory remarks whatever. It only remains to add, that no one has for a moment stood between us and Mr. H. in this matter. The whole communication is at first hand. On seeing the article, Four Stories, Mr. H. frankly and good humouredly wrote, "I am the Mr. H., the living man, of whom mention is made; how my story has been picked up, I do not know, but it is not correctly told; I have it by me, written by myself, and here it is."

I am a painter. One morning in May, 1858, I was seated in my studio at my usual occupation. At an earlier hour than that at which visits are usually made, I received one from a friend whose acquaintance I had made some year or two previously in Richmond Barracks, Dublin. My acquaintance was a captain in the 3rd West York Militia, and from the hospitable manner in which I had been received while a guest with that regiment, as well as from the intimacy that existed between us personally, it was incumbent on me to offer my visitor suitable refreshments; consequently, two o'clock found us well occupied in conversation, cigars, and a decanter of sherry. About that hour a ring at the bell reminded me of an engagement I had made with a model, or a young person who, having a pretty face and neck, earned a

livelihood by sitting for them to artists. Not being in the humour for work, I arranged with her to come on the following day, promising, of course, to remunerate her for her loss of time, and she went away. In about five minutes she returned, and, speaking to me privately, stated that she had looked forward to the money for the day's sitting, and would be inconvenienced by the want of it; would I let her have a part? There being no difficulty on this point, she again went. Close to the street in which I live there is another of a very similar name, and persons who are not familiar with my address often go to it by mistake. The model's way lay directly through it, and, on arriving there, she was accosted by a lady and gentleman, who asked if she could inform them where I lived? They had forgotten my right address, and were endeavouring to find me by inquiring of persons whom they met; in a few more minutes they were shown into my room.

My new visitors were strangers to me. They had seen a portrait I had painted, and wished for likenesses of themselves and their children. The price I named did not deter them, and they asked to look round the studio to select the style and size they should prefer. My friend of the 3rd West York, with infinite address and humour, took upon himself the office of showman, dilating on the merits of the respective works in a manner that the diffidence that is expected in a professional man when speaking of his own productions would not have allowed me to adopt. The inspection proving satisfactory, they asked whether I could paint the pictures at their house in the country, and there being no difficulty on this point, an engagement was made for the following autumn, subject to my writing to fix the time when I might be able to leave town for the purpose. This being adjusted, the gentleman gave me his card, and they left. Shortly afterwards my friend went also, and on looking for the first time at the card left by the strangers, I was somewhat disappointed to find that though it contained the name of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck, there was no address. I tried to find it by looking at the Court Guide, but it contained no such name, so I put the card in my writing-desk, and forgot for a time the entire transaction.

Autumn came, and with it a series of engagements I had made in the north of England. Towards the end of September, 1858, I was one of a dinner-party at a country-house on the confines of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. Being a stranger to the family, it was by a mere accident that I was at the house at all. I had arranged to pass a day and a night with a friend in the neighbourhood, who was intimate at the house, and had received an invitation, and the dinner occurring on the evening in question, I had been asked to accompany him. The party was a numerous one, and as the meal approached its termination, and was about to subside into the dessert, the conversation became general. I should here mention that my hearing is defective; at some times more so than at others, and on this particular evening I was extra deaf—so much so, that the conversation only reached me in the form of a continued din. At one instant, however, I heard a word distinctly pronounced, though it was uttered by a person at a considerable distance from me, and that word was—Kirkbeck. In the business of the London season I had forgotten all about the visitors of the spring, who had left their card without the address. The word reaching me under such circumstances, arrested my attention, and immediately recalled the transaction to my remembrance. On the first opportunity that offered, I asked a person whom I was conversing with if a family of the name in question was resident in the neighbourhood. I was told, in reply, that a Mr. Kirkbeck lived at A——, at the farther end of the county. The next morning I wrote to this person, saying that I believed he called at my studio in the spring, and had made an arrangement with me, which I was prevented fulfilling by there being no address on his card; furthermore, that I should shortly be in his neighbourhood on my return from the north, but should I be mistaken in addressing him, I begged he would not trouble himself to reply to my note. I gave as my address, The Post-office, York. On applying there three days afterwards, I received a note from Mr. Kirkbeck, stating that he was very glad he had heard from me, and that if I would call on my return, he would arrange about the pictures; he also told me to write a day before I proposed coming, that he might not otherwise engage himself. It was ultimately arranged that I should go to his house the succeeding Saturday, stay till Monday morning, transact afterwards what matters I had to attend to in London, and return in a fortnight to execute the commissions.

The day having arrived for my visit, directly after breakfast I took my place in the morning train from York to London. The train would stop at Doncaster, and after that at Retford junction, where I should have to get out in order to take the line through Lincoln to A——. The day was cold, wet, foggy, and in every way as disagreeable as I have ever known a day to be in an English October. The carriage in which I was seated had no other occupant than myself, but at Doncaster a lady got in. My place was back to the engine and next to the door. As that is considered the ladies' seat, I offered it to her; she, however, very graciously declined it, and took the corner opposite, saying, in a very agreeable voice, that she liked to feel the breeze on her cheek. The next few minutes were occupied in locating herself. There was the cloak to be spread under her, the skirts of the dress to be arranged, the gloves to be tightened, and such other trifling arrangements of plumage as ladies are wont to make before settling themselves comfortably at church or elsewhere, the last and most important being the placing back over her hat the veil that concealed her features. I could then see that the

lady was young, certainly not more than two or three-and-twenty; but being moderately tall, rather robust in make, and decided in expression, she might have been two or three years younger. I suppose that her complexion would be termed a medium one; her hair being of a bright brown, or auburn, while her eyes and rather decidedly marked eyebrows were nearly black. The colour of her cheek was of that pale trasparent hue that sets off to such advantage large expressive eyes, and an equable firm expression of mouth. On the whole, the ensemble was rather handsome than beautiful, her expression having that agreeable depth and harmony about it that rendered her face and features, though not strictly regular, infinitely more attractive than if they had been modelled upon the strictest rules of symmetry.

It is no small advantage on a wet day and a dull long journey to have an agreeable companion, one who can converse, and whose conversation has sufficient substance in it to make one forget the length and the dreariness of the journey. In this respect I had no deficiency to complain of, the lady being decidedly and agreeably conversational. When she had settled herself to her satisfaction, she asked to be allowed to look at my Bradshaw, and not being a proficient in that difficult work, she requested my aid in ascertaining at what time the train passed through Retford again on its way back from London to York. The conversation turned afterwards on general topics, and, somewhat to my surprise, she led it into such particular subjects as I might be supposed to be more especially familiar with; indeed, I could not avoid remarking that her entire manner, while it was anything but forward, was that of one who had either known me personally or by report. There was in her manner a kind of confidential reliance when she listened to me that is not usually accorded to a stranger, and sometimes she actually seemed to refer to different circumstances with which I had been connected in times past. After about three-quarters of an hour's conversation the train arrived at Retford, where I was to change carriages. On my alighting and wishing her good morning, she made a slight movement of the hand as if she meant me to shake it, and on my doing so she said, by way of adieu, "I dare say we shall meet again;" to which I replied, "I hope that we shall all meet again," and so parted, she going on the line towards London, and I through Lincolnshire to A——. The remainder of the journey was cold, wet, and dreary. I missed the agreeable conversation, and tried to supply its place with a book I had brought with me from York, and the Times newspaper, which I had procured at Retford. But the most disagreeable journey comes to an end at last, and half-past five in the evening found me at the termination of mine. A carriage was waiting for me at the station, where Mr. Kirkbeck was also expected by the same train, but as he did not appear it was concluded he would come by the next—half an hour later; accordingly, the carriage drove away with myself only.

The family being from home at the moment, and the dinner hour being seven, I went at once to my room to unpack and to dress; having completed these operations, I descended to the drawing-room. It probably wanted some time to the dinner hour, as the lamps were not lighted, but in their place a large blazing fire threw a flood of light into every corner of the room, and more especially over a lady who, dressed in deep black, was standing by the chimney-piece warming a very handsome foot on the edge of the fender. Her face being turned away from the door by which I had entered, I did not at first see her features; on my advancing into the middle of the room, however, the foot was immediately withdrawn, and she turned round to accost me, when, to my profound astonishment, I perceived that it was none other than my companion in the railway carriage. She betrayed no surprise at seeing me; on the contrary, with one of those agreeable joyous expressions that make the plainest woman appear beautiful, she accosted me with, "I said we should meet again."

My bewilderment at the moment almost deprived me of utterance. I knew of no railway or other means by which she could have come. I had certainly left her in a London train, and had seen it start, and the only conceivable way in which she could have come was by going on to Peterborough and then returning by a branch to A——, a circuit of about ninety miles. As soon as my surprise enabled me to speak, I said that I wished I had come by the same conveyance as herself.

"That would have been rather difficult," she rejoined.

At this moment the servant came with the lamps, and informed me that his master had just arrived and would be down in a few minutes.

The lady took up a book containing some engravings, and having singled one out (a portrait of Lady ——), asked me to look at it well and tell her whether I thought it like her.

I was engaged trying to get up an opinion, when Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck entered, and shaking me heartily by the hand, apologised for not being at home to receive me; the gentleman ending by requesting me to take Mrs. Kirkbeck in to dinner.

The lady of the house having taken my arm, we marched on. I certainly hesitated a moment to allow Mr. Kirkbeck to pass on first with the mysterious lady in black, but Mrs. Kirkbeck not seeming to understand it, we passed on at once. The dinner-party consisting of us four only, we fell into our respective places at the table without difficulty, the mistress and master of the house at the top and bottom, the lady in black and myself on each side. The dinner passed much as is usual on such occasions. I, having to play the guest, directed my conversation principally, if not exclusively, to my host and hostess, and I cannot call to mind that I or any one else once addressed the lady opposite. Seeing this, and remembering something that looked like a slight want of attention to her on coming

into the dining-room, I at once concluded that she was the governess. I observed, however, that she made an excellent dinner; she seemed to appreciate both the beef and the tart as well as a glass of claret afterwards; probably she had had no luncheon, or the journey had given her an appetite.

The dinner ended, the ladies retired, and after the usual port, Mr. Kirkbeck and I joined them in the drawing-room. By this time, however, a much larger party had assembled. Brothers and sisters-in-law had come in from their residences in the neighbourhood, and several children, with Miss Hardwick, their governess, were also introduced to me. I saw at once that my supposition as to the lady in black being the governess was incorrect. After passing the time necessarily occupied in complimenting the children, and saying something to the different persons to whom I was introduced, I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage, and as the topic of the evening had referred principally to portrait-painting, she continued the subject.

"Do you think you could paint my portrait?" the lady inquired.

"Yes, I think I could, if I had the opportunity."

"Now, look at my face well; do you think you should recollect my features?"

"Yes, I am sure I should never forget your features."

"Of course I might have expected you to say that; but do you think you could do me from recollection?"

"Well, if it be necessary, I will try; but can't you give me any sittings?"

"No, quite impossible; it could not be. It is said that the print I showed to you before dinner is like me; do you think so?"

"Not much," I replied; "it has not your expression. If you can give me only one sitting, it would be better than none."

"No; I don't see how it could be."

The evening being by this time rather far advanced, and the chamber candles being brought in, on the plea of being rather tired, she shook me heartily by the hand, and wished me good night. My mysterious acquaintance caused me no small pondering during the night. I had never been introduced to her, I had not seen her speak to any one during the entire evening, not even to wish them good night—how she got across the country was an inexplicable mystery. Then, why did she wish me to paint her from memory, and why could she not give me even one sitting? Finding the difficulties of a solution to these questions rather increase upon me, I made up my mind to defer further consideration of them till breakfast-time, when I supposed the matter would receive some elucidation.

The breakfast now came, but with it no lady in black. The breakfast over, we went to church, came home to luncheon, and so on through the day, but still no lady, neither any reference to her. I then concluded that she must be some relative, who had gone away early in the morning to visit another member of the family living close by. I was much puzzled, however, by no reference whatever being made to her, and finding no opportunity of leading any part of my conversation with the family towards the subject, I went to bed the second night more puzzled than ever. On the servant coming in in the morning, I ventured to ask him the name of the lady who dined at the table on the Saturday evening, to which he answered:

"A lady, sir? No lady, only Mrs. Kirkbeck, sir."

"Yes, the lady that sat opposite me dressed in black?"

"Perhaps, Miss Hardwick, the governess, sir?"

"No, not Miss Hardwick; she came down afterwards."

"No lady as I see, sir."

"Oh dear me, yes, the lady dressed in black that was in the drawing-room when I arrived, before Mr. Kirkbeck came home?"

The man looked at me with surprise as if he doubted my sanity, and only answered, "I never see any lady, sir," and then left.

The mystery now appeared more impenetrable than ever—I thought it over in every possible aspect, but could come to no conclusion upon it. Breakfast was early that morning, in order to allow of my catching the morning train to London. The same cause also slightly hurried us, and allowed no time for conversation beyond that having direct reference to the business that brought me there; so, after arranging to return to paint the portraits on that day three weeks, I made my adieus, and took my departure for town.

It is only necessary for me to refer to my second visit to that house, in order to state that I was assured most positively, both by Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck, that no fourth person dined at the table on the Saturday evening in question. Their recollection was clear on the subject, as they had debated whether they should ask Miss Hardwick, the governess, to take the vacant seat, but had decided not to do so; neither could they recal to mind any such person as I described in the whole circle of their acquaintance.

Some weeks passed. It was close upon Christmas. The light of a short winter day was drawing to a close, and I was seated at my table, writing letters for the evening post. My back was towards the folding-doors leading into the room in which my visitors usually waited. I had been engaged some minutes in writing, when, without hearing or seeing anything, I became aware that a person had come through the folding-doors, and was then standing beside me. I turned, and beheld the lady of the railway carriage. I suppose that my manner indicated that I was somewhat startled, as the lady, after the usual salutation, said, "Pardon me for disturbing you. You did not hear me come in." Her manner, though it was more quiet and subdued than I had known it

before, was hardly to be termed grave, still less sorrowful. There was a change, but it was that kind of change only which may often be observed from the frank impulsiveness of an intelligent young lady, to the composure and self-possession of that same young lady when she is either betrothed or has recently become a matron. She asked me whether I had made any attempt at a likeness of her. I was obliged to confess that I had not. She regretted it much, as she wished one for her father. She had brought an engraving (a portrait of Lady M. A.) with her that she thought would assist me. It was like the one she had asked my opinion upon at the house in Lincolnshire. It had always been considered very like her, and she would leave it with me. Then (putting her hand impressively on my arm) she added, "She really would be most thankful and grateful to me if I would do it" (and, if I recollect rightly, she added), "*as much depended on it.*" Seeing she was so much in earnest, I took up my sketch-book, and by the dim light that was still remaining began to make a rapid pencil sketch of her. On observing my doing so, however, instead of giving me what assistance she was able, she turned away under pretence of looking at the pictures around the room, occasionally passing from one to another so as to enable me to catch a momentary glimpse of her features. In this manner I made two hurried but rather expressive sketches of her, which being all that the declining light would allow me to do, I shut my book, and she prepared to leave. This time, instead of the usual "Good morning," she wished me an impressively pronounced "Good-by," firmly holding rather than shaking my hand while she said it. I accompanied her to the door, outside of which she seemed rather to fade into the darkness than to pass through it. But I refer this impression to my own fancy.

I immediately inquired of the servant why she had not announced the visitor to me. She stated that she was not aware there had been one, and that any one who had entered must have done so when she had left the street door open about half an hour previously, while she went across the road for a moment.

Soon after this occurred I had to fulfil an engagement at a house near Bosworth Field, in Leicestershire. I left town on a Friday, having sent some pictures, that were too large to take with me, by the luggage train a week previously, in order that they might be at the house on my arrival, and occasion me no loss of time in waiting for them. On getting to the house, however, I found that they had not been heard of, and on inquiring at the station, it was stated that a case similar to the one I described had passed through and gone on to Leicester, where it probably still was. It being Friday, and past the hour for the post, there was no possibility of getting a letter to Leicester before Monday morning, as the luggage office would be closed there on the Sunday; consequently, I could in no case expect the arrival of the pictures before the succeeding Tuesday or Wednesday. The loss of three days would be a serious one; therefore, to avoid it, I suggested to my host that I should leave immediately to transact some business in South Staffordshire, as I should be obliged to attend to it before my return to town, and if I could see about it in the vacant interval thus thrown upon my hands, it would be saving me the same amount of time after my visit to his house was concluded. This arrangement meeting with his ready assent, I hastened to the Atherstone station on the Trent Valley Railway. By reference to Bradshaw, I found that my route lay through L——, where I was to change carriages, to S——, in Staffordshire. I was just in time for the train that would put me down at L—— at eight in the evening, and a train was announced to start from L—— for S—— at ten minutes after eight, answering, as I concluded, to the train in which I was about to travel. I therefore saw no reason to doubt but that I should get to my journey's end the same night; but on my arriving at L—— I found my plans entirely frustrated. The train arrived punctually, and I got out intending to wait on the platform for the arrival of the carriages for the other line. I found, however, that though the two lines crossed at L——, they did not communicate with each other, the L—— station on the Trent Valley line being on one side of the town, and the L—— station on the South Staffordshire line on the other. I also found that there was not time to get to the other station so as to catch the train the same evening; indeed, the train had just that moment passed on a lower level beneath my feet, and to get to the other side of the town, where it would stop for two minutes only, was out of the question. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to put up at the Swan Hotel for the night. I have an especial dislike to passing an evening at an hotel in a country town. Dinner at such places I never take, as I had rather go without than have such as I am likely to get. Books are never to be had, the country newspapers do not interest me. The Times I have spelt through on my journey. The society I am likely to meet have few ideas in common with myself. Under such circumstances, I usually resort to a meat tea to while away the time, and when that is over, occupy myself in writing letters.

This was the first time I had been in L——, and while waiting for the tea, it occurred to me how, on two occasions within the past six months, I had been on the point of coming to that very place, at one time to execute a small commission for an old acquaintance, resident there, and another, to get the materials for a picture I proposed painting of an incident in the early life of Dr. Johnson. I should have come on each of these occasions had not other arrangements diverted my purpose and caused me to postpone the journey indefinitely. The thought, however, would occur to me, "How strange! Here I am at L——, by no intention of my own, though I have twice tried to get here and been balked." When I had done tea,

I thought I might as well write to an acquaintance I had known some years previously, and who lived in the Cathedral-close, asking him to come and pass an hour or two with me. Accordingly, I rang for the waitress and asked:

"Does Mr. Lute live in Lichfield?"

"Yes, sir."

"Cathedral-close?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Can I send a note to him?"

"Yes, sir."

I wrote the note, saying where I was, and asking if he would come for an hour or two and talk over old matters. The note was taken; in about twenty minutes a person of gentlemanly appearance, and what might be termed the advanced middle age, entered the room with my note in his hand, saying that I had sent him a letter, he presumed, by mistake, as he did not know my name. Seeing instantly that he was not the person I intended to write to, I apologised, and asked whether there was not another Mr. Lute living in L——?

"No, there was none other."

"Certainly," I rejoined, "my friend must have given me his right address, for I had written to him on other occasions here. He was a fair young man, he succeeded to an estate in consequence of his uncle having been killed while hunting with the Quorn hounds, and he married about two years since a lady of the name of Fairbairn."

The stranger very composedly replied, "You are speaking of Mr. Clyne; he did live in the Cathedral-close, but he has now gone away."

The stranger was right, and in my surprise I exclaimed:

"Oh dear, to be sure, that is the name; what could have made me address you instead? I really beg your pardon; my writing to you, and unconsciously guessing your name, is one of the most extraordinary and unaccountable things I ever did. Pray pardon me."

He continued very quietly,

"There is no need of apology; it happens that you are the very person I most wished to see. You are a painter, and I want you to paint a portrait of my daughter; can you come to my house immediately for the purpose?"

I was rather surprised at finding myself known by him, and the turn matters had taken being so entirely unexpected, I did not at the moment feel inclined to undertake the business; I therefore explained how I was situate, stating that I had only the next day and Monday at my disposal. He, however, pressed me so earnestly, that I arranged to do what I could for him in those two days, and having put up my baggage, and arranged other matters, I accompanied him to his house. During the walk home he scarcely spoke a word, but his taciturnity seemed only a continuance of his quiet composure at the inn. On our arrival he introduced me to his daughter Maria, and then left the room. Maria Lute was a fair and a decidedly handsome girl of about fifteen; her manner was, however, in advance of her years, and evinced that self-possession, and, in the favourable sense of the term, that womanliness, that is only seen at such an early age in girls that have been left motherless, or from other causes thrown much on their own resources.

She had evidently not been informed of the purpose of my coming, and only knew that I was to stay there for the night; she therefore excused herself for a few moments, that she might give the requisite directions to the servants as to preparing my room. When she returned, she told me that I should not see her father again that evening, the state of his health having obliged him to retire for the night; but she hoped I should be able to see him some time on the morrow. In the mean time, she hoped I would make myself quite at home, and call for anything I wanted. She, herself, was sitting in the drawing-room, but perhaps I should like to smoke and take something; if so, there was a fire in the housekeeper's room, and she would come and sit with me, as she expected the medical attendant every minute, and he would probably stay to smoke, and take something. As the little lady seemed to recommend this course, I readily complied. I did not smoke, or take anything, but sat down by the fire, when she immediately joined me. She conversed well and readily, and with a command of language singular in a person so young. Without being disagreeably inquisitive, or putting any question to me, she seemed desirous of learning the business that had brought me to the house. I told her that her father wished me to paint either her portrait or that of a sister of hers, if she had one.

She remained silent and thoughtful for a moment, and then seemed to comprehend it at once. She told me that a sister of hers, an only one, to whom her father was devotedly attached, died near four months previously; that her father had never yet recovered from the shock of her death. He had often expressed the most earnest wish for a portrait of her; indeed, it was his one thought, and she hoped, if something of the kind could be done, it would improve his health. Here she hesitated, stammered, and burst into tears. After a while she continued: "It is no use hiding from you what you must very soon be aware of. Papa is insane—he has been so ever since dear Caroline was buried. He says he is always seeing dear Caroline, and he is subject to fearful delusions. The doctor says he cannot tell how much worse he may be, and that everything dangerous, like knives or razors, are to be kept out of his reach. It was necessary you should not see him again this evening, as he was unable to converse properly, and I fear the same may be the case to-morrow; but perhaps you can stay over Sunday, and I may be able to assist you in doing what he wishes." I asked whether they had any materials for making a likeness—a photograph, a sketch, or anything else for me to go from. "No, they had nothing." "Could she describe her clearly?" She thought she could; and there was a print that was very

much like her, but she had mislaid it. I mentioned that with such disadvantages, and in such an absence of materials, I did not anticipate a satisfactory result. I had painted portraits under such circumstances, but their success much depended upon the powers of description of the persons who were to assist me by their recollection; in some instances I had attained a certain amount of success, but in most the result was quite a failure. The medical attendant came, but I did not see him. I learnt, however, that he ordered a strict watch to be kept on his patient till he came again the next morning. Seeing the state of things, and how much the little lady had to attend to, I retired early to bed. The next morning I heard that her father was decidedly better; he had inquired earnestly on waking whether I was really in the house, and at breakfast-time he sent down to say that he hoped nothing would prevent my making an attempt at the portrait immediately, and he expected to be able to see me in the course of the day.

Directly after breakfast I set to work, aided by such description as the sister could give me. I tried again and again, but without success, or, indeed, the least prospect of it. The features, I was told, were separately like, but the expression was not. I toiled on the greater part of the day with no better result. The different studies I made were taken up to the invalid, but the same answer was always returned—no resemblance. I had exerted myself to the utmost, and, in fact, was not a little fatigued by so doing—a circumstance that the little lady evidently noticed, as she expressed herself most grateful for the interest she could see I took in the matter, and referred the unsuccessful result entirely to her want of powers of description. She also said it was so provoking! she had a print—a portrait of a lady—that was so like, but it had gone—she had missed it from her book for three weeks past. It was the more disappointing, as she was sure it would have been of such great assistance. I asked if she could tell me who the print was of, as if I knew, I could easily procure one in London. She answered, Lady M. A. Immediately the name was uttered the whole scene of the lady of the railway carriage presented itself to me. I had my sketch-book in my portmanteau up-stairs, and, by a fortunate chance, fixed in it was the print in question, with the two pencil sketches. I instantly brought them down, and showed them to Maria Lute. She looked at them for a moment, turned her eyes full upon me, and said slowly, and with something like fear in her manner, "Where did you get these?" Then quicker, and without waiting for my answer, "Let me take them instantly to papa." She was away ten minutes, or more; when she returned, her father came with her. He did not wait for salutations, but said, in a tone and manner I had not observed in him before, "I was right all the time; it was you that I saw with her, and these sketches are from her, and from no one else. I value them more than all my possessions, except this dear child." The daughter also assured me that the print I had brought to the house must be the one taken from the book about three weeks before, in proof of which she pointed out to me the gum marks at the back, which exactly corresponded with those left on the blank leaf. From the moment the father saw these sketches his mental health returned.

I was not allowed to touch either of the pencil drawings in the sketch-book, as it was feared I might injure them; but an oil picture from them was commenced immediately, the father sitting by me hour after hour, directing my touches, conversing rationally, and indeed cheerfully, while he did so. He avoided direct reference to his delusions, but from time to time led the conversation to the manner in which I had originally obtained the sketches. The doctor came in the evening, and, after extolling the particular treatment he had adopted, pronounced his patient decidedly, and he believed permanently, improved.

The next day being Sunday, we all went to church. The father, for the first time since his bereavement. During a walk which he took with me after luncheon, he again approached the subject of the sketches, and after some seeming hesitation as to whether he should confide in me or not, said, "Your writing to me by name, from the inn at L——, was one of those inexplicable circumstances that I suppose it is impossible to clear up. I knew you, however, directly I saw you; when those about me considered that my intellect was disordered, and that I spoke incoherently, it was only because I saw things that they did not. Since her death, I know, with a certainty that nothing will ever disturb, that at different times I have been in the actual and visible presence of my dear daughter that is gone—oftener, indeed, just after her death than latterly. Of the many times that this has occurred, I distinctly remember once seeing her in a railway carriage, speaking to a person seated opposite; who that person was I could not ascertain, as my position seemed to be immediately behind him. I next saw her at a dinner-table, with others, and amongst those others unquestionably I saw yourself. I afterwards learnt that at that time I was considered to be in one of my longest and most violent paroxysms, as I continued to see her speaking to you, in the midst of a large assembly, for some hours. Again I saw her, standing by your side, while you were engaged in either writing or drawing. I saw her once again afterwards, but the next time I saw yourself was in the inn parlour."

The picture was proceeded with the next day, and on the day after the face was completed, and I afterwards brought it with me to London to finish.

I have often seen Mr. L. since that period; his health is perfectly re-established, and his manner and conversation are as cheerful as can be expected within a few years of so great a bereavement.

The portrait now hangs in his bedroom, with the print and the two sketches by the side, and written beneath is: "C. L., 13th September, 1858, aged 22."

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

"I WOULD examine the true seat of that Terrestrial Paradise," says Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy. The desire was not peculiar to him; for the subject has employed the wits of countless scholars, and has drawn hundreds of travellers in old times to the distant lands of Asia, where, if they did not discover what they sought, they at least found a goodly store of strange facts and stranger fancies, the bright Aurora of that more certain geographical knowledge which we now possess. Not satisfied that the Bible should leave the exact place of Paradise undefined, the various explorers made a very science of guesswork, and quarrelled with one another as to the relative value of their guesses. For it is one of the noteworthy characteristics of the human mind that it will needs hanker after reducing to the most precise and mechanical form that which is really more impressive by reason of its vagueness. Enthusiasts have been known to ascend Mount Ararat that they might see whether there were any remains of Noah's Ark on the top; and the schoolmen of former ages consumed their lives in disputing as to the shape and elemental composition of angels and of devils, the exact locality and dimensions of hell, the nature of the fire burning there, the number of spirits who could dance on the point of a needle, the character of the earth's centre, the quarter of the world where Ophir was, the precise day of the month on which Adam was born, the language he spoke, the genus and species of the Tree of Knowledge, the name which Satan bore before his fall, the delicate question whether that potentate be adorned with a tail or not, and the like exquisite refinements of curiosity. What wonder, then, that the site of Paradise should be eagerly sought for and fiercely argued over?

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his History of the World (a wonderful production of human industry and learning, written in noble English), devotes the whole of chapter iii., consisting of fifteen sections, to a discourse on Paradise, its situation, geographical features, soil, climate, &c. Sir Walter is very strong in denouncing the opinion that there was never any real, physical Paradise at all, and that the description given by Moses is entirely mystical and allegorical; though this view was maintained by no less authorities than Origen, Philo, Franciscus Georgius, St. Ambrose, and some others. The first three of these writers contended that the four rivers of Paradise meant the four cardinal virtues (viz. justice, temperance, fortitude, and prudence), or else the four chief luxuries of life—oil, wine, milk, and honey. St. Ambrose set Paradise in the virtues of the mind, declaring that by the Garden of Eden was signified the Soul; by Adam, Understanding; by Eve, the Senses; by the Serpent, Delectation; by the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, Sapience; and by the rest of the trees the virtues of the mind.

Augustin Chrysamensis was of opinion that Paradise was not merely defaced after the expulsion of Adam, but absolutely and utterly destroyed, so that the seekers after it look for that which has now no existence whatever; and to this conception Luther was thought to incline. The Manichæans and some modern authors affirm that, when man was created, the whole earth was an Eden, though, according to certain writers, there was one special part more exquisite than the rest, wherein Adam and Eve resided. Goropius Becanus places Paradise near the river Acesines, on the confines of India; Tertullian, Bonaventura, and Durandus affirm that it was under the Equinoctial; while another authority contends that it was situated in a region which we now associate with anything but paradisiacal ideas—viz. beneath the North Pole. It is worthy of remark that the Arctic regions were long associated with ideas of enchantment and beauty—mainly, no doubt, because of their remoteness and mystery. The ancients believed that in the extreme North the sound of the sun might be heard as he issued out of the ocean, and that the gods might be seen walking, in awful majesty, about the lonely shores of the world's end. Virgil places the happy land of the ever-joyous Hyperboreans under the North Pole; and in more modern times it was thought by some of the great navigators that behind the farthest circles of "thick-ribbed ice," there was a country of surpassing and supernatural loveliness. Peter Comestor, in describing the site of Paradise, seems to suggest the neighbourhood of the North Pole. Paradise, says he, "is a most pleasant place, severed from our habitable zone by a long tract of land and sea, and elevated so that it reaches to the globe of the moon." A similar opinion is expressed by Moses Barcephas, who says that "Paradise is set in a region far raised above the part which we inhabit; whereby it comes to pass that from thence those rivers" (the four rivers mentioned in the Bible) "fall down with such a headlong violence as words cannot express, and, being impelled by that force, are carried under the deep ocean, and again rise and boil up in this, our habitable world." Ephram gives another account, which has a certain cloudy vastness and grandeur: "Paradise," he writes, "encompasses or embraces the whole earth, and is so set beyond the ocean-sea as to environ the orb of the earth on every side, as the orb of the moon embraces the moon itself."

The number of guesses as to the situation of Paradise are, indeed, almost countless. Besides the localities already indicated, it has been placed on Mount Ararat; in a plain on the summit of Mount Taurus; in the island of Ceylon (where there is a mountain called the Peak of Adam, underneath which the natives tell you that the first man lies buried, and whereon they show the gigantic impress of his

foot); in Sumatra; in the Canaries; in the Holy Land; in Persia; in Syria; in Ethiopia; in the land now covered by the Caspian Sea; in the utmost southern regions; in the moon; in the Seventh Heaven, according to Mahomet (but the last two assertions abandon the idea of a Terrestrial Paradise altogether); and a vast central part of the globe, comprising a large piece of Asia and a portion of Africa, the four rivers being the Ganges, the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Nile. Nay, an American writer has been bold enough to assert that Adam and Eve were created in a Transatlantic Paradise. The most commonly received opinion is, that it was situated between the confluence and the divergence of the Euphrates and the Tigris, two out of the four rivers which watered the realm of Adam and Eve. This is apparently the locality somewhat vaguely indicated by Milton in the Fourth Book of Paradise Lost.

It should be observed that writers in general frequently confound the terms "Eden" and "Paradise," whereas there is a clear distinction between them. Eden (which is a Hebrew word, signifying "pleasure") was the most choice and exquisite part of the world, but Paradise was the most choice and exquisite part of Eden. This idea of a peculiar and special seat of pleasure is conveyed by Moses in the expression, "the garden of Eden," which may be conceived as the innermost sanctuary of delight and primal loveliness. Milton, of course, preserved the distinction:

> So on he fares, and to the border comes
> Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
> Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
> As with a rural mound, the champain head
> Of a steep wilderness. . . .

Paradise, then, was in the middle Eden; and in the middle of Paradise were the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge; which gives Sir Thomas Browne, in his Garden of Cyrus, occasion to say, in his lofty manner, that, "whatever was the ambient figure" of Paradise, "there wanted not a centre and rule of decussation." The outer wall of "the garden of Eden" is described by Sir John Mandeville, though not on his own authority, for he very honestly confesses that he never saw it. "Of Paradise," he writes, in that spirit of child-like faith which we half smile at and half love, "ne cannot I speak properly; *for I was not there.* It is far beyond" (that is, beyond the limit of his wanderings); "and also I was not worthy. But what I have heard say of wise men beyond, I shall tell you with good will. Paradise Terrestre, as wise men say, is the highest place of earth—that is, in all the world; and it is so high that it toucheth nigh to the circle of the moon. . . . For it is so high that the flood of Noah ne might not come to it; albeit it did cover all the earth of the world, all ab', and aboven and beneathen, save Paradise alone. And this Paradise is enclosed all ab' with a wall, and men wis not whereof it is; for the walls be covered all over with moss, as it seemeth. And it seemeth not that the wall is stone of nature. And that wall stretcheth from the south to the north, and it hath not but one entry, that is closed with fire burning; so that no man that is mortal ne dare not enter." A very grand and poetical account of Paradise, as seen from afar, is given in the old romance of Dr. Faustus, translated from the German in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The Doctor is on his travels with Mephistopheles, and is standing on the summit of Mount Caucasus:

> And, as he looked towards the East, he saw a mighty clear streak of fire coming from heaven upon earth, even as if it had been one of the beams of the sun. He saw in the water four mighty waters springing: one had his course towards India, the second towards Egypt, the third and fourth towards Armenia. When he saw these, he would needs know of his spirit [Mephistopheles] what waters they were, and from whence they came: his spirit gave him gently an answer, saying, "It is Paradise that lyeth so far in the East—the garden that God himself hath planted with all manner of pleasure; and the fiery stream which thou seest is the wall or fence of the garden; but the clear light that thou seest afar off, that is the angel that hath the custody thereof with a fiery sword. And, although thou thinkest thyself to be hard by, thou art yet further thither from hence than thou hast ever been. The water that thou seest divided in four parts is the water that issueth out of the well in the middle of Paradise. The first is called Ganges, or Pison; the second, Gihon; the third, Tigris; and the fourth, Euphrates. Also thou seest that he [the angel] standeth under Libra and Aries, right towards the zenith; and upon this fiery wall standeth the angel Michael, with his flaming sword, to keep the Tree of Life, which he hath in charge." But the spirit said to Faustus, "Neither thou, nor I, nor any after us, yea, all men whatsoever are denied to visit or come any nearer than we be." (Part i. chap. xxiii.)

It will be seen that in this and in the passage from Sir John Mandeville there is a mingling of various traditions; but the fiery sword is from the Mosaic account. Hence also Milton derives his "brandished sword of God," which "blazed, fierce as a comet," when, at the expulsion of Adam and Eve,

> They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld,
> Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
> Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
> With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms.

That Moses, in speaking of Eden, contemplated the country watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates—the land of the great city of Babylon—is rendered probable by many traditions lasting for ages after the time of the great Hebrew law-giver. Not only were there a district called Eden and a town called Paradisus in Syria—a neighbouring country to Mesopotamia—but in Mesopotamia itself there is a certain region which, as late as the year 1552, was called Eden. It is mentioned in two Epistles of the Nestorian Christians to the Pope, bearing date that year; and it is called an island in the Tigris.

Sir Walter Raleigh finds in "the strange fertility and happiness of the Babylonian soil" a further argument that Eden must have been situated

there; though he admits that the countries lying under the Equinoctial line have in this respect a very paradisiacal character. Touching the fertility and exquisiteness of the Babylonian land, he quotes a passage from Herodotus, who says: "It is so fruitful in bringing forth corn that it yieldeth two hundred-fold; the leaves of wheat and barley being almost four fingers broad. As for the height of millet and sesame, they are even in length like unto trees; which although I know to be true, yet I forbear to speak hereof, well knowing that those things which are reported of this fruitfulness will seem very incredible to those which never were in the country of Babylon. They have commonly in all the country palm-trees growing of their own accord, the most of them bearing fruit, out of which they make both meats and wine and honey, ordering them as the fig-trees."

Strabo wrote to a like effect, but these ancient descriptions of Babylonia are no longer applicable, the country being a parched and sandy desert; but they admit of little doubt as to what the land once was. The so-called "island of Eden," one is led to believe, may, perhaps, be a part of the district enclosed by the two rivers, which, though not quite insulated, is nearly so, and, indeed, is called by the Arabs Al Jezirah, "the Island." At any rate, no mention is made in modern Gazetteers of any island in the Tigris called Eden; and one may detect a certain similarity in the Arabic name Al Jezirah to the Latinised term Gozoria, which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, was one of the designations of the place alluded to by the Nestorian Christians, and which he states signified "'the Island,' by an eminency."

The idea of some species of earthly Paradise remaining in remote regions of the globe, and occasionally entered by fortunate mortals, is common to most races; and it has given rise to many very exquisite fictions. In Homer, we find Ethiopia described as a vast island of the Southern Ocean, the blissful abode of Neptune, and of the most virtuous of mankind, whom the God favours. By the Greeks and Romans generally, the islands which we now call the Canaries were regarded as the seats of the blessed after death; which is a singular mingling of the terrestrial and the celestial. The Roman general, Sertorius, when in Spain, heard so enchanting a description of these islands from certain sailors who had just been navigating the Atlantic, that he was greatly moved to abandon the cares of state and the tumult of warfare, and to pass the remainder of his life in the Elysium of the Fortunate Isles—a desire which we can hardly wonder at when we have read Plutarch's account of them. "They have raine there very seldom," writes the Cheronæan; "howbeit a gentle wind commonly, that bloweth in a little silver dew, which moistneth the earth so finely that it maketh it fertile and lustie, not only to bring forth all that is set or sown upon it, but of itself, without man's hand, it beareth so good fruit as sufficiently maintaineth the inhabitants dwelling upon it, living idly, and taking no paines. The weather is faire and pleasant continually, and never hurteth the body, the climate and seasons of the yeare are so temperate, and the aire never extreme; because the winds that blow upon that land from the other side of the coast opposite to it, as the north and easterly wind, coming from the maine, what with their long coming, and then by dispersing themselves into a wonderful large aire and great sea, their strength is in a manner spent and gone before their coming thither. And for the winds that blow from the sea (as the south and westerly), they sometimes bring little showers with them, which commonly do but moist the ground a little, and make the earth bring forth all things very trimly: insomuch as the very barbarous people themselves do faithfully believe that these are the Elysian Fields, the abode of blessed creatures, which Homer hath so much spoken of." The Canaries have very much the same character to this day, and offer a delicious Paradise to any disappointed statesman or battered soldier.

The Arabians have a legend of a gorgeous paradisiacal city, built by a wicked king in the south of their peninsula, and still remaining in lonely and mysterious isolation in the midst of the deserts of Aden—a story of which a metrical version appeared in the first number of this journal. The Persians imagined magnificent cities and Elysian gardens, belonging to the genii, on Mount Caucasus. The pagan Scandinavians sang of their holy city of Asgard, situated in the centre of the world, and abounding in rugged splendour. The Hindu religion shadows forth a Paradise on Mount Meru, on the confines of Cashmere and Thibet; and in the early Christian ages, the poets of the West dreamt of a land in the East (the veritable Paradise of Adam, as they supposed), in which they conceived the Phœnix to have her residence. Lactantius, a Latin Father of the Church, gives a description of this realm in a poem, which was paraphrased by one of our old Anglo-Saxon poets; and Mr. Conybeare, in his Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, has produced some specimens in modern English, which speak well for the original; though the main ideas are evidently derived from Homer's picture of the Elysian Fields, in the Odyssey. A part of it will remind the reader of Tennyson's noble passage in Morte d'Arthur about the enchanted isle of Avalon, to which the hero is taken after being wounded in battle:

> Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly: but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows.

Avalon is supposed by Mr. Keightly, in his Fairy Mythology, to be the Island of the Blest of Celtic popular belief. But we must not enter the endless Paradises of modern poetry—the Gardens of Armida and Bowers of Bliss—or we shall never get back. For the same reason we can only glance at the many local Paradises of the ancients, such as Calypso's Island, and the Gardens of the Hesperides, of Alcinous, and of

Adonis. They are all so many versions of the old paradisiacal tradition, and will last side by side with it while books endure.

Pleasant is it to think that the surface of the globe is dotted all over with these imaginary Edens; pleasanter still that, with the aid of truth and affection, we may make our own Terrestrial Paradise wherever four walls, however humble, enclose the enchanted ground called Home.

OPERATING FOR A RISE.

In the most luxurious of rocking-chairs, enjoying the cool sea-breeze of evening and the cigarito of tranquillity under the leafy canopy of a trellised vine, and contemplating the dark green fig-trees and bananas of his garden, sat the worthiest of Mexican hidalgos, Don Ramon Redondo. To the careless observer he was a picture of perfect and rather sensuous happiness, so regular were the puffs of blue smoke from his nostrils, and so calm was the gaze he occasionally directed through a gap in the hedge of prickly-pear towards the little harbour where his own schooner, the pride of his heart and the boast of all the inhabitants of the town of Milcarrambas, was lying at anchor, the tricolor of the Republic proudly waving at her peak. Everything around him spoke of peace; from within the house, came the voices of his younger children at play, and he could hear the hinnying of the sleek mules, which he loved almost as well, as they ate their allowance of maize in the adjoining *corral*. Yet the heart of Don Ramon was troubled, and beneath that deceptive mask of dreamy apathy and apparent vacuity of thought, a host of angry feelings occupied his mind, and he was strongly inclined to believe that in the whole state there could not be found a gentleman less appreciated and worse treated than himself. The main grievance affecting him, and which had been the means of introducing all the others to his notice, was not, indeed, of a very overwhelming nature. It consisted merely in the fact that, owing to its being Good Friday, he not only had been compelled to forego his morning chocolate, his mid-day breakfast, and the plentiful and succulent evening meal, but had been obliged to mock his glorious appetite and endanger his valuable health with one shadowy and uninviting repast of thin corn-cakes and water—a fluid of which he was not in the habit of consuming a great quantity, although admitting its usefulness for the irrigation of the soil and the purposes of navigation. As a good Catholic, Don Ramon ought to have borne all this with patience, looking forward with pious cheerfulness to the compensations of the morrow; but being a philosopher without knowing it, like Titus, though for a different reason, he brooded over the thought that he had "lost a day."

There were many reasons, moreover, why the strict letter of the law should have been relaxed in his favour by the priest to whom he had been generous; by his wife, also, of whom he stood in much greater awe, and whom he deeply suspected of having secretly granted to the juvenile branches of the family that dietetic indulgence which was denied to himself. And had he not a right to it on several accounts? Was he not a soldier—at least, had he not once commanded the National Guard of Milcarrambas when the American filibuster, Walker, made his daring, but unsuccessful, attack on the town? Was he not also a sailor, having several times made the voyage to Acapulco on board his own vessel, the Pepita? Above all, was he not an Invalid, or in danger of becoming one; and were not dispensations given by the most severe precisians to persons in such circumstances? And what right had his wife to complain that the daughters of his rival and enemy, Don Juan Cachorro, had appeared at church that day in more gorgeous attire than the three lovely girls who bore the name of Redondo? Also, how should he ever be able to furnish to those daughters proper dowers, since his fellow-citizens had seen fit to deprive him of the rank and emoluments he had long enjoyed as Political Chief of the town and surrounding country, and to elevate the hated Cachorro in his place. The rustling foliage of the garden, and the tapering masts gently moving with the rippling waves of the hill-encircled harbour, had lost for the time all power to charm his eye; care, and wounded self-love, divided his heart; fierce hunger gnawed another and not less important organ.

While he was moodily lighting his twentieth cigarito from the last spark of its predecessor, three persons entered the gate, whom Don Ramon greeted, snappishly, as one who knew that, unlike himself, they had been fortunate enough to dine. His salutation was returned in a friendly, though rather a ceremonious manner, by Don Juan Smith and his two partners, Don Tomaso Jones, and that most insinuating of Frenchmen, M. Lecarottier—generally known in Milcarrambas as Don Alfonso—the heads of the most flourishing mercantile house in the place.

Those distinguished foreigners, after a few preliminary observations, during which they affect an easy air of having nothing particular on their minds, enter at large on the follies and misdeeds of the ruler of the town: a subject greatly interesting to their listener.

"We want you again at the head of affairs. You, as the greatest landholder and most extensive shipowner on the coast, are regarded by every one here as the natural leader of the party of order."

Don Ramon is flattered, but remains silent. The Gallic tempter takes up the tale, and continues it in rather more fluent Spanish than is at the command of his English associates.

"The people call out for you, Señor Redondo; they know well that everything goes to ruin while Cachorro governs. Industry and commerce are at a stand-still, owing to the barbarous manner in which the customs dues are collected. Only think! At present we have a vessel signalled in the offing with a cargo of English goods, which are very much required here. We call upon Don

Juan this morning, and offer to pay him ten per cent of the duties, down, in hard dollars, ten per cent more in six months, and the remainder in state bonds. What did he reply? That he could not wait so long, and that the state securities were only waste paper;—which is very true, but owing to the misgovernment under which the country groans. What is the consequence? It is that we must send the vessel to another port, and that the population must suffer, on account of the unenlightened policy of a tyrant.'"

"And what we want, and what the inhabitants of Milcarrambas are prepared for," Mr. Smith put in, "is a revolution, which shall place you in power, and enable us to carry on our trade."

The heart of Don Ramon Redondo beat fast, as the path of ambition, from which he had been jostled by an adverse electoral vote, was thus re-opened before him. Difficulties presented themselves, however, to his cautious mind; but these were removed one after the other by his kind and judicious bottle-holders. He was told that several officers of the National Guard had been sounded, and that they all worshipped their old commander, and were ready to "pronounce" in his favour; while the poorer classes, and the Indians of the town, sighed for a return of the happy days enjoyed by them under the gentle sway of the noble and generous Redondo. Finally, upon an intimation from Mr. Jones that he and his partners were prepared to defray the "necessary expenses" of the affair, Don Ramon began distinctly to feel that he was the natural ruler of Milcarrambas, the only representative of the "party of order and enlightenment;" and that his fellow-citizens had claims upon him, not to respond to which would be quite a crime. At his suggestion the party adjourned to the quietest chamber in the house, where a transfer of specie immediately took place; also several pieces of paper were produced, and one or two were solemnly burned:—a proceeding which gave the prospective saviour of his country so much pleasure that it is to be presumed they bore his signature.

Messengers were then despatched to summon quietly a few of the heroes of the National Guard and other leaders of public opinion; upon whose arrival, other little pecuniary matters were arranged to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. Before the meeting broke up, a confidential servant brought from Mr. Smith's house a bag containing a quantity of silver in small change, to be used to stimulate the enthusiasm of the populace. And every one of the conspirators felt that the morrow was destined to be a great and memorable day in the annals of Milcarrambas.

Don Ramon retired to snatch a few hours of troubled sleep, full of dreams of glory and power, such as may be supposed to have been present with Napoleon on the evening of the 17th Brumaire; or to have haunted the pillow of Sultan Mahmoud before the first cannon had been fired against the Janissaries who stood between his vaulting ambition and the unlimited sovereignty to which it aspired.

A little before sunrise he was roused by a brown servant, who brought him his chocolate, and informed him that his name was shouted by the people at a tumultuous meeting in the great Plaza of the town, coupled with the wildest vivas and the most emphatic allusions to liberty, the constitution, and other political blessings, which he was expected to bestow in the course of a few hours. The chosen one groaned in spirit, for he was not accustomed to get up quite so early, and the abstinence and excitement of the previous day had broken his sleep until a short time before this untimely disturbance. Moreover, as he drank his fragrant chocolate and nibbled his crisp biscuit, he felt a soothing of animosity against his political rival; perhaps he even wished that his foreign friends had not taken advantage of his moment of weakness and discontent to lead him a dance through scenes of trouble and discomfort, with the possibility of an end horrible to think of.

However, the wine was drawn, and it was necessary to drink it to the dregs; so Don Ramon arose and girt on a ponderous sabre, with regard to the antecedents of which he was in the habit of telling the most wonderful stories to the guests assembled round his hospitable board. Descending to the front door of his house, he found about thirty or forty ragged patriots eagerly awaiting him, by whom he was hailed as their approaching deliverer from the oppressions of Cachorro. A smart young fellow, in a red shirt and green scarf, who was first mate of the Pepita, acted as fugleman to the cheering, and, on the appearance of his chief, handed him a paper, on which a short proclamation had been drawn up by the eloquent and politic Lecarottier. This was immediately read aloud by a volunteer secretary of state, and, although not listened to with much attention, excited the popular enthusiasm: which was doubled when Don Ramon, in a short but spirit-stirring speech, ordered his nautical lieutenant to lead the heroic and enlightened citizens to the nearest house where alcoholic fluids were sold. The revolutionary forces accordingly proceeded thither in good order, gaining so many recruits on the way that the stock of pulqué and mescal in the first tavern they occupied was consumed in a marvellously short space of time. A good deal of marching and counter-marching then took place, in order to visit all the shops where arrangements had been made by Don Ramon's agents for the granting of unlimited credit to the friends of order and enlightenment. A dropping fire of old flint muskets and horse-pistols was also kept up, to the injury of no one, as the pieces were generally pointed directly upward, but with the effect of rousing at a small expense that rapturous feeling of combativeness which is said to be experienced by soldiers in the heat of battle. When, towards mid-day, Don Ramon, mounted on a tall grey mule and attended by a score of devoted and influential friends, rode into the

Plaza, the loud viva which rent the air appeared to proclaim that the revolution was accomplished and Milcarrambas saved.

Not yet, however. For, a rumour began to spread among the crowd that the National Guard were under arms, and marching against the assembly of patriots with the intention of dispersing it, and crushing the aspirations of the party of order and enlightenment with fire and sword. Many of the more timid began to slink off, as a force of upwards of a hundred armed men in uniform—red shirts and straw hats—entered the Plaza at a rapid pace, and forming along one side of it in a formidable though rather irregular line, began to fix bayonets in obedience to the hoarse orders of their commanding officer. It was then that Don Ramon Redondo showed that his friends had not been deceived in him, and that he was indeed the man of the crisis. Spurring his mule, he dashed fearlessly forward towards the bristling line, and addressed the stern warriors in one of those short and touching orations for which he was famous, beginning, "Companions in arms!" and concluding with an invitation to the officers to dine with him, and an exhortation to the soldiers to fraternise with the people, and to quench their thirst at his expense. None of the orations recorded by Livy, ever produced such an instantaneous effect; the heroes of the National Guard piled arms as one man, and rushed with enthusiasm to the nearest fountain of pulqué.

All obstacles being now overcome, the victorious vindicators of order—such of them at least as were able to walk steadily—proceeded to the residence of Don Juan Cachorro, in order to secure the person of the oppressor. Some carpers may be of opinion that this step ought to have been taken at an earlier stage of the revolution; but the saviours of their country knew better. The governor of Milcarrambas had the reputation of being a man of bad temper, and was known to possess a pair of Colt's revolvers, which he might have been ill-advised enough to use had any hope of preserving his authority remained to him. Every one, therefore, felt rather relieved when it was ascertained that Don Juan, upon hearing of the defection of the National Guard, had mounted his horse and retired precipitately into the country.

This was the crowning garland of victory. The citizens gave themselves up without restraint to feasting and revelry, and the town resounded until a late hour with the noise of rockets, blank-cartridge, enlightened sentiments, and ecstatic vivas.

Long before evening, the vessel consigned to Messrs. Smith, Jones, and Lecarottier, had quietly dropped anchor in the port, and, without undergoing the odious formality of a custom-house officer's visit, had begun to discharge her valuable cargo, under the personal superintendence of one of the partners of that respectable firm.

A week passed, during which Señor Redondo repented bitterly of having allowed himself to be seduced from the quiet sphere of private life. He found that the cares of state interfered with his regular hours of refreshment and repose, and threatened to ruin his digestion. The populace and the citizen soldiery were unwilling to return at once to their ordinary avocations after the exciting interlude of political strife they had enjoyed, and were deeply discontented to find that the drinking-shops were no longer open on credit.

Perhaps Don Ramon was not very sorry when he learned that his enemy was about to re-enter the town, at the head of an overwhelming force of two hundred men, recruited in the neighbouring districts. The friends at whose instigation the revolution had been accomplished offered no encouragement to active resistance, and he fled beyond seas on board the Pepita, the night before his rival's triumphant restoration to power. His pardon was granted a month afterwards, upon security being given for peaceful behaviour, and the payment of a moderate fine. Don Juan Cachorro also attempted to enforce the customs dues from Messrs. Smith, Jones, and Lecarottier; but those gentlemen indignantly declared that if any such outrage were committed, they would apply for protection to the commanders of the Bulldog and the Renommée sloops-of-war, belonging to the Pacific squadrons of their respective countries. As it was well known that the officers in question would not hesitate to bombard the town, it was judged prudent to stop proceedings against the peaceful merchants. So, Milcarrambas soon settled down into its usual state of contented inactivity and dreamy repose, and Don Ramon gave dinner-parties as before.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

MY intercourse with Margrave grew habitual and familiar. He came to my house every morning before sunrise; in the evenings we were again brought together: sometimes in the houses to which we were both invited, sometimes at his hotel, sometimes in my own home.

Nothing more perplexed me than his aspect of extreme youthfulness, contrasted with the extent of the travels, which, if he were to be believed, had left little of the known world unexplored. One day I asked him, bluntly, how old he was?

"How old do I look? How old should you suppose me to be?"

"I should have guessed you to be about twenty, till you spoke of having come of age some years ago."

"Is it a sign of longevity when a man looks much younger than he is?"

"Conjoined with other signs, certainly!"

"Have I the other signs?"

"Yes, a magnificent, perhaps a matchless, constitutional organisation. But you have evaded my question as to your age; was it an impertinence to put it?"

"No. I came of age—let me see—three years ago."

"So long since? Is it possible? I wish I had your secret!"

"Secret! What secret?"

"The secret of preserving so much of boyish freshness in the wear and tear of man-like passions and man-like thoughts."

"You are still young yourself—under forty?"

"Oh yes! some years under forty."

"And Nature gave you a much grander frame and a much finer symmetry of feature than she gave to me."

"Pooh! pooh! You have the beauty that must charm the eyes of woman, and that beauty in its sunny forenoon of youth. Happy man! if you love—and wish to be sure that you are loved again."

"What you call love—the unhealthy sentiment, the feverish folly—I left behind me, I think for ever, when——"

"Ay, indeed—when?"

"I came of age!"

"Hoary cynic! and you despise love! So did I once. Your time may come."

"I think not. Does any animal, except man, love its fellow she animal as man loves woman?"

"As man loves woman? No, I suppose not."

"And why should the subject-animals be wiser than their king? But, to return—you would like to have my youth and my careless enjoyment of youth?"

"Can you ask—who would not?" Margrave looked at me for a moment with unusual seriousness, and then, in the abrupt changes, common to his capricious temperament, began to sing softly one of his barbaric chants—a chant, different from any I had heard him sing before—made either by the modulation of his voice or the nature of the tune—so sweet that, little as music generally affected me, this thrilled to my very heart's core. I drew closer and closer to him, and murmured when he paused,

"Is not that a love-song?"

"No," said he, "it is the song by which the serpent-charmer charms the serpent."

CHAPTER XXVI.

INCREASED intimacy with my new acquaintance did not diminish the charm of his society, though it brought to light some startling defects, both in his mental and moral organisation. I have before said that his knowledge, though it had swept over a wide circuit and dipped into curious, unfrequented recesses, was desultory and erratic. It certainly was not that knowledge, sustained and aspiring, which the poet assures us is "the wing on which we mount to heaven." So, in his faculties themselves there were singular inequalities, or contradictions. His power of memory in some things seemed prodigious, but when examined it was seldom accurate; it could apprehend, but did not hold together with a binding grasp, what metaphysicians call "complex ideas." He thus seemed unable to put it to any steadfast purpose in the sciences of which it retained, vaguely and loosely, many recondite principles. For the sublime and beautiful in literature he had no taste whatever. A passionate lover of nature, his imagination had no response to the arts by which nature is expressed or idealised; wholly unaffected by poetry or

painting. Of the fine arts, music alone attracted and pleased him. His conversation was often eminently suggestive, touching on much, whether in books or mankind, that set one thinking; but I never remember him to have uttered any of those lofty or tender sentiments which form the connecting links between youth and genius. For if poets sing to the young, and the young hail their own interpreters in poets, it is because the tendency of both is to idealise the realities of life: finding everywhere in the Real a something that is noble or fair, and making the fair yet fairer, and the noble nobler still.

In Margrave's character there seemed no special vices, no special virtues; but a wonderful vivacity, joyousness, animal good humour. He was singularly temperate, having a dislike to wine, perhaps from that purity of taste which belongs to health absolutely perfect. No healthful child likes alcohols, no animal, except man, prefers wine to water.

But his main moral defect seemed to me, in a want of sympathy, even where he professed attachment. He who could feel so acutely for himself, be unmanned at the bite of a squirrel, and sob at the thought that he should one day die, was as callous to the sufferings of another as a deer who deserts and butts from him a wounded comrade.

I give an instance of this hardness of heart where I should have least expected to find it in him.

He had met and joined me as I was walking to visit a patient on the outskirts of the town, when we fell in with a group of children, just let loose for an hour or two from their day-school. Some of these children joyously recognised him as having played with them at their homes; they ran up to him, and he seemed as glad as themselves at the meeting.

He suffered them to drag him along with them, and became as merry and sportive as the youngest of the troup.

"Well," said I, laughing, "if you are going to play at leap-frog, pray don't let it be on the high road, or you will be run over by carts and draymen; see that meadow just in front to the left—off with you there!"

"With all my heart," cried Margrave, "while you pay your visit. Come along, boys."

A little urchin, not above six years old, but who was lame, began to cry, he could not run,—he should be left behind.

Margrave stooped. "Climb on my shoulder, little one, and I'll be your horse."

The child dried its tears, and delightedly obeyed.

"Certainly," said I to myself, "Margrave, after all, must have a nature as gentle as it is simple. What other young man, so courted by all the allurements that steal innocence from pleasure, would stop in the thoroughfares to play with children?"

The thought had scarcely passed through my mind when I heard a scream of agony. Margrave had leaped the railing that divided the meadow from the road, and, in so doing, the poor child, perched on his shoulder, had, perhaps from surprise or fright, loosened its hold and fallen heavily—its cries were piteous. Margrave clapped his hands to his ears—uttered an exclamation of anger—and not even stopping to lift up the boy, or examine what the hurt was, called to the other children to come on, and was soon rolling with them on the grass, and pelting them with daisies. When I came up, only one child remained by the sufferer—its little brother, a year older than itself. The child had fallen on its arm, which was not broken, but violently contused. The pain must have been intense. I carried the child to its home, and had to remain there some time. I did not see Margrave till the next morning; when he then called. I felt so indignant that I could scarcely speak to him. When at last I rebuked him for his inhumanity, he seemed surprised; with difficulty remembered the circumstance, and then merely said—as if it were the most natural confession in the world—

"Oh, nothing so discordant as a child's wail. I hate discords. I am pleased with the company of children; but they must be children who laugh and play. Well! why do you look at me in that way? What have I said to shock you?"

"Shock me—you shock manhood itself! Go; I can't talk to you now. I am busy."

But he did not go; and his voice was so sweet, and his ways so winning, that disgust insensibly melted into that sort of forgiveness one accords (let me repeat the illustration) to the deer that forsakes its comrade. The poor thing knows no better. And what a graceful beautiful thing *this* was!

The fascination—I can give it no other name—which Margrave exercised was not confined to me, it was universal—old, young, high, low, man, woman, child, all felt it. Never in Low Town had stranger, even the most distinguished by fame, met with a reception so cordial—so flattering. His frank confession that he was a natural son, far from being to his injury, served to interest people more in him, and to prevent all those inquiries in regard to his connexions and antecedents, which would otherwise have been afloat. To be sure, he was evidently rich; at least he had plenty of money. He lived in the best rooms in the principal hotel; was very hospitable; entertained the families with whom he had grown intimate; made them bring their children—music and dancing after dinner. Among the houses in which he had established familiar acquaintance was that of the mayor of the town, who had bought Dr. Lloyd's collection of subjects in natural history. To that collection the mayor had added largely by a very recent purchase. He had arranged these various specimens, which his last acquisitions had enriched by the interesting carcases of an elephant and a hippopotamus, in a large wooden building contiguous to his dwelling, which had been constructed by a former proprietor (a

retired fox-hunter) as a riding-house. And being a man who much affected the diffusion of knowledge, he proposed to open this museum to the admiration of the general public, and, at his death, to bequeath it to the Athenæum or Literary Institute of his native town. Margrave, seconded by the influence of the mayor's daughters, had scarcely been three days at L—— before he had persuaded this excellent and public-spirited functionary to inaugurate the opening of his museum by the popular ceremony of a ball. A temporary corridor should unite the drawing-rooms, which were on the ground floor, with the building that contained the collection; and thus the fête would be elevated above the frivolous character of a fashionable amusement, and consecrated to the solemnisation of an intellectual institute. Dazzled by the brilliancy of this idea, the mayor announced his intention to give a ball that should include the surrounding neighbourhood, and be worthy, in all expensive respects, of the dignity of himself and the occasion. A night had been fixed for the ball—a night that became memorable indeed to me! The entertainment was anticipated with a lively interest, in which even the Hill condescended to share. The Hill did not much patronise mayors in general; but when a mayor gave a ball for a purpose so patriotic, and on a scale so splendid, the Hill liberally acknowledged that Commerce was, on the whole, a thing which the Eminence might, now and then, condescend to acknowledge without absolutely derogating from the rank which Providence had assigned to it amongst the High Places of earth. Accordingly, the Hill was permitted by its Queen to honour the first magistrate of Low Town by a promise to attend his ball. Now, as this festivity had originated in the suggestion of Margrave, so, by a natural association of ideas, every one, in talking of the ball, talked also of Margrave.

The Hill had at first affected to ignore a stranger whose début had been made in the mercantile circle of Low Town. But the Queen of the Hill now said, sententiously, "This new man in a few days has become a Celebrity. It is the policy of the Hill to adopt Celebrities, if the Celebrities pay respect to the Proprieties. Dr. Fenwick is requested to procure Mr. Margrave the advantage of being known to the Hill."

I found it somewhat difficult to persuade Margrave to accept the Hill's condescending overture. He seemed to have a dislike to all societies pretending to aristocratic distinction—a dislike expressed with a fierceness so unwonted, that it made one suppose he had at some time or other been subjected to mortification by the supercilious airs that blow upon heights so elevated. However, he yielded to my instances, and accompanied me one evening to Mrs. Poyntz's house. The Hill was encamped there for the occasion. Mrs. Poyntz was exceedingly civil to him, and after a few common-place speeches, hearing that he was fond of music, consigned him to the caressing care of Miss Brabazon, who was at the head of the musical department in the Queen of the Hill's administration.

Mrs. Poyntz retired to her favourite seat near the window, inviting me to sit beside her; and while she knitted in silence, in silence my eye glanced towards Margrave in the midst of the group assembled round the piano.

Whether he was in more than usually high spirits, or whether he was actuated by a malign and impish desire to upset the established laws of decorum by which the gaieties of the Hill were habitually subdued into a serene and somewhat pensive pleasantness, I know not; but it was not many minutes before the orderly aspect of the place was grotesquely changed.

Miss Brabazon having come to the close of a complicated and dreary sonata, I heard Margrave abruptly ask her if she could play the Tarantella, that famous Neapolitan air which is founded on the legendary belief that the bite of the tarantula excites an irresistible desire to dance. On that high-bred spinster's confession that she was ignorant of the air, and had not even heard of the legend, Margrave said, "Let me play it to you, with variations of my own." Miss Brabazon graciously yielded her place at the instrument. Margrave seated himself—there was great curiosity to hear his performance. Margrave's fingers rushed over the keys, and there was a general start, the prelude was so unlike any known combination of harmonious sounds. Then he began a chant—song I can scarcely call it—words certainly not in Italian, perhaps in some uncivilised tongue, perhaps in impromptu gibberish. And the torture of the instrument now commenced in good earnest: it shrieked, it groaned: wilder and noisier. Beethoven's Storm, roused by the fell touch of a German pianist, were mild in comparison; and the mighty voice, dominating the anguish of the cracking keys, had the full diapason of a chorus. Certainly I am no judge of music, but to my ear the discord was terrific—to the ears of better informed amateurs it seemed ravishing. All were spell-bound; even Mrs. Poyntz paused from her knitting, as the Fates paused from their web at the lyre of Orpheus. To this breathless delight, however, soon succeeded a general desire for movement. To my amazement, I beheld these formal matrons and sober fathers of families forming themselves into a dance, turbulent as a children's ball at Christmas. And when, suddenly desisting from his music, Margrave started up, caught the skeleton hand of lean Miss Brabazon, and whirled her into the centre of the dance, I could have fancied myself at a witch's sabbat. My eye turned in scandalised alarm towards Mrs. Poyntz. That great creature seemed as much astounded as myself. Her eyes were fixed on the scene in a stare of positive stupor. For the first time, no doubt, in her life, she was overcome, deposed, dethroned. The awe of her presence was literally whirled away. The dance ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Darting from the galvanised mummy whom he had selected as his partner, Margrave

shot to Mrs. Poyntz's side, and said, "Ten thousand pardons for quitting you so soon, but the clock warns me that I have an engagement elsewhere." In another moment he was gone.

The dance halted, people seemed slowly returning to their senses, looking at each other bashfully and ashamed.

"I could not help it, dear," sighed Miss Brabazon at last, sinking into a chair, and casting her deprecating, fainting eyes upon the hostess.

"It is witchcraft," said fat Mrs. Bruce, wiping her forehead.

"Witchcraft!" echoed Mrs. Poyntz; "it does indeed look like it. An amazing and portentous exhibition of animal spirits, and not to be endured by the Proprieties. Where on earth can that young savage have come from?"

"From savage lands," said I. "So he says."

"Do not bring him here again," said Mrs. Poyntz. "He would soon turn the Hill topsy-turvy. But how charming! I should like to see more of him," she added, in an under voice, "if he would call on me some morning, and not in the presence of those for whose Proprieties I am responsible. Jane must be out in her ride with the Colonel."

Margrave never again attended the patrician festivities of the Hill. Invitations were poured upon him, especially by Miss Brabazon and the other old maids, but in vain.

"Those people," said he, "are too tame and civilised for me; and so few young persons among them. Even that girl Jane is only young on the surface; inside, as old as the World or her mother. I like youth, real youth—I am young, I am young!"

And, indeed, I observed that he would attach himself to some young person, often to some child, as if with cordial and special favour, yet for not more than an hour or so, never distinguishing them by the same preference when he next met them. I made that remark to him, in rebuke of his fickleness, one evening when he had found me at work on my Ambitious Book, reducing to rule and measure the Laws of Nature.

"It is not fickleness," said he, "it is necessity."

"Necessity! Explain yourself."

"I seek to find what I have not found," said he; "it is my necessity to seek it, and among the young; and disappointed in one, I turn to the other. Necessity again. But find it at last I must."

"I suppose you mean what the young usually seek in the young; and if, as you said the other day, you have left love behind you, you now wander back to re-find it."

"Tush! If I may judge by the talk of young fools, love may be found every day by him who looks out for it. What I seek is among the rarest of all discoveries. You might aid me to find it, and in so doing aid yourself to a knowledge far beyond all that your formal experiments can bestow."

"Prove your words, and command my services," said I, smiling somewhat disdainfully.

"You told me that you had examined into the alleged phenomena of animal magnetism, and proved some persons who pretend to the gift which the Scotch call second sight to be bungling impostors. You were right. I have seen the clairvoyants who drive their trade in this town; a common gipsy could beat them in their own calling. But your experience must have shown you that there are certain temperaments in which the gift of the Pythoness is stored, unknown to the possessor, undetected by the common observer; but the signs of which should be as apparent to the modern physiologist as they were to the ancient priest."

"I at least, as a physiologist, am ignorant of the signs—what are they?"

"I should despair of making you comprehend them by mere verbal description. I could guide your observation to distinguish them unerringly were living subjects before us. But not one in a million has the gift to an extent available for the purposes to which the wise would apply it. Many have imperfect glimpses, few, few indeed, the unveiled, lucent sight. They who have but the imperfect glimpses, mislead and dupe the minds that consult them, because, being sometimes marvellously right, they excite a credulous belief in their general accuracy; and as they are but translators of dreams in their own brain, their assurances are no more to be trusted than are the dreams of common-place sleepers. But where the gift exists to perfection, he who knows how to direct and to profit by it should be able to discover all that he desires to know for the guidance and preservation of his own life. He will be forewarned of every danger, forearmed in the means by which danger is avoided. For the eye of the true Pythoness matter has no obstruction, space no confines, time no measurement."

"My dear Margrave, you may well say that creatures so gifted are rare; and for my part, I would as soon search for a unicorn, as, to use your affected expression, for a Pythoness."

"Nevertheless, whenever there come across the course of your practice some young creature to whom all the evil of the world is as yet unknown, to whom the ordinary cares and duties of the world are strange and unwelcome; who from the earliest dawn of reason has loved to sit apart and to muse; before whose eyes visions pass unsolicited; who converses with those who are not dwellers on the earth, and beholds in the space landscapes which the earth does not reflect——"

"Margrave, Margrave! of whom do you speak?"

"Whose frame, though exquisitely sensitive, has still a health and a soundness in which you recognise no disease; whose mind has a truthfulness that you know cannot deceive you, and a simple intelligence too clear to deceive itself; who is moved to a mysterious degree by all the

varying aspects of external nature—innocently joyous, or unaccountably sad;—when, I say, such a being comes across your experience, inform me; and the chances are that the true Pythoness is found."

I had listened with vague terror, and with more than one exclamation of amazement, to descriptions which brought Lilian Ashleigh before me; and I now sat mute, bewildered, breathless, gazing upon Margrave, and rejoicing that at least Lilian he had never seen.

He returned my own gaze steadily, searchingly, and then, breaking into a slight laugh, resumed:

"You call my word 'Pythoness' affected. I know of no other. My recollections of classic anecdote and history are confused and dim; but somewhere I have read or heard that the priests of Delphi were accustomed to travel chiefly into Thrace or Thessaly, in search of the virgins who might fitly administer their oracles, and that the oracles gradually ceased in repute as the priests became unable to discover the organisation requisite in the priestesses, and supplied by craft and imposture, or by such imperfect fragmentary developments as belong now to professional clairvoyants, the gifts which Nature failed to afford. Indeed, the demand was one that must have rapidly exhausted so limited a supply. The constant strain upon faculties so wearing to the vital functions in their relentless exercise, under the artful stimulants by which the priests heightened their power, was mortal, and no Pythoness ever retained her life more than three years from the time that her gift was elaborately trained and developed."

"Pooh! I know of no classical authority for the details you so confidently cite. Perhaps some such legends may be found in the Alexandrian Platonists, but those mystics are no authority on such a subject. After all," I added, recovering from my first surprise, or awe, "the Delphic oracles were proverbially ambiguous, and their responses might be read either way; a proof that the priests dictated the verses, though their arts on the unhappy priestess might throw her into real convulsions, and the real convulsions, not the false gift, might shorten her life. Enough of such idle subjects! Yet no! one question more. If you found your Pythoness, what then?"

"What then? Why, through her aid I might discover the process of an experiment which your practical science would assist me to complete."

"Tell me of what kind is your experiment; and precisely because such little science as I possess is exclusively practical, I may assist you without the help of the Pythoness."

Margrave was silent for some minutes, passing his hand several times across his forehead, which was a frequent gesture of his, and then rising, he answered, in listless accents:

"I cannot say more now, my brain is fatigued; and you are not yet in the right mood to hear me. By the way, how close and reserved you are with me."

"How so?"

"You never told me that you were engaged to be married. You leave me, who thought to have won your friendship, to hear what concerns you so intimately from a comparative stranger."

"Who told you?"

"That woman with eyes that pry and lips that scheme, to whose house you took me."

"Mrs. Poyntz! is it possible? When?"

"This afternoon. I met her in the street—she stopped me, and, after some unmeaning talk, asked 'if I had seen you lately; if I did not find you very absent and distracted; no wonder—you were in love. The young lady was away on a visit, and wooed by a dangerous rival.'"

"Wooed by a dangerous rival!"

"Very rich, good-looking, young. Do you fear him? You turn pale."

"I do not fear, except so far as he who loves truly, loves humbly, and fears not that another may be preferred, but that another may be worthier of preference than himself. But that Mrs. Poyntz should tell you all this does amaze me. Did she mention the name of the young lady?"

"Yes: Lilian Ashleigh. Henceforth be more frank with me. Who knows? I may help you. Adieu!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

When Margrave had gone, I glanced at the clock—not yet nine. I resolved to go at once to Mrs. Poyntz. It was not an evening on which she received, but doubtless she would see me. She owed me an explanation. How thus carelessly divulge a secret she had been enjoined to keep? and this rival, of whom I was ignorant? It was no longer a matter of wonder that Margrave should have described Lilian's peculiar idiosyncrasies in his sketch of his fabulous Pythoness. Doubtless, Mrs. Poyntz had, with unpardonable levity of indiscretion, revealed all of which she disapproved in my choice. But for what object? Was this her boasted friendship for me? Was it consistent with the regard she professed for Mrs. Ashleigh and Lilian? Occupied by these perplexed and indignant thoughts, I arrived at Mrs. Poyntz's house, and was admitted to her presence. She was fortunately alone; her daughter and the Colonel had gone to some party on the Hill. I would not take the hand she held out to me on entrance; seated myself in stern displeasure, and proceeded at once to inquire if she had really betrayed to Mr. Margrave the secret of my engagement to Lilian.

"Yes, Allen Fenwick; I have this day told, not only Mr. Margrave, but every person I met who is likely to tell it to some one else, the secret of your engagement to Lilian Ashleigh. I never promised to conceal it; on the contrary, I wrote word to Anne Ashleigh that I would therein act as my own judgment counselled me. I think my words to you were that 'public gossip was sometimes the best security for the fulfilment of private engagements.'"

"Do you mean that Mrs. or Miss Ashleigh recoils from the engagement with me, and that I should meanly compel them both to fulfil it by calling in the public to censure them—if—if—— Oh, madam, this is worldly artifice indeed!"

"Be good enough to listen to me quietly. I have never yet showed you the letter to Mrs. Ashleigh, written by Lady Haughton, and delivered by Mr. Vigors. That letter I will now show to you; but before doing so I must enter into a preliminary explanation. Lady Haughton is one of those women who love power, and cannot obtain it except through wealth and station—by her own intellect never obtain it. When her husband died she was reduced from an income of twelve thousand a year to a jointure of twelve hundred, but with the exclusive guardianship of a young son, a minor, and adequate allowances for the charge; she continued, therefore, to preside as mistress over the establishments in town and country; still had the administration of her son's wealth and rank. She stinted his education, in order to maintain her ascendancy over him. He became a brainless prodigal—spendthrift alike of health and fortune. Alarmed, she saw that, probably, he would die young and a beggar; his only hope of reform was in marriage. She reluctantly resolved to marry him to a penniless, well-born, soft-minded young lady whom she knew she could control: just before this marriage was to take place he was killed by a fall from his horse. The Haughton estate passed to his cousin, the luckiest young man alive; the same Ashleigh Sumner who had already succeeded, in default of male issue, to poor Gilbert Ashleigh's landed possessions. Over this young man Lady Haughton could expect no influence. She would be a stranger in his house. But she had a niece! Mr. Vigors assured her the niece was beautiful. And if the niece could become Mrs. Ashleigh Sumner, then Lady Haughton would be a less unimportant Nobody in the world, because she would still have her nearest relation in a Somebody at Haughton Park. Mr. Vigors had his own pompous reasons for approving an alliance which he might help to bring about. The first step towards that alliance was obviously to bring into reciprocal attractions the natural charms of the young lady and the acquired merits of the young gentleman. Mr. Vigors could easily induce his ward to pay a visit to Lady Haughton, and Lady Haughton had only to extend her invitations to her niece; hence the letter to Mrs. Ashleigh, of which Mr. Vigors was the bearer, and hence my advice to you, of which you can now understand the motive. Since you thought Lilian Ashleigh the only woman you could love, and since I thought there were other women in the world who might do as well for Ashleigh Sumner, it seemed to me fair for all parties that Lilian should not go to Lady Haughton's in ignorance of the sentiments with which she had inspired you. A girl can seldom be sure that she loves until she is sure that she is loved. And now," added Mrs. Poyntz, rising and walking across the room to her bureau—"now I will show you Lady Haughton's invitation to Mrs. Ashleigh. Here it is!"

I ran my eye over the letter, which she thrust into my hand, resuming her knitwork while I read.

The letter was short, couched in conventional terms of hollow affection. The writer blamed herself for having so long neglected her brother's widow and child; her heart had been wrapped up too much in the son she had lost; that loss had made her turn to the ties of blood still left to her; she had heard much of Lilian from their common friend, Mr. Vigors; she longed to embrace so charming a niece. Then followed the invitation and the postscript. The postscript ran thus, so far as I can remember: "Whatever my own grief at my irreparable bereavement, I am no egotist, I keep my sorrow to myself. You will find some pleasant guests at my house, among others our joint connexion, young Ashleigh Sumner."

"Women's postscripts are proverbial for their significance," said Mrs. Poyntz, when I had concluded the letter and laid it on the table; "and if I did not at once show you this hypocritical effusion, it was simply because at the name Ashleigh Sumner its object became transparent, not perhaps to poor Anne Ashleigh nor to innocent Lilian; but to my knowledge of the parties concerned, as it ought to be to that shrewd intelligence which you derive partly from nature, partly from the insight into life which a true physician cannot fail to acquire. And if I know anything of you, you would have romantically said, had you seen the letter at first, and understood its covert intention, 'Let me not shackle the choice of the woman I love, and to whom an alliance so coveted in the eyes of the world might, if she were left free, be proffered.'"

"I should not have gathered from the postscript all that you see in it, but had its purport been so suggested to me, you are right, I should have so said. Well, and as Mr. Margrave tells me that you informed him that I have a rival, I am now to conclude that the rival is Mr. Ashleigh Sumner?"

"Has not Mrs. Ashleigh or Lilian mentioned him in writing to you?"

"Yes, both; Lilian very slightly; Mrs. Ashleigh with some praise, as a young man of high character, and very courteous to her."

"Yet, though I asked you to come and tell me who were the guests at Lady Haughton's, you never did so."

"Pardon me; but of the guests I thought nothing, and letters addressed to my heart seemed to me too sacred to talk about. And Ashleigh Sumner then courts Lilian! How do you know?"

"I know everything that concerns me; and here, the explanation is simple. My aunt, Lady Delafield, is staying with Lady Haughton. Lady Delafield is one of the women of fashion who shine by their own light; Lady Haughton shines by

borrowed light, and borrows every ray she can find."

"And Lady Delafield writes you word——"

"That Ashleigh Sumner is caught by Lilian's beauty."

"And Lilian herself——"

"Women like Lady Delafield do not readily believe that any girl would refuse Ashleigh Sumner; considered in himself, he is steady and good-looking; considered as owner of Kirby Hall and Haughton Park, he has, in the eyes of any sensible mother, the virtues of Cato, and the beauty of Antinous."

I pressed my hand to my heart—close to my heart lay a letter from Lilian—and there was no word in that letter which showed that *her* heart was gone from mine. I shook my head gently, and smiled in confiding triumph.

Mrs. Poyntz surveyed me with a bent brow and a compressed lip.

"I understand your smile," she said, ironically. "Very likely Lilian may be quite untouched by this young man's admiration, but Anne Ashleigh may be dazzled by so brilliant a prospect for her daughter. And, in short, I thought it desirable to let your engagement be publicly known throughout the town to-day; that information will travel—it will reach Ashleigh Sumner through Mr. Vigors, or others in this neighbourhood, with whom I know that he corresponds. It will bring affairs to a crisis, and before it may be too late. I think it well that Ashleigh Sumner should leave that house; if he leave it for good so much the better. And, perhaps, the sooner Lilian returns to L—— the lighter your own heart will be."

"And for these reasons you have published the secret of——"

"Your engagement? Yes. Prepare to be congratulated wherever you go. And now, if you hear, either from mother or daughter, that Ashleigh Sumner has proposed, and been, let us say, refused, I do not doubt that in the pride of your heart you will come and tell me."

"Rely upon it I will; but before I take my leave, allow me to ask, why you described to a young man like Mr. Margrave—whose wild and strange humours you have witnessed and not approved—any of those traits of character in Miss Ashleigh which distinguish her from other girls of her age?"

"I? You mistake. I said nothing to him of her character. I mentioned her name, and said she was beautiful, that was all."

"Nay, you said that she was fond of musing, of solitude; that in her fancies she believed in the reality of visions which might flit before her eyes as they flit before the eyes of all imaginative dreamers."

"Not a word did I say to Mr. Margrave of such peculiarities in Lilian; not a word more than what I have told you, on my honour!"

Still incredulous, but disguising my incredulity with that convenient smile by which we accomplish so much of the polite dissimulation indispensable to the decencies of civilised life, I took my departure, returned home, and wrote to Lilian.

THE GENII OF THE LAMPS.

There has been little rest during the present century for underground London. Some road has always been "up" that pipes may be laid down, or tunnels may be constructed. When sewers were not being built, in 1812, the water companies were changing their rotten wooden mains for iron pipes that would bear the pressure necessary for serving their hill customers. Side by side with the workmen of the water companies, were other workmen employed by the then infant gas interest. Coming down to our own days, we have railway tunnels, building or projected, and telegraphic wire-pipes, and "pneumatic dispatch" tubes struggling for the few spare feet of underground roadway. Many of our social scientific contrivances in London evidently follow the law of gravitation, and tend towards the centre. It would be easy for some Oriental traveller to turn our Chinese population tables against ourselves, and to show that we have grown too numerous to live upon the surface. By a stretch of fancy not at all beyond the powers of descriptive travellers, it could be shown that if another man were placed upon this island he must necessarily drop off into the sea for want of standing-room.

It would have been a sight worth seeing—a picture worth drawing—the first laying of a gas-pipe in London. The landing of Julius Cæsar, the signing of *Magna Charta*, and the death of Harold, furnish more romantic groupings for historical painters; but no one can say that they were of more historical importance. Civilisation took a vast stride on that eventful occasion—the living out-door life of man was lengthened more than one-half; and yet no one was present to give the great work a pictorial record. The battle of Waterloo was a mere puff of smoke in comparison, for all its deposit of pictures, statues, and treaties.

Of course the workmen were obedient, but sceptical. I can imagine them being very much like the attendant on the alchemists in Teniers's sketch, who holds the crucible over the fire, in the attempt to produce gold, as if it were a vulgar frying-pan, half-full of sausages. It is easy to call such people louts, and to judge them by what we know now, rather than by what was known then; but such louts represent a very wholesome degree of scepticism. For one discovery that has lived through the practical test of application, and has really benefited the world, a thousand have been the pet children of quacks and visionaries. Until the new comer makes good its claim to be considered something beyond the common herd, we save our time, our money, and our labour, by regarding it cautiously.

The discoverers of gas-lighting had no more than ordinary difficulties to contend with in ap-

plying their discovery, and it is fortunate for them that they did not appear three centuries earlier. I am not speaking of Mr. Thomas Shirley, whose "description of a well and earth in Lancashire taking fire by a candle approached to it," in 1667,* is the first known English account of inflammable coal-gas; nor of Dr. John Clayton's accidental discovery of the same fact a few years later, when he constructed the first gas-holder by enclosing the gas in a bladder; nor of Dr. Richard Watson, who experimented on the same gas in various ways in 1767. I am thinking of Mr. Spedding, who was the first to apply coal-gas escaping from a mine to any economical purpose, by lighting his office at Whitehaven with it about the same period, and who made a proposition to the magistrates to light the town in the same manner. His proposal was simply refused, and little more was said; but had Mr. Spedding lived in the fifteenth instead of the eighteenth century, he would most probably have been tortured as a wizard. Mr. Murdock, the first recorded applier of artificially manufactured gas to house-lighting purposes, who began to use it in Cornwall in 1792, and who seems to have partly purified it from smell and smoke, while lighting Messrs. Boulton and Watt's factory at Birmingham with it, in 1798, was another gentleman who had cause to be thankful to the age he lived in. His illuminations at Birmingham in 1802, would have carried him to the martyr's stake in the good old days; and his successor, Mr. Winsor, would have been nipped in the bud.

Much abuse has been lavished upon poor Mr. Winsor, because he was not a sound scientific man, and because he was energetic and unscrupulous in carrying out his plans. His science was sufficient to teach him what he had to deal with; and he was the first man to light a London street with gas, and the first to make gas-lighting a branch of commerce. He publicly exhibited his plan of illumination at the Lyceum Theatre in 1803 and 1804; and he lighted up one side of Pall-Mall in 1807. His rude lighting was as much an advance upon the old oil-lamps, as those lamps were an improvement upon the old lighting system existing in 1716, when each householder, whose premises fronted any street, lane, or passage, was required to hang out one or more lights every dark night, to burn from six to eleven o'clock, under the penalty of one shilling. His commercial scheme took the form of a National Light and Heat Company, of very extravagant expectations; but it merged at last into the Gaslight and Coke Company, commonly called the Chartered Gas Company, which worked nobly for many years as a pioneer in gas-lighting, without the refreshing taste of a dividend. Few persons, perhaps, who were unlike Mr. Winsor, could have done what he did in the face of so much opposition grounded on caution and prejudice. While scientific men were playing with the new element in various ways, he helped to mould it into the basis of a business corporation, and this by unflinching perseverance, devotion to one idea, an absence of sensitiveness, and great oddity of character. Whatever his faults may have been, whatever schemes he may have originally planned for his own enrichment, he clung to his speculation through all its early struggles, and no one has ever shown that he amassed any private fortune. He deceived himself, in his imaginative estimates of profit, as much as he deceived others; and some of his pamphlets are distinguished, not only for their reckless statements, but for the strength and indignation of their tone. "All gas-lights," he says, "shown and exhibited before my illuminating the large theatre in the Lyceum, early in 1804, I fairly consider as so many *Will-o'-the-wisp* lights known for centuries past. The gas of these lights has been caught and collected in bladders, in marshy ground, the same as all *coal-gas* has hitherto been produced in bladders for philosophical amusement. The principle, that coal and other combustibles contained, among other products, a most beautiful and valuable flame, has been known by the most learned of the last century; but HOW to make the application—HOW to save and analyse—HOW to preserve and refine—HOW to conduct gas in proper air-tight tubes—HOW to introduce gas-fire and gas-lights into a drawing-room, shop, and street-lamp—HOW to cook, melt, boil, and distil by a gas-fire, either in a kitchen or dining-room—HOW to introduce coke, tar, and ammonial liquor for the advantage of a whole nation—HOW to make gas-fire and gas-lights applicable to light-houses, telegraphs, culinary purposes—in fine, HOW to save and employ all the valuable parts of raw fuel with the greatest possible advantage;—all these most difficult points of my discovery were left a problem to theorists, WHO could *write*, but not *practise*—WHO could fill bladders from retorts, tobacco-pipes, pots, pans, and gun-barrels, with raw smoke, but could not illuminate—WHOSE delicate hands and noses would have shrunk with horror from my numerous dirty and laborious experiments in kitchens and wash-houses, where my own labourers complained of being suffocated, and often refused to assist me, until I shamed them by the example of *stripping* to perform what they thought was too dirty work for them.

"Animated by the life and example of *Peter the Great*, Emperor of all the Russias, who performed the most abject labours to teach his ministers and generals how to civilise a barbarous nation, I did no longer deem it beneath me (who had been a merchant in the city of London) to do that work which some of my labourers, actually in want of bread, refused to do for victuals and payment."

Mr. Winsor, with all his pretence of mechanical completeness, never contemplated the erection of a gas-holder, or the storing of a reserve of gas in anything except the main pipes.

It was left for Mr. Clegg, a pupil of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, and the earliest permanent engineer of the Chartered Gas Company, to in-

* Philosophical Transactions.

troduce a variety of mechanical improvements in the manufacture and distribution of gas, that have fixed his name in the foremost rank of gas-engineers. In the early days of gas-lighting, the manufacture was very rude, and was long watched with fear by the public and the government inspectors. Sir William Congreve, appointed to make a report on the state of the metropolitan gas-works in 1822, saw two large canvas bags in some works at Whitechapel, of about fifteen thousand cubic feet each, which were for some time used as gas-holders near to a blacksmith's forge. He hints at the direful consequences which might ensue "were the tar to be discharged and inflamed, like an emission of a large quantity of burning lava from an artificial volcano."

Those black volcanoes, the gas-holders (originally called gasometers), are now vastly increased in size, and improved until little is left for further alteration. When a deputation from the Royal Society, with Sir Joseph Banks at its head, visited the gas-works of the Chartered Company at Westminster in 1814, they strongly recommended government to prevent the company constructing gas-holders exceeding six thousand cubic feet in capacity, to be confined in very strong buildings. The largest gas-holders in London are now constructed to hold from a quarter of a million to half a million of cubic feet each, and they stand out boldly, like gigantic iron vats, towering above the walls of the gas-yards. The importance of such reservoirs, containing a night's supply of gas in advance, can hardly be overrated by any man who tries to imagine the condition of London suddenly plunged into total darkness.

The manufacture of gas, although it includes many beautiful scientific processes, is not, on the whole, a sightly operation. What is not seen may be refined and interesting; but what is seen decidedly savours of pandemonium. There are huge caverns of black coal, huge caverns of red-hot coke, and a row of roaring fiery ovens, which sooty men are constantly feeding with coal thrust in out of long iron scoops. The lids of these ovens, or retorts, are generally heated to a white heat, and the men who lift them off and put them on, have their hands protected with thick gauntlet gloves. After the coal has been distilled, as it is called, the red-hot coke is raked out, either into coke-vaults, or iron barrows. The spirit of the coal rises up black pipes, like infernal organ pipes, leading from each oven into a tube, running the whole length of the retort-house, called the hydraulic main, which they reach by a curved dip pipe. The hydraulic main, as its name implies, is half-filled with water, and the end of the dip-pipe passes through this water to the depth of about four inches. The gas from the retorts flows down the dip-pipe, and bubbles up by its lightness through the water till it rests in that part of the main above the surface of the liquid, depositing its tar in its progress. The water, which gradually changes its character with this deposit, and becomes nearly all tar, locks the gas in the upper part of the main, and only suffers it to pass off through the purifiers. These purifiers, partly mechanical, partly chemical, relieve the gas from the vapours of tar, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, and carbonic acid, and allow it to enter the gas-holder or reservoir, pure enough for the ordinary purposes of lighting.

The gas-holder is cylindrical in shape, made of plate-iron, covered at the top, but having no bottom. It is inverted over a cistern of water, and both the inlet and outlet pipes for the gas have their mouths above the surface of this water. When the purified gas flows in, it raises the gas-holder, and when it is pressed out into the main pipes, the holder sinks. The gas having a tendency to rise and not to flow, is always sent through the mains by a certain degree of pressure acting on its source.

The London gas supply is now furnished by thirteen gas companies, if we exclude the Brentford, Wandsworth, Crystal Palace district, and the two Woolwich companies, which light only limited portions of the metropolitan area. These thirteen companies—ten on the north side of the river and three on the south side—represent a capital of a little over five millions sterling, and their dividends, on non-preferential shares, have lately shown an average of something like seven per cent per annum. No trading corporations have been more closely "inspected" by government, and, at present, the regulation of the supply of gas is held to be in the hands of the Home Secretary. "In the year 1829," says Mr. Samuel Hughes, F.G.S., to whom I am indebted for much information on this subject, "gas was sold in London at fifteen shillings a thousand cubic feet, and at this price it was so impure, that I have seen test-papers, which had been preserved from that date, coloured and stained as black as ink, owing to the presence of sulphuretted hydrogen. At the present day, gas is sold in the city of London at four shillings per thousand cubic feet, without meter rent, and it is so pure that scarcely a trace of sulphuretted hydrogen can be detected in it, and the test-papers for ascertaining this impurity are rarely discoloured in the smallest degree."

We have now, within the metropolitan area, twenty-three gas manufacturing stations, and six gas-holder stations, used solely for storing gas. The total length of mains laid down by the thirteen companies in underground London, is seventeen hundred and fifty miles, besides about four hundred and fifty miles of branch service-pipes. The house service-pipes, in addition to this, must be at least eight thousand miles long.

The total number of London public street-lamps supplied with gas is thirty-seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight, the average distance from each other being seventy-five yards.

The consumption of gas now is at least double what it was ten years ago; and the annual quantity manufactured in London is about eight

thousand millions of cubic feet. One-fourth of this quantity, according to reliable estimates, is lost by leakage, condensation, dishonesty, and bad debts; and at least one half of this fourth—or one thousand millions of cubic feet—escapes every year into the London street-earth. Mr. Spencer, as analytical chemist to the New River Company, has traced this escaped gas in its destructive action upon the four thousand seven hundred miles of metropolitan gas and water mains, until underground London appears to be one vast grave of iron rotting into plumbago. The twelve gas-mains, with their eighty joints, which lie side by side with water-mains and telegraphic-wire pipes over the sewers in Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, are not such a happy family as their appearance would lead us to suppose. They are crowded together like tramps in a threepenny bed, and there does not seem to be room for a rat to run between them; but there is no real friendship for all this shaking of hands. The defective joints of the gas-mains lead to the enormous leakage just described, and the escaped gas, by its action on the street-earth, destroys water-pipes in a few years that ought to last for a century. Apart from the foul condition of the London street-earth, we are all interested in saving this escaped gas and this destroyed pipeage, for our gas-bills include the cost of the one, and our water-bills the cost of the other. While the water-pipes are softened, and the gas penetrates the tubes, the water is also adulterated with an undrinkable mixture. I have heard of a letter addressed to a leading water company, which ran somewhat in this form:

"Mr. Blank presents his compliments to the Blank Company, and wishes to know whether they supply gas or water. Mr. Blank is led to make this inquiry, because one of his servants went to the cistern with a pitcher and a candle, and instead of procuring water, she blew up the roof of a wash-house."

PROFESSOR BON TON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

I HAVE been obliged, recently, to spend a considerable portion of my time in France; so, being temporarily transplanted, it naturally occurred to me to obtain some sort of an inkling of the usages of French society, before I made my bow in certain French salons whose entrée was secured to me by certain letters of introduction.

But how to obtain such an inkling, that was the difficulty. It was vain to endeavour to come at my object by wandering in the Champs Elysées or the Bois de Boulogne, and peeping into the carriages which I saw in great numbers, careering along with magnificently dressed ladies seated inside them, and drawn by horses which seemed, in their untamed fury, as if in another moment they would dash the light vehicles to which they were attached into a thousand atoms, and be off to enjoy themselves where bits and traces were unknown. My observations in the Champs Elysées only led me into speculations as to how the astounding luxury which I beheld was kept up, and doubts whether all the ladies and gentlemen who were splashing me with mud from their wheels, and whose coachmen were howling to me to get out of the way, were in the habit of punctually paying their debts. This vast field of inquiry not helping me at all, I thought I would next try what I could effect by a constant attendance at the theatres and operas of Paris, and a close observation of all that went on *there*. I found, unfortunately, that this plan, besides involving a great and ever-recurring outlay in tickets, hackney-carriages, and the like vanities, was not a whit nearer to giving me an insight into French manners, and was a thousand times more expensive than had been my former open-air studies in the Bois de Boulogne.

What could I see, looking up from the pit or the stalls to the balcon or private boxes, of the goings on of the personages whom I was bent on observing? I could see, it is true, a number of ladies and gentlemen engaged in conversation between the acts, or listening attentively during the acts. I could see that they were a little demonstrative in their manner of talking, that the men were, to my mind, a little wanting in dignity, and the women in repose, there being a determined and business-like system of fascination to which all their energies were devoted, to an extent which in my eyes, and as far as my poor judgment went, was likely to defeat its own object. I have since had reason to think that with Frenchmen this determination to be fascinating answers, and that if a lady is resolved to be considered attractive, and without being in the least degree pretty goes on as if she were pretty, they get to take her word for it that she is lovely, and are ready to receive her airs and graces, coupled with an elaborate toilette, as proofs of her charms. It is but one additional instance, after all, of the success which attends a reiterated and persistent self-assertion.

Fortunately, by the merest chance, I happened to come in contact with a little work, obtainable for the small outlay of sevenpence-halfpenny (English money), which contained in a compact form all the information of which I stood in need.

Manuel du Bon Ton et de la Politesse Française: Nouveau Guide pour se Conduire dans le Monde. This was the title of my sevenpence-halfpenny treatise, and this was beyond a doubt the very thing I stood in need of. I wanted to excel in bon ton; here was a manual of that mystery, and of French politeness as well. I wanted to know how to conduct myself in the world, and here was a guide to show me how—and a *new* one, too, with all the latest improvements; a chart with all the rocks and shoals on which one's social bark might strike, plainly indicated; so that after due study of it, the voyager might become his own pilot, and steer his course securely ever afterwards upon the Great Sea of Fashion.

From the perusal of the Manuel du Bon Ton,

the student arises perhaps a politer, but certainly a sadder man. It is a work calculated to make him either a Valentine or an Orson. He will either take it for his text-book, and forming himself by its precepts, become himself a perfect pillar and beacon of bon ton, or he will be rendered desperate at the enormous scale on which the subject is developed, and hopeless of fulfilling all that "ton" demands of its votaries, will cry, "Vive le mauvais ton!" and live and die a bear.

The art "of conducting oneself in the world" (of France) is not so simple an affair as we have been in the habit of considering it. "Politeness," according to our author, "comprehends morality, the proprieties of life, honesty, civility, and, in one word, all those mild virtues which form the most powerful bonds of civilised society; it is, to speak plainly, morality in action."

After this introductory statement the high priest of Bon Ton goes on to divide his subject into sections, and gives to the world his opinion on the leading features of politeness in general—politeness in the master of the house, politeness in the streets. These essays are followed by some remarks on the world and etiquette, on conversation, and on "the exigencies of society."

In the first of these sections, and early in the volume, comes a chapter on politeness at table. It commences with an anecdote:

"The Abbé Cosson was a celebrated professor of literature at the Mazarin College, and one of the most learned men of the last century. One day he was invited to dinner by the Abbé Delille, and he found himself in company with members of the highest society, cordons bleus, marshals of France, and others who kept up all the polite usages of the age of Louis the Fourteenth. The good Abbé Cosson, who thought himself very great in all matters of etiquette, boasted to his host as they left table that he had fulfilled all the requirements of Ton during dinner.

"'*You?*' replied his entertainer, the Abbé Delille, wishing to tease him, 'you are sadly deceived, you did nothing but commit yourself.'

"'Impossible,' replied Cosson, frightened out of his wits, 'for I did exactly what everybody else did.'

"'Your presumption makes you think so,' said the other; 'the fact being that you did *nothing* that the others did. I will now proceed to prove it to you. Count your sins upon your fingers:

"'1. You unfolded your napkin completely, you spread it all over you, and attached it by the corner to your button-hole. No person but you was guilty of such an offence. People do not spread their napkins over them, they are content to lay them across their knees.

"'2. You ate your soup with your spoon in one hand and your fork in the other! A fork for soup! Great Heaven!

"'3. You had occasion to eat an egg, and you left the shell, without crushing it to pieces, on your plate.

"'4. You have asked for bouilli when you ought to have asked for *beef*.

"'5. You have, again, requested to be served with 'fowl,' when you ought to have demanded chicken, or capon, as the case might be. What! do you not know that to ask for 'fowl' savours of the servants' hall?

"'6. Before taking wine you breathed into your glass and then wiped it out with your napkin. Miserable man! what could you have done more in an eating-house where you mistrusted the cleanliness of the people.

"'7. You asked certain persons who had those wines before them for 'Bordeaux' or 'Champagne.' Are you ignorant that it is the custom in France to ask for Bordeaux *wine*, or Champagne *wine*, when you want the one or the other?

"'8. With the intention of being simply officious towards the Baron de R. and myself, you have managed to be absolutely troublesome; for every time that you were going to drink yourself, you must needs take *our* glasses and fill them before your own without being asked to do so. And pray who told you that we wanted to drink? Who told you that if we *did* want to drink, it was wine we wanted and not water, or that it was the wine you were taking and not some other? Why, at a dinner, with the most slender pretensions to gentility even, such a proceeding would be out of place.

"'9. Instead of *breaking* your bread, which ought always to be done, you have cut it with your knife.

"'10. At dessert you put the bonbons in your pocket, believing doubtless that no disastrous consequences would attend such a proceeding. The disastrous consequence which ensued was simply that you were guilty of mauvais ton.

"'11. You say that you have a cold in the head, but was that any reason why you should place your handkerchief on the back, or the arm, of your chair. This was even worse than a want of gentility, it was a want of cleanliness.

"'12. Your coffee was brought to you very hot, and you divided it into small portions and drank it out of the saucer. There is no pretext conceivable which can justify a man in drinking out of his saucer.

"'13. Finally, to complete your infamy, in rising from the table you actually folded up your napkin, as if you really thought it could be used again before it had passed through the hands of the washerwoman.

"'Then, my dear Cosson,' said the Abbé Delille, in conclusion, 'you see that you have reckoned without your host in thinking that you had behaved like the other guests at dinner.' And the poor abbé went forth humbled and confused, and perceiving, though somewhat late in the day, that there are other branches of education which a man should cultivate besides those which are learnt in universities."

This little story makes no bad prelude to our author's treatise on the demands which Bon Ton makes upon us when we sit down to table. And

low, indeed, is the estimate formed by this arbiter elegantiarum of the previous manners of those for whose use this volume is intended; the errors against which the reader is cautioned being such as one would hardly attribute to a backwoodsman. When Mr. Orson dines out, the following are some of the cautions which he is to bear in mind:

"When it is announced that 'dinner is served,' you are not to *precipitate* (ne vous précipitez pas) yourself into the dining-room. Wait till the master or lady of the house gives you the signal to enter."

Surely this piece of advice is hardly necessary. Is it usual for the guests when the grim gentleman in the stiff neckcloth opens the door softly and whispers "Dinner" in the ear of the host—is it usual, I ask, for the guests to "precipitate" themselves headlong after him, and rush at full speed into the adjoining apartment where the cloth is laid? Perhaps this is in our natures after all, and perhaps it is for this reason that that announcement of dinner is always made secretly and in so low a tone to the master of the house. He gets the first news of the fact by this means, and is able to marshal his visitors in order, keeping the tremendous news that the soup is up, decently in the background.

Once seated at table, our friend Orson is reminded once more of the unhappy Abbé Cosson, and is entreated not to spread out his napkin over his clothes, but to lay it simply across his knees. The ladies, however, are allowed to act in a more workman-like manner, "it being permitted to them to attach their napkins with pins to their dress after any fashion they like."

And now that his napkin is properly adjusted, Orson may get to work, but he is still addressed in a bullying tone, as the reader shall see by the twenty-first rule of the dinner-code.

"21. You must not turn up your wristbands as if you were going to wash your hands."

Tormented by the agonised desire for freedom of action, which has led him to desire the turning up of his cuffs, and chafed by the remembrance that this luxury is denied him, Orson begins to fidget in his chair, and Bon Ton is down upon him at once.

"22. You must never sway yourself backwards and forwards in your chair, nor must you balance the chair itself on one or two of its legs. Still less may you fling yourself back in your seat. In a word, assume an attitude that is at once decent and dégagé."

A very difficult thing to do to order. The miserable Orson will be fortunate if, in his struggles to combine the decent with the dégagé, he does not end in depositing himself under the table, which would perhaps, after all, be his wisest plan. Professor Bon Ton goes on to his next rule.

"23. Avoid above all things interfering with your neighbours on either side, and take care not to give them an elbow-knock in the vivacity of your movements."

After a few more directions to our poor Orson to abstain from violent gesticulation, to keep his feet still under the table, and his elbows from touching its surface, the thirtieth rule takes him in hand conversationally, and bids him "by no means to say or do anything that may bring on a political or religious discussion." Bon Ton is evidently mistrustful of his pupil.

"34. You must not blow into your soup when it is too hot. You must wait till it has had time to cool.

"35. Nor must you put your plate to your mouth to drink the broth which it contains. You must swallow it by the aid of your spoon."

As there are no less than ninety-five rules for behaviour at table given by our author, it is obvious that only a few of the more remarkable can be quoted here. The reader who is studying "ton," may, however, be glad of the following:

"46. You are never to smell the meat when it is brought to you on your plate.

"48. Do not gnaw at a bone too closely, or you will resemble a jackal.

"49. If you find in your plate some unclean thing, such as a hair or a *caterpillar*, pass your plate to the servant, but by no means say anything about it, lest you should disgust the other guests."

This excellent rule is followed soon after by another, equally admirable:

"54. Never speak with your mouth full, for fear of spluttering."

And by yet another, which gives us an insight into some customs obtaining here in England, of which we were not all of us aware:

"56. Do not wipe your fingers on the tablecloth, but on your napkin. The English *wipe them, as well as their knives*, on a piece of bread, but such is not the custom in France."

The manner in which every little difficulty which might occur to our friend Orson is met and provided for in this small volume, does the utmost credit to the author's ingenuity. A wonderful instance of this is found in the seventy-second rule of this wondrous code:

"72. If you are seized with the hiccups, eclipse yourself (eclipsez-vous) for a moment, and do not return to table till the fit is over."

Professor Bon Ton is very severe about drinking. It is his opinion, that "we should cause to be flung out of window as an insolent ignoramus the man who should permit himself to drink out of a lady's glass, in order to divine what she is thinking about."

We now come to various forms of politeness in other matters. That of "masters of houses" is especially peculiar:

"Choose an apartment which shall correspond with your fortune and your tastes.

"Let it have air, sunshine, and be free from damp, if you care for the health of yourself and family.

"Take care to have a good landlord, but always draw out a lease in which every contingency is provided against.

"Choose a house where you will not encounter on the staircase either scamps or scampesses, still less rats or drunkards."

Very sensible advice all this, but one hardly

sees what it has to do with politeness. These counsels are, however, introduced under the head of "Politeness in the Master of the House." Here, too, are some directions as to the giving of soirées, in the course of which we are told that, in order to keep *all* the ladies in good humour, "it is necessary that the host should hazard a certain number of invitations to young gentlemen as yet little known in society: because to them the lady of the house may, without any indiscretion, confide the care of those young ladies (tapisseries) who would otherwise be in danger of wanting partners altogether." The author, however, takes care to insinuate that no such onerous duties should fall to the share of such distinguished citizens as himself.

"In the case of a guest of some importance in the social scale, should the master or mistress of the house recommend him to dance with Mrs. or Miss Such-a-one (members of the class Tapisserie), it would almost amount to an impertinence."

Having put this sentiment on record, our Professor goes on to caution the glowing young cavalier as to his behaviour in the ball-room. His tone of worldly wisdom is almost serpent-like. "You may abstain," he says, "altogether from talking to your partner, but if you cannot abstain, you will do well to use the utmost discretion as to what you say, and when the dance is over, reconduct your partner to her place, offer her your thanks, but by no means remain engaged in conversation with her; and above all things abstain from seating yourself by her side." The young lady is to be similarly careful, and if her cavalier speaks to her, "she may indeed answer civilly, but not in any manner that might lead to the commencement of a conversation." And a very nice notion of a lively party these directions give one!

"Politeness in the streets" is largely dwelt on. Here are one or two of his directions:

"Avoid touching the passers-by with your elbows, and in order not to do so you should even walk, if necessary, sideways, *like a crab*.

"In case of a heavy shower, a gentleman may, without indiscretion, offer a share of his umbrella to an unknown lady who is without one. But while they walk so together, he must forbear from questioning her. In no case, however, ought a lady to make a similar offer to a gentleman.

"If you meet a friend, who chances to be your superior, or a lady, you will keep your hat in your hand, after saluting, till you have been told to put it on again.

"It is mauvais ton, when you are in a carriage, to cause the horses to be stopped that you may talk with a foot passenger. In the case of such a meeting, a mutual salutation is all that should be permitted. If there is room, however, you should request the person who is on foot to come and sit beside you while you talk. You should then cause the carriage to be driven at a foot pace in the direction in which the pedestrian was going. But it is more polite to conduct him to his destination altogether.

"In riding on horseback, you are to remember that if you are in company with a superior, you are to let him mount first, and if there is no one else to do it, you should hold his stirrup.

"If you are with a man of very high rank, the head of your horse ought not to pass the crupper of his; while, if you are a military man, and you are riding with your general, you ought to keep altogether behind him till he calls you to his side.

"If you are not the actual subordinate of him with whom you are riding, but still of an inferior rank, it suffices that his horse should have the advance of yours by a head only."

The precision of these rules, especially the last, cannot fail to be very gratifying as well as extremely useful to the reader. We will dismiss the subject of street politeness with the following additional quotations:

"Abstain from assuming a majestic attitude or an important air in walking the streets, or when appearing on the public promenade, for fear you should be taken for a fool. Avoid also a *bounding walk*.

"It is only madmen who gesticulate, talk to themselves, or declaim in the public streets.

"It is understood that the men, when in company with ladies, are to pay for everything, and everywhere: the chairs in the gardens, *the small gluttonies of children*, the bouquets, the oranges, the carriage when a storm comes on, &c.; and our ladies accept all that!!!"

There is a bitterness about this last paragraph with the notes of admiration (which are the author's) that is scarcely characterised by the amount of gallantry which one would look for in the compiler of a work on "Ton." The author is evidently fresh from a promenade in company with some specially rapacious members of the softer sex. It is difficult to imagine a more trying position for a stingy Frenchman than that of escort to a party of ladies. Think of the ices, the lemonades, the cakes!

With this we must for the present take our leave of our noble Professor, but next week the reader shall have some more hints on etiquette from the same source, and the voice which has taught him what he is to do when a fit of the hiccups comes on at dinner-time, shall further instruct him how to behave on other occasions of difficulty and embarrassment.

A FIELD-DAY.

I WAS walking on the little lawn that girdles my pleasant little stone cottage in Downshire, making a mental inventory of the pleasures of a June morning in the country. The grass was tinselled with the dew that lay on it in a trembling bloom of greyish silver; the roses were hung with pearls of the first water; the blackbirds were dissecting my strawberries with their golden bills (drat them!); the green mountains of elms were in a soft tremble of

pleasure and surprise, like a row of country girls out for a holiday; the long cool shadows minueted, or held counsel about their perpetual sorrow; while the great white clouds piled themselves up in rounded pyramids, prepared to kindle their vapoury sacrifice to the kingly sun. I was happy with the ruminating content of a cow, knee deep in sorrel, when a sudden apparition arose to start me from my summer dream.

It was the postman, who, in his scarlet mail-cart, drove smartly over our little grey bridge, and stopped at my gate. He gave a dislocating pull at the cottage bell, and Betsy Jane, the housemaid, appeared on the lawn, where I was fretting my little hour upon a happy and padded stage of flowering turf, and handed me a letter.

A notice from the secret tribunal, or a warning stamped with coffin-nails and sealed with a crimson rapparee thumb, could not have more disturbed my peace. The hideous letter ran thus:

"TENTH DOWNSHIRE RIFLES.

"There will be a Field-day of this Corps, Tuesday, the seventh of June, on Badgerbury Downs. The Eleventh Ramshire Sappers will keep the ground.

"Caps and gaiters. Please to attend. Parade at two P.M. at Staunton Corner.

"As it is likely that Sir Edward Hardstock will inspect the corps in July, Captain Bagshot earnestly hopes the members of the corps will make a point of attending."

A field-day, and the thermometer at 100 in the shade, the trout in Eelbury brook floating on their backs, done to a turn, and the very oxen in the meadows smoking as if they were already on the spit? What, a field-day, when the red-faced mowers have to stop every other minute to take in beer, and the field-paths are cracking in lines that look like charts of some underground country? But Bagshot has been in India, and this heat actually braces him, while it undoes me quite.

It is my first field-day, and I feel a slight sensation of alarm at being made an exhibition of to rows of rustics, and to the country families under the marquees; but I must go, for Bagshot is a client of mine, and if I were to be absent, he would take it as a personal insult, and would send for my bill next day. The constant use of curry has heated the noble captain's blood; yet I am rather pursy, and know I shall be knocked up for three days by this terrible sham-soldiering. All very well for soldiers who have been brought up as labourers, who live in the open air, and are perpetually carrying arms; but, for a stout, sedentary man, rather a serious thing in the blazing month of June, and thunderstorms about, too!

Monday I received the notice; Tuesday is the field-day. I rise early to prepare my arms; I send the green uniform with the rhubarb lace to be brushed; I pull at the bronze bugle buttons to see if they are all safe. I use two old cambric handkerchiefs furbishing up my rifle-barrel, and still the rag emerges from the tube with smears of orange rust upon it, though the gun came only yesterday from the gunsmith's. At last I discover that the rust comes, not from the barrel, but from the little cup at the top of the steel ramrod; that removed, my fire-arms are ready for the shammest fight Bagshot can devise. I clean my leather bands, with one preparation; I clean the brass-work of my rifle with another preparation; and I get as dirty as a blacksmith when my rifle gets as clean as a new pin. I tie fast my cap-pouch, and pull into its proper place my cartridge-box; I polish my bayonet, which is so sharp that it might be used for any sort of surgical purpose; I put on my muffin-cap (the 10th Downshire are very proud of being the only regiment that wear muffins, or brimless caps, that cannot be got on the head, and therefore lie on one side of it, like buns, and which, moreover, have no peak to shelter the rifleman's eyes from the sun while firing); I take up my belt a hole or two; I feel smart, alert, vigilant, ready even to meet the bilious and searching eye of Bagshot. I put a wicker flask of sherry and some sandwiches in my pocket, and am now armed and victualled for any siege that heat, hunger, fatigue, can beleaguer me with.

I am at the station in a very short time, rifle on shoulder, and find there all my gallant company, most of them a damp red as to the face; most of them mopping themselves, looking into the inside of their muffins, opening sandwich canteens that look like shaving-boxes, trying on their bayonet with a twist and click for practice; or looking at square cards, on which the bugle calls are printed; all are waiting to fall in, what time that pale fierce bugler (whose bugle hangs by a thick green cord round his neck) shall blow the required note. Captain Bagshot is having an early curry in the refreshment-room; but Captain Badliver is here, and so are Captain Smart, and Lieutenant Turpin, and Sergeants Sharp, and Todykin, and Briscott; also our good-natured, unwearied musketry instructor, Mr. Foresight; and our exhausted-looking armourer, who always seems jaded with perpetual rifle cleaning, and who, to swell the roll-call, has been clothed in the Downshire rifle dress. Some men are posing themselves gracefully on one leg, like the vignette to the Downshire Rifle Quadrilles, leaning their chins on the muzzle stoppers of their rifles; others are squatting down on steps with a bivouacking and brigand air; the majority are adjusting their straps to their chins, or rather lips. Suddenly, Bagshot appears, clinking his steel scabbard under his arm; Badliver carries his, tucked under his arm like an umbrella. The bugle sounds; the cheery cry of "Fall in!" resounds through the vaulted station; the engine screams with hungry impatience to be off to Badgerbury; we form "two deep;" we "right face;" we "trail arms;" we stumble up into the great horse vans of carriages.

A snorting yell, and we are off. Captain Smart brings the second company refreshment tickets, entitling the lucky holder to

sandwiches and a pint of ale; Lieutenant Filer takes our railway fare, and gives us return tickets. I am no longer a country conveyancer, or free agent, but a child, a soldier, a piece on a chess-board, a defender of my country clad in green and rhubarb, and wearing a muffin. We sing songs, we examine our rifle locks, we discuss Whitworth's and Enfield's, unbutton our collars, and sling our caps on to our rifles, while we drink sherry or ransack our canteens.

Green square fields, children breast-high in corn-fields, startled rooks, rushing brooks, solitary anglers, blandly staring cows—"Staunton Corner," we are there. We tumble out, we scramble into our company, every one calling out "Where's No. 1?" "Are you No. 2?" and eventually take our places. Now comes that martinet Filer behind each of us, and places with gentle care into the tin compartments of each of our cartouch-boxes thirty blank cartridges, and a little thimble-case of thirty caps.

And now that dreadful parade—white gloves on, "examine arms." We take out muzzle-stopper, pass clean rag down our gun-barrels, then hold it out on the end of the ramrod for inspection. The man next me shows his of a bright orange colour with rust, and Bagshot's scorn is hard to bear; another man, four from me, in replacing his ramrod, runs his bayonet through his nail (poor fellow), and retires to the rear to be overhauled by the doctor.

Now we are "proved," as it is called, we form "fours," changing from two deep, that is, to four deep; we return again to "twos," we right-about face, we fix bayonets, we order arms—we go through the whole rifleman's catechism, wheeling right, wheeling left; with somewhat hesitating accuracy we countermarch by files, we countermarch by ranks. Eventually, we form hollow square, and Bagshot draws forth a paper, and begins jauntily to read.

The paper is to announce that Lady Driver, having kindly promised to present a set of colours to the regiment, the ceremony will take place now, before we march to Badgerbury, three miles distant.

We march at once to Bagshot House, where, in the court-yard, the ceremony is to take place. The porter receives us at the gates with rather alarmed condescension. The Grecian portico of Bagshot House is crammed with the brave and the fair. Lady Driver, a little nervous, yet pleased at the task, is mounted on a coquettishly fretful chesnut marc. One or two of our officers are talking to her, and patting her horse with that sort of self-conscious unconsciousness not unknown to the stage, and not unseen in modern equestrian portraits. Lady Driver wears a habit of our uniform, green and rhubarb, which causes a murmur of approbation to run through our ranks.

The ceremony begins. We face—we reface—we "right-about-face," on purpose to change again directly—we port arms—we slope arms—we present arms, trying to encounter all the intricacy of the drill sergeant's directions—up go the rifles—down again—back go our right feet with mechanical precision. Our old sergeant in the Fusiliers, who is present to see his children display themselves, turns red with delight. We widen and heighten with military vigour and pride.

The ribbons in the portico flutter in sympathy, as now the band hired for the day strike up with thump and bray, and we move off like one man, with long swaying vermicular motion, heads and rifles level, feet together in rhythm, our eyes off the ground, and fixed sternly and steadily before us. O Downshire, thou hast reason to be proud of the Rhubarb and the Green! We return to our places. Lady Driver advances on the wanton chesnut; she bears in her little white gauntleted hand a small square flag of green silk, with the regiment's name worked in silver letters on a maroon chevron (the street boys call us the "Bigaroons"); she bows and presents it to the captain, who bows too, a very A 1 bow; but what they are talking about we cannot hear, for both are a little nervous, the wind is high, and we are some distance off, and all the time Captain Bagshot talks he holds the end of his shining sword in his left hand, as if he were a Bluebeard going to execute Lady Driver, and only waiting first to hear if she has anything to say in extenuation of her offence. Now, each of the sergeants, some gay, some shambling, some cool, quiet, and sturdy, advances and receives a flag, which, as they receive, they bow and slip into the barrel of their rifles with an air of mechanical pride; then two prize rifles are handed to the winners, who shoulder them with stolid contentment, evidently thinking them rather dearly bought by such a dreadful publicity and such a tremendous ceremonial.

The colours are given, the gates are flung open, and we march on to Badgerbury, along a road blowing white with dust. The rustics are gathered to cheer us; pretty housemaids, in dainty neat caps, smile on the green and rhubarb; shopmen suspend business to come and envy us; waggoners stay the pewter-pot half way to their heads, and salute us with hearty greetings. As for the boys, they get in our way, and shout and joke according to their wont; for this is an irreverent age, and Bagshot is stout, and we are, perhaps, not very well matched in size—though we do hide our little men in the centre.

The way is hot, the rifle is heavy. Men in the rear will tread on your heels, and every time a tune changes we lose step for a minute or two. I pass my time in earnestly begging my rear-rank man, whose loaded gun has been known to go off prematurely, to take care in the sham-fight not to keep his gun on full cock, not to load twice over, and not to fire off his ramrod. Upon which, seeing me nervous, a gallant fellow next me (a right file) enumerates all the accidents he has ever known happen to volunteers ever since "the movement" began. How one

man dropped a bayonet through his foot; how another blew two of his fingers off; how a third was shot in the back; how a marker at a target was killed last week by a ricochet bullet. Our sham-fight, he thinks, will be a small Waterloo, if men like Jones don't take care. Jones, upon this, flings a joke at the right file, which excites a laugh! Then Filer, looking more than usually acid and Don Quixoty, is obliged to growl out, "No talking, gentlemen, in the ranks!"

There is a slight grumble at this, for volunteers are volunteers; and who is Filer, that he should torment us before our time? On we march, striking up our famous marching tune written by the celebrated Bononcini—an invigorating tune; and now once through Chickton we are at Badgerbury, where an adjutant of Sir Edward Hardstock's charges us, and tells us our position in the field.

The 14th Downshire Land Marines are behind us, with the brassiest band I ever suffered from. Before us, with firm but springy step, march the 20th Downshire Howitzers to certain victory: their red plumes vibrating in the wind, and their enormous drum getting beside itself with excitement. We reach the Downs through a park of stubby oaks with boughs quite tied in knots; but we first enter a meadow, and fall violently on a cask full of ginger-beer, then march on the grassy plateau, where the fight is to commence. It is a beautiful elevated down, with far blue horizon, and long slopes of grass, grizzled with the heat, speckled black here and there with clumps of furze, that here and there break into plantations of small firs, and thorny jungles of bramble, wild rose, and such poor orphan and neglected flowers.

We pile arms—a most difficult operation with volunteers, for no one ever knows how to lock his ramrod, whether below or above. At last they are stacked, we can "stand clear" and lie down as we like, and dream over the blue distance, or look at and covet the pretty Amazons, who, in tight-breasted riding-habits and bewitching round hats and pheasants' feathers, showing all burnished in the sun, canter about.

The 110th Downshire Foot Dragoons are approaching, their green feathers dancing in the wind; then come the Land Marines, folding up their mackintosh capes, their red-banded caps moving even and true. The officers, slightly self-conscious, are marching bravely on the flanks, their silver whistles and chains shining pleasantly, their silver lace gleaming in the sunshine.

On a fiery horse up dashes Captain Bagshot. In the distance I see Sir Edward Hardstock riding, surrounded by men in green and scarlet; the field-day has commenced in earnest. Oh that we (the rhubarb and green) may be found equal to the occasion, and escape the sneering of those dreadful supercilious Land Marines! "Stand to!" is the cry. We seize our rifles and unlock them from the stacks. "Eyes right!—*dress!*" We form two deep. "*Right wheel!*" Filer comes round and entreats us to look to the left, and to keep touching the elbow of our right hand men. "Halt!—dress!" Those who have lagged behind or broken the line now scramble forward, and in an injured way elbow in.

But already while we are doing this the bugles are sounding, and the Land Marines are being thrown out as skirmishers. There they are, five hundred yards away, on the edge of that stubble-field, in a long line: two men at every six yards or so. See how they open fire! Slowly rolls the smoke from rifle to rifle, one man of the two always keeping his piece loaded. How the fire flows from right to left! Now the Downshire Foot Dragoons race forward at the double and relieve them, dashing through the openings, and kneeling beyond them while they fall back.

Diagonal marches, marching on alignments in open columns of sub-division, wheeling forwards by subdivisions, form line, marches in echelon by sections, are going on all over the downs—all set a going, and kept a going, and watched by the eagle eye of that wonderful Sir Edward Hardstock.

Close to us the Land Marines, a great dark mass of green feathers, have thrown themselves into a square to receive supposititious cavalry. Click-click, click-click, go the bayonets, and down go the front ranks on their knees; the square is one great geometrical hedgehog bristling with steel. Now they load, I see the steel ramrods flicker in the sun, I hear them ring down the grooved barrels, I hear the hoarse cry of command—a measured instant, and there is a tremendous exploding roar as of a mine going up through the air. It is not as of six hundred rifles, but as of one enormous cannon.

"Form rallying square!" shouts a voice. Away pelts the not very swift-footed Bagshot, and sword perpendicular, plants himself forty yards off. Away we pelt after him and drop down into square, fixing bayonets as we run. Now back into line for "file firing" from right of companies. The signal to pull the trigger is the sound of the extreme right-hand man's gun, the rap of the hammer of his rifle on the little copper hat of his percussion cap. Bang. Bang!

"Very well! gentlemen," says Filer, "but a little too quick; always make a pause of slow time after coming to the 'present.'" Ah! It is all very well to preach, Filer, but think of the sympathetic acceleration of pulse the excitement produces. Why, I no longer wonder that in the old war the French grenadiers scarcely used the ramrod, but rammed the but on the ground after putting the cartridge in at the muzzle, and fired. No wonder that that strange taciturn French Emperor thinks of unsighting the rifles, since in real fighting the French soldiers seldom stay to use their sights. It is no use in firing a volley to try and keep your gun back—off it goes, and you hardly know when you touch your own trigger.

"Now load and fire in twos, quick as you can, judging your own time!" Twist off the top of the blue cartridge, pour in the coarse black

pepper gunpowder, ram down the charge, cant round the rifle, tip off the black split cap and put on a bran-new one, let down the hammer and re-cock it. "Now then, front-rank men, are you ready?—together—make ready—present—fire!" And so go all our three hundred rhubarb and greens, except those who, having double-loaded and got alarmed, have fallen to the rear to have their rifles examined by the armourer.

Now, having rushed forward in a waving line, always breaking at intervals like a sand rope, we are pushed forward; we charge up the furzy hill and drive the enemy through the woods, that now smoke and echo with the fire of our skirmishers. The advance is rather trying to the patience, especially when nagged and taunted by Filer and Snapper. The furzes prick us, the footing is uncertain, the long drooping fir-boughs rough with cones slap back in our faces, the brambles claw us; a line it is impossible to keep. We talk to each other, and joke about the disgraceful nature of the ground on which we are expected to execute complicated manœuvres.

"Keep together, gentlemen! Dress—dress! This is disgraceful! No talking there in the ranks, or I give up the command. Dress—for Heaven's sake, dress!"

At last we get on to a small plateau at the edge of the woods, and at the head of a wooded valley that swarms with troops. It is the scene of the last act of our field-day. We are now the reserve. We lie down and watch, we see the skirmishers ferret into the wood, kneel, blaze away, and push on. We see the smoke-puffs spreading between the trees where the men shelter themselves to fire. Now and then an adjutant dashes round the wood with orders.

Presently the whole valley is full of men; they ooze from every bush and covert; the smoke comes up as from a great caldron. The roar of the guns tears the sky, and the echoes reduplicate every shot. It is one unceasing rattling echo, one rolling and swelling, but still unceasing volley. The great crimson setting sun looks down astonished. At last we are repulsed; we, the reserve, are to head the retreat. Slowly we break through the woods, now getting damp and grey with evening dews. We charge up-hill at the double; show our unabated vigour (I am dead tired, and as for Filer, I am certain he would like to be carried); we are drawn up in line opposite three blazing camp-fires and a waggon full of beer and sandwiches.

After a slight mutiny at a delay, each gets what so few men get—his desert. The sandwiches fly down our throats, the willing casks are besieged and almost staved in by thirsty souls.

Some daring creature with strong legs then proposes to walk home to Staunton, where most of us will have to disperse. The minority is afraid to dissent. The drum awakes, the fife soars aloft; off we go into the darkness, the stars piloting our way. We sing that brave old bragging war song of the Irish chaplain, dead so many years since,

"There's none in the world you can compare to the British grenadier;"

we sing Canadian boat songs and German *lieder;* Le Sieur de Framboisie scares the owls of Biddicombe Park; Cum Marte Minerva rouses the night echoes of Witherington. Our march through villages is a sight to see. Little children in their nightgowns run down to cottage doors to look at "the soldiers." Old night-capped women peer at us through horny spectacles, out of latticed windows. Boozy revellers in ale-house parlours seem inclined to take us for the French, and, discovering their mistake, dash their pipes on the ground and cheer drunkenly. Policemen glance at us patronisingly. Village quidnuncs pronounce us "the right sort of thing." The stars are winking sleepily when we reach Staunton and disperse.

ON THE CHIMNEY-PIECE.

In this little gossip on chimneys and chimney-pieces, I assume as my text that the primitive fireplaces were those made on the floor, in the middle of the room; and that fireplaces having flues or chimneys, were an after construction.

It has been supposed, though I think not quite satisfactorily proved, that the Norman castles were constructed originally with chimneys, much after the fashion of those now in use; and some examples are pointed out in proof of their existence at this period—such as Hedingham and others—where most undoubtedly there are chimneys. But these castles were in good repair, and in occupation in Edward the Fourth's reign, and probably in that of Henry the Seventh's also—certainly that of Hedingham was, for in it John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, entertained this monarch in a most sumptuous manner, putting his numerous retainers into livery, and thus breaking a statute previously passed, for which the king fined him fifteen hundred marks. This was rather hard on a man who had done so much to honour his sovereign as his guest, and who had been one of the main instruments in raising him to the throne. Such castles, with the Jews' House at Lincoln, Boothby Pagnel Manor-house, and others, are cited for showing the great antiquity of chimneys; but at the present period it is almost impossible to say what alterations may have taken place from time to time in the improvement of the domestic arrangements of the abodes of our ancestors, though the original structure and style of architecture may have remained in most respects unchanged. I therefore venture to assume that the chimneys alluded to as now existing in these early mansions, are rather examples of an abandonment of the old inconvenient mode of making fires on the open ground, in favour of the invention of flues or chimneys. This is surely a more reasonable supposition, than that the great advantage derived from these tubes for conveying

away the smoke, was abandoned in favour of the old barbarous and inconvenient custom.

No remains of chimneys, that I am aware of, have been discovered in the Roman buildings either at Pompeii, Herculaneum, or elsewhere; but Lysons, in his account of the magnificent Roman villa discovered at Bignor, in Sussex, in the years 1811-1815, speaks of a fireplace twenty-one inches and a half wide in the front, seventeen inches at the back, and eight inches deep: with a hearth formed of eight bricks, each about seven inches square. The fireplace was formed of two brick tiles on each side, which had been cramped together with iron, and were placed sloping on the sides of the stove, as adopted many centuries later by Count Rumford. No part of any funnel or chimney by which the smoke might have been conveyed away, remained. I am not aware, Lysons says, of any kind of open fireplace of this sort having been discovered elsewhere in the remains of a Roman building, though it is certain, from various passages in the Roman writers, that other means were employed by the ancients for warming their apartments, besides hypocausts. The Caminus is mentioned by Horace, Cicero, Vitruvius, and others; but commentators on these authors are by no means agreed as to its form or situation, and it has been much questioned by some of them, on the authority of several passages in ancient writers, and from none having been discovered in the remains of Roman buildings, whether there was any chimney or other means of conveying away the smoke: though it is hardly to be conceived that a room could have been habitable under such circumstances, more especially when it was necessary to close the doors and windows. In the records of the extensive repairs carried on in Westminster Hall by Sir Robert Smirke, no mention is made of any flue or chimney-shaft having been discovered. It is probable there never may have been any other means of warming this vast apartment—the largest but two, in Europe, in one span—but from one prodigious fire under the present louvre; and that the custom of making the open fire in the centre of the great hall, continued in practice after chimneys had been introduced into the smaller and more private apartments.

I will therefore assume, that the earliest chimney-pieces—if fireplaces without chimneys be not a misnomer—were those in which the fires were made on a raised dais of stone. (Chaucer writes it deis, rhyming with burgeis.) The dais was generally of an octagonal or round form, and placed in the centre of the great hall. Upon this platform the fire was made, and the smoke went curling up to the oaken roof, making its exit through a large opening. These openings in after times, when the fire was removed to the side walls of the room for the convenience of the chimney, were surmounted by an ornamental-glazed lantern. Most of our readers are no doubt acquainted with Westminster Hall, originally built by William Rufus, but pulled down by Richard the Second, and rebuilt by him as we now see it. A good example of this lantern may be seen there, as well as in other ancient halls in various parts of England. When our improved chimneys of the present day are not proof against an open door or window, or against sudden gusts of wind beating down, we may conclude that a very smoky and clouded atmosphere must have pervaded the apartments of our ancestors, liable as they were, not only to the draughts below, but to the storms of hail, snow, or rain from above, which often came down spluttering on the enormous fire underneath. It can readily be imagined how the richly embroidered velvets and brocaded silks of the gallants and ladies who thronged to the festivities, of which the great hall was always the centre, must have suffered from an atmosphere tainted with the smoke, that all the winter season hung hovering about the apartment. It is true, it was a purer smoke than we have now-a-days, or it would have been unbearable; for it was of wood. Had it been of coal, the atmosphere would have been noxious and intolerable.

To remedy, to some extent, this inconvenience, a movable reredos, or screen, was so placed as to prevent the air from driving the smoke over the lower part of the hall, which generally came from that side of the apartment where the latticed and unglazed windows admitted the external air. Glass was at this early period a luxury, seldom used except in churches, and even then sparingly. People were much more advanced in the art of making jewellery, rich embroidery, and silks of damask, than in those useful arts and manufactures which contributed to the comfort and convenience of mankind.

The frequency of conflagrations at this period rendered some legislation necessary. The Curfew, or, in Norman French, Couvre feu, or, in English, Cover fire, has been said to have been introduced into England by the Norman conqueror, William the First: not as an oppressive measure to be imposed on his English subjects—he was much too politic a monarch for that—but as a custom previously adopted in Normandy and other countries of Europe, as a most necessary precaution against accidents by fire, and one equally in use at the court of the sovereign as it was among the nobles, and so downward to the lower orders. It was continued through successive reigns until that of Henry the First, who repealed the law so far as it concerned the court. It must be borne in mind that the early habits in fashion at this period rendered the custom not so inconvenient as we of modern days might suppose. People who rose with the sun and went to bed with it, and who took their dinner, perhaps, at ten, felt no great hardship in putting an extinguisher on their lights at eight or nine o'clock in the winter season. In the summer time, they probably required no artificial light at all. The Curfew bell has continued to toll at

eight o'clock in many of the old cities of England; and in the cathedral town of Gloucester it is up to this day regularly rung out at St. Michael's Church at the great Cross, where the four principal streets meet. It is pretty certain that an article either of brass or iron, shown as a Couvre feu, or Cover fire, in some collections, is a kind of occasional or portable oven, put over bread baking on the hot embers or ashes under it, and simply employed as a means of keeping in or concentrating the heat. It is manifestly too small for the purpose of extinguishing the monster fires used at a period, the fuel of which consisted of large billets of wood. To this primitive chimney-piece, or bonfire, as we might well call it, succeeded the huge chimney, in which you could sit below, and see the stars above—at least when the state of the weather was not so tempestuous as to drive you from your star-gazing. These chimney-pieces generally sloped off from the ceiling of the room to perhaps about five feet from the stone hearth, which was raised some few inches more or less from the floor.

This slanting shape formed a canopy over the fire; and a very handsome feature in a room it frequently was. It was generally highly and richly decorated, especially in Belgium and other parts of the Continent. In England, remains may still be seen in many of our ruined castles. A very fine specimen of this kind is given in De Haig's views; another may be seen at the Hôtel Cluny, in Paris; another in our own collection at the Kensington Museum. The late Mr. Pugin adopted this style in the house he built at Ramsgate, and unquestionably those who imitate the period of architecture to which they belong, would do well to follow the example. No such house could be in good taste otherwise—and it may always be so decorated as to redeem it from coarseness.

Where the slope terminated, which was at a point bringing it between four or more feet from the wall, a border or frieze descended straight downward for fifteen or sixteen inches; this was often very floridly carved in stone, some subject in figures, forming, perhaps, a procession or historical tale, being generally chosen. Sometimes, heraldic blazonings, shields, crests—in other instances masks and foliage—were introduced, as taste or fancy suggested. In some cases, a movable border was substituted; this generally consisted of a straight drapery of tapestry or needlework, generally the latter, and often the work of the ladies of the family. Its effect was rich and striking, when combined with a pair of splendid fire-dogs, nearly four feet high, of fine brass, called latten, or latyn, sometimes of iron, very richly wrought and of fine design. Occasionally they were of silver, as may be seen at Knole, Hatfield, and other places; thus fashioned, they gave an air of nobleness and grandeur to the whole, which modern grates and chimney-pieces can hardly compete with, beautiful and highly finished as they unquestionably are. There was also an appearance of comfort, coziness, and good cheer, in these hospitable-looking hearths, that we miss in the present diminished receptacles for fires. The fuel was supported by a fire-back, often richly cast in iron. Frequently the highly embossed arms of the family, at other times some hero of the day, would appear on horseback; in others, mythological subjects formed the design. A very fine pair of these fire-dogs may be seen now in the great hall at Knebworth, the abode of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in whose family they have been since the reign of Henry the Seventh. They are of fine old latten, upwards of four feet high, and have the supporters of the family arms, two angels, at the foot.

This kind of chimney-piece may now be seen in Switzerland, where the advantage of the canopy covering, may be still tested in use. Overhanging as it does the hearth, advancing, indeed, into the room, the fire can be brought much more forward than any other arrangement would allow of; consequently, the heat is more diffused over the apartment, and the family can almost surround the fire—embracing it, as it were, front and sides. The fanciful Swiss cottage at the Colosseum, Regent's Park, has a good imitation of these Swiss chimney-pieces.

It was considered an improvement to do away with this sloping fashion of chimney. Accordingly we find the next in succession descending straight downward with the wall, but this was the utmost extent of the improvement, if improvement it may be called. Its jaws gaped wider, forming as it were a cavern; the huge opening stretched in width to twelve or more feet, and was sustained in the more rude structures by a cross-beam of oak, about five feet from the ground; or at least always of sufficient height to be in no danger from the flaming mass below.

In many of these chimney-pieces, or rather in the chimney corners or sides, an arched recess was cut or originally built, in shape like those beehive chairs still to be seen in the halls of the larger mansions of London, vis-à-vis with the state sedan-chairs, now no longer in use, and in which the hall porter ensconces himself. Generally one of these snug and warm berths occupied one side of the chimney; in other cases, two; the great width of the hearth placing the berth at sufficient distance from the fire to prevent its occupant from being roasted alive. The yule log, called in some counties—in Worcestershire, Herefordshire, and perhaps Gloucestershire—a brun, formed an important and necessary ingredient in making up the fire. This combustible fire-back was an essential thing, in consequence of the deep-set fire-hearth; it was almost a little room in itself—a boudoir of fire. The log was generally of very large size, being either the root or part of the body, of some big tree, and it generally required the strength of three or four men to bring it in. It was not merely at Christmas that this sacrifice was offered to the fire, though a more magnificent specimen was always chosen at the

Christmas season. It was renewed as its gradual waste might render necessary. The surface next the fire glowed with a slumbering heat, which never died out, night nor day, until at last it was reduced to such small dimensions as to be no longer fit for its purpose. It was then raked forward among the smaller billets and embers, and another monarch of the woods reigned in its stead. These monster chimneys were not without their domestic uses: their sides were lined with noble flitches of bacon, hams, chaps, &c., which were hung there to undergo the last process of curing. In this primitive but matchless way, an ample store of this relishable food was prepared for the largest establishment, and thus it obtained a flavour far more exquisite than any attainable by any other artificial or more rapid means. The birds, too, would make use of the top of the chimney as a warm berth in which to build their nests, but sometimes, overpowered with the smoke, would fall fluttering into the fire below.

These very extended hearths became afterwards somewhat less, and in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the decoration and consequence of chimney-pieces reached their greatest splendour; they were vast, massive, and elaborate, extending from floor to ceiling; and the observer could not fail to be struck with the remarkable resemblance there was between the monuments of the period and the chimney-pieces. They might have changed places and have been equally appropriate for either purpose, more particularly when the latter were of stone or marble, as was often the case. Hatfield, the residence of the Marquis of Salisbury, is singularly rich in these grand structures. They are mostly of marble, and in the finest taste of the period. Chimney-pieces of the Elizabethan time, and that of James the First, are to be found in many of the fine mansions of England, carved in oak; and they may be, as the dealing phrase is, "picked up" by some fortunate discoverer, in his rambles into distant country towns. The palace of Fontainebleau boasts of several elaborate examples of this kind. Some of the sculptures are in stone, mostly representing mythological figures as large as life, and are very fine. In the centre of one huge entablature is inserted a handsome clock, giving a useful look to the elaborate ornamentation which surrounds it. Over another chimney-piece rises Henri Quatre, life size, in marble state, seated on a prancing charger.

In Charles the Second's reign, Grinling Gibbons executed some fine chimney-pieces: at least that portion of them which was above the jambs, and in which generally at that period were inserted paintings—frequently portraits; in some cases these were removed, and looking-glasses substituted. Though the real chimney-piece might be said to be below this, the richly-carved frame above it gave such an architectural elevation to the whole that it might with propriety be considered as forming a portion of the chimney-piece itself, though not constructed upon the decided plan of those earlier examples already mentioned. Since the time of Queen Anne, chimney-pieces have been gradually losing their altitude and progressing downward, till they have descended very low. This being the case, according to the general run of fashion, we may expect their gradual rise again; and another generation or so may see them claiming acquaintance with the ceilings once more. Architecturally speaking, this would be a great gain in effect; for, though fashion in houses, as in dress and other matters, reconciles us to all changes, however tasteless and unpalatable they may be at first, still there is a certain staple grandeur in some designs that never fails to excite our admiration. Whether the grandeur be of the age of the Pyramids, or be Grecian, Roman, Saxon, Gothic, or Elizabethan, it is not for a day: it is for ever.

In process of time, the space occupied by the fire became gradually still more contracted; coal came into more general use; grates occupied the place of the old fire-dogs; they were movable, and the sides of the chimney were frequently lined with Dutch tiles, in small squares; sometimes a large tile, filling the whole space, was employed. The grates themselves were often of good design, displaying much elegance in engraved work, and also in an open cut pattern; they were of polished steel, brass, or Teutonic metal; they are even now much in request.

About the period of George the Second's reign, and until towards the middle of George the Third's reign, an elegant and graceful adaptation of marble and carved woodwork united, was introduced into the fashioning of chimney-pieces. The jambs and inner piece in these instances were of marble, and round these, and forming the mantelpiece also, carved woodwork was introduced: the sides or uprights being generally pillars, which, if not exactly classical, were still appropriate and effective. These pillars supported a piece of carving, often of very elegant design—either very delicate foliage, birds, urns, or figures, with festoons of flowers gracefully looped up, falling over the subject. At a certain house on Falstaff's Gad's-hill there is an admirable specimen of these chimney-pieces: perhaps, as good a sample of this very tasteful decoration as can be found. In this instance, the interior margin is of marble; the sides, two fluted pillars supporting an entablature, the two extremities of which form two projections over the capitals of the pillars, and upon this projection are carved figures playing music; in the centre is an oblong medallion elaborately carved in figures, representing some subject from Roman history; these two end projections, together with the centre one, leaves a sunken panel on each side, upon which is introduced an urn, with foliage playfully entwining in wreaths about it; over this, are some rich mouldings forming a cornice; and above, is a design which fills the space to the ceiling—a rather unusual thing in this kind of embellishment. It consists of a large oval medallion of framework encircling a graceful female figure—of Ceres, perhaps. This

picture, if it may be called such, is suspended by ribbons formed into a bow, and from this again falls a drapery or festoon of foliage, looped up at each corner by a rosette, with pendants of the same foliage dropping from them.

About the latter end of the eighteenth century, the ingenious and benevolent Count Rumford made a simple but useful improvement in grates, by contracting and sloping off the sides of the fireplace, and thus giving it an oblique instead of a square shape; by which means great waste of heat was avoided and the appearance of the chimney rendered more sightly. Grates were now become fixtures, and, when thus altered, they were said to be Rumfordised. This may be regarded as the forerunner of the register grates, which have gone on improving until they have reached their present high state of finish and beauty.

AT THE COURT OF THE KING OF THE GIPSIES.

"I would tak' ye to the ould king mysel', but I am no gleik (whatever that may be) wi' his daughter the Fa'a."

"The who?"

"The Fa'a; the king is a Bligh, but his daughter is a Fa'a."

Receiving no end of thanks from the handsome girl who had been my guide so far, for a very small coin, I walked forward to pay my respects to Mr. Bligh, the King of the Gipsies, who accorded me a cordial but rather dignified reception. The old gentleman (he died but the other day) had been considerably excited by certain events of the morning, and had not yet recovered his equanimity.

"The cattle on a thousand hills were mine and my forbears, and the land was mine for their fodder, and now what are they leaving me? They clip and they reive till my land is well nigh gane, and my place will be no more found. A fine thing to reive us of our ain at this gate. I'll send a 'morial to the Queen Victoria, if I can find ane that will tak' it, and if she don't gie me back my land, she must e'en gie me a pension, or a tribute like."

There was much that was striking and peculiar in the manner in which the old man expatiated on his real or imaginary wrongs; and the occasional use of phrases from the Hebrew prophets introduced, as if they were the ordinary and unpremeditated expression of his thoughts, added much to the impressiveness of his language. His daughter the "Fa'a," walked at the pony's head, and with her tall, muscular, and almost manly figure, and the peculiar cast of her features (presenting a perfect resemblance to those of the gigantic head of Memnon in the British Museum), was decidedly handsome. The long eye inclined upward at the outer angle, the almost straight nose projecting but little from the face, with the thin delicate nostril, the lips slightly protruded at the line of juncture; the long oval face and round undimpled chin, bearing a close resemblance to the character of countenance we are in the habit of attributing to the ancient Egyptians.

The way back to Yetholm lay down the reverse side of the hill to that by which I had ascended, and finding conversation difficult, not to say impossible, amidst the clamour and interruption of the noisy crowd that accompanied us, I arranged for a special visit of ceremony to his majesty shortly after my arrival in the gipsy village. I call it the "gipsy village," as it is occupied exclusively by that people, and is separated by some three-fourths of a mile, and by the wild and picturesque stream of the Beaumont water, from the other village of the same name, where I had put up the night previous.

The gipsy settlement consisted of about sixty or seventy houses, much of the class usually occupied by the lowest order of agricultural labourers; but as far as I had an opportunity for judging, superior to them generally in comfort and cleanliness, and much surpassing in these respects an Irish, or, indeed, a Scotch village of the same pretensions. The habits of the people, instead of being nomadic as I expected to find them, were decidedly industrial, as was evidenced by the fact that instead of adjourning to the beer-shops to talk over the events of the morning as a Saxon peasantry would have done, and, indeed, actually were doing in the adjoining village; ten minutes after our return found the men all pursuing their usual avocation, and with the true Ishmaelitist's love of "sitting at the door of their tents," such light handicrafts as admitted of it, basket-making, coopering, and such-like, were invariably pursued outside their cottage doors. This certainly contributed an air of cheerfulness and respectability, wanting in a village street, when you see only an occasional passer-by, and a crowd of idlers at the inn-door. In physical, and, perhaps, in moral development, these people struck me as being a decidedly superior race than we are accustomed to see in the lanes and commons of England, and are certainly not to be compared with their degenerate brethren in Spain, Germany, and the south of Europe. A more than usually orderly appearance was given to the village by the children, instead of running wild in the gutter, being in every instance, when of sufficient age, engaged at their father's feet, assisting in the parental occupation.

It was certainly a pleasant and cheery sight to see a man seated outside his cottage door in the bright sunshine, hacking and chipping at the staves of a barrel, or plaiting and twisting the withies for a basket, surrounded by his two, three, or four swarthy children, briskly and apparently profitably occupied in the same calling, while inside the cottage door the same glance might include the wife at her household duties, seated on the ground, preparing the dinner in the midst of the children, whose tender years rendered them her more especial charge. I observed, also, the clergyman of the parish going from cottage to cottage, engaged in the duties of his calling. In fact, I accompanied him

during a considerable portion of his walk, and I could not help remarking the cheerfulness and courtesy with which his visits were in all cases received. I learnt, however, from him afterwards that he is by no means sanguine as to the general effect of his ministrations; but that these people have some depth of religious feeling is evident from the eagerness they display for a certain degree of church membership. The minister informing me, that though living in Scotland they were punctual in taking their infants across the border to receive church baptism in the English establishment; the Scottish Kirk declining to receive them, on the plea of their heathen origin. The people, moreover, even the children, could in most instances read and write, and were well up in their catechism. Some few hours previously I was considering the advisability of hiding my watch-guard, on coming into the village; but a glance at the place assured me that it was as safe there, if not safer, than in the main street of Edinburgh. Having gone the round of the village, I went according to invitation to visit the king at his own residence, his daughter (not knowing her christian name, I will call her Cleopatra) having intimated that a call would be most acceptable after a short delay. His majesty's residence was not distinguished by any pretensions in external appearance beyond those of his subjects; in its internal economy it was, however, far superior, being remarkable for the order and cleanliness that pervaded it in every corner.

Notwithstanding her royal descent, Cleopatra considered herself fully competent to the discharge of all the domestic duties of the household, consequently she dispensed with assistants. A momentary thought suggested itself to me, that the half-hour we had spent in perambulating the village might have been occupied in preparing the royal household for our reception, but the cleanliness of walls, ceiling, and floor, the almost excruciating polish of the candlesticks, snuffers, fire-irons, and such-like metal implements, the brilliance of the crockery, and the immaculate snow of the bed linen (his majesty, like some other monarchs, received in his sleeping department), forbade any such depreciatory conclusion. On the top of a well-worn family Bible lay a pair of silver spectacles, and I took advantage of this circumstance to open the conversation by some remarks on the best treatment of failing sight. The man was exceedingly intelligent, and well up in that kind of superficial reading that may be acquired from the cheap periodical literature. Having made a prelude, I went more directly to my particular object.

"A peculiar name Faa, what is it from?"

"Ay, it's not Faa as you make it, it's F-a, then a mark, and then another a, Fa'a."

"Indeed, and what is the meaning of the name?" This question I put with the object of discovering something relative to their peculiar language.

"Its the name we have all borne since we came to Scotland, two thousand years or more, maybe three thousand. Ah! we were then a great folk; now we are a small one, all our land is taken from us, and our name is nothing, though we have kept it since we came from Egypt."

"What, you think you came from Egypt, then?"

"Ay, yes, yes, yes; we're Egyptians I ken weel. Some say we come from India, but it is not so; the daughter of King Pharaoh came to be Queen of Scotland. She married the king, and the Fa'as came with her."

"It's a curious name. What is it from?"

"It's just Pharaoh, named shortlike, Fa'a,"

"But about Pharaoh's daughter; was it the one that found Moses in the bulrushes that married the King of Scotland?" I intended this question as a test of his chronology.

"No, not so old as that; one syne then."

"What? Did she marry a Malcolm or a James?"

"Oh no, no, no! afore that, his name was Dakru. She was most the last of the Fa'as. The Tomnics (query, Ptolomies?) came and drove them out; some went to the south and some to the north. It was she that brought the stone of Scoon over with her. Ye have it now in the British Museum, in Westminster Abbey, I'm told. She brought it fu' of diamonds and such."

"Where are the diamonds now?"

"They are in it now;" (but lest any enterprising person should be inclined to test the truth of this statement, he added) "but ye'll no find them, not if ye break it all to bits, for they are hid in it by her glamoury. She was a great diviner. She was a wise, wise woman, and could tell most all things. They balmed her and took her to Newcastle, where she is."

(Can any antiquary inform me if any Queen of Scotland lies at Newcastle. This to Notes and Queries.)

I do not know whether our northern countrymen are aware of the origin of their vin de pays. It seems that the Egyptian princess brought a pocket-pistol with her.

"And it was she that brought the whisky over, and tauld them how to make it. The Egyptians always had whisky: the strong drink stronger than wine you read of in the Bible."

"I have observed that most of you in Yetholm have blue eyes, that is different from your people generally."

"All the Fa'as have blue een, and if you look you'll see that all the mummies of Pharaoh's house have blue een, some painted and some in glass put in them. All the Pharaohs of our tribes had blue een."

"Then there were other Pharaohs, not of your tribes?"

"Ah, yes, there were others that did not speak our mouth."

"Oh, then you have a mouth?"

There was such a mixture of the fabulous with what might have been actual truth in his statements, that I became much interested in his conversation, and what perhaps attracted me

the more was, that he was not prodigal in his communications. What I could get out of him was the result of considerable pressing.

"Is not your language like that of India?"

"Na, na; we've no language different from other folks, none at all; they say we have, but it's na true."

This assertion I found afterwards to be incorrect. There are various topics on which a gipsy is impatient of being questioned, but on none are they so secretive as on this.

"But how can you tell a gipsy, suppose you meet one elsewhere, if you have no language of your own?"

"Ah, no, we've no language. All Egyptians have a wise man amongst them, and no tribe goes without one."

"A wise man, and what is he?"

"Ye may call him a wise man, or a Fet (or some such name); we have had one for every tribe syne we came from Egypt."

"And do you really think that any of your people when they tell fortunes can see into the future?"

"Some can, and some say they can, but can't; some of some tribes can surely tell you all that's to be."

"Here was Fanny Young this morning told me something of a person I saw yesterday at an old house, how did she know that?"

"Ah, Fanny Young, I don't know if she can tell or not, she says she can."

Here Cleopatra, with some vehemence, asserted she could not, it was a' make believe in her.

I was anxious to ascertain whether his majesty's title was recognised by other tribes, but on this point I could obtain no very decided answer; most of the tribes, if not all, in England and Scotland, acknowledged his de jure royalty, and some also, it would appear, in Germany, as it was only a fortnight before that he received a deputation from the gipsies of that country. Whether the Fa'as possess a de jure or a de facto sovereignty, certain it is that they have held the chief place amongst the Scottish gipsies for many centuries, as is evidenced in the old ballad of the elopement of the Lady Cassillis with Johnny Fa'a the gipsy laddey, who, it appears, with fifteen of his followers, fell victims to the vengeance of the injured husband.

JOHNNY FA'A,

THE GIPSY LADDEY.

The gipsies came to our good Lord's gate,
And vow but they sang sweetly,
They sang sae sweet and sae very compleat,
That down came the fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stairs,
And a' her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her well-far'd face
They coost the glamour o'er her.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie,
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gipsy laddey.

The king was anxious to inform me, somewhat in derogation of his own dignity, that he was not a Fa'a by birth, but acquired the name and title by marriage with the lady who was the oldest representative of that family, consequently his handsome daughter was the true Fa'a, and, as such, heir apparent to the royal dignity. He himself was a Bligh, a good old Egyptian family, that came over with Pharaoh's daughter. On the extinction of the last male line of the Fa'as he was crowned with all the observances peculiar to the people and the ceremony. The coronation was performed on his own land (the common), with his face to the east, the wise man pouring the anointing oil and wine on his head. It seems a fur robe is the correct thing on these occasions, but none being forthcoming, and a piece of fur, however small, being considered indispensable, the skin of a hare killed for the occasion did duty in the emergency. Sir Walter Scott had the honour of assisting at one of these ceremonies, but I believe a previous one to the installation of Mr. Bligh. He was, it would appear, a frequent visitor of the king's at Yetholm, and speered (asked) all about his people, and oftentimes did the king return the visit at Abbotsford, "just doon in the valley on the other bank, and a gude place it was, and the meat and the ale were good, and Sir Walter hissel would sit by and serve me with his ain hand, and the tobacco he aye sent to me. I miss it now, and the Leddey Scott and Mistress Lockhart he minded them all well, and a braw leddey, Leddey Kutes it was, was very affable to him. A fine big man Sir Walter Scott was, much like yoursel, and an awful lee'r. He comed to me and talked about our people, but when I read it in books of his it was not what I said, but full of lees they were. Is there no pulling a man up for telling lees?"

I answered I was afraid not. I was extremely curious to obtain some information respecting the religion of his people, but if they have any peculiar to themselves, he was as susceptible of being questioned about it as he was on the subject of their language. That they had had a religion hardly admits of a doubt, but it appeared to have so degenerated into superstition (and that of the basest kind) that its original features were no longer discernible. To my question, Why are your people so jealous of admixture of race with strangers? he answered that "It was ordained that we are to go back to our own country after the appointed time, and Pharaoh will again sit on the seat in his own land."

"When is that to be?"

"None know for sure, but it will no be long first, but after I am gone to my place."

What religion they might have had of their own seemed to form a kind of substratum to the Christian teaching, which, truth to say, sat but very lightly on the top. As I mentioned above, they have a firm belief in divination and magic, also in goblins and fairies, but not in ghosts on any account.

All the stories of haunted houses, so rife in the district, were, I was told, "Fause tales. No ghaist or speret could be; when we went to our place there we stayed till the calling."

Magic, natural or supernatural, was not one of the subjects on which I found the king disposed to be communicative, but from what I could gather it would seem that every tribe has one or more persons who are held to be extraordinarily gifted; something similar to or equivalent to mesmerism has been practised amongst them from time immemorial, but the faculty has always been confined to but few individuals, not necessarily on that account qualified to rank as wise men, since women were as often possessed of the power as the other sex. The principal occupation of the wise man would appear to be confined to divination and the conduct of ceremonies, in fact, a sort of compound between high priest and garter king at arms; probably, also, he is a depositary of their ancient language, but it is admitted that they are now much inferior to those of their predecessors that existed before the people left their native country; indeed, the wonders performed by the magicians before Moses and Aaron were but a poor exhibition to what was afterwards attained to, and is even now practised in the depths of Africa, where the Egyptians who sought refuge from their invaders, the undegenerate descendants of the old magicians —the wise men par excellence—are still to be found.

There can be no doubt but that (whatever the king stated to the contrary) the gipsy tribes at Yetholm, like their brethren on the Continent, possess a distinctive language, and, from its affinity to those now spoken in parts of the north of India, it has been assumed that the people originally migrated from that country; but it is no stretch of probability to suppose, in absence of proof to the contrary, that the speech of ancient Egypt might have borne such an affinity to that prolific mother of languages —the Sanscrit, as to make it a cognate tongue with the various dialects of Central Asia; but whatever language the gipsies may possess, it would appear from an incident I am going to relate, that the knowledge of it is confined in most cases to a few individuals. I am afraid that my fair reader will be somewhat disillusioned with respect to the Egyptian Princess Royal, when I state that like other regal ladies that could be named, Cleopatra smoked: as on proceeding to light the calumet of peace with Pharaoh, I was interested in no small degree at the lady producing from the recesses of her robe a clay pipe, that, from its colour, had evidently seen much service, and prepare to join in the same indulgence. I kept my own tobacco in a small bag that had been brought by a friend from Persia; round the edge of it was an elaborate arabesque ornament that might have been the characters of an Eastern language.

The lady appeared to take a fancy to the pouch, and wishing to leave her some memento of our visit, I begged her acceptance of it. She was pleased to receive the gift, at first most graciously, but after a time some misgiving seemed to take possession of her, and she returned it to me under the pretence of not understanding it to be a present. I explained that I hoped she would keep it as a souvenir, on which it was again accepted, but apparently with some reluctance. On the next morning, just as I was taking my departure from the inn, she made her appearance at the door, not to bid me a final adieu, as I had at first fondly imagined, but to ask me to resume the gift. She had submitted it to the wise man, who had read the mysterious characters, and had no hesitation in pronouncing them to be an enchantment of the enemy, and consequently impossible of acceptance.

Like many other potentates, Pharaoh's exchequer was liable to fluctuations, and its replenishment depended on tribute received from the tribe at Yetholm, and occasionally from such others in England and elsewhere as recognised his kingly title. Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria is also a tributary, but it is found most convenient as well as dignified to remit the amount through the ageney of the Poor Law Board, and with that punctuality for which her Majesty is conspicuous, the tribute is made payable in weekly instalments. At the time of our visit Pharaoh was (true kaiser like) rather "au see," in consequence of the greater part of the tribe being absent on their summer peregrinations, and till their return in October the revenue accounts would not be adjusted.

It is, however, right to say that this fact was not obtruded on my notice, but came to my knowledge after some questioning, and just before I took my leave.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE conversation with Mrs. Poyntz left my mind restless and disquieted. I had no doubt, indeed, of Lilian's truth, but could I be sure that the attentions of a young man, with advantages of fortune so brilliant, would not force on her thoughts the contrast of the humbler lot and the duller walk of life in which she had accepted as companion a man removed from her romantic youth less by disparity of years than by gravity of pursuits? And would my suit now be as welcomed as it had been by a mother even so unworldly as Mrs. Ashleigh? Why, too, should both mother and daughter have left me so unprepared to hear that I had a rival? Why not have implied some consoling assurance that such rivalry need not cause me alarm? Lilian's letters, it is true, touched but little on any of the persons round her—they were filled with the outpourings of an ingenuous heart, coloured by the glow of a golden fancy. They were written as if in the wide world we two stood apart, alone, consecrated from the crowd by the love that, in linking us together, had hallowed each to the other. Mrs. Ashleigh's letters were more general and diffusive, detailed the habits of the household, sketched the guests, intimated her continued fear of Lady Haughton, but had said nothing more of Mr. Ashleigh Sumner than I had repeated to Mrs. Poyntz. However, in my letter to Lilian I related the intelligence that had reached me, and impatiently I awaited her reply.

Three days after the interview with Mrs. Poyntz, and two days before the long-anticipated event of the mayor's ball, I was summoned to attend a nobleman who had lately been added to my list of patients, and whose residence was about twelve miles from L——. The nearest way was through Sir Philip Derval's park. I went on horseback, and proposed to stop on the way to inquire after the steward, whom I had seen but once since his fit, and that was two days after it, when he called himself at my house to thank me for my attendance, and to declare that he was quite recovered.

As I rode somewhat fast through Sir P. Derval's park, I came, however, upon the steward, just in front of the house. I reined in my horse and accosted him. He looked very cheerful.

"Sir," said he, in a whisper, "I have heard from Sir Philip; his letter is dated since—since—my good woman told you what I saw;—well, since then. So that it must have been all a delusion of mine, as you told her. And yet, well—well—we will not talk of it, doctor. But I hope you have kept the secret. Sir Philip would not like to hear of it, if he comes back."

"Your secret is quite safe with me. But is Sir Philip likely to come back?"

"I hope so, doctor. His letter is dated Paris, and that's nearer home than he has been for many years; and—but bless me — some one is coming out of the house? a young gentleman! Who can it be?"

I looked, and to my surprise I saw Margrave descending the stately stairs that led from the front door. The steward turned towards him, and I mechanically followed, for I was curious to know what had brought Margrave to the house of the long-absent traveller.

It was easily explained. Mr. Margrave had heard at L—— much of the pictures and internal decorations of the mansion. He had, by dint of coaxing (he said, with his enchanting laugh), persuaded the old housekeeper to show him the rooms.

"It is against Sir Philip's positive orders to show the house to any stranger, sir; and the housekeeper has done very wrong," said the steward.

"Pray don't scold her. I dare say Sir Philip would not have refused me a permission he might not give to every idle sight-seer. Fellow-travellers have a freemasonry with each other; and I have been much in the same far countries as himself. I heard of him there, and could tell you more about him, I dare say, than you know yourself."

"You, sir! pray do then."

"The next time I come," said Margrave, gaily; and with a nod to me, he glided off through the trees of the neighbouring grove, along the winding footpath that led to the lodge.

"A very cool gentleman," muttered the steward; "but what pleasant ways he has. You seem to know him, sir. Who is he—may I ask?"

"Mr. Margrave. A visitor at L——, and he

has been a great traveller, as he says; perhaps he met Sir Philip abroad."

"I must go and hear what he said to Mrs. Gates; excuse me, sir, but I am so anxious about Sir Philip."

"If it be not too great a favour, may I be allowed the same privilege granted to Mr. Margrave? To judge by the outside of the house, the inside must be worth seeing; still, if it be against Sir Philip's positive orders——"

"His orders were not to let the Court become a show-house—to admit none without my consent—but I should be ungrateful indeed, doctor, if I refused that consent to you."

I tied my horse to the rusty gate of the terrace-walk, and followed the steward up the broad stairs of the terrace. The great doors were unlocked. We entered a lofty hall with a domed ceiling; at the back of the hall the grand staircase ascended by a double flight. The design was undoubtedly Vanbrugh's, an architect who, beyond all others, sought the effect of grandeur less in space than in proportion. But Vanbrugh's designs need the relief of costume and movement, and the forms of a more pompous generation, in the bravery of velvets and laces, glancing amid those gilded columns, or descending with stately tread those broad palatial stairs. His halls and chambers are so made for festival and throng, that they become like deserted theatres, inexpressibly desolate, as we miss the glitter of the lamps and the movement of the actors.

The housekeeper had now appeared; a quiet, timid old woman. She excused herself for admitting Margrave—not very intelligibly. It was plain to see that she had, in truth, been unable to resist what the steward termed his "pleasant ways."

As if to escape from a scolding, she talked volubly all the time, bustling nervously through the rooms, along which I followed her guidance with a hushed footstep. The principal apartments were on the ground floor, or rather a floor raised some ten or fifteen feet above the ground; they had not been modernised since the date in which they were built. Hangings of faded silk; tables of rare marble, and mouldered gilding; comfortless chairs at drill against the walls; pictures, of which connoisseurs alone could estimate the value, darkened by dust or blistered by sun and damp, made a general character of discomfort. On not one room, on not one nook, still lingered some old smile of Home.

Meanwhile, I gathered from the housekeeper's rambling answers to questions put to her by the steward, as I moved on, glancing at the pictures, that Margrave's visit that day was not his first. He had been over the house twice before; his ostensible excuse that he was an amateur in pictures (though, as I have before observed, for that department of art he had no taste); but each time he had talked much of Sir Philip. He said that though not personally known to him, he had resided in the same towns abroad, and had friends equally intimate with Sir Philip; but when the steward inquired if the visitor had given any information as to the absentee, it became very clear that Margrave had been rather asking questions, than volunteering intelligence.

We had now come to the end of the state apartments, the last of which was a library. "And," said the old woman, "I don't wonder the gentleman knew Sir Philip, for he seemed a scholar, and looked very hard over the books, especially those old ones by the fireplace, which Sir Philip, Heaven bless him, was always poring over."

Mechanically I turned to the shelves by the fireplace, and examined the volumes ranged in that department. I found they contained the works of those writers whom we may class together under the title of mystics—Porphyry and Plotinus; Swedenborg and Behmen; Sandivogius, Van Helmont, Paracelsus, Cardan. Works, too, were there, by writers less renowned, on astrology, geomancy, chiromancy, &c. I began to understand among what class of authors Margrave had picked up the strange notions with which he was apt to interpolate the doctrines of practical philosophy.

"I suppose this library was Sir Philip's usual sitting-room?" said I.

"No, sir; he seldom sat here. This was his study;" and the old woman opened a small door, masked by false book backs. I followed her into a room of moderate size, and evidently of much earlier date than the rest of the house. "It is the only room left of an older mansion," said the steward, in answer to my remark. "I have heard it was spared on account of the chimney-piece. But there is a Latin inscription which will tell you all about it. I don't know Latin myself."

The chimney-piece reached to the ceiling. The frieze of the lower part rested on rude stone caryatides; in the upper part were oak panels very curiously carved in the geometrical designs favoured by the taste prevalent in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, but different from any I had ever seen in drawings of old houses. And I was not quite unlearned in such matters, for my poor father was a passionate antiquarian in all that relates to mediæval art. The design in the oak panels was composed of triangles interlaced with varied ingenuity, and enclosed in circular bands inscribed with the signs of the Zodiac.

On the stone frieze supported by the caryatides, immediately under the woodwork, was inserted a metal plate, on which was written, in Latin, a few lines to the effect that "in this room, Simon Forman, the seeker of hidden truth, taking refuge from unjust persecution, made those discoveries in nature which he committed, for the benefit of a wiser age, to the charge of his protector and patron, the worshipful Sir Miles Derval, knight."

Forman! The name was not quite unfamiliar to me; but it was not without an effort that my memory enabled me to assign it to one of the most notorious of those astrologers or soothsayers whom the superstition of an earlier age alternately persecuted and honoured.

The general character of the room was more cheerful than the statelier chambers I had hitherto passed through, for it had still the look of habitation. The arm-chair by the fireplace; the knee-hole writing-table beside it; the sofa near the recess of a large bay-window, with book-prop and candlestick screwed to its back; maps, coiled in their cylinders, ranged under the cornice; low strong safes, skirting two sides of the room, and apparently intended to hold papers and title-deeds; seals carefully affixed to their jealous locks. Placed on the top of these old-fashioned receptacles were articles familiar to modern use; a fowling-piece here; fishing-rods there; two or three simple flower vases; a pile of music-books; a box of crayons. All in this room seemed to speak of residence and ownership—of the idiosyncrasies of a lone single man, it is true, but of a man of one's own time—a country gentleman of plain habits but not uncultivated tastes.

I moved to the window; it opened by a sash upon a large balcony, from which a wooden stair wound to a little garden, not visible in front of the house, surrounded by a thick grove of evergreens, through which one broad vista was cut; and that vista was closed by a view of the mausoleum.

I stepped out into the garden—a patch of sward with a fountain in the centre—and parterres, now more filled with weeds than flowers. At the left corner was a tall wooden summer-house or pavilion—its door wide open. "Oh, that's where Sir Philip used to study many a long summer's night," said the steward.

"What! in that damp pavilion?"

"It was a pretty place enough then, sir; but it is very old. They say as old as the room you have just left."

"Indeed, I must look at it, then." The walls of this summer-house had once been painted in the arabesques of the Renaissance period; but the figures were now scarcely traceable. The woodwork had started in some places, and the sunbeams stole through the chinks and played on the floor, which was formed from old tiles quaintly tesselated and in triangular patterns, similar to those I had observed in the chimney-piece. The room, in the pavilion, was large, furnished with old wormeaten tables and settles.

"It was not only here that Sir Philip studied, but sometimes in the room above," said the steward.

"How do you get to the room above? Oh, I see; a staircase in the angle." I ascended the stairs with some caution, for they were crooked and decayed; and, on entering the room above, comprehended at once why Sir Philip had favoured it.

The cornice of the ceiling rested on pilasters, within which the compartments were formed into open unglazed arches, surrounded by a railed balcony. Through these arches, on three sides of the room, the eye commanded a magnificent extent of prospect. On the fourth side the view was bounded by the mausoleum. In this room was a large telescope, and on stepping into the balcony, I saw that a winding stair mounted thence to a platform on the top of the pavilion—perhaps once used as an observatory by Forman himself.

"The gentleman who was here to-day was very much pleased with this look-out, sir," said the housekeeper.

"Who would not be? I suppose Sir Philip has a taste for astronomy."

"I dare say, sir," said the steward, looking grave; "he likes most out-of-the-way things."

The position of the sun now warned me that my time pressed, and that I should have to ride fast to reach my new patient at the hour appointed. I therefore hastened back to my horse, and spurred on, wondering whether, in that chain of association which so subtly links our pursuits in manhood to our impressions in childhood, it was the Latin inscription on the chimney-piece that had originally biased Sir Philip Derval's literary taste towards the mystic jargon of the books at which I had contemptuously glanced.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I DID not see Margrave the following day, but the next morning, a little after sunrise, he walked into my study, according to his ordinary habit.

"So you know something about Sir Philip Derval?" said I. "What sort of man is he?"

"Hateful!" cried Margrave; and then checking himself, burst out into his merry laugh. "Just like my exaggerations! I am not acquainted with anything to his prejudice. I came across his track once or twice in the East. Travellers are always apt to be jealous of each other."

"You are a strange compound of cynicism and credulity. But I should have fancied that you and Sir Philip would have been congenial spirits, when I found, among his favourite books, Van Helmont and Paracelsus. Perhaps you, too, study Swedenborg, or, worse still, Ptolemy and Lilly?"

"Astrologers? No! They deal with the future! I live for the day; only I wish the day never had a morrow!"

"Have you not, then, that vague desire for the *something beyond;* that not unhappy, but grand discontent with the limits of the immediate Present, from which Man takes his passion for improvement and progress, and from which some sentimental philosophers have deduced an argument in favour of his destined immortality."

"Eh!" said Margrave, with as vacant a stare as that of a peasant whom one has addressed in Hebrew. "What farrago of words is this? I do not comprehend you."

"With your natural abilities," I asked with interest, "do you never feel a desire for fame?"

"Fame! Certainly not. I cannot even understand it!"

"Well, then, would you have no pleasure in the thought that you had rendered a service to humanity?"

Margrave looked bewildered. After a moment's pause, he took from the table a piece of bread

that chanced to be there, opened the window, and threw the crumbs into the lane. The sparrows gathered round the crumbs.

"Now," said Margrave, "the sparrows come to that dull pavement for the bread that recruits their lives in this world; do you believe that one sparrow would be silly enough to fly to a house-top for the sake of some benefit to other sparrows, or to be chirruped about after he was dead? I care for science as the sparrow cares for bread; it may help me to something good for my own life, and as for fame and humanity, I care for them as the sparrow cares for the general interest and posthumous approbation of sparrows!"

"Margrave; there is one thing in you that perplexes me more than all else—human puzzle as you are—in your many eccentricities and self-contradictions."

"What is that one thing in me most perplexing?"

"This; that in your enjoyment of Nature you have all the freshness of a child, but when you speak of Man and his objects in the world, you talk in the vein of some worn-out and hoary cynic. At such times, were I to close my eyes, I should say to myself, 'What weary old man is thus venting his spleen against the ambition which has failed, and the love which has forsaken him?' Outwardly the very personation of youth, and revelling like a butterfly in the warmth of the sun and the tints of the herbage, why have you none of the golden passions of the young? their bright dreams of some impossible love—their sublime enthusiasm for some unattainable glory? The sentiment you have just clothed in the illustration by which you place yourself on a level with the sparrows is too mean and too gloomy to be genuine at your age. Misanthropy is among the dismal fallacies of greybeards. No man, till man's energies leave him, can divorce himself from the bonds of our social kind."

"Our kind—your kind, possibly! But I——" He swept his hand over his brow, and resumed, in strange, absent, and wistful accents: "I wonder what it is that is wanting here, and of which at moments I have a dim reminiscence." Again he paused, and gazing on me, said with more appearance of friendly interest than I had ever before remarked in his countenance, "You are not looking well. Despite your great physical strength, you suffer like your own sickly patients."

"True! I suffer at this moment, but not from bodily pain."

"You have some cause of mental disquietude?"

"Who in this world has not?"

"I never have."

"Because you own you have never loved; certainly, you never seem to care for any one but yourself; and in yourself you find an unbroken sunny holiday—high spirits, youth, health, beauty, wealth. Happy boy!"

At that moment my heart was heavy within me. Margrave resumed:

"Among the secrets which your knowledge places at the command of your art, what would you give for one which would enable you to defy and deride a rival where you place your affections, which could lock to yourself, and imperiously control, the will of the being whom you desire to fascinate, by an influence paramount, transcendant?"

"Love has that secret," said I, "and love alone."

"A power stronger than love can suspend, can change, love itself. But if love be the object or dream of your life, love is the rosy associate of youth and beauty. Beauty soon fades, youth soon departs. What if in nature there were means by which beauty and youth can be fixed into blooming duration—means that could arrest the course, nay, repair the effects, of time on the elements that make up the human frame?"

"Silly boy! Have the Rosicrucians bequeathed to you a prescription for the elixir of life?"

"If I had the prescription I should not ask your aid to discover its ingredients."

"And is it in the hope of that notable discovery you have studied chemistry, electricity, and magnetism? Again I say, Silly boy!"

Margrave did not heed my reply. His face was overcast, gloomy, troubled.

"That the vital principle is a gas," said he, abruptly, "I am fully convinced. Can that gas be the one which combines caloric with oxygen?"

"Phosoxygen? Sir Humphry Davy demonstrates that gas not to be, as Lavoisier supposed, caloric, but light, combined with oxygen, and he suggests, not indeed that it is the vital principle itself, but the pabulum of life to organic beings."*

"Does he?" said Margrave, his face clearing up. "Possibly, possibly then, here we approach the great secret of secrets. Look you, Allen Fenwick, I promise to secure to you unfailing security from all the jealous fears that now torture your heart; if you care for that fame which to me is not worth the scent of a flower, the balm of a breeze, I will impart to you a knowledge which, in the hands of ambition, would dwarf into common-place the boasted wonders of recognised science. I will do all this, if, in return, but for one month you will give yourself up to my guidance in whatever experiments I ask, no matter how wild they may seem to you."

"My dear Margrave, I reject your bribes as I would reject the moon and the stars which a child might offer to me in exchange for a toy. But I may give the child its toy for nothing, and I may test your experiments for nothing some day when I have leisure."

I did not hear Margrave's answer, for at that moment my servant entered with letters. Lilian's hand! Tremblingly, breathlessly, I broke the seal. Such a loving, bright, happy letter; so

* See Sir Humphry Davy on Heat, Light, and the Combinations of Light.

sweet in its gentle chiding of my wrongful fears. It was implied rather than said that Ashleigh Sumner had proposed and been refused. He had now left the house. Lilian and her mother were coming back; in a few days we should meet. In this letter were enclosed a few lines from Mrs. Ashleigh. She was more explicit about my rival than Lilian had been. If no allusion to his attentions had been made to me before, it was from a delicate consideration for myself. Mrs. Ashleigh said that "the young man had heard from L—— of our engagement, and—disbelieved it;" but, as Mrs. Poyntz had so shrewdly predicted, hurried at once to the avowal of his own attachment, and the offer of his own hand. On Lilian's refusal his pride had been deeply mortified. He had gone away manifestly in more anger than sorrow. "Lady Delafield, dear Margaret Poyntz's aunt, had been most kind in trying to soothe Lady Haughton's disappointment, which was rudely expressed—so rudely," added Mrs. Ashleigh, "that it gives us an excuse to leave sooner than had been proposed—which I am very glad of. Lady Delafield feels much for Mr. Sumner; has invited him to visit her at a place she has near Worthing: she leaves to-morrow in order to receive him; promises to reconcile him to our rejection, which, as he was my poor Gilbert's heir, and was very friendly at first, would be a great relief to my mind. Lilian is well, and so happy at the thoughts of coming back."

When I lifted my eyes from these letters I was as a new man, and the earth seemed a new earth. I felt as if I *had* realised Margrave's idle dreams—as if youth could never fade, love could never grow cold.

"You care for no secrets of mine at this moment," said Margrave, abruptly.

"Secrets," I murmured; "none now are worth knowing. I am loved—I am loved!"

"I bide my time," said Margrave; and as my eyes met his, I saw there a look I had never seen in those eyes before—sinister, wrathful, menacing. He turned away, went out through the sash door of the study; and as he passed towards the fields under the luxuriant chesnut-trees, I heard his musical, barbaric chant—the song by which the serpent-charmer charms the serpent;—sweet, so sweet—the very birds on the boughs hushed their carol as if to listen.

IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL.

It is an old notion, and in the main a true one, that we do not often get original thought out of a man with an extensive memory. Memory comes of attention, and one cannot easily have the strength of an equal memory without the weakness of an equal disposition to attend to everything. I never am impressed with stories about Julius Cæsar and others, who were able to do half a dozen things at once—read a letter on one subject, hear a letter on another, write a letter on a third, and dictate a letter on a fourth, while they beat time with their feet to one tune, whistled another in the intervals of dictation, played a game of chess with the left hand, and took part by expressive grimace in a theologic controversy, all during the odd minutes when they were being shaved and washed, and brushed and oiled, and put into their clothes. Very well I know that whenever Julius Cæsar had anything serious to attend to, he gave his entire mind to it, and, for the time being, had spare attention to bestow on nothing else.

Here is the whole history and mystery of the bad general memory of men who excel greatly in any one pursuit, by giving to it as far as the way of the world permits a whole and sole attention. With their busy minds attentive to their own work while their bodies are inactive, and while they may look like the very idlers, they withdraw so much attention from the odds and ends of talk and incident by which they are surrounded, that these never take a fair hold on the mind. The scholar's absence of mind is the absence of his mind from that which is not his affair, and the presence of it with his own proper work in life. To that only, he is able to give undivided and continuous attention. A diffuse and too universally ready memory is, therefore, no sign of intellectual strength; and even in children—as we commonly read that the man of genius was taken for a dunce at school—slowness of general apprehension may be the result of an earnestness that fastens with especial energy upon some chosen objects of attention.

From the first moment of a baby's "taking notice," to the fixed heavenward gaze from the death-bed, the power of attention is as the very life-blood of our minds and souls. It is not a thing to be spilt idly, though the world is full of bores who are ready at every turn to bleed us of it with their little pins and fleams of talk. To nourish and strengthen it in childhood and youth, is to do for the mind what we do for the body by securing to its life-blood purity and fulness. It is not only that during early years of life the secret of successful teaching for good or for evil is the full securing of attention, but it is necessary that the youth should pass into manhood blessed in his mind with a *sound habit* of attention, if his intellectual life is not to be through manhood weak.

Of the truth of this old principle, which has been dwelt upon for many a year by the metaphysicians, practical evidence of the most striking kind has lately been brought together in a body of facts that would seem to many people very nearly incredible, if they were not fully supported by each other, and authenticated by the best of witnesses.

For, it is set forth, not as mere probability, but as a proved fact, that half a day is better than a whole day of school-teaching. If three hours instead of six be given daily to the schoolmaster, and be so managed that the pupil is physically and mentally able to give bright undivided attention to the whole of his work, he not only can learn absolutely as much as the child

who is compelled through a six-hour routine; it is his further gain that what he knows he knows more literally "by heart," knows with a relish: while he is sent out into the world with a habit of close study, so assured that he hardly knows what it is to apply his mind with half attention to a duty.

The second half of the day, which now, being spent in the schoolroom spoils the whole, if it be devoted to gymnastics, drill, athletic sport, or (in the case of those who must work with their parents for the bread they eat) to labour in the house and field, can and does serve to train a sound body while helping to a fuller ripeness of the mind. We say, not theoretically that it would do, but practically, and from the wide experience of many, that it does this. Here, for example, is a heap of evidence.

Mr. William Stuckey, who is teaching eighty children at Richmond, and has worked for more than a quarter of a century in schools of seven hundred, of a hundred and eighty, and of a hundred scholars, testifies that in his experience "two hours in the morning and one in the afternoon is about as long as a bright voluntary attention can be secured." Particular children could sustain attention longer, but they would be scarcely five per cent of the whole number taught. With efficient teaching of an interesting subject, he has found that no one lesson could with advantage be pressed beyond half an hour. "The benefits," he says, "of enforced attention are small. With young children, of the average age attending British schools, if you get a quarter of an hour's attention, and having prolonged the lesson to half an hour, then recapitulate, you will find that the last quarter of an hour's teaching had nearly driven out what the first quarter of an hour put in." Mr. Imeson, who has been for eight-and-twenty years a teacher, and has taught children of all classes, is of the same opinion. Study, or the attempt at it, for seven hours a day, destroys, he says, the willing mind. Mr. Isaac Pugh, who has taught during thirty years of work about three thousand boys, says that with boys of the higher classes, attention has been kept on the stretch for two hours in the morning, and afterwards from the same class he might get an hour's positive attention in the afternoon, but even that could not be done day after day. Mr. Cawthorne, after twelve years' experience, agrees with Mr. Pugh; but considering his low estimate to refer to the silent working system, thinks that with a different system half an hour's additional attention might be got in the morning, and as much more in the afternoon. But it is not all equally good. Even with varied relief lessons, he says: "In the morning we find the last half-hour very wearying; in the afternoon we find the first half-hour bright, the next half-hour less bright, and the last half-hour worse than useless." Mr. Donaldson, of Glasgow, who has for eight years taught in large schools, gives a table. He says:

"My experience as to the length of time children closely and voluntarily attend to a lesson, is:

Children of from 5 to 7 years of age, about		15	minutes.
,,	7 to 10	,, 20	,,
,,	10 to 12	,, 25	,,
,,	12 to 16 or 18	,, 30	,,

I have repeatedly obtained a bright voluntary attention from each of these classes for 5, 10, or 15 minutes more, but I observed it was always at the expense of the succeeding lesson; or, on fine days, when the forenoon's work was enthusiastically performed, it was at the expense of the afternoon's work. I find the girls generally attend better and longer than the boys, to lessons on grammar and composition; the boys better and longer than the girls, to geography, history, arithmetic, and lessons on science."

Mr. Bolton, head-master of a Half-Time Factory School at Bradford, where nearly five hundred children are now being taught, and who has had seven years' experience of the half-time system, after seven years' experience of full-time teaching, says that he finds the half-time scholars "more advanced. They come fresh from work to school, and they go fresh from school to work. I believe that the alteration is in both ways beneficial." To which Mr. Walkers, one of the firm in whose factory the same children are employed, adds his testimony that, "where I had to complain one hundred times thirty years ago, I now have scarcely to complain once." He is asked, "Do you find your commercial interest in the improvement?" and answers, "Most decidedly, notwithstanding that we spend a very large sum on the school every year." As the half-day's work brightens attention to the schooling, so the half-day's schooling, in its turn, brightens attention to the work.

Mr. Long, who is teaching in one large school both sorts of pupils, says that in his experience of six years, "the half-time, or factory boys, give us a more fixed attention than the others; they seem to be more anxious to get on, and I believe that in general attainments they are quite equal to the full-time scholars." Mr. Curtis, after nineteen years of teaching in a large school at Rochdale where some hundreds are taught, rather more than half the number being half-timers, says "the progress of the half-timers is greater in proportion than that of the full-timers," and that they are, from having begun early to work, preferred by gentlemen who give employment.

Mr. Davenport, a machine-maker, employing five or six hundred workpeople, gives indeed, as an employer, very emphatic testimony on this head. He says: "In my experience as an employer, the short-time scholars are decidedly preferable to the full-time scholars, or those who have been exclusively occupied in book instruction. I find the boys who have had the half-time industrial training, who have been engaged by us as clerks or otherwise, better and more apt to business than those who have had only the usual school teaching of persons of the middle class, and who came to us with premiums. In fact, we have declined to take any more of that class, though they offer premiums. They give too much trouble, and require too much attention."

Another teacher, after ten years' large experience, says, not only that the half-time scholars get on as fast as the others, but adds his belief "that it is the impression of parents that their children get on as well in their book instruction in half as in full time;" and when he has had to select pupil teachers he has found that nearly all, or full three-fourths, have been taken from half-timers. Mr. Turner, at Forden, teaching a hundred and sixty children, of whom seventy come only for half the day, says that he finds the half-time scholars "fully equal in attainments to the full-time scholars. I am not," he adds, "prepared to account for it, but the fact is decidedly so."

We might go on accumulating evidence like this, and add the experience of Mr. Hammersley, head-master of the Manchester School of Arts, a gentleman who has been for twenty years an Art teacher. Before visiting Rochdale, he says: "I had examined many schools in Manchester and its neighbourhood, and I had, in every case, with one exception, found that *the short-time schools gave me the most satisfactory results.* I was able in these schools to eliminate a large number of successful works out of which to select the prize students, and *the general character of the drawing was better, and in every case the drawing was executed with greater promptitude.* When I examined the Rochdale school, these peculiarities were startlingly evident, and I could not resist making a marked public statement to this effect. The discipline of each school was excellent, the regularity of action and the quickness of perception such as I was in no wise prepared for; and at the time I could not have resisted (even if I had wished to resist) the conviction that this mainly arose from the feeling possessing the whole of the children that time was valuable and opportunity passing. Every one worked for him or her self, and thus was generated, as it appeared to me, a strong feeling of self-reliance, and, unconsciously to the learner, a respect for labour and a belief in the value of individual effort."

To this, we shall all come some of these days. We shall have schools for pupils of all classes in which no more than the natural power of attention will be occupied, and where that will be strengthened instead of sickened and debilitated by excessive strain. The headwork will be balanced with the gymnastic discipline and the drill, that give ease and precision to the movements of the body, with a wholesome vigour to the mind. But already the time is come when the truth now established should be applied to the education of the children of the poor. One great difficulty is removed when the boy's help in the home is left to the parent, and it is only for half the day that he is claimed by the schoolmaster, to be brightened even for home service while he is trained for an active, thoughtful, everywhere earnest, manhood.

But there is more to be considered. Every schoolhouse in which children are now overtaxed becomes doubled in size, when the day is found long enough for the teaching of two sets of pupils. Every schoolhouse, too, in which teachers are now underpaid may yield better temptation to the bright wit that is necessary for the right presentment of instruction to the child brightly attentive.

And here we have touched upon the other half of a great question. Quite as important as the getting of a right and full attention from the child, is the securing of the best possible teachers. It has been said that mechanics' sons become teachers in national schools, that their occupation "wants rather good sense and quiet intelligence than a very inquisitive mind, or very brilliant talents, and the prospects which it affords appear well calculated for the class of persons best fitted for it." The truth is, that no genius can be too brilliant, no wisdom too deep or too practical, for the use of the elementary teacher, who should be also of purest mind, and to whose calling there should be high social honour paid. The younger the child, the more is it desirable that there should be the divine image in man as far as possible presented by his teacher.

We have always upheld in this journal, and its predecessor, the absolute duty of the state to aid vigorously in support of education for the masses of the people. To us, it certainly has never seemed a terrible thing that the education department of the Privy Council, which started in 1839 with an expenditure of thirty thousand a year towards the education of the people, now spends eight hundred thousand on that necessary work. The cost of peace defences is a long way below that of war defences even yet, although we do raise many warriors by help of the voluntary principle. The grants of the Privy Council have been made in aid of voluntary effort, with a few exceptions. One of these exceptions is a "capitation fee" for every child attending school a certain number of times; another, the establishment of three dozen training colleges for teachers; another, the bestowal of a grant in augmentation of salary to school teachers who have obtained certificates.

But because it has appeared that in many schools there was bad teaching—children being crammed with showy knowledge and imperfectly grounded in the rudiments of education—a sudden backward rush has been made by the Committee of Privy Council, in a minute dated the twenty-ninth of last July. It sets forth a Revised Educational Code, which is now suspended, because of the public outcry raised against it, until the last day of March next year, and which stands over, of course, for full debate in the next session of parliament. The gist of it, is, that there is a rush back upon Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, and an abandonment through panic of all the advanced posts lately occupied. The grants for books, maps, diagrams, and scientific apparatus, and upon drawing certificates—the grant also of a hundred a year to lecturers in training institutions—will, if this new code prevail, be swept away; capitation grant is not only denied most properly to every child in a national school unable to satisfy the in-

spector in reading, writing, and arithmetic—we could commend harder penalties on proved neglect of the most elementary training—but no grant is allowed for the teaching of a child more than eleven years old. It is also unreasonably demanded that the little ones in the infant schools, many of whom are only in the elements of talking, should pass an examination, and show themselves able to read narratives in monosyllables, make letters on the black board, and figures on a slate, before there shall be any allowance made on their behalf. Again, the grants of from fifteen to thirty pounds a year in aid of salary to the certificated schoolmaster, who works under inspection, are to be abolished. The work of the training colleges is undermined, and the further existence of the present pupil-teacher system threatened by the substitution of an apprenticeship readily terminable, in a school faintly supported by the new mind of the government that resolves to look to education in "the three Rs," and to nothing else. Inspectors are to attend only to proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and teachers are to get credit or aid from government only on that account, while the public education of all children beyond the age of eleven is discountenanced.

It is argued that state help ought not to supplant voluntary aid. A famous thing that is at present to rely upon, for the instruction of a people! As the Rev. J. Fraser, an assistant commissioner, says of one specimen district which comprises Hereford and Sherborne: "Think of a duke owning all the property in a parish, the ratable value of which is upwards of five thousand pounds, yet not subscribing a sixpence to the school, the whole cost of which has to be borne by a clergyman with seven children, whose living is barely a net four hundred pounds a year! Think of a general in the army and a member of parliament, who may therefore be presumed to be a man with a competency, drawing twelve hundred pounds a year from a parish—four hundred pounds of it in great tithes—and saying that he could not promise anything regularly to the school, as though a school could be maintained in a state of efficiency on irregular promises! Think of a nobleman of great wealth, and of opinions favourable to the elevation of the poorer classes, in return for an income of two thousand pounds a year accruing from a parish, remitting three guineas' subscription to the school, with the bitter jest accompanying it, 'You know I let you have your premises rent free, and I consider that worth another twenty pounds a year!' Think of another peer contributing thirty-five pounds a year to the support of the school in the parish where his mansion stands, and in the very next parish, from which he is said to derive an income of four thousand pounds a year, and which has twice the population, limiting his liberality to a subscription of five pounds—just one-seventh of the amount! Think elsewhere of a proprietor of eighteen hundred pounds a year subscribing three pounds to the school, but (that he may not be out of pocket) receiving back three pounds ten as rent for the room in which it is held! Think of the united subscriptions of the landowners in a parish of eight thousand acres of the best land in Herefordshire, whose rental must be at least twelve thousand pounds a year, two of them peers of the realm, and one a very wealthy peer, amounting to eighteen pounds; the cost of the school meanwhile (which is one of the largest and best in Herefordshire) being upwards of one hundred pounds a year, and the poor incumbent being driven forth among his personal friends, quite unconnected with the parish, to make up the deficiency!"

The effect of the revised code would be to reduce the pay and the social grade of the national teacher; it would be to repress the present tendency of improved national school discipline to raise the character of education for the higher classes of society; it would be, in short, to put the clock back four or five hours because it is as many minutes slow; to throw the cards up in a winning game, out of wrath at the loss of a trick; not to cut off the nose to spite the face, but to chop off the head to spite the nose.

There are a dozen good ways of enforcing first attention to essentials. No forfeitures or penalties would be thought harsh in the case of a school that set show before substance in its elementary training; but let us not be afraid of giving, at the same time, the best help we can offer to the minds of those children of honest parents who are least favoured by fortune. Even if we thus enable D of the national school to rise in life above C of the village private school, so let it be. C is exactly where he would have been, while D's advance is so much power secured for his country. In a few generations, inequalities in life that cannot be avoided, and that belong to the working out of every great principle, will have corrected themselves, and we may hope that our country will thrive on the blessing of a wide and general diffusion of well-trained intelligence throughout the land.

RABBI BEN EPHRAIM'S TREASURE.

I.

THE days of Rabbi Ben Ephraim
Were two score years and ten, the day
The hangman call'd at last for him,
And he privily fled from Cordova.
Drop by drop, he had watch'd the cup
Of the wine of bitterness fill'd to the brim;
Drop by drop, he had drain'd it up;
And the time was an evil time for him.
An evil time! For Jehovah's face
Was turn'd in wrath from His chosen race,
And the daughter of Judah must mourn,
Whom His anger had left, in evil case,
To be dogg'd by death from place to place,
With garments bloody and torn.
The time of the heavy years, from of old
By the mouth of His servant the Prophet foretold,
In the days of Josiah the king,
When the Lord upon Jacob his load should bring,
And the hand of Heaven, in the day of His ire,
Be heavy and hot upon son and sire,

Till from out of the holes into which they were driven
Their bones should be strown to the host of Heaven
Whose bodies were burn'd in the fire.
Rabbi Ben Ephraim, day by day
(As the hangman, beating up his bounds
Thro' the stifled Ghetto's sinks and stews,
Or the arch inquisitor, going his rounds,
Was pleased to pause, and pick, and choose,
—Too sure of his game, which could not stray,
To miss the luxury of delay)
Had mark'd with a moody indignation
The abomination of desolation,
With the world to witness, and none to gainsay,
Set up in the midst of the Holy Nation,
And the havoc which Heaven refused to stay
In the course of his horrible curse move on,
Where, sometimes driven in trembling crews,
Sometimes singly one by one,
Israel's elders were beckon'd away
To the place where the Christians burn the Jews:
Till he, because that his wealth was known,
And because the king had debts to pay,
Was left, at the last, almost alone
Of all his people in Cordova,
A living man picked out by fate
To bear, and beware of, the daily jibe,
And add the same to the sum of the hate,
Made his on behalf of a slaughter'd tribe.

II.

In the gloomy Ghetto's gloomiest spot,
A certain patch of putrid ground,
There is a place of tombs: Moors rot,
Rats revel there, and devils abound
By night, no cross being there to keep
The evil things in awe: the dead
That house there, sleep no Christian sleep—
They do not sleep at all, it is said;
Tho' how they fare, the Fiend best knows,
Who never vouchsafes to them any repose,
For their worm is awake in the narrow bed,
And the fire that will never be quench'd is fed
On the night that will never close.
There did Rabbi Ben Ephraim
(When he saw, at length, the appointed measure
Of misery meted out to him)
Bury his books, and all his treasure.
Books of wisdom many a one—
All the teaching of all the ages,
All the learning under the sun
Learn'd by all the Hebrew sages
To Eliphaz from Solomon;
Not to mention the mystic pages
Of Nathan the son of Shimeon
The Seer, which treat of the sacred use
Of the number Seven (quoth the Jews
"A secret sometime filch'd from us
By one call'd Apollonius"),
The science of the even and odd,
The signs of the letters Aleph and Jod,
And the seven magical names of God.
Furthermore, he laid in store
Many a vessel of beaten ore,
Pure, massy, rich with rare device
Of Florence-work wrought under and o'er,
Shekels of silver, and stones of price,
Sardius, sapphire, topaz, more
In number than may well be told,
Milan stuffs, and merchandise
Of Venice, the many times bought and sold.
He buried them deep where none might mark
—Hid them from sight of the hated race,
Gave them in guard of the Powers of the Dark,
And solemnly set his curse on the place.
Then he saddled his mule, and with him took
Zillah his wife, and Rachel his daughter,
And Manassah his son; and turn'd and shook
The dust from his foot on the place of slaughter,
And cross'd the night, and fled away
(Balking the hangman of his prey)
From out of the city of Cordova.

III.

Rabbi Ben Ephraim never more
Saw Cordova. For the Lord had will'd
That the dust should be dropp'd on his eyes before
The curse upon Israel was fulfill'd.
Therefore he ended the days of his life
In evil times; and by the hand
Of Rachel his daughter, and Zillah his wife,
Was laid to rest in another land.
But, before his face to the wall he turn'd,
As the eyes of the women about his bed
Grew hungry and hard with a hope unfed,
And the misty lamp more misty burn'd,
To Zillah and Rachel the Rabbi said
Where they might find, if fate turn'd kind,
And the fires in Cordova, grown slack,
Should ever suffer their footsteps back,
The tomb where by stealth he had buried his wealth
In the evil place, when in dearth and lack
He fled from the foe, and the stake, and the rack:

IV.

"A strand of colours, clear to be seen
By the main black cord of it twined between
The scarlet, the golden, and the green:
All the length of the Moorish wall the line
Runs low with his mystic serpent-twine,
Until he is broken against the angle
Where thin grizzled grasses dangle
Like dead men's hairs, from the weeds that clot
The scurfy side of a splinter'd pot
Upon the crumbled cornice squat,
Gaping, long-ear'd, in his hue and shape
Like a Moor's head cut off at the nape.
The line, till it touches the angle follow,
Take pebbles then in the hand, and drop
Stone after stone till the ground sounds hollow.
Thence walk left, till there starts, to stop
Your steps, a thorn-tree with an arm
Stretch'd out as tho' some mad alarm
Had seized upon it from behind.
It points the way until you find
A flat square stone, with letters cut.
Stoop down to lift it, 'twill not move
More than you move a mountain, but
Upon the letter which is third
Of seven in the seventh word
Press with a finger, and you shove
Its weight back softly, as the south
Turns a dead rose lightly over:
Back falls it, and there yawns earth's mouth;
Wherein the treasure is yet to discover,
By means of a spiral cut down the abyss
To the dead men."

V.

When he had utter'd this
Rabbi Ben Ephraim turn'd his face,
And slept.

VI.

The years went on apace,
Manassah his son, his youngest born,
Trading the isleted sea for corn,

Was wreck'd and pick'd up by the smuggler boat
Of a certain prowling Candiote;
And, being young and hale, was sold
By the Greek a bondsman to the Turk.
Zillah, his wife, wax'd white and old.
Rachel, his daughter, loved not work,
But walk'd by the light of her own dark eyes
In wicked ways for the sake of gain.
Meanwhile, Israel's destinies
Survived the scorching stake, and Spain
At length grew weary of burning men,
When hunger'd, and haggard, and gaunt, these two
Forlorn Jew women crept again
Into Cordova; because they knew
Where Rabbi Ben Ephraim by stealth,
When he turn'd his back on his own house-door,
Had buried the whole of his wondrous wealth
In the evil place; and they two were poor.

VII.

So poor indeed, they had been constrain'd
To filch from the refuse flung out to the streets
'Mid the rags and onion-peelings rain'd
Where the town's worst gutter's worst filth greets
With his strongest gust and most savoury sweets
Those blots and failures of Human Nature,
Refused a name in her nomenclature,
That spawn themselves toward night, and bend
To finger the husks and shucks heap'd there,
The wretched, rat-bitten candle-end
Which, found by good luck, they had treasured with care
Not a whit less solemn than tho' it were
That famous work of the son of Uri,
The candlestick of candlesticks,
—He the long-lost light of Jewry,
Whose almond bowls and scented wicks
Were the boast of the desert, and Salem's glory
Of the knops and flowers, with his branches six!
For this impov'rish'd, curtail'd, flaw'd,
Maltreated, worried, gnaw'd and claw'd
Remnant of what perchance made bright
Once, for laughter and delight,
Some chamber gay, with arras hung,
Whose marbles, mirrors, and flowers among
A lover, his lady's lute above,
To a dear dark-eyelash'd listener sung
Of the flame of a never-dying love,
—Little heeding, meanwhile, the fitful spite
Of the night-wind's mad and mocking spright,
Which stealthily in at the lattice sprung,
And was wrying the taper's neck apace,—
Must now, with its hungry half-starved light,
Make bold the shuddering flesh to face
The sepulchre's supernatural night,
And the Powers of the Dark keeping guard on the place.

VIII.

And, when to the place of tombs they came,
The spotted moon sunk. Night stood bare
In the waste unlighted air
Wide-arm'd, waiting, and aware,
To horribly hem them in. The flame
The little candle feebly gave,
As it wink'd and winced from grave to grave,
Went fast to furious waste; the same
As a fever-famisht human hope
That is doom'd, from grief to grief, to grope
On darkness blind to a doubtful goal,
And, sway'd by passion here and there
In conflict with some vast despair,
Consumes the substance of the soul
In wavering ways about the world.
The deep enormous night unfurl'd
Her banner'd blackness left and right,
Fold heap'd on fold, to mock such light
With wild defiance; no star pearl'd
The heavy pall, but horror hurl'd
Shadow on shadow; while for spite
The very graves kept out of sight,
And Heaven's sworn hatred, winning might
From earth's ill-will, with darkness curl'd
Darkness, all space confounding quite,
So to engender night on night.

IX.

"Rachel, Rachel, for ye are tall,
Lift the light along the wall."
"Mother, mother, give me the hand,
And follow!"
"What see ye, Rachel?"

X.

A strand
Of chorded colours, clear to be seen
By the main black dominant, twined between
The scarlet, the golden, and the green.

XI.

"Rachel, Rachel, ye walk so fast!"
"Mother, the light will barely last."
"What see ye, Rachel?"

XII.

Things that dangle
Hairy and grey o'er the wall's choked angle
From something dull, in hue and shape
Like a Moor's head cut off at the nape.

XIII.

"Once! twice! thrice! . . . the earth sounds hollow.
Mother, give me the hand, and follow."
"Rachel, the flame is backward blowing,
Pursued by the darkness. Where are we going?
The ground is agroan with catacombs!
What see ye, Rachel?"

XIV.

Yonder comes
A thorn-tree with a desperate arm
Flung out fierce in wild alarm
Of something which, it madly feels,
The night to plague it yet conceals.
No help it gets tho'! An owl dash'd out
O' the darkness, steering his ghostliness thither,
Pry'd in at the boughs, and pass'd on with a shout
From who-knows-whence to who-knows-whither:
The unquiet Spirit abroad on the air
Moved with a moan that way, and spent
A moment or more in the effort to vent
On the tortured tree which he came to scare
The sullen fit of his discontent,
But, laughing low as he grew aware
Of the long-already-imposed despair
Of the terrified thing he had paused to torment,
He pass'd, pursuing his purpose elsewhere,
And follow'd the whim of his wicked bent:
A rheumy glow-worm, come to peer
Into the hollow trunk, crawl'd near,
And glimmer'd awhile, but intense fear
Or tame connivance with something wrong
Which the night was intending, quench'd ere long
His lantern. Therefore the tree remains,
For all its gestures void and vain,
Which still at their utmost fail to explain
Any natural cause for the terror that strains

Each desperate limb to be freed and away,
In sheer paralysis of dismay
Struck stark,—and so, night's abject, stands.

XV.

"Mother, the candle is cowering low
Beneath the night-gust: hoop both hands
About the light, and stoop over, so
The wind from the buffeted flame to shut,
Lest at once in our eyes the darkness blow."
—"What see ye, Rachel?"

XVI.

A square stone cut
With letters. Thick the moss is driven
Thro' the graver's work now blunt and blurr'd:
There be seven words with letters seven:
A finger-touch on the letter third
Of seven in the seventh word,
And the stone is heaved back: earth yawns and gapes:
A cold strikes up the clammy dark,
And clings: a spawn of vaporous shapes
Floats out in films: a sanguine spark
The taper spits: the snaky stair
Gleams, curling down the abyss laid bare,
Where Rabbi Ben Ephraim's treasure is laid.

XVII.

There, they sat them down awhile,
With that terrible joy which cannot smile
Because the heart of it is staid
And stunn'd, as it were, by a too swift pace.
And the wicked Presence abroad on the place
So took them with awe that they rested afraid
Almost to look into each other's face.
Moreover, the nearness of what should change,
Like a change in a dream, their lives for ever
Into something suddenly bright and strange,
Paused upon them, and made them shiver.
The old woman mumbled at length: "I am old:
I have no sight the treasure to find;
I have no strength to rake the red gold;
My hand is palsied, my eye is blind,
Child of my bosom, I dare not descend
To the horrible pit!" And Rachel said:
"I fear the darkness, I fear the dead;
But the candle is burning fast to the end:
We waste the time with words. Look here!
There rests between us and the dark
A few short inches. . . . Mother, mark
The wasting taper! . . . I should not fear
Either the darkness or the dead,
But for certain memories in my head
Which daunt me. . . . We will go, we twain,
Together." The old woman cried again:
"Child of my bosom, I will not descend
To the horrible pit—and the candle-end
Is burning down, God curse the same!
I am old, and cannot help myself.
Young are ye! What your beauty brings
Who knows? I think ye keep the pelf,
Ye will let me starve. So the serpent stings
The bosom it lay in! Are ye so tame
Of spirit? I marvel why we came.
Poverty is the worst of things!"
Rachel look'd at the dwindling flame,
And frown'd, and mutter'd, "Mother, shame!
I fear the darkness, because there clings
To my heart a thought, I cannot smother,
Of certain things which, whatever the blame,
Thou wottest of, and I will not name;
For my sins are many and heavy, mother.
Yet because I hunger, and still would save
Some years from sin, and because of my brother
Whom the Greek man sold to be slave to a slave
(May the Lord requite the lying knave!),
I will go down alone to the pit.
Thou therefore, mother, watch, and sit
In prayer for me, by the mouth of the grave
The light will hardly last me, I fear,
And what is to do must be quickly done.
—Mercy on us, mother! . . . Look here
Three inches more, and the light will be gone!
Quick, mother, the candle—quick! I fear
To be left in the darkness alone."

XVIII.

The mother sat by the grave, and listen'd.
She waited: she heard the footsteps go
Under the earth, wandering, slow.
She look'd: deep down the taper glisten'd.
Then, the voice of Rachel from below:

"Mother, mother, stoop and hold!"
And she flung up four ouches of gold.
The old woman counted them, ouches four,
Beaten out of the massy ore.

"Child of my bosom, blessèd art thou!
The hand of the Lord be yet with thee.
As thou art strong in thy spirit now,
Many and pleasant thy days shall be.
As a vine in a garden, fair to behold,
Green in her branches, shalt thou grow
And so have gladness when thou art old.
Rachel, Rachel, be thou bold!
More gold yet, and still more gold!"

"Mother, mother, the light burns low.
The candle is one inch shorter now,
And I dare not be left in the darkness alone."

"Rachel, Rachel, go on! go on!
Of thee have I said, She shall not shrink!
Thy brother is yet a bondsman—think!
Yet once more,—and he is free.
And whom shall he praise for this but thee?
Rachel, Rachel, be thou bold!
Manassah is groaning over the sea.
More gold yet, and still more gold!"

"Mother, mother, stoop and hold!"
And she flung up from below again
Cups of the carven silver twain.
Solid silver was each great cup.
The old woman caught them as they came up.

"Rachel, Rachel, well hast thou done!
Manassah is free. Go on! go on!
Royal dainties for ever be thine!
Rachel's eyes shall be red with wine,
Rachel's mouth shall with milk be fill'd,
And her bread be fat. I praise thee, my child,
For surely thou hast freed thy brother.
The deed was good, but there resteth another,
And art thou not the child of thy mother?
Once more, Rachel, yet once more!
Thy mother is very poor and old.
Must she close her eyes before
They see the thing she would behold?
More gold yet, and still more gold!"

"Mother, the light is very low.
The candle is well-nigh wasted now,
And I dare not be left in the darkness alone."

"Rachel, Rachel, go on! go on!
Much is done, but there resteth more.
Ye are young, Rachel, shall it be told
That my bones were laid at my children's door?
More gold yet, and still more gold!"

"Mother, mother, stoop and hold!"
The voice came fainter from beneath;
And she flung up a jewell'd sheath.
The sheath was thick with many a gem;
The old woman carefully counted them.

"Rachel, Rachel, thee must I praise
Who makest pleasant thy mother's days.
Blessed be thou in all thy ways!
Surely for this must I praise thee, my daughter,
And therefore in fulness shalt thou dwell
As a fruitful fig-tree beside the water
That layeth her green leaves over the well.
More gold, Rachel, yet again!
And we shall have houses and servants in Spain,
And thou shalt walk with the wealthiest ladies,
And fairest, in Cordova, Seville, or Cadiz,
And thou shalt be woo'd as a Queen should be,
And tended upon as the proud are tended,
And the algazuls shall doff to thee
For thy face shall be brighten'd, thy raiment be splendid,
And no man shall call thee an evil name,
And thou shalt no longer remember thy shame,
And thy mother's eyes, as she waxes old
Shall see the thing she would behold—
More gold yet, and still more gold!"

"Mother, the light is very low—
—Out! out! . . . Ah God, they are on me now!
Mother" (the old woman hears with a groan),
"Leave me not here in the darkness alone!"

The mother sits by the grave, and listens.
She waits: she hears the footsteps go
Far under the earth,—bewilder'd—slow.
She looks: the light no longer glistens.
Still the voice of Rachel from below,

"Mother, mother, they have me, and hold!
Mother, there is a curse on thy gold!
Mercy! mercy! The light is gone—
Leave me not here in the darkness alone—
Mother, mother, help me and save!"

Still Rachel's voice from the grave doth moan.
Still Rachel's mother sits by the grave.

PET PREJUDICES.

I HAVE a crying grievance against fate and circumstance, and one for which I see no hope or remedy. I am perpetually doomed to listen to the pet prejudices of unphilosophical people—I, who have none of my own, or at least so faint and few, that they can scarce be called prejudices at all—I, who boast of being cosmopolitan, unsectarian, and rigidly just and impartial—I, who hate nothing and nobody, and want only to be allowed to believe that most men are heroes and all women angels, and that the chief duty we have in life is to love one another as hard as we can, and suspect no evil anywhere. Yet here I have been associated, I may say from my birth, with prejudices of a decidedly antagonistic and unpleasant character, and for ever doomed to listen to heresies which afflict my sense of justice and disturb my sense of right, and which call for emphatic but useless remonstrance against their bigotry and injustice. Now, is it not distressing to be always in opposition when one only asks to sail down with the tide smoothly, and give no offence to mouse or man?

There was my poor old father, as kind-hearted and compassionate a man as ever lived, yet who had the most perverse and unreasoning hatred to France, and who would, I believe, have disinherited any of his daughters who had so far departed from the virtue of womanhood as to marry a Frenchman. Not an honest man was there in France, according to him; nay, not even a brave one, "for ferocity is not bravery, sir," he would say, settling his powdered Prince Regent wig with the air of a man who has propounded an unanswerable syllogism. "Virtue! pah! were there not Pompadours and Du Barrys to give the measure of *that?*" And as for the youth of the country—the less said about them the better, seeing that there was no domestic life, and that there were no family ties, and that filial respect and paternal affection were dead letters, and that the modesty and reverence of youth were unknown. In fact, according to him, the whole population was given up to corruption and uncleanness, and it was ever a matter of pious wonder and puzzled faith that they were suffered to exist at all, and not swept clean away out of life and history by human wrath and heavenly vengeance united.

Of the French revolution, it was dangerous to speak. At the mere mention of the time or any of the actors therein, though usually so genial and good natured, he would become violently agitated, and empty out such a vial of high church indignation as it is not often given to laymen to be acquainted with. For once in his life my father joined hands with the Romish Church, and, to better abuse the revolutionists, took even the priests and abbés of the Regency under his wing. This little bit of official sympathy used always to amuse me—it was so naïve and thorough. One of my elder brothers was at that time an ardent Jacobin. He had a small medallion of Robespierre, by David, hanging up in his room, and a classic-looking bust, which he called Brutus, standing on the shelf above his bed, and he learned whole passages of Rousseau's Social Contract off by heart, and scored all the prayers for the king and royal family out of the prayer-book—whereby he made it an unsightly-looking thing enough—and would have had a universal guillotine for the especial benefit of all crowned heads whatsoever: in short, he was in the full fever of the republican frenzy, and just as unreasonable in his way as my father was in his. But he was young, high spirited, and as beautiful as an Apollo, so got condonation for his follies from most people. But when he and my father foregathered together, and the dreaded topic came "upon the carpet," as it always did somehow, our drawing-room was converted into a temporary Bedlam: while words more graphic than courteous, and epithets both unfilial and unclerical, made the air loud and heated for a couple of hours or so. Indeed, we often did not know how this discussion on the rights of man and the divine appointment of law would end, for both were passionate, and of dangerous facility of muscle. My poor father! I think I hear him now, with his deep sonorous voice—

the accent just a trifle strained and pedantic, but not more so than beseemed one of his years and profession—talking down that fiery son of his by sheer force of lungs, and when he had reduced him to silence, from despair of being heard, winding up with a triumphant peroration that nearly drove him mad.

I am sorry to say my father was not singular in his pet craze; nor has he died without inheritors. There are other of my friends with whom the French are no greater favourites than they were with him, and who are not a whit less intolerant. One, a kind soft-hearted fellow, who never said No to a suppliant in his life, and who only lives to do good to others (he is quite a fortune to the beggars of his district, and pensions all the crossing-sweepers for a couple of miles round), belies his better nature, and makes a moral hybrid of himself by perpetually abusing those unfortunate men and brothers of ours across the Channel. A French word in a page of English writing makes him furious; the mention of a French virtue maddens him like a bit of scarlet-rag trailed before a bull; he takes it as a personal insult, as well as a foul slander, on the whole English nation, if any one assumes for the French the least superiority, moral, social, or intellectual, over ourselves; and when he comes to an article in the newspaper or a magazine favourably treating of them in any aspect, he either flings the book down with disgust, or discontinues his subscription to the work. "Mounseer," as he calls him, is as contemptible as he is dangerous, fit only to make ragoûts out of old shoes, or to dance fandangos on the tight rope, like his cousins the monkeys; but Mounseer as one of the European families is a decided mistake, and the sooner he is cleared off the face of creation the better for all honest folk remaining. Another friend, more philosophical than the last, and with more show of reasoning, but no easier to convince, calmly argues from their history and their own authors against their truth, probity, honour, virtue, modesty, domesticity, religiousness, and every other attribute of a reclaimed humanity. He listens to my counter-statements with imperturbable equanimity, then quietly tells me I know nothing of the subject, and that I argue like all emotional people with my heels in my head and my heart turned upside down. A third, in a fine, cheery, manly voice, like drops of bright rich wine, rolls out a volley of the laughing satires of long ago, the chief of which is, that he "hates the French because they are all slaves and wear wooden shoes;" while a fourth, an uncompromising republican of Puritan descent, grimly declares them utterly debased from head to heel, and would as soon see his daughter standing at the door of a casino as suffer her to set foot on Gallic ground. The two circumstances, indeed, would mean the same condition in his mind.

But the cream of the jest is, that all these worthy people—very worthy indeed in their way, and highly estimable in their several spheres—know about as much of France by personal knowledge as they do of Timbuctoo. One has been to Boulogne for twelve hours, where he starved himself because he would not eat their—expletive—messes, sure that he would have horse, or dog, or frog, or madame's worn-out kid slipper in disguise; another went over to Paris for eight days in '48; while the remaining two of the quartet have never been there at all, and never owned a French friend here in England. I, on the contrary, have lived in the country, and have had many friends and acquaintances there; but when I would bring my more extensive knowledge to bear upon the subject, I am put down as a denationalised Briton, and contemptibly unpatriotic, because I contend that they are as good as ourselves in some things, and better too, though of course inferior in others, according to the way of mankind. But chiefly because I contend that they have family affections like other folk, and understand the value of home, and that parents and children are closely knit together as is the manner even of the monkeys, and that all French wives do not love other women's husbands, nor all French men other men's wives, am I scouted and abhorred, and set down as the preacher of dangerous doctrines. "A daft preacher-monkey," says my republican friend, looking up under his eyebrows, after the third glass of whisky.

Now, I ask a candid public, Who is in the right, my prejudiced friends or I?

Why are all people in such extremes? Is there no safe walking in the Middle Way, as the Latin Grammar used to teach us, or must we of necessity go either by the crag or the ditch? For my part, I like the crown of the causeway best, and avoid the gutters and the mud-heaps that always lie along the line. There was my father again—what business had he in that narrow rut of party intolerance, whence he could see nothing of the country beyond, and nothing of the other side? And why did he not turn higher up into the broad Middle Way, whence he could take in the best of both? He was a tremendous partisan in his time, and allowed no good thing to rise out of the Nazareth of his abhorrence. "Demagogues, sir—demagogues! In the days of Pitt, they would have been hanged as high as Haman," he would say of any of our leading Liberals. And he believed that Pitt would have done righteously and well in the hanging. He upheld the doctrine of Divine right, but refused even the award of good statesmanship to Cromwell, while believing that Charles I. was the holiest martyr that ever stained the cruel axe with blood. On the other hand, my republican friend, buried in his especial rut, will believe in no virtue of any kind in kings, queens, and princes. To be crowned is, with him, to be irredeemably bad; but to be a republican includes a roll-call of virtues, which, for the most part, I am sorry to say, are mere apocrypha, unsupported by historic proof. Thus, according to him, Marat was a conscientious friend of the people—the best that France ever knew; Robespierre was generous, and not cruel; the September massacres a merciful decree; and

though the scandal of the Parc aux Cerfs is true, whatever M. Capefigue may say to the contrary, every story of revolutionary excess and fury is a calumny, which makes him pale with bitterness and wrath to hear. His young daughter of seventeen refuses to sing the National Anthem, but would trill out the Marseillaise willingly enough, if her voice would carry her so far; and his young son, yet in his teens—the one being about as wise as the other—desires to see a republic in Russia, and a free press in Turkey, popular representation in China, and a return to the Commonwealth in England; and all together think me a recreant to the cause of human progress because I do not join them in their aspirations. And when I meekly insinuate that I think freedom and self-government, like everything else of value, matters of steady growth, and not of eccentric bounds, and that the nations which thus endeavour after perfectness by leaps, and not by slow and sure climbing, often miss their footing midway, and fall back to a lower platform than before, I am set down as one of the lukewarm abhorred, good only for burning in the sacred fire of liberty, and to be made into bone-dust for the advancement of the human species.

Another, whom I call my ascetic friend, an admirable fellow in the main, is rich in many kinds of prejudice. He repudiates all things new and unusual, and rails against every fashion until obsolete, when, his eye having become accustomed, he mistakes use for liking, and declares that nothing was ever so becoming, and asks why cannot people be content with good forms when they have got them? He has a prejudice against dancing, as utter foolishness; against low necks in women, as sinful and dishonest; against theatres, as mere tinselled gewgaws, nowise useful to the soul or instructive to the brain; he disclaims the need of pleasure for man, and despises the lovers of enjoyment; but specially is he prejudiced against all matters of taste and artistry, if different from his own teaching, honestly convinced that nothing which he himself does not practise can be right, for he attained the ultimate possible of his generation twenty years ago. The consequence of all which is, that my ascetic friend is notorious for about the stoutest prejudices a man can wear, and is famous for wearing them in their most aggressive shapes and unbecoming mode. But this is a reputation which he rather likes than not.

Then there are people who care only for what is old and bygone—for old times, old pictures, old lace, old china, old manners—and who will not admit that the newer day has run the slightest thread of gold through her fustian; who even uphold the ancient persecutions and cruelties, as evidence of more earnest thought and more firm faith than we degenerate moderns possess; and who, not content to deny that the present has made an inch of real progress, sturdily affirm that we have gone back and not forward, and that if the millennium is to come by man's walking, it will come in the way of the crabs—that is, by diverging angles. Sometimes these bigots of the past meet with their antipodes in the violently self-satisfied moderns, who see no good whatever blossoming on the graves of a generation since, and who despise all old things, no matter what; who assert that Parian is more beautiful than Sèvres, and a Royal Academy Exhibition worth all the churches and galleries in Italy; to whom Raphael is a muff, and Claude a dauber; to whom the Greeks are barbarians, and the Romans uncivilised; to whom, in a word, the whole world before their personal advent, was in a state of darkness and disaster. These are the people to whom their own fathers are obsolete, and their grandfathers unworthy of discussion, who measure both value and liking by their own familiarity, and because a thing is past or unaccustomed, condemn it as, in consequence, unworthy and of no account. When these two sections meet, there is rare fun for bystanders; but I never found much good in arguing with either. It seems strange to me that they cannot see the good, and accept it too, of both sides; but then my ascetic friend tells me that laxity is looseness, and latitudinarianism the land lying without the pale of salvation; and that I am eminently unprincipled, and that I sail over the sea of life without rudder, ballast, or a pole star. It may be so; but yet I prefer my freer steering.

Who is without prejudice of some shape or other? There are some who have a prejudice against all writers as a class, but against the newspaper press and Our Own Correspondents in hostile supremacy; others have a prejudice against all people without a family pedigree, and cannot be brought to believe in virtue which has not blood to cement it. There are some who abjure cold water as the bane of human health and strength, and others who cannot believe in either under any other system than the hydropathic; some people put an almost religious reverence in homœopathic globules, and others bind up their salvation (and your destruction) with spiritualism and revivals. Some men deride the volunteer movement as a piece of national fanfaronade, supported by vanity and ostentation; others question a man's manliness and courage unless he is enrolled; some believe the priesthood to be the centre of all virtue, others hold a man capable of every vice if he has put Reverend before his name. I know a whole family, of very decided, but somewhat ferocious Christian conversation (so *they* call it, but *I* don't), who scout the idea of any uncommon morality, and who believe that if a person is specially virtuous in any direction—as, for instance, if more than ordinarily kind, or generous, or considerate—it is all from selfish calculation, and unseen purpose in the depths, and who lately insulted a lady because she had been kind and considerate to their child, and who wanted to know what she meant by it, and whether she did not think their affection enough? There are many people of this stamp, but they are not comfortable animals to deal with.

What can be done with such disastrous pre-

judices? If one combats them, they get strength from opposition; if one leaves them alone, they root themselves deeper and deeper in the soul. What can we do but walk steadily along that broad central path—that crown of the causeway—which I hold to be the noblest strip in all the road, looking lovingly on the golden fields and mellow harvests lying beyond the ruts on either side, and hopefully to the great temple of truth whose spires flash in the sunlight on the distant horizon, and in the inner court of which, let us pray, all ways may converge and be united? If we are so minded, we can get good even out of our neighbours' prejudices, learning at least what to avoid, if not what to imitate. Wherefore, here is a hand of brotherhood to the French, in spite of the frowns of my four dissentient friends, and a decided preference for rose-water and honey to vinegar and gall. What do you say, neighbour?

DRIFT.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, during his exile in Normandy, made a vow he would make a pilgrimage to Rome, in honour of St. Peter, should he be restored to his kingdom. But as his clergy and nobles refused their consent to his going, when he was safely on his throne, a dispensation releasing the king from his vow was obtained from the Pope (Leo IX.), on condition that a monastery be built in honour of St. Peter. The king then began the restoration of the WESTMINSTER of London, in the year 1050, or thereabouts, and the church was said to have been the first church in the shape of a cross in England. One of the MSS. of the time of Henry III., in Mr. Luard's Lives of Edward the Confessor, gives an elaborate description of the building. The extract touching the Abbey is in the curious Norman French called the Langue d'oïl, and the translation which here accompanies it corresponds line by line with the original text:

Atant ad fundé sa iglise
De grantz quareus de pere bise;
A fundement le e parfund,
Le frunt vers orient fait rund,
Li quarrel sunt mut fort e dur,
En miliu dresce une tur,
E deus en frunt del occident,
E bons seinz e grantz i pent;
Li piler e li tablementz
Sunt reches defors e dedenz,
A basses e a chapitraus
Surt l'ovre grantz e reaus,
Entaileez sunt les peres
E aestoirés les vereres,
Sunt faites tutes a mestrie
De bone e leau menestrancie;
E quant a acheve le ovre,
De plum la iglise ben covere,
Cloistre i fait, chapitre a frund,
Vers orient, vouse e rund,
U si ordene ministre
Teignent lur secret chapitre;
Refaitur e te dortur,
E les officines en tur.
Bons maneres, terres, e bois,
Dune, cunferme demanois,
E sulum sun grant s'en devise
A sun muster reau franchise;
Moinnes i fait acuiller,
Ki bon quor i unt de Deu servir,
E met l'ordre en bon estat,
Suz seint e ordeine prelat,
E numbre de cuvent receit
Sulum l'ordre de Seint Beneit.

Now he laid the foundations of the church
With large square blocks of grey stone;
Its foundations are deep,
The front towards the east he makes round,
The stones are very strong and hard,
In the centre rises a tower,
And two at the western front,
And fine and large bells he hangs there;
The pillars and entablature
Are rich without and within,
At the bases and capitals
The work rises grand and royal,
Sculptured are the stones
And storied the windows,
All are made with the skill
Of a good and loyal workmanship;
And when he finished the work,
With lead the church completely he covers,
He makes there a cloister, a chapter-house in front,
Towards the east, vaulted and round,
Where his ordained ministers
May hold their secret chapter;
Refectory and dormitory,
And the offices in the tower.
Splendid manors, lands, and woods,
He gives, confirms the gift at once,
And according to his grant he intends
For his monastery royal freedom;
Monks he causes there to assemble,
Who have a good heart there to serve God,
And puts the order in good condition,
Under a holy and ordained prelate,
And receives the number of the convent
According to the order of St. Benedict.

So desirous was Edward of rendering the Abbey almost unique in its attractions, that he endowed it with relics, in those days beyond all price. Among these were to be noted: "part of the place and manger where Christ was born, and also of the frankincense offered to him by the Eastern Magi; of the table of Our Lord; of the bread which he blessed; of the seat where he was presented in the Temple; of the wilderness where he fasted; of the gaol where he was imprisoned; of his undivided garment; of the sponge, lance, and scourge with which he was tortured; of the sepulchre, and cloth that bound his head; and of the mountains Golgotha and Calvary; great part of the Holy Cross, enclosed in a certain one, particularly beautified and distinguished, with many other pieces of the same, and great part of one of the nails belonging to it; and likewise the cross that floated against wind and wave over sea from Normandy hither with that king. Many pieces of the vestments of the Virgin Mary; of the linen which she wore; of the window in which the angel stood when he saluted her; of her milk, of her hair, of her shoes, and of her bed;

also of the girdle which she worked with her own hands, always wore, and dropped to St. Thomas the Apostle at her assumption; of the hairs of St. Peter's beard, and part of his cross."

LOST IN THE JUNGLE.

We sailed from England in May, 18—, and after a prosperous voyage of four months, landed at Bombay. Our destination was about a hundred miles up the country, to Poonah, the capital of the Deccan; but we remained at the presidency for a few days, in the Queen's barracks, and in that time managed to have a good look round the fort and the bazaars. This was our pastime by day; at night we wandered over Dungaree-green, or danced at Portugee Joe's. Everything appeared strange and wonderful, more especially the different costumes of the people, which made the scene keep ever changing. For, here were to be seen, not only natives, but also Chinese with their flat faces and long tails; Parsees, in their white dresses and shining oilskin caps; Beloochees from Northern India, with their long black hair and wild looks; Jews from Arabia; Caffirs from the Cape; Bedouin Arabs; all mingling peaceably together—to say nothing of the ram-sami houses, their priests and fakeers, their dancing and music, and the beggars who ride on horseback.

The first day's march was to Panwell, a village about twelve miles from Bombay. It was the commencement of the monsoon, so marching was far from pleasant, especially as most of us soldiers were without shoes, light clothing, beds, or blankets. Some had bought white trousers on landing, but they were the exception, not the rule; however, what with the rain which poured steadily down upon us, and the state of the road which was then intersected about every quarter of a mile by a water-course from two to four feet deep, through which we had to wade, it was of no consequence whether our trousers were good, bad, or indifferent, and boots or shoes would have been of little use.

As we always marched some three or four hours, before daybreak, we could see but little of the difficulties of our path, and being young and strange to the country, we had no idea of the danger we incurred in such weather. We laughed at everything: at our tumbling in holes, at our bad shoes, at our being drenched to the skin, at some of our officers because they had bought tatoos and rode, and at others because they hadn't and walked. We took small care of ourselves, eating and drinking whatever we fancied; and I have often thought since, that, under Providence, we owed to this very carelessness the few casualties by sickness we had upon that seven days' march; for, although we were nearly eight hundred strong, fresh to the country, and, above all, marching in rain and through water, lying in wet clothes on damp ground, yet we only lost two men from cholera. A deal of credit was due, however, to the colonel, who had always the commissary and cooks sent on the night before, so that on our arrival in camp a ration dram of arrack and a hot breakfast awaited us.

The incident I am to relate, happened at Khandalla, our third day's march, a place well known to all sportsmen in the Bombay presidency. It is situated at the top of the Bhore Ghaut, one of the range of mountains which traverse Western India from north to south, and which range at this part separates the fertile Deccan from the no less fertile Concon. The sea-breeze can be felt here in all its freshness: and this, combined with the beautiful romantic scenery, and the lofty rugged hills, causes it to be not only the most picturesque, but the most delightful encampment on the road.

It wanted still half an hour of daybreak when we reached the bottom of the ghaut, the road to the top of which is cut out of the side of the mountain. It is a very steep zig-zag narrow path, and we were cautioned to keep close in to our right, as a step or two to the left would have taken us a short cut down to the bottom. For a wonder, it did not rain, and we had ascended about half way when the sun rose; all above was distinctly visible, but beneath all was still dark and desolate. This, however, was not of long duration; as the sun got higher and higher, the shadows below rolled gradually away and disappeared; then was exposed to our view, one of the grandest and loveliest of scenes. On all sides thousands of cascades, sparkling like crystal in the sunbeams, leaped, dashing and dancing down the face of the ghaut. The dewdrops on the leaves glittered like diamonds. Everything looked healthy and refreshing; trees were in blossom; birds of the most beautiful plumage fluttered around; and from far in front we could hear our band playing a cheerful heart-stirring tune. All this combined, was such a relief to the dull dreary marching of the few hours previous, that we stepped on with increased vigour, thinking mighty little of the bad road we had traversed, or the bad weather we had endured.

On arriving at our destination, it took us but a short time to pitch our tents; of course, our breakfast followed; and then some of us started off for a stroll, while others lay down for a nap. At dinner-time we were amused by hearing one of our sergeants, who had just returned from an exploring expedition, relate his adventures in what was considered by his audience rather a marvellous style. When he finished, a laugh went round at his account of the perils and hair-breadth escapes he had had; which nettled him, for he threw down two rupees, offering them to any man who would descend the ravine in front, and gain the summit of a precipice which was apparently not more than half a mile from where we sat. This challenge was promptly accepted by Pat Flanigan and Dennis O'Hallaran, who, just as they were, without either shoes or caps, started off to attempt the feat.

It was about two o'clock, and as the place seemed so near, we fully expected that they would not be gone more than a couple of hours. We looked out for their appearance on the appointed pinnacle; but three hours and

more passed without our expectations being realised. We now supposed that they had failed in their attempt, or had gone farther afield in another direction, yet felt little or no uneasiness about them; but when another hour had elapsed, and the shades of night began to close, an uneasy feeling crept over us all. A tiger-trap was only a few yards from our tent, so our first dread was that they had fallen a prey to some wild animal, or had tumbled into a ravine, or over a precipice. While we were yet discussing these apprehensions, the sun had nearly gone down, and as the twilight is but short in the tropics, we had resolved to start in search of the missing men, when O'Hallaran was descried slowly returning. Seeing that one was safe, all our sympathies were now about the other, and poor Dennis was assailed on all sides with questions as to what had become of his companion. To our astonishment and surprise, he declared that he knew no more about him than we did. "He and I parted," he said, "shortly after starting, taking different routes, and having agreed that whoever got to the point first should wait for the other." O'Hallaran had been unsuccessful in his attempt, and had consequently returned, expecting to have found Flanigan at home before him.

It was by this time quite dark, and the greatest apprehension was felt by all as to the probable fate of the missing man. The officers now heard of the affair, and, under a vague idea that he might have lost himself, about one hundred of the regiment, officers and men, descended the gorge with lanterns. This attempt was dangerous by daylight even, therefore much more so at night; for none of the natives would, for love or money, lead; they certainly followed, but even that was cautiously done. And so we had to find our way as we best could, sliding, slipping, stumbling, and tumbling, until we reached the bottom: fancying all the time that every bush contained a tiger, and that every stone hid a cobra di capello; for what could be expected from griffins like us? And when we had got thus far, what more could be done? Our lanterns but barely made the darkness visible, in a spot where the sun's rays had never reached. But all the little that we could do, we did; bugles were sounded, pistols fired, and men shouted until they were hoarse—all fruitlessly. After each sound or shout we waited for a reply, but none came to gladden our expectant ears; no faint halloa answered; all was as still as death. After remaining there nearly two hours, we were obliged to retrace our steps, with the sorrowful conviction that our poor comrade had come to an untimely end.

With a good deal of trouble we got back the way we came, and to our tents: where, as a matter of course, all the talk was about Flanigan. Some one now discovered that every regiment or detachment that had ever lain at this place had lost one or more men by tigers. We were then new in the country, and all the tales we had ever heard or read of those creatures came to our recollection. And such stories were told that night of their daring and determined character, that few were inclined to sleep, and one or two objected to lying next the door of the tent.

We marched the following morning to Carlee, leaving a sergeant and six men to prosecute the search after Flanigan by daylight; but although they looked everywhere, they gained no tidings of him. The party overtook us at night, and, on hearing of their ill success, we gave up all hope. Somehow, a suspicion had been gaining ground that he might have met his death by the hand of his comrade. "They might have quarrelled," said some, "and an unlucky blow might have proved fatal." So every one began to look coldly upon O'Hallaran, and this he could not but observe; for, if it was not openly expressed, it was strongly hinted; and thus, between the loss of his companion and the suspicious looks of his comrades, the poor fellow seemed like one out of his senses.

We next reached Wargum, where a court of inquiry was ordered to assemble, to report on the disappearance of private Flanigan. Just as the proceedings of the court had terminated in its returning him missing, there was a noise and uproar in the camp; all hands turned out to see what was the cause, when, to our surprise and great joy, we saw four men lifting Flanigan, all alive and hearty, though apparently hurt, out of the mail-cart. The first to shake hands with him was O'Hallaran, who, crying and laughing by turns, was accosting all the men who stood round with "Sure, and now did I kill him?"

Flanigan was taken to hospital, where his right foot was discovered to be cut dreadfully, and so inflamed and swollen that it was doubtful for some time whether it would not have to be amputated; but eventually it got quite well. It was rather remarkable that he would give us but little information about the accident; in fact, he always avoided the subject. It was not until years afterwards, and when we were encamped again upon the same spot, that I heard him relate his adventure. I will endeavour to give his narrative as nearly as possible in his own words:

"When Dennis and I parted, I took what seemed to be the nearest road, but which in reality turned out to be the longest and most difficult. It was the most tumble-down path that ever I traversed, at one time going down the nearly perpendicular side of a water-course, and of such a steep descent that one false step would have finished my wanderings. I had to scramble here and there with only a shrub or tree-root to sustain me, and these gave way pretty often; but I always managed, as one failed, to lay hold of another, and, struggling on in this manner, I at last reached the bottom of the rock, the summit of which was my goal.

"On casting my eyes upward I now perceived the difficulty of the task I had undertaken, and hesitated to ascend. Above was a perpendicular rock of great height, the only apparent way to the top of which was a narrow footpath, some ten or twelve inches wide, which, winding to the left up the face of the precipice, seemingly

led to the summit. Underneath this, ran a mountain stream, swollen by the rains to the size and velocity of a river. I could now perceive that the trial was very hazardous; but I had gone too far to return, and what I dreaded most was the jeers of my comrades at my unsuccessful attempt. The only word for me was 'Forward!' and so I began to scramble aloft, cautiously, however, and clinging close to the rock, walking on step by step, looking upwards—I dared not look down. In this manner I had got about half way, when I came to an obstacle. About six feet of the path had given way. I was now nearly suspended. To return was impossible; to go forward apparently the same. I bitterly repented having come on the expedition, or of having left O'Hallaran, and I would have given all the world to have been back once more safe in my tent. What made my situation seem more terrible was the comparative silence, and the absence of all human sympathy, for nothing could be heard but the rushing of the waters far below. If I could only but clear the gap, all might yet be well. Above my head and within reach of my arm, the branch of a small tree hung temptingly, and I decided at last to swing myself across by that. I tried it well, too well perhaps. Then, holding my breath, I made the spring; my left foot had just touched the opposite side, and in another moment I should have been safe, when snap went the twig, and down I fell, crashing through the roots and shrubs which partly covered the face of the precipice. I could not have been more than a few seconds in falling, yet in that short space of time all the principal events of my life seemed to pass before me; I also thought of my body striking the rocks and bounding from one side to the other, and that I should be dead before I reached the bottom. All this and more flashed with inconceivable rapidity through my brain—when my foot struck on something. I felt a sharp pain, and then found myself whirling round and round like an egg-shell among rushing turbulent waters, which carried me onward with great swiftness. I had just sense and strength enough to strike out for the side (luckily I could swim well), which I reached exhausted. I managed to crawl out, and then observed that in my right foot there was a severe cut, from which the blood flowed plentifully. I felt deeply thankful to a merciful Providence for having thus saved me from a violent death, but had only got a few yards from the water-side when I fainted. Then for a time all was quite blank, though I fancied I heard sounds. They may have been the pistols or the bugles, or, more probably, the noise of the rushing waters near me.

"I have no idea how long I lay in that condition. All I know is, that when I came to myself I found that the rain had ceased, and that the sun was high. I lay musing for a long time. At first I had no pain; I was barely conscious of being awake and having a pleasant dream-like feeling over me; the sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the waters ran merrily past me in their course, and to a tune which seemed in harmony with the waving boughs of the trees. But recollection came at last, and with it pain. I looked at my foot, and found that the bleeding had stopped (but the wound was large, deep, and jagged), and that it was swollen to thrice its proper size. Fortunately I had got out of the stream at the side next Khandalla.

"As I lay considering what to do, I was obliged to come to the conclusion that while I remained where I was, I should have but a poor chance of being seen by any one—my only hope—for the stream had carried me down farther into the jungle, and far from any track except the tracks of wild animals, and I could not repress a shudder when I thought of them. Knowing that my only safety lay in action, I commenced crawling in the direction of the village. My progress, of course, was slow, and being very weak, I was obliged to stop often to rest myself; as I was doing so, all at once I observed an animal creeping crouchingly towards me; it came nearer and nearer, and its flashing eyes were fixed on mine. My blood ran cold as the idea forced itself on me that it was a tiger, and I gave up hope. I recollected, however, having heard of men escaping from those animals by feigning death, and, acting on the thought, I turned myself flat on the ground with my face downward. In this way I lay for a few seconds, which at the time appeared hours, and this suspense I could not bear: so, raising my head a little and looking over my arm, I carefully watched the wary advance of my antagonist. Closer and closer he came, frequently halting, and then I perceived that it was no tiger, but a hyæna. This was a little relief certainly, but, in my weak state, I should have been an easy prey to a wild cat. He was close to me, and his breathing was fearfully distinct; presently a shiver ran through my frame, when I felt his nose touch my body, as he began smelling me all over. I think it was despair that kept me quiet, as I lay quite still until he came to my head; but when I felt his cold nose touch my ear, I sprang up and gave a yell that might have been heard for a mile. At this, the brute, as much frightened as I was, wheeled round, and charging down the hill, disappeared in the jungle. When he was out of sight, I breathed freely again; but the excitement had been too much for me, and, falling to the ground, I swooned away.

"I lay thus until the following morning, and I suppose it was the screeching of the parrots and the chattering of the monkeys, who were swinging and gambolling in the trees above, that caused me to awake. I could now find that I was much weaker than on the previous day, for what with loss of blood, want of food, and exposure to the weather for two days and nights, I could scarcely move. But when I thought of my fate, 'lost in the jungle,' where, if not found soon, I must be devoured by wild beasts, or, failing that, die of hunger, I resolved to struggle on. So on I went, managing somehow or other to get along—crawling as before.

"I remember losing my belt, in the pocket of which was about ten rupees* (it slipped from round my waist), and I might by simply extending my arm have recovered it, but it did not cost me a thought; had there been five hundred times as much in it, I am certain the result would have been the same; all I cared about, was to get forward. So I crawled along, slowly and with difficulty, yet persevered until I reached a level piece of ground, where some buffaloes were feeding. I looked anxiously about, vainly hoping to see a human being, but was disappointed. At this moment a buffalo descried me, who engaged my attention for the next ten minutes. Approaching within a dozen yards of me, he began lashing his tail and tossing his head. To distract his attention, I laid hold of a stone, and, making a great effort, stood up, and attempted to throw it at him. God help me! it fell at my feet; I was quite powerless. This seemed only to enrage the animal more, for he tore up the ground with his horns, and in all likelihood I should have been the next object for him to tear up, had not a black chokra (boy), who now luckily saw my predicament, run towards us, driven him off, and saved me.

"Upon discovering that I was an English soldier, he ran off to Khandalla, and in a short time returned with assistance. I was very carefully taken up and carried to the accommodation bungalow, where two European gentlemen, travelling dawk down country, had just arrived. The natives had already explained to them all about me before I was brought in, and then, Indian like, set to, jabbering round about me all at once. The two Englishmen cleared the place of them, and, in the spirit and with the manner of true Samaritans, washed my foot, bathed it with brandy, dressed it, got me food and drink, gave me a change of clothes, paid my fare by dawk on to where the regiment was, and, at parting, in a truly delicate and considerate manner slipped five rupees into my hand. I shall never, while I live, forget their kindness, and I have regretted ever since that I did not ask those gentlemen their names. But I was too feverish and troubled to think of inquiring.

"I overtook the regiment that afternoon, and was taken to hospital, where I lay for months before I recovered."

COTTON CULTIVATION IN BENGAL.

Since the beginning of the present year, cotton has engrossed the attention of the British Indian government. With an uncommon promptitude, it is exerting itself, to the utmost extent compatible with the financial means of the country, towards facilitating an immediate increase of the production of cotton, as well as towards improving the means of bringing the product to shipping ports, in order to maintain the activity of Manchester and the manufacturing towns in Yorkshire. In a recent speech delivered in this country, Mr. Laing, the chancellor of the Indian exchequer, frankly acknowledges the existence of serious difficulties in the way of the Indian supply ever rivalling the annual supply from America; but he still holds out the hope that the Indian government will continue its efforts towards making England as much independent of America in the supply of cotton as possible.

It has been said that the Indian cotton is inferior to that of America; that the present estimated annual production of the former is only 2,500,000 bales, being 1,500,000 bales less than what is consumed in England itself; and that it will take too long a time to facilitate the means of transport in India. But it has not been satisfactorily proved that these defects are irremediable. A superior mode of cultivation may improve both the quantity and quality of Indian cotton.

From the earliest ages, India has supplied the finest muslins, made of her own cotton, to various civilised nations. Not to refer to the Book of Esther (ch. i. v. 6), where the Sanskrit word karpas (for cotton) occurs, it is pretty well known that Indian muslins were used in Europe in the first century after Christ. The "seriæ vestes," so highly valued by the ladies of Imperial Rome, were made of Indian cotton. The author of the "Periplus of the Erythrean Sea" mentions the extreme fineness and transparency of the muslins of India. Two Mahomedan travellers of the ninth century corroborate the above statement. They say: "In this same country (India) they make cotton garments in so extraordinary a manner that nowhere else are the like to be seen. These garments are, for the most part, round, and wove to that degree of fineness that they may be drawn through a ring of middling size." Further, the *abroan*, or "running water," the *shubnem*, or "night dew," and various other so-called fine cloths, the delight of the females in the household of Mahomedan emperors, were also produced in India.*

Undoubtedly, the best muslins used to be manufactured in Dacca only; but those of other parts of India were quite good for ordinary purposes. There is no intelligible reason why India should not retain, or rather regain, her position as a cotton-producing country. If she had not a rival in America, and if planters had been encouraged instead of having been snubbed and libelled, the commerce of India in cotton would have been in a very different condition to-day. In March last, the writer passed through the district of Burdwar, in Bengal. He made many inquiries respecting the mode of cotton cultivation, and a brief sketch of their results is now offered to the reader.

The seeds of cotton collected from previous crops, and intended to be sown, are picked with care and dried in the sun. They are kept

* Eight years afterwards, when passing the place on the march, Flanigan went to see where he fell and where he had lain. He tracked right up, and, strange as it may appear, he found his belt and money where he left them. Probably, no human being had been on that spot since.

* Taylor's Topography of Dacca.

stopped up in a vessel, generally an old receptacle of oil or clarified butter, and hung up to the roof of the hut used as a kitchen. Before the approach of the month of Aswin (September-October), the proper time of planting, the seeds are steeped in water for several days, and are then sown in some rich manure: generally, the bedding of cowhouses. When the blades appear, the plants are removed to the ground already prepared. High lands are chosen for the crop, and are ploughed crosswise from eight to twelve times until they present a level surface. The plants are then set in regular rows, distant about two cubits from each other. The labour of four men is necessary to the planting of one *biggah* (one-third of an acre) in one day. The plants grow to the height of from three to three and a half feet, their branches spread each way from one to one and a half feet, the roots going to a depth of the same extent, and reaching sidewise the length of from nine inches to one foot. In the months of December and January, the labour of two men per *biggah* is employed in furrowing round the plants, and weeding. During the month of *Falgoon* (February-March) the plants flower; and the crop is gathered during the months of *Vaishakh* and *Jaishtha*—in other words, from the latter end of April to the middle of June: May being usually the busiest month. Irrigation is resorted to when there is a paucity of rain; but, as a general rule, the plants are watered twice a month during March and April. The plants are not generally subject to any particular disease; though hailstorms during the approach of summer, and a kind of grub called *Lal-poka*, or "red insect," sometimes injure them. A crop is estimated at from sixty to ninety *seers* (two pounds to the *seer*) per *biggah*; and the average proportion of wool to the seeds is as one to three nearly: the wool selling at less than ten *rupees* (a *rupee* equal to two shillings) per thirty seers. It has been estimated that more than three thousand *biggahs* of land are under cotton cultivation in Burdwan, while the annual produce realises about twenty-five thousand rupees.

The above statement is partly applicable to several other districts in Bengal, such as Hooghlee, 24 Perzunnahs, Baraset, &c. Content with what they have learnt from their ancestors, and wanting encouragement and example, the cultivators go on according to their old rude methods. It is more than probable that British skill can introduce many important improvements into the mode of cultivation. Nor are the people of India, at least of Bengal, unwilling to co-operate with the capitalists of Britain. Conversation with more than one *zemindar*, or landholder, and with several cultivators at different places, brought out the fact that they would gladly turn their whole mind to the cultivation of cotton *if they were properly remunerated*. The latter clause is italicised, because it is the writer's belief that the cultivators rarely get adequate remuneration when they are employed by Europeans, such as indigo planters. Not that the Europeans make a rule of not paying for the work performed, but because their native servants deprive the cultivators of their due. These natives, as a class (whether they be in the employ of indigo planters or of zemindars, or even of government), may be characterised as uneducated and unprincipled. It is from their intercourse with such natives that some English writers have unfortunately drawn their opinion of the national character. Gain (by whatever means it may be secured) is the all-absorbing object of their lives, and they never miss an opportunity of extorting money from the poor *ryots*. The *ryots* are a timid race of men, who seldom dare make any complaints, especially as the native officials take care to impress them with the falsehood that the *saheb* (meaning the European) is himself determined not to pay them more. Should any ryot ever venture to lay his grievances before a European planter, he is generally met with a *Chulla jao gadha!*—"Get away, you ass!" either because the European is duped by his wily servants, or because he thinks it inconsistent with his dignity to interfere with minor details: sometimes, perhaps, because of sheer idleness. The consequence is, that the ryots grumble, and blame their employers, and jog on.

What is the remedy for this evil? How ought the British capitalists to proceed with regard to the cultivation of cotton? The unprincipled amlahs should be as much dispensed with as possible. Employ educated natives, and ten to one they will prove themselves faithful both to their employers and the ryots. Give them decent salaries, and in the long run they will prove to be cheap. The educated men in Bengal being generally resident about towns, may not be familiar enough with the mufussil, or provincial affairs, to be at once perfectly useful; but their honesty and integrity will amply compensate for their lack of local knowledge, which they will soon acquire. Such employments will render the educated natives, the alumni of colleges and schools, far more useful to their country than they can now possibly be. These remarks are written by one of the Hindoo race, who confidently hopes and believes that if British capitalists will adopt proper methods for the raising of cotton in India, they will not only be able to invest their capital profitably to themselves, but will also be the instruments of conferring lasting benefits upon the people of that country.

PROFESSOR BON TON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE LAST.

I AM happy to be able to state that the concluding portion of Professor Bon Ton's advice—that with which we have now to do—is devoted in great measure to the subject of morning calls, though I am sorry to say that the difficulties which some among us experience in getting through visits of ceremony are by no means likely to be lessened by the Professor's instructions. These are in the main confined to external matters, the taking of chairs, the re-

ceiving of the visitor, &c. The great difficulty of finding conversation, is not even touched upon in this section of our author's work.

True, the unhappy wretch who is bent on making a morning call is freely advised as to the hours at which he should or should not pay a visit, as to what he is to do when he is offered a chair, or when this civility is refrained from; in all these matters he is well prompted, but not a word of advice is given to him as to what, when once in his chair, he is to begin to talk about. I regret this the more, because there is an impression abroad that a much greater abundance and variety of subjects is introduced into French small-talk than is the case with us; and above all, that the French never talk as we do about the weather. If the conversation proper for morning calls had been mentioned by the Professor, depend on it he would have suggested that his pupils should begin with the weather. This topic is, indeed, largely discussed in France, and the only difference in this respect between the two nations seems to me to be, that the French do not pursue it and worry it with such fury and venom as we do. After a few remarks they let the weather alone, while we try back to last month, last spring, last winter, the winter before last, the thunderstorm before the one before last, and stick to it till it drops exhausted from our hands.

By far the most valuable, though most dispiriting part of Professor Bon Ton's treatise is that which relates to what he calls the "Exigencies of Society." It was when I came to the consideration of this particular section of the work, that I began to have doubts whether I should be acting wisely in having anything at all to do with a state of society whose "exigencies" were so many, and, as will presently appear, attended with such frequent demands upon the purse. The very first sentence of the opening chapter on the "Exigencies" is alarmingly expensive in its tone: "If you lose your fortune, retire from the world before the world has time to retire from *you*." And again: "The world has numerous exigencies which can only be satisfied by means of money." What these are, we shall not be long in finding out. "The exigencies," says our author, "of the New Year's Day Festival, require that on that occasion one should disburse in presents ten times the value of the dinners which one has received in the course of the year, under pain of being set down as a stingy wretch who knows nothing of life. As to other hospitalities of less value than dinners, such as invitations to balls, soirées, and the like, these you may repay with gifts of smaller price; but, remember, the more the gifts are valuable, the greater will be your reputation for amiability." It is agony to our Professor to have to fall into this dreadful fashion of New Year donations, and the following mode of getting out of the scrape, which he has doubtless tried himself, is given for the public benefit: "An absence," he says, "of a month from town (the month of January), it may be a real or a pretended absence, will hold you absolved from all those exigencies, but you run the risk of being suspected of stinginess."

In going into this subject of the "Exigencies" more in detail, our Professor begins with those which are connected with drawing-room gambling. On this theme, Monsieur Bon Ton speaks very strongly. "Play," he says, "is the shame of our drawing-rooms, the vice of Bon Ton, the triumph of fools. Play is the gate by which all the ignoble passions find access into society—avarice, greed, and deceit."

"Play," he continues, "puts an end to all sense of shame, as will be seen by the fact that in some magnificent drawing-rooms it is considered the duty of the winner to put a certain sum under the candlestick, to pay for the price of the cards. It is true, however," the Professor adds, "that this ingenious mode of asking for alms only exists in the present day in certain salons, which are altogether behind the age."

The exigencies of play may be shuffled out of by your declining to sit down to the table, but there are others connected with French life from which there is no such escape. There are some social ceremonies in which, if you are once involved, the "exigencies" are down upon you with a vengeance. A christening is one of these. Here is the author's view of the duties of a godfather:

"The office of a godfather is always an unpleasant one, because custom has really converted it into a species of tax.

"Unless you are very rich, or a near relative, or that circumstances oblige you to it, refuse in so many words the proposal that you should accept this function.

"There are certain fathers in this town (Paris) who only choose rich people as godparents to their children, that they may assure them a resource for the future.

"If your fortune is a limited one, refuse, for should you accept you will either be set down as a niggard if you make a small present, or a vain coxcomb, who is spending more than he can afford, if you make a large one."

The author then proceeds to show that it is not without reason that he gives all these cautions. If you accept the office you are in for the following donations:

"You owe, first of all, a present to the mother of the child. You should inform yourself clandestinely beforehand what will be acceptable to her—a bracelet, for example, or some other article of jewellery. In lower life, a box of very choice bonbons might be considered a sufficient present.

"To the godmother, you must present from six to a dozen pairs of white gloves, in addition to boxes of sugar-plums in sufficient quantities to enable her to be liberal with them among her friends. If she is young, you will add a bouquet of orange, or other white flowers; and if you unite with them some fashionable knick-knack, the whole will be well received.

"The godmother may refuse everything else but the bouquet and the sugar-plums. If she accepts the other offerings of the godfather, it

may be construed into her accepting him as a suitor; while, if after accepting these gifts, she in turn sends a present to the godfather, it is looked upon as the indication of a marriage engagement.

"The godmother is expected to present the mother of the child with an elegant box of baby-linen.

"The godfather must be the great distributor of sugar-plums; of these he must provide himself with at least twenty boxes.

"Those sugar-plums must never be presented in a paper bag, but in decorated boxes, or at the very least in elegant and gilt cornucopias.

"The sugar-plums given to the servants may be in cornucopias.

"The monthly nurse and the child's nurse are each to receive a box of sugar-plums.

"When the ceremony is over, the godfather gives to the priest a box of sugar-plums, containing, besides, certain gold or five-franc pieces. After which he puts his hand into his pocket and furnishes with donations—First, the beadle; secondly, the sexton; thirdly, the chorister boys; fourthly, for the support of the church; fifthly, the poor who are in waiting outside the church.

"After the whole of which," continues our author, whose stinginess makes him almost humorous when it is a question of parting with money—"after which, you will be provided with a godson to whom you will convey a New Year's gift every year till he gets to be old enough to come himself and ask you for one."

We in England groan, and with some cause, over that inevitable knife, fork, and spoon, in a morocco case, which hovers before the mind's eye of the godfather from the moment he has consented to "accept office;" but what is that single compact donation, once made and over, to the endless demands which the French godparent has to meet? There is no more remarkable instance of foreign greed than is shown in this rapacity for gratuities. It might, indeed, seem at first that there was some show of liberality in all this making of presents, and that no one individual can be a gainer by it, because he in turn will have to "come down handsome" at some time or other; but this is hardly the case. The people who have made the laws are the heads of families, and they get the benefit of them, and, *holding the keys of social life*, may exclude from "society" all those who will not pay the imposts which society demands.

The "exigencies" connected with marriage seem less expensive than those we have just considered. They press, however, somewhat heavily on the liberty of the young couple. The honeymoon is by no means to be passed in retirement. Society has its hold upon them, and will not relax it.

"The newly-married pair owe a visit in the course of the fortnight to their relations, and to the guests who were invited to the wedding.

"The other friends and acquaintances will receive letters of acknowledgment.

"The wedding guests will, in the course of the week following the visit of the married couple, return their call."

The other directions as to the conduct of the wedding ceremonial are very meagre, and as to what takes place at church and at the "mairie" there are none at all. The author is rather morose on this matter. "These wedding ceremonies," he says, "are the ruin of the poor, and the triumphs of vanity with the rich."

Professor Bon Ton has more to say on the subject of morning calls, the view he takes of such visits being, however, formidable in the last degree. There are few people, even in our own less ceremonious country, who look upon morning calls with much complacency. Those who pretend that they don't mind them are not to be trusted. There is no better way of forming an opinion as to the real effect of an anticipated call on the human mind than to take a walk during "the season of the year" down Harley-street, or along any of the fashionable streets in other parts of the town, and study the appearance and bearing of any gentleman whom you may catch in the act of making a call. Observe him on the door-step after he has knocked and before the door is flung open. Is that man at ease? Certainly not. There is no ordinary man (unless he is over fifty and very fat, but not always even then) who can *keep still* at such a time. He will turn rapidly about after knocking, and, grasping his chin, will look up at the sky, as if profoundly interested in the weather. He will look down and dust an imaginary speck off his waistcoat. He will revolve once or twice, and glance nervously down the outside seam of his trousers, straightening the limb as he does so. Depend on it, when you see a man conducting himself thus, he is not at his ease. I have even seen (but this was in Dorset-square only) a miserable wretch in this predicament, who so far lost himself as to take aim from the door-step at a certain sparrow with his umbrella, used gunwise. It was but the action of a moment—the desperate action of one trying to appear at ease—but it spoke volumes to a reflective mind. Of those gentlemen who, when they have knocked, stand with their backs to the door, poising themselves on their heels on the remotest verge of the step, it is not necessary to speak; they are without control over their actions, and may be consigned to oblivion in company with the gentleman who occupies himself, while waiting for admission, in chipping away with the point of his umbrella the loose bit of stucco which has begun to peel off by the side of the servants' bell.

Mark our man again when the door is at length answered. Mark the sudden way in which he turns round, and the unnatural key in which he inquires whether Mrs. Tangleweb is in her lair? If your eyes were bandaged do you think you would recognise in that sharp cry of agony the voice of your friend Twitcher? Surely not.

Observe, again, the almost inexplicable appearance of relief with which Twitcher learns that

Tangleweb is not at home. Observe how quick he is with his card; how hurriedly he makes away from the house, fearful of being sent for back again; how nervously he looks about him, in an agony lest he should meet his tormentor in the street, and be dragged back after all. As to Twitcher's position when calling with the intention of leaving a card, the door suddenly opens, and the family appears going out for a walk, so that Miss Tangleweb receives the suddenly proffered card in her own fair hand—as to this state of things, there are some misfortunes too serious to be turned into a joke, and this is one.

But I must leave for the present my own observations on these matters, and return to the strictures of Professor Bon Ton, who, while we have been lingering on the door-step, is fairly inside and full of information as to how I am to behave when I find from the porter that Madame Toile d'Araignée is absolutely *à la maison*.

"There are," says our Professor, "two kinds of visits: those which are undertaken without any particular object, and those for which there is some special reason. The last are indispensable among people who know how to behave themselves; the first are only permissible among relatives and intimate friends, though there *are* certain unmitigated idlers who pay such visits with no better excuse than the miserably trivial one of asking after one's health.

"It is unnecessary for me to say," continues Bon Ton, "that you must never present yourself on the occasion of a call except in correct costume. Among relations and intimate friends, the frock-coat may be allowed, but everywhere else the black coat, and the complete toilet to correspond, are indispensable.

"A visit received ought to be returned in all cases in which this is possible, unless, indeed, there is a great disproportion in rank between the persons.

"In official life an inferior is not to expect that his superior will return his call.

"Never pay a visit at an inopportune moment, such as the hours devoted to breakfast, to dinner, or to work. The evening is, all things considered, the fittest time. At Paris, visits are received from eleven o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening.

"Visits form a tie holding society together, which tie you cannot break without breaking also with society itself."

Having thus dealt with the subject generally, the author comes down to more particular matters.

"The most indispensable visits are the following: Visits on New Year's Day; visits of *digestion*—that is to say, those which you owe after receiving an invitation, whether or not you have accepted it; and those for which there is a special reason—namely, some event, such as a birth, a death, a marriage, an increase or a loss of fortune, &c.

"A visit of ceremony should never last more than from ten to fifteen minutes, unless under very extraordinary circumstances. You may indeed remain five minutes longer, if you are pressed to do so."

Here follows a suggestion to which the reader's attention is especially invited, as it seems to be based on profound observation and knowledge.

"If in the course of your visit you see the master of the house pull a paper from his pocket, begin to hunt for something in his desk, look up at the clock; if he has an absent appearance; if he *twiddles his thumbs*, drums on the floor with his foot, or takes up the tongs to mend a fire which stands in no need of such attentions,—if he does any of these things, or anything else of the same kind, take my advice and be off at once, even if you have only been five minutes in the house.

"The supreme art of making visits is to know when to depart. In the case of visits of ceremony, the shortest are the best.

"The precise moment when you begin to feel bored is the moment when you are beginning to bore others. Retire.

"If it should happen that your visit seems to give pleasure, you may remain *two minutes* longer than you had intended.

"In the case of a visit, after having received a letter announcing some important event, it is necessary that you should know how to arrange your physiognomy in accordance with the character *of* that event. In all such cases model your countenance on that of your host."

Our Professor is evidently not favourable in any case to a free and easy style of conducting the affairs of life; but in connexion with morning calls he is especially rigid and severe:

"To enter a room without being announced, though you are in the position of a brother, an uncle, or a cousin-german, is to be guilty of an action that is simply brutal.

"If you find no one in the ante-room to introduce you, knock lightly, and wait a considerable time for some one to open the door for you, unless, indeed, you are called to from within to enter. If after waiting some instants there is no answer, the position becomes extremely embarrassing. Among friends your best way is to enter the room and wait till some one comes, and either puts you politely out of doors, or asks you to be good enough to wait.

"Among simple acquaintances, if you are not answered you had better retire, and in mere discretion abstain from asking the porter whether the individual to whom you paid the visit was at home or not."

An excellent rule follows soon after the above. There could hardly be a better instance of the different estimation in which business is held here and abroad, than will be found below. The "man of letters" mentioned by the Professor would assuredly in England have been a "man of business."

"If you call upon a man of letters and find him at work, retire on the instant without even waiting to wish him 'good day;' you may cause him otherwise to lose the chain of his ideas, which may involve the losing of a whole chapter. Your visit *can* only put him out."

Here, again, is a rule worth knowing:

"If in the absence of a drawing-room you are received in the bedroom when you pay a visit, by no means allow yourself to place your hat upon the bed; among the middle classes this is looked upon as an absolute outrage to the lady of the house.

"If a baroness (of recent date) should, under such circumstances, take your hat from off the bed and place it elsewhere, you may feel quite sure that there has at some time been a porter's wife in her family. You should not, however, run the risk of being so dealt with, unless, indeed, you want to investigate in this way the lady's birth and breeding."

In the case of calls of ceremony, the visitor is bound, it appears, to go into the room in a very bare and empty condition:

"In a visit of state you must leave your paletot, your cane, and your hat in the ante-room; but in a common call you may simply divest yourself of your paletot, and may carry your hat and cane into the room with you. You should keep both of these in your hand till either the master or mistress of the house entreats you to lay them aside.

"If they fail to do so in the course of the first five minutes, it is a civil way of telling you that you may go."

This hat and cane are enough to drive the honest gentleman who is determined to guide himself by the laws of "Ton" completely out of his mind. We have not done with these wretched instruments of torture yet, for, supposing that the master or mistress of the establishment does entreat you to resign them,

"You must carry them yourself into the ante-room, unless a servant relieves you of them; you must not put them down on any article of furniture, while, if embarrassed to know how to dispose of them, you place them on the floor, your behaviour will be that of a country bumpkin."

The hat and stick finally disposed of, you must next mind what you are about in the matter of taking a chair. Woe to him who drops easily into the first seat that comes to hand!

"When you are requested to be seated, you must not expect that a chair shall be handed to you, you must yourself go and seek one and seat yourself in the particular spot that *your host indicates with his hand.* If no particular spot is so indicated, place yourself between the entrance door and the master of the house, and"—here comes the usual caution—"and take care not to stay too long."

It is impossible to deny that our Professor is strongly impregnated with self-interest.

"When you receive," he says, "a visit from a personage of rank, you must accompany him at his exit to the staircase; *if you want to obtain some favour*, go with him to the door of his carriage. The same act of politeness is due to ladies, *even when you expect nothing from them*, and you should offer your arm as you descend the stairs.

"If you receive a visit, even though it should be from your creditor, assume a very gracious air, hasten to receive him at the door, entreat him to be seated, bring forward with your own hands a chair for him, and put it in the place of honour, that is to say, at the side of the fire."

With this injunction as to the etiquette between debtor and creditor, I must conclude my quotations from this remarkable volume. Enough insight into the etiquette of French society has been given to cause the reader to think twice before he ventures into it. The country where a morning call is such a serious affair as we have just seen it to be, must be an awful country! For my part, when I had exhausted Professor Bon Ton's advice, I became so convinced that if I attempted to mingle in Parisian circles I should make some tremendous mistake—put my hat down upon some wrong piece of furniture, commit some unpardonable offence with my paletot, outrage society with my umbrella, break down in the quantity or quality of my boxes of bonbons, be guilty of some unhallowed act with my napkin, forget whether I had been cautioned not to drink my soup out of the plate, or strongly recommended to do so—I was so terrified, I say, at the number of wrong turnings I might take, and the difficulty of pursuing the straight and upright path, that I determined to give the whole thing a wide berth, and, transacting what business I had to do, return to my native land, where people "wipe their knives and fingers upon pieces of bread," and where bonbons and Bon Ton are alike unknown.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

I CALLED that day on Mrs. Poyntz, and communicated to her the prospect of the glad news I had received.

She was still at work on the everlasting knitting, her firm fingers linking mesh unto mesh as she listened; and when I had done, she laid her skein deliberately down, and said, in her favourite characteristic formula,

"So at last!—that is settled!"

She rose and paced the room as men are apt to do in reflection—women rarely need such movement to aid their thoughts—her eyes were fixed on the floor, and one hand was lightly pressed on the palm of the other—the gesture of a musing reasoner who is approaching the close of a difficult calculation.

At length she paused, fronting me, and said, dryly,

"Accept my congratulations—life smiles on you now—guard that smile, and when we meet next, may we be, even, firmer friends than we are now!"

"When we meet next—that will be to-night—you surely go to the mayor's great ball. All the Hill descends to Low Town to-night."

"No; we are obliged to leave L—— this afternoon—in less than two hours we shall be gone—a family engagement. We may be weeks away; you will excuse me, then, if I take leave of you so unceremoniously. Stay, a motherly word of caution. That friend of yours, Mr. Margrave! Moderate your intimacy with him; and especially after you are married. There is in that stranger, of whom so little is known, a something which I cannot comprehend—a something that captivates, and yet revolts. I find him disturbing my thoughts, perplexing my conjectures, haunting my fancies—I, plain woman of the world! Lilian is imaginative: beware of her imagination, even when sure of her heart. Beware of Margrave. The sooner he quits L——, the better, believe me, for your peace of mind. Adieu, I must prepare for our journey."

"That woman," muttered I, on quitting her house, "seems to have some strange spite against my poor Lilian, ever seeking to rouse my own distrust of that exquisite nature which has just given me such proof of its truth. And yet—and yet—is that woman so wrong here? True! Margrave with his wild notions, his strange beauty!—true—true—he might dangerously encourage that turn for the mystic and visionary which distresses me in Lilian. Lilian should not know him. How induce him to leave L——? Ah—those experiments on which he asks my assistance! I might commence them when he comes again, and then invent some reason to send him for completer tests to the famous chemists of Paris or Berlin."

CHAPTER XXXI.

IT is the night of the mayor's ball! The guests are assembling fast; county families twelve miles round have been invited, as well as the principal families of the town. All, before proceeding to the room set apart for the dance, move in procession through the museum—homage to science before pleasure!

The building was brilliantly lighted, and the effect was striking, perhaps because singular and grotesque. There, amid stands of flowers and evergreens, lit up with coloured lamps, were grouped the dead representatives of races all inferior—some deadly—to man. The fancy of the ladies had been permitted to decorate and arrange these types of the animal world. The tiger glared with glass eyes from amidst artificial reeds and herbage, as from his native jungle; the grisly white bear peered from a mimic iceberg. There, in front, stood the sage elephant, facing a hideous hippopotamus; whilst an anaconda twined its long spire round the stem of some tropical tree in zinc. In glass cases, brought into full light by festooned lamps, were dread specimens of the reptile race—scorpion and vampire, and cobra capella, with insects of gorgeous hues, not a few of them with venomed stings.

But the chief boast of the collection was in the varieties of the Genus Simia—baboons and apes, chimpanzees, with their human visage, mockeries of man, from the dwarf monkeys perched on boughs lopped from the mayor's shrubberies, to the formidable ourang-outang, leaning on his huge club.

Every one expressed to the mayor delight; to each other antipathy, for this unwonted and somewhat ghastly, though instructive, addition to the revels of a ball-room.

Margrave, of course, was there, and seemingly

quite at home, gliding from group to group of gaily-dressed ladies, and brilliant with a childish eagerness to play off the showman. Many of these grim fellow-creatures he declared he had seen, played or fought with. He had something true or false to say about each. In his high spirits he contrived to make the tiger move, and imitated the hiss of the terrible anaconda. All that he did had its grace, its charm; and the buzz of admiration and the flattering glances of ladies' eyes followed him wherever he moved.

However, there was a general feeling of relief when the mayor led the way from the museum into the ball-room. In provincial parties guests arrive pretty much within the same hour, and so few who had once paid their respects to the apes and serpents, the hippopotamus and the tiger, were disposed to repeat the visit, that long before eleven o'clock the museum was as free from the intrusion of human life as the wilderness in which its dead occupants had been born.

I had gone my round through the rooms, and, little disposed to be social, had crept into the retreat of a window-niche, pleased to think myself screened by its draperies—not that I was melancholy, far from it—for the letter I had received that morning from Lilian had raised my whole being into a sovereignty of happiness high beyond the reach of the young pleasure-hunters, whose voices and laughter blended with that vulgar music.

To read her letter again I had stolen to my nook—and, now, sure that none saw me kiss it, I replaced it in my bosom. I looked through the parted curtain; the room was comparatively empty; but there, through the open folding-doors, I saw the gay crowd gathered round the dancers, and there again, at right angles, a vista along the corridor afforded a glimpse of the great elephant in the deserted museum.

Presently I heard, close beside me, my host's voice.

"Here's a cool corner, a pleasant sofa, you can have it all to yourself; what an honour to receive you under my roof, and on this interesting occasion! Yes, as you say, there are great changes here since you left us. Society is much improved. I must look about and find some persons to introduce to you. Clever! oh, I know your tastes. We have a wonderful man—a new doctor. Carries all before him—very high character, too—good old family—greatly looked up to, even apart from his profession. Dogmatic a little—a Sir Oracle—'Lets no dog bark;' you remember the quotation—Shakespeare. Where on earth is he? My dear Sir Philip, I am sure you would enjoy his conversation."

Sir Philip! Could it be Sir Philip Derval, to whom the mayor was giving a flattering, yet scarcely propitiatory, description of myself? Curiosity combined with a sense of propriety in not keeping myself an unsuspected listener: I emerged from the curtain, but silently, and reached the centre of the room before the mayor perceived me. He then came up to me eagerly, linked his arm in mine, and leading me to a gentleman seated on a sofa, close by the window I had quitted, said:

"Doctor, I must present you to Sir Philip Derval, just returned to England, and not six hours in L——. If you would like to see the museum again, Sir Philip, the doctor, I am sure, will accompany you."

"No, I thank you; it is painful to me at present, to see, even under your roof, the collection which my poor dear friend, Dr. Lloyd, was so proudly beginning to form when I left these parts."

"Ay, Sir Philip — Dr. Lloyd was a worthy man in his way, but sadly duped in his latter years; took to mesmerism, only think! But our young doctor here showed him up, I can tell you."

Sir Philip, who had acknowledged my first introduction to his acquaintance by the quiet courtesy with which a well-bred man goes through a ceremony that custom enables him to endure with equal ease and indifference, now evinced by a slight change of manner how little the mayor's reference to my dispute with Dr. Lloyd advanced me in his good opinion. He turned away with a bow more formal than his first one, and said calmly:

"I regret to hear that a man so simple-minded and so sensitive as Dr. Lloyd should have provoked an encounter in which I can well conceive him to have been worsted. With your leave, Mr. Mayor, I will look into your ball-room. I may perhaps find there some old acquaintances."

He walked towards the dancers, and the mayor, linking his arm in mine, followed close behind, saying, in his loud hearty tones,

"Come along, you, too, Dr. Fenwick, my girls are there; you have not spoken to them yet."

Sir Philip, who was then half way across the room, turned round abruptly, and looking me full in the face, said:

"Fenwick, is your name Fenwick? — Allen Fenwick?"

"That is my name, Sir Philip."

"Then permit me to shake you by the hand; you are no stranger, and no mere acquaintance to me. Mr. Mayor, we will look into your ball-room later; do not let us keep you now from your other guests."

The mayor, not in the least offended by being thus summarily dismissed, smiled, walked on, and was soon lost amongst the crowd.

Sir Philip, still retaining my hand, re-seated himself on the sofa, and I took my place by his side. The room was still deserted: now and then a straggler from the ball-room looked in for a moment, and then sauntered back to the central place of attraction.

"I am trying to guess," said I, "how my name should be known to you. Possibly you may, in some visit to the Lakes, have known my father?"

"No; I know none of your name but your-

self—if, indeed, as I doubt not, you are the Allen Fenwick to whom I owe no small obligation. You were a medical student at Edinburgh in the year * * * ?"

"Yes."

"So! At that time there was also at Edinburgh a young man, named Richard Strahan. He lodged in a fourth flat in the Old Town."

"I remember him very well."

"And you remember, also, that a fire broke out at night in the house in which he lodged; that when it was discovered, there seemed no hope of saving him. The flames wrapt the lower part of the house; the staircase had given way. A boy, scarcely so old as himself, was the only human being in the crowd who dared to scale the ladder, that even then scarcely reached the windows from which the smoke rolled in volumes; that boy penetrated into the room—found the inmate almost insensible—rallied, supported, dragged him to the window—got him on the ladder—saved his life then—and his life later, by nursing with a woman's tenderness, through the fever caused by terror and excitement, the fellow-creature he had rescued by a man's daring. The name of that gallant student was Allen Fenwick, and Richard Strahan is my nearest living relation. Are we friends now?"

I answered confusedly. I had almost forgotten the circumstance referred to. Richard Strahan had not been one of my more intimate companions; and I had never seen nor heard of him since leaving college. I inquired what had become of him.

"He is at the Scotch bar," said Sir Philip, "and of course without practice. I understand that he has fair average abilities, but no application. If I am rightly informed, he is, however, a thoroughly honourable, upright man, and of an affectionate and grateful disposition."

"I can answer for all you have said in his praise. He had the qualities you name too deeply rooted in youth to have lost them now."

Sir Philip remained for some moments in a musing silence. And I took advantage of that silence to examine him with more minute attention than I had done before, much as the first sight of him had struck me.

He was somewhat below the common height. So delicately formed that one might call him rather fragile than slight. But in his carriage and air there was remarkable dignity. His countenance was at direct variance with his figure. For as delicacy was the attribute of the last, so power was unmistakably the characteristic of the first. He looked fully the age his steward had ascribed to him—about forty-eight; at a superficial glance, more; for his hair was prematurely white—not grey, but white as snow. But his eyebrows were still jet black, and his eyes, equally dark, were serenely bright. His forehead was magnificent; lofty, and spacious, and with only one slight wrinkle between the brows. His complexion was sunburnt, showing no sign of weak health. The outline of his lips was that which I have often remarked in men accustomed to great dangers, and contracting in such dangers the habit of self-reliance; firm and quiet, compressed without an effort. And the power of this very noble countenance was not intimidating, not aggressive; it was mild—it was benignant. A man oppressed by some formidable tyranny, and despairing to find a protector, would, on seeing that face, have said, "Here is one who can protect me, and who will!"

Sir Philip was the first to break the silence.

"I have so many relations scattered over England, that fortunately not one of them can venture to calculate on my property if I die childless, and therefore not one of them can feel himself injured when, a few weeks hence, he shall read in the newspapers that Philip Derval is married. But for Richard Strahan, at least, though I never saw him, I must do something before the newspapers make that announcement. His sister was very dear to me."

"Your neighbours, Sir Philip, will rejoice at your marriage, since, I presume, it may induce you to settle amongst them at Derval Court."

"At Derval Court! No! I shall not settle there." Again he paused a moment or so, and then went on. "I have long lived a wandering life, and in it learned much that the wisdom of cities cannot teach. I return to my native land with a profound conviction that the happiest life is the life most in common with all. I have gone out of my way to do what I deemed good, and to avert or mitigate what appeared to me evil. I pause now and ask myself, whether the most virtuous existence be not that in which virtue flows spontaneously from the springs of quiet every-day action;—when a man does good without restlessly seeking it, does good unconsciously, simply because he is good and he lives? Better, perhaps, for me, if I had thought so long ago! And now I come back to England with the intention of marrying, late in life though it be, and with such hopes of happiness as any matter-of-fact man may form. But my home will not be at Derval Court. I shall reside either in London or its immediate neighbourhood, and seek to gather round me minds by which I can correct, if I cannot confide, the knowledge I myself have acquired."

"Nay, if as I have accidentally heard, you are fond of scientific pursuits, I cannot wonder that, after so long an absence from England, you should feel interest in learning what new discoveries have been made, what new ideas are unfolding the germs of discoveries yet to be. But, pardon me, if in answer to your concluding remark, I venture to say that no man can hope to correct any error in his own knowledge, unless he has the courage to confide the error to those who can correct. La Place has said, '*Tout se tient dans la chaîne immense des vérités;*' and the mistake we make in some science we have specially cultivated is often only to be seen by the light of a separate science as specially cultivated by another. Thus, in the investigation of

truth, frank exposition to congenial minds is essential to the earnest seeker."

"I am pleased with what you say," said Sir Philip, "and I shall be still more pleased to find in you the very confidant I require. But what was your controversy with my old friend, Dr. Lloyd? Do I understand our host rightly, that it related to what in Europe has of late days obtained the name of mesmerism?"

I had conceived a strong desire to conciliate the good opinion of a man who had treated me with so singular and so familiar a kindness, and it was sincerely that I expressed my regret at the acerbity with which I had assailed Dr. Lloyd; but of his theories and pretensions I could not disguise my contempt. I enlarged on the extravagant fallacies involved in a fabulous "clairvoyance," which always failed when put to plain test by sober-minded examiners. I did not deny the effects of imagination on certain nervous constitutions. 'Mesmerism could cure nobody; credulity could cure many. There was the well-known story of the old woman tried as a witch; she cured agues by a charm; she owned the impeachment, and was ready to endure gibbet or stake for the truth of her talisman; more than a mesmerist would for the truth of his passes! And the charm was a scroll of gibberish sewn in an old bag and given to the woman in a freak by the judge himself when a young scamp on the circuit. But the charm cured? Certainly; just as mesmerism cures. Fools believed in it. Faith, that moves mountains, may well cure agues.'

Thus I ran on, supporting my views with anecdotes and facts, to which Sir Philip listened with placid gravity.

When I had come to an end, he said, "Of mesmerism, as practised in Europe, I know nothing, except by report. I can well understand that medical men may hesitate to admit it amongst the legitimate resources of orthodox pathology; because, as I gather from what you and others say of its practice, it must, at the best, be far too uncertain in its application to satisfy the requirements of science. Yet an examination of its pretensions may enable you to perceive the truth that lies hid in the powers ascribed to witchcraft; benevolence is but a weak agency compared to malignity; magnetism perverted to evil may solve half the riddles of sorcery. On this, however, I say no more at present. But as to that which you appear to reject as the most preposterous and incredible pretension of the mesmerists, and which you designate by the word 'clairvoyance,' it is clear to me that you have never yourself witnessed even those very imperfect exhibitions which you decide at once to be imposture. I say imperfect, because it is only a limited number of persons whom the eye or the passes of the mesmerist can affect, and by such means, unaided by other means, it is rarely indeed that the magnetic sleep advances beyond the first vague, shadowy twilight dawn of that condition to which only in its fuller developments I would apply the name of 'trance.' But still trance is as essential a condition of being as sleep or as waking, having privileges peculiar to itself. By means within the range of the science that explores its nature and its laws, trance, unlike the clairvoyance you describe, is producible in every human being, however unimpressible to mere mesmerism."

"Producible in every human being! Pardon me if I say that I will give any enchanter his own terms who will produce that effect upon me."

"Will you? You consent to have the experiment tried on yourself?"

"Consent most readily."

"I will remember that promise. But to return to the subject. By the word trance I do not mean exclusively the spiritual trance of the Alexandrian Platonists. There is one kind of trance,—that to which all human beings are susceptible,—in which the soul has no share; for of this kind of trance, and it was of this I spoke, some of the inferior animals are susceptible; and, therefore, trance is no more a proof of soul than is the clairvoyance of the mesmerists, or the dream of our ordinary sleep, which last has been called a proof of soul, though any man who has kept a dog must have observed that dogs dream as vividly as we do. But in this trance there is an extraordinary cerebral activity—a projectile force given to the mind—distinct from the soul,—by which it sends forth its own emanations to a distance in spite of material obstacles, just as a flower, in an altered condition of atmosphere, sends forth the particles of its aroma. This should not surprise you. Your thought travels over land and sea in your waking state; thought, too, can travel in trance, and in trance may acquire an intensified force. There is, however, another kind of trance which is truly called spiritual, a trance much more rare, and in which the soul entirely supersedes the mere action of the mind."

"Stay," said I; "you speak of the soul as something distinct from the mind. What the soul may be I cannot pretend to conjecture. But I cannot separate it from the intelligence!"

"Can you not! A blow on the brain can destroy the intelligence; do you think it can destroy the soul? It is recorded of Newton that in the decline of his life his mind had so worn out its functions that his own theorems had become to him unintelligible. Can you suppose that Newton's soul was as worn out as his mind? If you cannot distinguish mind from soul, I know not by what rational inductions you arrive at the conclusion that the soul is imperishable."

I remained silent. Sir Philip fixed on me his dark eyes quietly and searchingly, and after a short pause, said:

"Almost every known body in nature is susceptible of three several states of existence—the solid, the liquid, the aëriform. These conditions depend on the quantity of heat they contain. The same object at one moment may be liquid; at the next moment, solid; at the next, aëriform. The water that flows before your gaze

may stop consolidated into ice, or ascend into air as vapour. Thus is man susceptible of three states of existence—the animal, the mental, the spiritual—and according as he is brought into relation or affinity with that occult agency of the whole natural world, which we familiarly call HEAT, and which no science has yet explained; which no scale can weigh, and no eye discern; one or the other of these three states of being prevails, or is subjected."

I still continued silent, for I was unwilling discourteously to say to a stranger, so much older than myself, that he seemed to me to reverse all the maxims of the philosophy to which he made pretence, in founding speculations audacious and abstruse upon unanalogous comparisons that would have been fantastic even in a poet. And Sir Philip, after another pause, resumed with a half-smile:

"After what I have said, it will perhaps not very much surprise you when I add that but for my belief in the powers I ascribe to trance, we should not be known to each other at this moment."

"How—pray explain!"

"Certain circumstances which I trust to relate to you in detail hereafter, have imposed on me the duty to discover, and to bring human laws to bear upon a creature armed with terrible powers of evil. This monster, for, without metaphor, monster it is, not man like ourselves, has, by arts superior to those of ordinary fugitives, however dexterous in concealment, hitherto, for years, eluded my research. Through the trance of an Arab child, who, in her waking state, never heard of his existence, I have learned that this being is in England—is in L——. I am here to encounter him. I expect to do so this very night, and under this very roof."

"Sir Philip!"

"And if you wonder, as you well may, why I have been talking to you with this startling unreserve, know that the same Arab child, on whom I thus implicitly rely, informs me that your life is mixed up with that of the being I seek to unmask and disarm—to be destroyed by his arts or his agents—or to combine in the causes by which the destroyer himself shall be brought to destruction."

"My life!—your Arab child named me, Allen Fenwick?"

"My Arab child told me that the person in whom I should thus naturally seek an ally was he who had saved the life of the man whom I then meant for my heir, if I died unmarried and childless. She told me that I should not be many hours in this town, which she described minutely,—before you would be made known to me. She described this house, with yonder lights, and yon dancers. In her trance she saw us sitting together, as we now sit. I accepted the invitation of our host, when he suddenly accosted me on entering the town, confident that I should meet you here, without even asking whether a person of your name were a resident in the place; and now you know why I have so freely unbosomed myself of much that might well make you, a physician, doubt the soundness of my understanding. The same infant, whose vision has been realised up to this moment, has warned me also that I am here at great peril. What that peril may be I have declined to learn, as I have ever declined to ask from the future, what affects only my own life on this earth. That life I regard with supreme indifference, conscious that I have only to discharge, while it lasts, the duties for which it is imposed on me, to the best of my imperfect power; and aware that minds the strongest and souls the purest may fall into the sloth habitual to predestinarians, if they suffer the actions due to the present hour to be awed and paralysed by some grim shadow on the future! It is only where, irrespectively of aught that can menace myself, a light not struck out of my own reason can guide me to disarm evil or minister to good, that I feel privileged to avail myself of those mirrors on which things, near and far, reflect themselves calm and distinct as the banks and the mountain peaks are reflected in the glass of a lake. Here, then, under this roof, and by your side, I shall behold him who—Lo! the moment has come—I behold him now!"

As he spoke these last words, Sir Philip had risen, and, startled by his action and voice, I involuntarily rose too.

Resting one hand on my shoulder, he pointed with the other towards the threshold of the ball-room. There, the prominent figure of a gay group—the sole male amidst a fluttering circle of silks and lawn, of flowery wreaths, of female loveliness, and female frippery—stood the radiant image of Margrave. His eyes were not turned towards us. He was looking down, and his light laugh came soft, yet ringing, through the general murmur.

I turned my astonished gaze back to Sir Philip—yes, unmistakably it was on Margrave that his look was fixed.

Impossible to associate crime with the image of that fair youth! Eccentric notions—fantastic speculations—vivacious egotism—defective benevolence—yes. But crime!—No—impossible.

"Impossible," I said, aloud. As I spoke, the group had moved on. Margrave was no longer in sight. At the same moment some other guests came from the ball-room, and seated themselves near us.

Sir Philip looked round, and, observing the deserted museum at the end of the corridor, drew me into it.

When we were alone, he said in a voice quick and low, but decided:

"It is of importance that I should convince you at once of the nature of that prodigy which is more hostile to mankind than the wolf is to the sheepfold. No words of mine could at present suffice to clear your sight from the deception which cheats it. I must enable you to judge for yourself. It must be now, and here. He will learn this night, if he has not learned already, that I am in the town. Dim and confused though

his memories of myself may be, they are memories still; and he well knows what cause he has to dread me. I must put another in possession of his secret. Another, and at once! For all his arts will be brought to bear against me, and I cannot foretel their issue. Go, then; enter that giddy crowd—select that seeming young man—bring him hither. Take care only not to mention my name; and when here, turn the key in the door, so as to prevent interruption—five minutes will suffice."

"Am I sure that I guess whom you mean? The young light-hearted man; known, in this place, under the name of Margrave? The young man with the radiant eyes, and the curls of a Grecian statue?"

"The same; him whom I pointed out; quick, bring him hither."

My curiosity was too much roused to disobey. Had I conceived that Margrave, in the heat of youth, had committed some offence which placed him in danger of the law and in the power of Sir Philip Derval, I possessed enough of the old borderers' black mail loyalty to have given to the man whose hand I had familiarly clasped a hint and a help to escape. But all Sir Philip's talk had been so out of the reach of common sense, that I rather expected to see him confounded by some egregious illusion than Margrave exposed to any well-grounded accusation. All, then, that I felt as I walked into the ball-room and approached Margrave, was that curiosity which, I think, any one of my readers will acknowledge that, in my position, he himself would have felt.

Margrave was standing near the dancers, not joining them, but talking with a young couple in the ring. I drew him aside.

"Come with me for a few minutes into the museum; I wish to talk to you."

"What about?—an experiment?"

"Yes, an experiment."

"Then I am at your service."

In a minute more, he had followed me into the desolate dead museum. I looked round, but did not see Sir Philip.

THE HERBERT MEMORIAL.

A FEW weeks ago there was a meeting held in the Salisbury council-chamber, at which bishop and mayor, county and borough members, clergy and laity, rich and poor, joined in the desire to raise some memorial of a Wiltshire man lately deceased: the man who, of all men in Wiltshire, was most widely and deeply honoured and beloved. Lord Herbert of Lea, long and familiarly known as the Right Honourable Sidney Herbert, possessor of a rich inheritance and heir to an earldom, with a refinement of taste and breadth of knowledge that made him keenly alive to the best enjoyments of society, with a personal character that, joined to his position, ensured him the incessant social flatteries of life, accepted all these gifts as talents that his Master had put in his hand, and with a rare simplicity of manner,—without harsh withdrawal from his natural associates, without ostentation of good motives or self-glorifying complaint of overwork,—was one of the very few men who have killed themselves by an insatiable zeal for the good, not of themselves but of their fellows. Life was to Lord Herbert a round of sacred duty. Nine years ago he was seen by the readers of Household Words in the midst of one of his pleasures, in a Gravesend boat, on a wet winter day, conveying many poor girls whom he had saved from the dangers and miseries of London poverty, to the ship that was to carry them to better fortune in a land where they would be guarded and cherished till the better fortune came. Then we said, "You will find Mr. Sidney Herbert at a table in the cabin, busily engaged with fellow-labourers in folding copies of a letter that is to be given to each girl on her departure. Perhaps it will occur to you, that English gentlemen, who leave the luxuries of home to travel down the cheerless river on this miserable day, who work so eagerly and steadily, with mind and body, are almost as well employed as they might be if they behaved like proper squires, and bent their energies on the provision of a hare for dinner. Perhaps you think there are more manly sports than one, or half a dozen, and that it is not the least manly occupation in which an English gentleman can be engaged, to be the helper of weak girls, who are battling, in an overcrowded city, against the temptations brought by helpless poverty; to be their helper, not with a purse only, but in person; and, while removing them from danger, to speak human words into their ears." We then came upon Sidney Herbert in his pleasures, as a man might come upon a drunkard in his cups. His pleasure was his work; and his work was the best and highest on which as a man and as a Christian he could lay his grasp.

He was Secretary to the Admiralty and Secretary at War under Sir Robert Peel, again Secretary at War under Lord Aberdeen, and Secretary of State for War in the year preceding his death. He saw and was partly blamed for the breakdown of systems that had been commended to him by the Tapers and the Tadpoles; but he saw no wrong without working, in the teeth, if need were, of the Tapers and the Tadpoles, to secure its remedy. After the miseries of the Crimean war it was a blessing for all future soldiers that Lord Herbert presided over the commission to inquire into the health of the army. Of the two thousand one hundred and sixty-two men, of whom it is said on the Guards' monument raised to their memory in Waterloo-place that they "fell during the war with Russia," all but four hundred and fifty died of fever, dysentery and cholera, frostbite, and scurvy. Fifty-seven died of frostbite, chiefly caused by want of boots. A cargo of boys' boots was sent from home for men to wear, and "I have seen men," said one of the witnesses, "during the coldest part of winter,

going to the trenches, and on guard, with their feet on their boots instead of in them." For want of proper accommodation and right sense of the necessity of making drainage to the ground under a tent, men who had sat from morning to night in the mud of the trenches lay from night to morning heaped in the mud of their tents. Out of facts like these, and the fact that such a camp, when due observance of all laws of health had been at last enforced, became absolutely healthier than English barracks, Lord Herbert gathered to himself a new sense of work that must be done. A colleague, ready to pass over the distresses of the lower rank, whether of soldiers or civilians, would tell him "the poor must be poor." "As if," he exclaimed, "it being necessary to have poor, it is necessary to have them miserable!"

A penny from every man whose happiness he has increased, if every such man could know his benefactor, would almost build the convalescent hospital, which, together with a portrait statue in his native county town, it is resolved to raise as a memorial of Sidney Herbert's noble life. The evidence to which we have referred on the condition of the army gave the latest impulse to his beneficent energies. He obtained four commissions—one for considering the improvement of barracks and hospitals; one for securing a more distinct knowledge of vital truths by reorganising the army medical statistics; one for organising the army medical school at Chatham, with its professor of hygiène; and the fourth for securing such reform in the army medical service as would make it efficient for the prevention of disease in barracks and camps or in the field. The soul of earnestness and steadfast single-minded work in each of these commissions was himself. He presided over each, and gave himself up so wholly to the opportunities they gave of doing a high duty, that he not only attended all the meetings of the commission upon soldiers' barracks, and signed all their reports up to the date of his becoming Minister at War, but was active in personal inspection of the barracks and hospitals. He worked without flinching, heard the truth with his own ears, saw the truth with his own eyes; and then advised and directed changes which have reduced the army mortality by about one-half, and which save every year the lives of a battalion of men!

He was giving up his own life to such work, and he knew it. There was no other man with equal power who had equal disregard of mere routine; to whom the official shrug, the word of heedless social badinage, the humour of the club, suggested no easy prudential test, was no discouragement. He did not live to please his fellows, though so delightful was his nature, that there could be none among his fellows whom he did not please. He lived to do the highest manly duty that God gave to his right hand. In the last years of his life, when the advance of bodily disease was to be checked only by rest and self-indulgence, the mass of work that Lord Herbert saw to be done, dependent for its execution too entirely upon his persistent and determined toil, while having lives of many other men dependent on it, seemed to him too important to be laid aside. What he might hope yet to do before he died, was worth doing, although he gave up for it his own life in the full maturity of manhood. It was by that sacrifice of his own latter years that he was enabled to save lives of other men by the battalion. The singular freedom from sickness, or even discomfort enjoyed by the troops in the recent China expedition, was a matter of national congratulation, when there were few who had attention called to the man wasting in health, and working his way down into the grave, by whose beneficent industry those lives of our countrymen in the far East had been shielded and preserved.

He had cared even to make wholesome and acceptable the food of the common soldier, by establishing a school of cookery at Aldershott. He provided for the good nursing of the soldier in sickness. Although he left his work unfinished —to remain incomplete, we fear to think how long, now that his earnestness no longer predominates in council—he did in his time more than any war minister who ever lived, in any age or country, to deprive war of its worst horrors, and to reduce its sacrifice of human life. For it is not by sword or gun that the great hosts perish in war; it is by famine and disease. It has been calculated that it took in the Peninsular war the shooting away of seven times the weight of a man in lead for every one man whom a bullet hit. Lord Herbert was cutting through the thickest root of a great misery, and would not drop the axe, though he was dying while he strove. On the very day of his death the first military hospital established by him on the new system was opened at Woolwich.

The only fit memorial of such a man is a good work conceived in his own spirit. It is proposed, therefore, that the Herbert Memorial shall be a sea-side convalescent hospital, bearing his name, and designed, after the manner of his life, for the support and protection of the weak. The period of slow recovery from sickness is one of great trial and risk to many of the poor. In the founding of such a Memorial Hospital, we may celebrate worthily a good man's name by a good deed done in his honour. It is a memorial to which many a poor man's wife, who might have been a widow but for Sidney Herbert's labour, will desire to bring her mite; to which happy women in Australia, whom he saved from wretchedness if not from sin, will send their little offerings; to which the common soldier, for whose well-being he gave his life, will offer pence out of his pay. Of all memorials it is one towards which offerings of pence should be desired and honoured. Let the statue of Lord Herbert in Salisbury be raised by his private friends and by the County. But let the Memorial Hospital—Thomas Pain, Esq., Laverstock Hall, Salisbury, is secretary to the fund—

be raised by the Country, and by the liberality of its endowment let it show how Englishmen appreciate the man who takes the highest measure of his duty, and yields up his life to its performance.

THE IRON WAR-SHIP.

When Spenser represented his iron man, Talus, beating whole armies to powder with his redoubtable iron flail, he foreshadowed by a rude type the future power of England, and the iron ships with which she was to guard the Channel and repulse the alien in a thousand seas.

The recent vote in parliament of two million five hundred thousand pounds for five new iron frigates had made me rather curious to see one of the new vessels; so, one day last week I started for Greenhithe, where the Warrior was then lying, to judge for myself. The newspapers had so dosed me with accounts of iron masts, rifle-towers, shot-proof shields, and steam rams which were to cut unplated men-of-war through like apples, that I had really quite lost the clear impression of the new craft that I once thought I possessed.

We followed the river—that is, I and the train did—attended all the way by lines of masts that gave me the idea of my being escorted by a regiment of gigantic lancers. Rapidly the dull red roofs changed to scrubby green fields, brick-fields, cressy ditches, and factory yards. Presently, we get away into freer air, far from shipwrights' yards and the ribby skeletons of ships and barges; we come out into broad fields, where, over hedges and above haystacks, you could see the masts of vessels moving.

Wandering cries of the names of several stations, and I reach the little quiet countrified Greenhithe, where the air, fresh with October influences, is all alive with yellow leaves that swirl and flutter about like so many golden butterflies. I trudge down a chalky lane leading to the river-side. There can be no doubt that I am in the right road, for here come rolling along, a gang of sailors, and on the band of every flat cap I see in great gilt letters "Warrior." These frank, brave-looking fish out of water, do not let me forget that I am in Kent, for every one of them carries in his hand or in his cap a great bough tufted with ripe hops; they roll along, shouting out to each other as loud as if there was a gale of wind blowing, and nothing short of a speaking-trumpet would carry a request more than ten yards.

Yonder, a few hundred yards across the water, lies the Warrior: a black vicious ugly customer as ever I saw. Whale-like in size, and with as terrible a row of incisor teeth as ever closed on a French frigate. I turn off down the main street of Greenhithe, the shops striking me as primitive and countrified, and I stop for lunch and information at a small inn called The Jolly-boat. The rooms are small, low-roofed, and as like uncomfortable cabins as they can well be. A deep yellow engraving of the Battle of Trafalgar is on one wall, and The Jolly Arethusa on the other. The parlour, from the centre of which hangs a bell, looped like a halter, and dreadfully tempting to a moody man who has defrauded the Chancellor of the Exchequer, looks out on the river; and on a little causeway of knobbly stones that runs down into the water, a great slovenly green boat, laden with people, is just discharging its cargo: two of them are sailors from the Warrior, and one a marine.

"Can I go on board?" I say to the waiter, who appears like the spirit of the ring in Aladdin, when I pull the bell.

"What, go on board the wessell? Why, in course, sir; there is a boat waiting now with some gen'lemen."

So down I went to the boat and found two cunning-looking watermen handing in some country people, who were bent on the same errand as myself—evidently small tradespeople from Charlton, Erith, or Lewisham, fresh from tea and shrimps; the men of a winking, nudging, boisterous, good-natured kind; the women fussy, timid, laughing, hearty, vulgar, common-place people determined to be amused with everything.

The boatman considered us as mere "yokels," who did not know a spanker-boom from a top-sheet. I could see Jack making tremendous telegraphic faces to Joe in front. He was going to try how much we could swallow.

"Lucky, gents, as you come when you did. An hour ago, and there was such a sea on, we could not have pulled you out if you had given us five pound. The captain of the Warrior did not dare come on shore. Dare he, Jack? The werry captain put his gig back. Didn't he, Jack?"

"But this isn't the sea, boatman?" said one of the country people.

"Well, not just what you may call full sea, but we have a tidy tide here, too, when the wind blows as hard as it does to-day. Here we are, gents—take care how you step out. One at a time, ladies. Sixpence out, sixpence in; that is our fare, gents. When you return will do, and take care, please, not to upset the boat."

I clambered and balanced myself from boat to boat (a fleet of boats, laden with meat and vegetables, lay round the Warrior), and made my way up a temporary ladder that led almost perpendicularly up the side of the monster: a boatman running before us to introduce us to a master gunner, who would show us over the ship. A sturdy lad, just arrived from the fleet in the Clyde, came with us and asked for the master-at-arms. The country people, gaping and bewildered, were led off on their labyrinthine walk.

There were townfuls of men at work in the great leviathan, shaping bulks of timber, dragging about trim Armstrong guns, hammering at steel plates, tugging at gun carriages. I mused. Wooden walls of old England, farewell for ever. No more shall ye float upon the brine,

half hid in sulphurous death shade. No more shall ye pour forth swarms of boarders with pike and cutlass to slay, burn, and devastate the enemy's ships. Ye are turned to steel and iron now, though the hearts that man ye are no braver than before. Ye shall——

But my musing was cut short by the rough hearty voice of the master gunner, asking "if I would like to overhaul her 'tween decks?"

I said I should, so down some sudden iron steps we went, to see this metal vessel, and steam ram.

But before we had got far, the master gunner sat down on a favourite gun-carriage, and informed me that the ship, when fit for sea, would have cost some four hundred thousand pounds, and that was fifty thousand pounds less than the new iron vessels were to cost. Her length was three hundred and eighty feet, her breadth fifty-eight feet, and her tonnage six thousand one hundred and seventy. Her iron armour-plates weighed nine hundred and fifty tons. The engines were nearly one thousand two hundred and fifty horse-power, and the bunkers held coal for nine days' steaming. She carried thirty-six sixty-eight pounders, two one hundred pound Armstrongs, four forty pounders, and two twenty-five pounders.

At this point, feeling rather faint with the sudden dose of so much knowledge, I prayed the master gunner to rest awhile, and to take me to some point where I might first see the thickness of the Warrior's coat armour.

Master Gunner, with a trip and a heave as at some invisible rigging, then led me to the gun deck, and pointed to a porthole, where I could see one of the iron plates in profile. I had fancied the plates were mere cuirass plates, of some inch or so of tempered metal; but I found them great slabs of iron, four and a half inches wide, backed with teak, twenty-two inches thick—not to mention the inner skin of the ship, which was of half-inch iron.

"The new vessels," says Master Gunner, "are to be of an inch or two inches thicker, and it is not improbable that in these vessels the woodwork will be altogether done away with; there are talks, too, of their having four iron masts, and rigging worked by machinery." How any clock-weight Armstrong shot can punch a hole through such vessel's sides I cannot imagine, but Sir John is a clever and a sanguine man, and there is no knowing what his terrible new three hundred pounders may yet do.

Master Gunner now took me down to the main deck, to show me the ponderous iron doors that run across in slides, and can be bolted on the inside, in case boarders get possession of part of the vessel. At each end of the vessel there are these doors, that would turn the inner part of the ship into an invulnerable fort. And now, feeling anxious to see the rifle-tower, the model of which, it is said, one of our Admiralty officials got from the Toulon dockyard, and which perhaps the wily Napoleon took from Cæsar's Commentaries or the Mediæval Wars, I asked Master Gunner to take me to it.

He led me to the spar-deck, and there it was, the smiths busy filing and hammering on its armour. I had imagined it a sort of lighthouse, twenty feet high; I found it a huge iron caldron some eight feet high, pierced with loopholes for riflemen. It has been proposed to cut out square ports at the base, out of which might be run short carronades, to sweep the decks with canister-shot if the boarders once got a footing. I did not like to ask Master Gunner how far this immense weight of metal in the centre of the vessel would affect her speed, or how riflemen could take any exact aim on board a rolling ship; besides, just as I was going to ask something, Master Gunner motioned me onward.

"The new vessels," he said, "are to have a semi-circular iron shield in the bows inside the teak bulwarks, which are to be made to lower down. The bowsprit, too, is to be of iron, and to turn back on a hinge when the ship is used to run down an enemy's frigate."

What a change from the wooden walls that Nelson led to vomit fire among the French and Spanish fleets! Iron steam-ships now, armed with stupendous guns, and coated with almost impenetrable armour, will crush down their foes with the rush of a bull and the swiftness of a leopard.

But here we came to the steam-engine department, where, in an indifferent atmosphere, with the usual smell as of bad cookery, Master Gunner again insisted on sitting on a grating, and giving me more facts. We were, luckily, not far from the great canvas tube that brought down air from above, and the forty furnaces were not lighted, so I could bear it.

One of the stokers: a grim-faced man, who paced about moodily, and with an air of suffering under not being permitted to set the ship agoing: rubbed spitefully at furnace door-handles, and here came forward and volunteered information in a pained and hurt sort of way.

The engine represented, he said, a force of little short of six thousand horses. A big man could pass, not only up and down the main steam-pipe and its branches into the cylinders, but also through the passages of the slide valves into the condensers. The Warrior had ten boilers, and each boiler was fed by four furnaces. Every boiler had four hundred and forty tubes. The piston weighed no less than thirteen tons, and the stroke was four feet, the number of revolutions being fifty a minute. The steam shaft was one great piece of malleable iron, thirty feet long, and twenty inches in diameter. The screw was of gun-metal, twenty-four feet in diameter, and weighed about twenty tons. The ship consumed one hundred and twenty-five tons of coal every twenty-four hours.

After this second heavy dose of scientific facts, Master Gunner started me again on a fresh tour, up all sorts of shiny iron stairs, and along all sorts of iron-grated passages. Now, I found myself in a sort of small ball-room, traversed by a great shaft of iron—now, in a dark hall, studded on either side with twenty

furnaces. Sailors were working up and down the stairs; mechanics were fitting up tables in the officers' cabins, marines were tugging at gun-carriages; every one was busy, for the vessel was soon to be off to Portsmouth, and from thence to start in search of a storm, in order to test her sea-going powers. Going to look for a tempest! What a young Titan it must be, whose infant amusement it is to go *looking for a tempest!*

What a little world, I thought to myself, is this vessel. How I can fancy it hereafter, when it has long left its quiet moorings opposite the green fields, and has broken out into the wide sea, when the storm lashes it, the thunders bellow over it, and the lightnings drive their fiery shafts at it! I can see her moving with stately majesty to meet the vanguard of the enemy's fleet, breaking through a rain of iron, and driving like a cannon-shot into the very heart of the foe.

How old Benbow, in his grand laced cocked-hat, deep-flapped white satin waistcoat, blue coat, gold epaulettes, knee-breeches and silver buckles, would be astonished, could he rise from the dead during a modern sea battle, and go on board such a vessel as the Warrior as it moved into action.

What! No laying yard-arm to yard-arm, and opening a broadside till one or the other yield —no pouring in boarders through open port-holes, through smashed-in poop-windows—no driving into the captain's cabin with pistols and cutlasses?

"And what is that dreadful panting noise, bosun, between decks?" says the commodore's ghost.

"That, an it please your honour, is the steam-engines putting on extra power for running down the French corvette ahead of us, the Currant-juice (the Courageux)."

"And that noise like unloading stones, bosun?"

"That is the getting up coals from the bunkers for the forty furnaces."

"And, good Heavens! where is the bowsprit gone to, bosun?"

"Turned back on the hinge, your honour, so as not to stop us when we run down the enemy."

"What a wonderful age! And what is that enormous iron pot on deck for?"

"For riflemen, in case the enemy board us."

"But why not put them in the main-tops, as they used to do in our time?"

"The men don't go up aloft now, your honour; it's all done with pulleys and tackle."

"Do you ever have a mast shot away?"

"No, your honour, because they are all iron."

"How many sixty-eight's do you carry?"

"Your honour is making game of an old sailor; the two hundred pounders are our chief guns to do heavy work with."

"Good Heavens!" says the venerable ghost, fading away in sheer disgust. "I don't know what the world is coming to."

As I left the Warrior (after giving a gratuity to that tremendous vendor of facts the master gunner), descended the leviathan's side, and took boat for the land, I could not help thinking of the Warrior in action, and comparing her with Nelson's vessels, breaking their way through the French phalanx at Trafalgar.

Again I see those great tattered acres of canvas, torn and flapping, moving in the long blue swell that sets into the bay of Cadiz, majestically impelled by light winds from the south-west. There are the Royal Sovereign, the Sirius, the Téméraire, the Leviathan, and, ahead of all, Nelson's war-ship, the Victory, with the striped colours flying at every mast. They are all in shadow, and move in two fierce lines to break the enemy's centre.

Villeneuve, in the Bucentaur, leads on his French fleet, on whose sails the sun shines with fallacious brightness. Our tops are specked scarlet with marines. The sailors, in groups of eight, stand to their guns; the shot are ready, in pyramids; the buckets and tompions are prepared; the portfires burn luridly; the ships are cleared for action; everything is sternly simple, and cleared free for fighting; the younger boy in the ship longs for the first gun to fire.

The ships are wrapped in a yellow sulphur-cloud; the decks are strewn with splinters, spent shot, fragments of fire-balls, and heaps of dead men. The Victory alone has lost fifty men, and her maintop-mast and all her studding-sails and booms are shot away. One double-headed French shot alone struck eight of her marines dead; once or twice the ship has been on fire, for the Victory is jammed in with French and Spanish vessels. Worst of all—making the day of victory a day of bitter grief to England—Nelson has been struck on the left shoulder by a bullet from the rifle of a Tyrolese in the Redoutable's mizen-top, and has been carried below. Still we are victorious—the battle is our own. Soon, those vessels, with drooping flags, will be on their way to England, bearing the body of the dead hero.

But the new Warrior in action will appear far different to the old Victory. She will not float into battle with puffing sails and defiant flags. When the men are above at their guns, the helmsman is behind his iron shield, and the riflemen are immured in their iron tower, there will be below a busy world of firemen and engineers also at their several posts, standing in the orange blaze at furnace doors, like mute spirits, ready to urge the vessel to her gigantic rush upon the enemy, what time the tremendous two hundred pounders are loading with the solid essence of death and ruin. The bowsprit is hinged back, the great wheels revolve, the piston begins its untiring labour, the pent-up fury is released. The vast vessel grinds down on the foe, like a mad elephant upon a gang of beaters. It severs beams, and crushes masts—men are but as flies before its relentless fury, its Cyclopean power. The wooden walls go down before it, and the shot hop off it like raindrops from a cabbage-leaf.

irons with a watch-spring saw; goes off in his dandy clothes; takes coach to Richmond City; and passes for a white man—confound his impudence!"

The major went on to say that it had been ascertained that the fugitive had not yet escaped over the border of the nearest Free Commonwealth, and that he was suspected to be lurking in Western Virginia. A large reward had been offered for his seizure, dead or alive, so incensed was Mr. Randolph at his daring escape, and so important did it seem to make an example that should strike terror to the hearts of all "clever niggers," as the more adroit and enlightened of the enslaved race are called. It was conjectured that the runaway had white friends, who were concealing him, and who would endeavour to assist him in passing the boundary-line, on his way to rejoin his wife in Canada.

"I only wish," said the major, grimly, as he strutted away, "that we could lay a hand on them philanthropists! We'd make 'em a caution to all the rest of the breed. 'Tain't tar and feathers will serve *their* turn, I reckon; no, nor yet flogging, nor rail-riding. A load of brush-wood and a lucifer-match will be about their mark, I calculate. I must leave you, doctor. A meeting of citizens is con-vened to organise for catching this black thief."

And the major went away, to attend the meeting. As I went my rounds, from house to house where sickness yet lingered, I could not but think over the strange story I had heard. Prudence bade me suppress my sympathies, but no man born on British soil could help siding in his heart with the oppressed fugitive, whose only crime was his colour. And yet how wonderfully had the consciences of the ruling race been warped by the long habit of trampling on the rights of their dusky fellow-men! Here was Major Blight: bilious and pugnacious, certainly, but a kind neighbour and an honourable man in social intercourse: who was yet unable to comprehend that "niggers" could have any more feeling or privileges than the cattle in the fields! However, I got through my town visits, and, looking at my watch, I saw that it was time to drive out to my distinguished patient at the Holt, the Honourable Abiram Green. I drove out accordingly, and again I was ushered into the darkened chamber; for the legislator's eyes, though bright, were weak, and anything like strong sunshine distressed them. Mr. Green was better. Better, but very weak. His pulse was not much too fast for the normal rate of beating; there were few signs of fever; but the prostration was extreme. Tonics, jellies, rest, and a little old Madeira, were clearly the remedies best adapted to such a case. The convalescent had excellent nurses in tidy motherly Mrs. Clay and her trim daughters. I did not see the farmer himself, who was absent at some distant market. But I had a long and pleasant conversation with my patient, whose voice was much more clear than on the previous evening, and who seemed disposed to talk as much as I would permit.

"A very well-informed intellectual person is Mr. Green," said I, as I took leave of the Clays, after tasting the hominy and hot cakes, which they hospitably pressed upon me; "a very superior man, and it does good to a recluse like myself to chat with one who evidently knows the world of statesmen and diplomatists so thoroughly."

Mrs. Clay assented smilingly, but her youngest daughter put her snowy apron to her mouth, as if to smother a very unaccustomed and un-Quakerlike fit of audible giggling.

"Ruth, Ruth!" said her mother, reprovingly.

But girls may have exuberant spirits, and may laugh at trifles light as air, even in the Society of Friends, I suppose: so I thought little of the circumstance. I called two or three times, on consecutive days, at the Holt. Mr. Green's convalescence made slow progress, but he did gain a little strength by degrees, and I was always delighted by his conversation. Now and then, he threw out a hint that I was lost in such a place as Morgan Town; that I should be appreciated at my just value, elsewhere; and once said something about the White House and the president's discontent with his medical adviser; which caused me to write a long and sanguine letter home to my dear Jane at Highgate.

Evidently my distinguished patient had taken a fancy to me, and would give me the benefit of his recommendation among his powerful friends. He was mending visibly, and began to fret against the restraint of the sick-room, and to long for fresh air and motion. The Clays, all of them, husband, wife, and children, seconded this wish: not from any inhospitable anxiety to be rid of their guest, but from pure kindness. (There may, perhaps, have been another motive which I did not then guess.) "Might not Mr. Green take a little exercise?" I shook my head reprovingly, as a doctor should, and scouted the innovation; but presently yielded so far as to say that a little very gentle exercise might not harm the invalid, if well wrapped up. For now the Indian summer was over, and there was a crisp frosty dryness in the air. "A drive in a carriage, now?" Ah! There was the difficulty. Morgan Town had no liveryman, no letter-out of hack vehicles, and the carryall which formed the Clays' equipage, was but a homely affair, jolting horribly. Suddenly Ruth clapped her little hands. She had found an expedient. "Why should not friend Mylner take friend Green for a nice ride in his comfortable carriage, easy as a feather-bed on wings? The doctor had said he was going to Shawnee Ford to-morrow, to visit old Bailey, the lumberer, who was sick. He could call for Mr. Green on his way." Nem. con. the proposition was carried. I agreed to call at the Holt by eleven next day, and I returned to the town. Curiously enough, I believe the sick congress man's presence at the farm was scarcely known to a single white inhabitant of Morgan Town. I had never mentioned my new patient in paying my rounds; indeed, I was the reverse of a

gossiping doctor, and had chiefly conciliated the Virginians by my talents as a listener. Of course it was known that I frequently visited the Quaker's house, but people probably concluded that one of the girls, or perhaps one of the two or three younger children, had a touch of fever; and as the Clays held little intercourse with the townsfolk, nobody cared to ask questions on that point.

When I got back to Morgan Town that afternoon, I found the place full of unusual bustle. On several stumps and walls, appeared flaring placards of red or blue paper, offering two thousand dollars reward for the apprehension of Cato Hammond, the property of Paul Randolph, of the Myrtles estate. Then, followed a minute description of the runaway, to which was appended these words: "Should the escaped mulatto resist, as, from his desperate character, is probable, citizens can have the same reward paid on production of his head, to be identified," &c.

"Gracious Heavens!" I gasped out, as I perused this atrocious manifesto; "can such a notice as this be publicly posted in a Christian country?"

"Halloa, there! Doctor, doctor!" cried a shrill voice from the open door of a neighbouring tavern; "come here, my gallant Britisher, and liquor."

I turned my head, and saw Major Blight, rather flushed with drink, beckoning to me with excited gestures. He was not alone. Besides the bar-keeper, the landlord, and two or three citizens, I saw more than one sinister-visaged stranger; and before the door stood three horses, while four huge dogs lay asleep in front of the house, secured by chains. The major, who had a real liking for me, would hear of no denial; I was obliged to enter on this scene of rough revelry.

"Brandy cocktails or mint juleps, eh, doctor? Mint ju, eh? Juleps round, mister!"

The bar-keeper filled the glasses with his accustomed alacrity.

"Glad you're come," cried the half-tipsy officer; "glad you're here to welcome these gentlemen into the town. Let me introduce you, Dr. Mylner, to Elkanah Pogus—Captain Elkanah Pogus—who does us the favour to hunt down all tarnation black skulkers; don't ye, Cap.?"

"I do my endeavours in my line, major," responded the redoubted Elkanah; showing his tobacco-stained teeth in a frightful grin.

I never saw a fiercer or more repulsive ruffian. He was a big rawboned Georgian of about forty, with a face marked by drink and evil passions, and scarred by several ill-healed wounds which his bushy beard but partially concealed. He had been a convict, it was said, and had committed many crimes before embracing his present calling. But he was at the head of his profession—the most ferocious and crafty hunter after men, in all the South. He was showily dressed, and wore his pistols and bowie-knife ostentatiously displayed in his belt.

"Yes," cried the major, "we won't be put upon, I guess. Our committee have come to tarms with Elkanah here, and he's come to rout out that rascal Cato."

And the major smiled benignly on two subordinate ruffians—a haggard white, and a treacherous-eyed Indian half-breed, who stood by: also well-armed, and booted for the road.

"You forget these, major," said the captain of negro-hunters, as he tossed off his julep and kicked his foot towards the dogs lying without.

"No, I do not," replied the major, rubbing his hands; "no, indeed, I do not. Those pups, doctor, are the Cap.'s lapdogs, they are; bloodhounds of the true Spanish breed, and as true to a nigger's trail as my rifle-ball to a jumping squirrel."

"You may say that!" chimed in Captain Pogus.

And then he began to tell a number of boastful anecdotes concerning the exploits of his dogs, his assistants, and himself. For the credit of human nature, I can only hope that those sickening tales of cruelty and persecution were mostly fabulous. If half of them were true, Captain Pogus deserved hanging. Tired of listening to this miscreant's bragging concerning Maroons shot, stabbed, torn by dogs, smothered in quagmires, I was slipping out, when the following speech arrested my attention:

"Take my oath for it, gentlemen, there's a cussed abolitionist at the bottom of this business. Let me clap my eyes on the critter that shelters that Cato, and I'll make him a caution to Crockett, I will! Scalp me, but I'll treat the traitor wuss than iver Red Injun polished off a prisoner! There's but one thing I hate wuss than rattlers and pison, and that's a nigger; and there's but one thing I hate wuss than a nigger, and that's a darned abolitionist."

The man-hunter ended his speech with a salvo of oaths, and the cordial applause of the company. I went home. Somehow, the savage threats of Elkanah Pogus rang in my ears, and chilled the blood in my veins, in spite of myself. I was no abolition agent. I ran no risk of incurring the wretch's vengeance; and yet, I was ill at ease. An hour later, as I came out of the stable where I had been inspecting my horses, and giving Sam, and Pompey my coachman, their orders for the next day, I saw a dark figure peering in at the open gateway. One glance, and it vanished; but I thought it bore a strong resemblance to the half-bred Indian, one of Captain Elkanah's subalterns. As I smoked my cigar in the verandah after dusk, Sam was whistling at the gate. A man came up with noiseless step, and conversed with him for some moments in an easy manner. The moonlight fell on his face and lank black hair. The half-bred Indian again!

He did not stay long, but wished Sam a gruff good night, and turned on his heel. And everything was quiet and peaceful, as usual, when I laid my head on my pillow to dream of England and Jane.

Next day, at the appointed hour, my carriage came round to the door, and I took

my seat in it. Pompey, the free black coachman, wore his Sabbath coat and glossy hat: for was I not going to take out the Hon. Abiram Green for his first drive? The horses were in high condition; they tossed their heads gaily, and displayed plenty of action as we drove swiftly off. We were soon clear of Morgan Town: soon at the Buck's Leap. A horseman, keeping as much among the trees as possible, darted by us here, and vanished in the forest. Surely, the half-breed again!

He had his hat slouched over his eyes and never turned his face, but I recognised him as he shot by. In half an hour we were at the Holt. Mr. Clay came from the farm-yard to greet me; his wife and daughters bustled to the door. The Hon. Abiram Green was quite ready. Down he came, muffled up to a needless extent, and leaning heavily on the arms of two negro servants. I could hardly catch a glimpse of his face, so enveloped was he in shawls and cloaks.

"We will amend this to-morrow," said I to myself, with a smile.

To-morrow! A few civil speeches, a good deal of anxiety on Miss Clay's part that the invalid was properly propped up with pillows and cushions, and we drove off at a gentle pace. The whole Quaker household waved their hands and handkerchiefs as a parting salute.

"Drive slowly and carefully, Pompey!"

The convalescent at my side gave an involuntary groan. As we passed through the forest, I happened to hear the cracking of a stick, and to look quickly to one side. From among the bushes was protruded a human head; I recognised the long black elf-locks, the sinister looking eyes, the coppery complexion. The Indian man-hunter again!

Quick as light, the vision was gone. A minute after, I heard the trampling of a horse receding from the spot. Poor Mr. Green at my side winced, as if in pain.

"My dear sir," said I, "I fear the motion is inconvenient to you. Pompey, drive——"

I was going to say, drive still more slowly; but Mr. Green pulled me back into my seat with a vivacity that surprised me.

"I beg your pardon," said the sick man, "I enjoy the pace above all things."

We were now out of the lanes, and bowling along the broad high road to Shawnee Ford. Four miles off was the river which formed the boundary between Virginia and the Free State of Pennsylvania. I had a professional visit to pay very near to the ford. We rolled pleasantly along. But I did not derive the entertainment I had expected, from Mr. Green's conversation. He was silent and restless. Twice he thrust his head out of the window, in spite of my warnings not to incur the risk of catching cold. He answered me impatiently, almost snappishly.

"Doctor," said he, "how far are we from the river now?"

"Three miles and a half," I said.

"Those white houses on the hill, then, are in Pennsylvania?"

I answered in the affirmative.

Five minutes after, he seemed to listen attentively, and suddenly said:

"Do pray tell the coachman to go faster! Please do!"

Very reluctantly I complied. Pompey quickened the pace of the powerful horses.

"Ah!" said this odd invalid, with a sigh of satisfaction. Soon after he exclaimed, that he "heard horses galloping;" and he *would* thrust his head out of the window, and look back along the road. He uttered a loud exclamation. I, too, looked out. One, two, three, horsemen were advancing at furious speed, and evidently following us. They were armed. One of them led two hounds in a leash—blood-hounds.

The man-hunters!

Instantly the Hon. Abiram Green dropped back into his seat; his wrappings and shawls fell as if by magic to the bottom of the carriage. A young, active, and intelligent man of Spanish complexion, and with glittering black eyes full of resolve and fire, was by my side, in the place of the Hon. Abiram Green.

"Dr. Mylner," he cried, "I can carry on the deception no longer. I am Cato Hammond. Those men are on my trail."

I sat stunned and helpless. The metamorphosis took away my breath. A loud shout came on the wind; Pompey checked the horses, and turned round his head to look back. Up sprang the fugitive, dashed down the glass of the front window, and confronted the coachman. There was a revolver in his hand. He had drawn it from his breast.

"Push on, my friend," he cried, in a commanding tone; "I am flying for my life from those fiends behind. Drive for life and death to the ford! Dash on to Pennsylvanian ground. You are a negro. You should help an escaped slave. On!"

This command, enforced by the sight of the pistol, produced its effect. Pompey flogged the horses; the spirited brutes plunged forward, whirling the carriage like a feather up and down the slopes at a mad gallop. Cato took a long look from the window at the pursuing riders, and said, in a low deep voice, "You know my story. I am sorry to involve you in trouble, but my disguise is useless now. I must go on. Once at Union Town, in a free state, I shall be safe, and can rejoin my wife on British ground. You are an Englishman, and can feel for a slave escaping from unjust bondage. I will not be taken alive!"

I fully believed him. His firm lips, his frowning brow, and sparkling eye, confirmed his words. Pompey obeyed his orders, lashing, whipping, and jerking the reins, until the horses were stretching out at their utmost speed. It was a terrible race. I could see when I looked back, the negro-hunters spurring and flogging their steeds. Their yells and imprecations were horribly distinct. Once they were clearly gaining upon us. The river was in sight. Across it, lay free soil and comparative safety. Safety for Cato Hammond; but what for me?

How could I ever face Morgan Town again? I, caught in flagrant delict of smuggling away an escaped slave! O cruel Quaker family—perfidious Clays—who had made me their instrument and scapegoat. How had I deserved this? Bang! A rifle was fired; the ball perforated Pompey's hat, but did no harm. And now, the foaming horses rushed down with a splash into the ford, struggled through, dashing the water to left and right, panted up the slope, and galloped towards Union.

"Doctor, I owe you more than life. I am a free man!" said the runaway.

I looked back. The negro hunters, ill-mounted for such a chase, were giving up the pursuit. I saw their furious gestures, and heard their shouts of rage as they reined up at the river's edge. In an hour, we were in Union, where Cato left me with many excuses and thanks. I answered not a word, but I was the most miserable of men. I dared not go back to Morgan Town, where, indeed, I was burned in effigy in the same fire that consumed all my effects. What happened to the Clays I never heard. Cato Hammond rejoined his wife in safety, and is now a thriving engineer at Montreal, in Canada. My ruin was strangely compensated by a subscription or "testimonial" from the abolitionists of Philadelphia and Boston; so that I was actually enabled to return home to buy a London practice, and become a Benedict, a whole twelvemonth earlier than I had pictured in my wildest dreams.

PORTABLE PROPERTY IN LAND.

A SHORT time back, was given in this journal an account of a certain Irish Revolutionary Convention, which has confiscated, by way of public auction, the estates and interests of divers *suspects* who had traitorously incumbered themselves beyond their strength. The legal atrocities of this terrible tribunal, its rough and savage justice, and wholesale slaughter of innocent owners, mortgagers, and even unoffending solicitors, are now matters of history. Their guillotine—their hammer, that is—descended with a fatal precision, and the executioners pursued their truculent task, steeped to the armpits in the gore of slaughtered mortgages, deeds, settlements, charges, and contingent terms. We actually slipped in the pool of innocent ink. While aloft sat the three pitiless Commissioners of Public Safety, Judge Robespierre (Chief Commissioner), Judges Marat and Danton, carrying out their frightful office.

Naturally, this machinery, based upon rough wholesale principles, and working with broad and sweeping strokes, came by-and-by to be regulated by nicer and more discriminating adjustments. The huge Nasmyth fulling hammers which kept pounding malleable mortgages, settlements, and all the equities, into one monster mass, might be so far controlled as to be capable of the delicate manipulation of an airy leasehold interest, almost as inappreciable as the famous needle. This grand forging principle once established, it would be easy to multiply it in all manner of appliances, and even refinements; and now, Judge Longfield, who has been, so to speak, foreman of the works for many years back, comes to us with a little ingenious bit of mechanism of his own, and with his skill and experience has a very just title to our attention. It is proposed here, in a few words, to explain this rather novel scheme, which indeed seems no more than a legitimate corollary to the famous Incumbered Estates Act.

It will be borne in mind to what a very simple expression the intricate algebra of title in Ireland has been reduced. Abstracts of title, searches simple and negative, copies of deeds, settlements and counterparts of leases, charges and terms of years, the groping after a tenure by hapless chamber counsel through the brakes and quagmires of faded scrivenery, these things have all been swept away by the legal besoms. Stout navvies have been sent into those dungeon cellars, and have carted away load after load of the old bones, digging into the rotting adherent masses of discoloured vellum and decaying bales of scribbled paper. After which stable work, and a prodigious deal of winnowing and sifting, remains at the bottom a clear sediment or deposit, and we hold in our hands a clean bright square of vellum, which can be read through within a space of five minutes. Judge Prospero has waved his ruler; and the grim fortress of hideous old Giant Blunderbore comes crashing down in a dust and crumble of ruin, and discovers the amiable little Fairy, Good Title, standing unharmed in the middle.

That little square of parchment, as we all know, is unimpeachable. It cannot be cut or shredded, or, morally speaking, have a hole picked in it; still less can it be visited by the tremendous operation of being driven through by a coach-and-six. It s saturated with the parliamentary elixir, which is *omnipotence*. It bids defiance to the powers of darkness and to ingenious solicitors. It is victorious and unconquerable. No one, to use the proper technical phrase, can "go behind its back;" that is, apart from the small accommodation it would afford for such concealment, it has the power of healing all flaws and fatal errors prior to its own. That small sheet may be the adequate and most convenient token for a rental of fifty thousand as for fifteen pounds a year—a vellum bank-note whose specie is land, and which can be converted into specie at a moment's warning.

This facility of transfer is a very precious element in the value of any commodity; for the truth of which principle we have no need to visit the political economists. The old monster armoire that groans and strains as it is stirred, and can by no means be brought down stairs, is held in poor estimation beside that compact little casket which we can take to market with us and dispose of out of hand. Our estate, instead of being a huge unmanageable monster, which we can divest ourselves of only by slow

and solemn approaches, circumvallations, and the tedious operations of a siege, has been now miraculously transformed into a light and handy chattel, which may be disposed of at an hour's notice, like a horse, or furniture, or other portable property. It is no longer as that huge unwieldy present of an elephant, which, we are informed, Eastern sovereigns are in the habit of bestowing on unlucky subjects whom they have delighted to honour, and which must cleave to them whether they will or no, until, by its suitable maintenance in all dignity and magnificence, it has ruined them.

But the old spirits have not yet been wholly exorcised. The grim ogre of mortgage still walks the earth in all his clumsy and unwieldy terrors. All the ponderous apparatus for charging of lands, cumbersome as the old agricultural machinery, still lies in the legal farmsteads, and has to be dragged forth creaking and groaning according as occasion serves. Furnished with the handiest of conveyances, you may sell ere the familiar words "Jack Robinson" have flown from the lips; but ere you can happily and successfully mortgage, you may drone, as did lately the ingenious mnemonic gentleman, through all the books of Milton's great epic. For sellers, there is the Happy Despatch; for borrowers, the slow lingering tortures of equity draughting. To redress this inequality has Judge Longfield, long one of the painstaking commissioners of the Court of the Happy Despatch, come forward with an ingenious scheme, conceded to be scarcely novel in principle, novel certainly in its details and application to the present crisis. To appreciate its full value, there must be focused in a very small object-glass a diminished picture of the labours of Hercules attendant on raising money by mortgage.

Blackacre and Whiteacre are the two spectral estates that Law, when she becomes playfully didactic and would illustrate her meaning by pleasant figures, is in the habit of using. There are some spectral pawns and lay figures which she takes out when giving a lesson to her children, and calls John Styles, John Doe, and Richard Roe. Supposing, then, that we, adopting this imagery, become John Styles, much pressed for money, and wishing to raise a loan by way of mortgage on our ancestral estate, known in the parish as Blackacre, the first step must be to explore the country diligently for a familiar spirit yet equitable, who asks no richer manna than legitimate five or six per cent. This being is not ready to hand; he is not quoted in the market; he has to be sought for and unearthed badgerwise; and, when found, to be humoured gently, and soothed by the tender offices of a friendly solicitor. In a surly grudging way, then, he is content and will lend, and we then fetch down out of tin cases bursting with leases, charges, conveyances, judgments, and settlements, the whole frayed and tawny miscellany of unclean bundles which is happily epitomised in the words "Our Title," and we pack them off in a cab to friendly solicitor. Friendly solicitor, by-and-by and at his leisure, has a neat little abridgment or epitome of each instrument made out—a sort of pretty tableau in miniature of all the links in our "chain of title," now, by the way, sadly twisted and entangled—which is sent with clean copies of the yellow-frayed deeds to Wyndebagge, Q.C., a notorious authority on these matters, for "advice and opinion." These costly steps are all at ours, the borrower's, John Styles's, charges.

Wyndebagge, Q.C., in all human probability reporting that our title is faulty, and that somewhere towards the year seventeen hundred and thirty-five, in the time of John Styles the elder, there was a rusty link which parted, the old yellow bundles, the neat little tableau, and the clean copies in fine caligraphy (This Indenture being in a rich and florid German text, bounded by red lines), all come back, being returned, with an ill-disguised contempt, in another cab. Again the line is cast; and a new lender rises. The yellow bundles and pretty little abstract are taken out for an airing, and left with Boggs, Q.C., 3, Fig-tree Court, who, I need scarcely mention in this place, is the eminent "opinion" of that name. The eminent "opinion" sees that rusted fracture already noticed by his brother Wyndebagge, but thinks something might be done in the way of tinkering or piecing; nay, will take that office on himself. And so perhaps after a decent delay, the thing may be at last accomplished; and we, John Styles, the borrower, are in possession of the money.

And yet it is hard that we John Styles, the borrower, to obtain this little accommodation, should have to be subject to one of the humiliating incidents of vulgar pawning. Those title-deeds on which Boggs, Q.C., the eminent "opinion" has smiled a gracious approbation, usually pass into the keeping of our creditor by way of gage or pledge. He becomes proprietor, good-naturedly allowing us a use and occupation. The pawner often finds it a heavy inconvenience to be deprived of his deeds and papers, thus rigorously detained by his Pawnee chief. So far it seems a weary troublesome business this raising of money upon that best foundation of all security—terra firma—land. The road seems to have been purposely roughened and broken up into pitfals, to facilitate the accommodation of the borrower.

And should the lender desire to have his moneys again before the time appointed, and offer that property of which he is titular owner as security for a loan to him, he then becomes a distressed borrower in his turn, and has to submit for fresh disembowelling at the hands of an eminent opinion that recently disembowelled title of which he has the custody. The old bird-lime adherence goes with every change of real property. For borrower and lender and mortgagee, it becomes as a closely clinging shirt of Nessus that sticks to the very flesh, only to be drawn off very slowly and with protracted pains and tortures. Further, this ultimate mortgage, with all its intricate incidents—transfer, repay-

ment, and reconveyance—goes to swell the bulky rolls of deeds; and some fifty years hence, when our heir John Styles the younger is hard pressed for moneys, it shall be sent away in a cab of the period, to be probed and peered through by Serjeant Rebutter, the eminent opinion of that day.

It is clear, then, that this primest of all securities labours under practical disabilities. There seems to be something unfair and very partial in this treatment. Eliza Kempe (who is Mr. Justice Blackstone's figurative woman, and lives and has her being in law only) has what we may call a rent out of the Whiteacre Junction Railway, as we have out of the Blackacre estate. Yet may Eliza Kempe go down to her banker's, and in twenty minutes have a loan advanced to her on deposit of her scrip; or, if she prefer to sell, there are Messrs. Omnium, the well-known brokers, who will let her have the money in half an hour. So, with the rent paid by the state in the public funds; so, with mining, steam-packet, and other shares. There is nothing adhesive in these worldly treasures; they do not cleave to us whether we will or no. Eliza Kempe may have done with them for ever, as readily as she can take off her shawl or bonnet.

The new scheme, then, for emancipation of the acres of these islands, and turning them more or less into that portable property which Mr. Wemmick was partial to, is very simple. Mr. Styles, our spectral legal man, may be again requested to stand up for a moment to bring his utopian estate with him, just to make things clear. Perhaps Mr. Styles's estate may have been purchased but yesterday in the Landed Estates Court, and his title is speckless, virgin, and parliamentary; or, perhaps, being of an older standing, it has been newly passed through the rollers of that engine and been made about as good as new. As the Messrs. Erard will take home a veteran pianoforte and revive and rebuff it, so may an ancient estate, very lame and weak in its joints, be carefully rebuffed, and turned out rejuvenescent in this Irish court. Either case will do. It is proposed, then, that when Mr. Styles is receiving his little vellum strip which is his title and conveyance, there should be handed to him a number of little notes of parliament, to be called debentures, printed and filled in, according to a certain form. At *that* moment they have no value; but they can be made valuable at any moment. Take it that for Blackacre there has been paid a sum of twenty thousand pounds; then Mr. Styles shall receive with his purchase, ten of these blank forms, or notes, each for one thousand pounds, or altogether equalling one-half the value of the estate. These blank forms are put by in Mr. Styles's desk. By-and-by, when Mr. Styles becomes pressed for moneys, and in that disagreeable position that he must have two thousand pounds before this time to-morrow; he takes out two of his vellum debentures, has them properly stamped and registered (there are, of course, little technical guarantees against fraud and forgery which are in this place immaterial), and takes them, as he would railway scrip, or stock, to a broker, to be converted into coin, precisely like those other securities. These land stocks, as we call them, will, of course, fluctuate with all the agreeable variety of the more established securities, ranging from above to below par, according to the usual laws. Interest at so much per cent will be payable to the holder, as in the case of the funds.

The advantages of this plan are very striking. It will be observed, that as the debentures are created along with the first possession of the estate, and as they enter, as it were, into being with it, there can be no charge or incumbrance previous to them in date. Again, the existence of the debentures and their number is carefully noted in the body of the conveyance of the estate; and, on the other hand, in each debenture is a description of the conveyance. Thus any one who would fraudulently try to raise money after exhausting his debentures, would be betrayed the moment he exhibited his conveyance. Such precautions are pure matters of technical detail, and present no difficulties. There are abundant precedents and analogies in the safeguards that hedge round railway scrip and debentures in the funds.

It is surprising that this principle of converting land into "portable property" should not have obtained in England before now, a country where no commercial element is suffered to lurk undeveloped. This ready circulation and prompt exchange is understood to be the basis of successful trade and prosperity, yet it lies here a neglected and unworked mine. Stranger still, in foreign countries it has been in vigorous operation, even on a gigantic scale, for nearly eighty years; and brute inert land has long been made to "fonctionner" according to the French phrase, that is, forced "into function," and made to work, and shift, and fructify. It is fairly naturalised in Russia, Prussia, Poland, Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, Saxony, Hanover, Denmark, and France. Such as would have a complete tableau of these huge operations over all Europe, should consult M. Jossieu's elaborate Report of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one. They will be astonished by the extraordinary array of figures made to "fonctionner."

It is a remarkable proof of the substantial character of these "territorial" securities, that through all the German wars they were always quoted at from eight to ten per cent higher than the ordinary government funds; and at the present day they keep steadily from two to three per cent in advance of state securities bearing the same rate of interest. There are, however, some serious difficulties in the way, before Judge Longfield's scheme can be made to work smoothly. For convenience' sake, there will have to be found some intermediate agent between the public and the landowner, to whom buyers of land scrip, changing every day and passing

their debentures from hand to hand, shall look for a steady and certain payment of interest—under guarantee as it were. The holders of new Threes, shifting every day, yet know that the stream of interest flows surely and securely at the Bank of England. The holders of Mr. Styles's new Fives (land stock) must always feel an uncertainty whether they will not have to apply at that gentleman's residence for their annual interest; or whether it will be left waiting for them at some undetermined region; or whether it may not be forgotten altogether, even with pains and penalties impending, analogous to the protest of a bill. Again, it would be scarcely reasonable to expect that Mr. Styles should personally keep his eye on each debenture as it changes owners, and have to trace out the last holder on the day the interest falls due. This difficulty is met in foreign countries by the agency of the bank, a conspicuous and notorious institution, which guarantees the interest at the fixed date, whoever be the holders. It has dealt directly with Mr. Styles, advancing him moneys, and receiving in return his debentures. These it endorses and sells again to buyers from the public, guaranteeing, as has been stated, the interest; receiving the interest from Mr. Styles in the regular way, or enforcing it by process of law. Such a bank, therefore, it would be necessary to have in this country.

Another and more serious objection would be its tendency to encourage a gradual and excusable, yet not the less fatal, extravagance in proprietors of estates. Not that vulgar lavishness which consumes the idle and the thriftless, but that irresistible temptation, either from reason of temporary difficulty or real pressure, which at times visits the prudent and industrious. It must be a prodigious self-denial which, in the face of a pressing want or pecuniary trial, should prefer to do battle with a heap of thousand-pound notes (or what is equivalent to such) lying in one's drawer waiting only to be changed. So would the treasure melt away by slow and insensible degrees. That this would be one result, is undeniable; yet it may be doubted whether a perverse moral tendency, however to be deplored, should have much weight in a broad question of political economy.

But it is only to one portion of the British Islands that the swift operation of the Happy Despatch has been applied. The broadlands of England and Scotland are, for the most part, handsomely incumbered with mortgages, charges, and incumbrances of all sorts; quite forestalling the possibility of fastening on any of these light debenture sheets. To have an assured value these latter must be first-comers, so as, in matters of interest payment, to be first served. Any amount, therefore, of such indentures fluttering about the country, unless in the priority of this valued and enviable position, would be of poor estimation. Still, something might be done in the way of a diluted principle. The old encumbered hulls might be taken into dock to be scraped clean of all mortgage molluscs and crustacea adherent, and this bright new vellum sheathing substituted. Or, if this is impossible, there are surely plenty newly launched barks in port, not by any means foul, and who have never been out upon the great Atlantic of incumbrances. To such favoured craft what is to hinder this new sheathing being applied. But, after all, a *mere partial* operation of such a system would only depreciate the value; and a want of precise uniformity in all the debentures would lead to doubt and uncertainty, which would lead to suspicion, and to a fatal embodiment of that suspicion in a pecuniary shape. It is to be feared that no wholesale adoption of the principle can be thought of in England without either an Incumbered Estates Act by way of general purge, or else an universal conversion of the load of mortgages into debentures of corresponding value.

TURKEYS.

That etymology cannot always be depended on, is a fact which the name of the estimable fowl, the subject of my present discussion, additionally illustrates. "A name," says Buffon, "is not always a proof, particularly a popular name, applied by uneducated persons, nor even a scientific one sometimes, for learned men are not free from prejudice." The French word "Dinde" points directly to an Eastern origin, and French lexicographers, with national hardihood, coolly call the bird in question "Poule d'Inde," as if there were no doubt about it; while the more precise Germans, with a precision which would do them honour, if it were only accurate, say, "Kalekutische Hahn," thus fixing Calicut, on the western shore of the Indian peninsula, as its birthplace. We English, without going so far afield, content ourselves with the wholesale adoption of the name of a country which has no connexion whatever with the plumed biped. Originally, the Spaniards gave to the Turkey the name of "Pavon de las Indias" ("Peacock of the West Indies"), and Buffon agrees that it was then well applied, on account of the manner in which it spreads its tail; but their modern descendants, too indolent to inquire into what concerns them more nearly than any other people, quietly tell us that it is "a domestic fowl, brought from Turkey" ("Ave domestica traida de Turquia"). It is true that we are indebted for all our traditions to the East, but this tradition we cannot accept; and Turkey, whether in Europe or in Asia, has no more to do with the Turkey of the farm-yard and the kitchen than it has with the potato. The fact is, that the bird, like the esculent, comes to us from the West. It is indisputably the production of the New World, and perhaps the most satisfactory production that has ever reached us from that quarter of the globe.

The time of the first appearance of the Turkey in our hemisphere, is doubtful. Brillat Savarin, and other French writers, attribute its introduction to the Jesuits of Paraguay, and the above-named learned gastronomer adduces in proof of

the debt we owe to the followers of Loyola, the fact that, in many parts of France, Turkeys are called "Jesuits," by reason of the first brood having been reared at a large farm belonging to the brotherhood, near Bourges. This statement is, however, decidedly at variance with another, authenticated by Montluc, who says that the first Turkey ever served at table in France, appeared at the nuptials of Charles the Ninth (A.D. 1570), who ate a wing of the fowl for his supper. (Parenthetically I may observe, that if, happily, the morsel had choked him, the Eve of Saint Bartholomew had not been among the fasti nefasti of his reign.) But the probability is, that the Spaniards introduced the Turkey amongst us at a much earlier period: mention being made of it in Europe in the year 1530. Let the date, however, be when it might—whether the Turkey followed in the train of Cortes, or of Pizarro—to America we are indebted for it; and there, in its wild state, it still ranges, from the backwoods of (what were once) the United States, to the Isthmus of Darien: its plumage, as in the case of the Honduras Turkey (Meleager Ocellata), growing more lustrous and magnificent as the family extends southward.

Of the wild Turkeys of North America, the following interesting details are given by Prince Lucien Bonaparte, in his continuation of Wilson's North American Ornithology:

The males, usually termed Gobblers (and meriting the name, no doubt) associate in parties of from ten to a hundred, and seek their food apart from the females, which either go about singly with their young, at that time about two-thirds grown, or form troops with other females and their families, sometimes to the amount of seventy or eighty. These all avoid the old males (and well they may), who attack and destroy the young, whenever they can, by reiterated blows on the skull. But all parties travel in the same direction and on foot, unless the dog of the hunter, or a river in their line of march, compel them to take wing. When about to cross a river, they select the highest eminences, that their flight may be more sure, and in such positions they sometimes stay for a day or more, as if in consultation. The males on such occasions gobble obstreperously, strutting with extraordinary importance, as if to animate their companions; and the females and young assume much of the pompous air of the males, and spread their tails as they move silently around. Having mounted at length to the tops of the highest trees, the assembled multitude, at the signal note of their leader, wing their way to the opposite shore. The old and fat birds, contrary to what might be expected, cross without difficulty even when the river is a mile in width; but the wings of the young and meagre, and of course those of the weak, frequently fail them before they have completed their passage, when in they drop, and are forced to swim for their lives, which they do cleverly enough, spreading their tails for a support, closing their wings, stretching out their necks, and striking out quickly with their feet. All do not succeed in such attempts, and the weaker often perish. The wild Turkeys feed on all sorts of berries, fruits, grasses; and beetles, tadpoles, young frogs, and lizards, are occasionally found in their crops. The pecan-nut is a favourite food with them, and so is the acorn, on which last they fatten rapidly. About the beginning of October, whilst the mast still hangs on the trees, they gather together in flocks, directing their course to the rich bottom-lands, and are then seen in great numbers on the Ohio and Mississippi. This is the Turkey-month of the Indians. When the Turkeys have arrived at the land of abundance, they disperse in small promiscuous flocks of every sex and age, devouring all the mast as they advance. Thus they pass the autumn and winter, becoming comparatively familiar after their journey, and then venturing near plantations and farm-houses. They have been known on these occasions to enter stables and cow-cribs in search of food. Numbers are killed in the winter, and are preserved in a frozen state for distant markets. The beginning of March is the pairing-time, for a short time previous to which the females separate from their mates and shun them, though the latter pertinaciously follow them, gobbling loudly. The sexes roost apart, but at no great distance, so that when the female utters a call, every male within hearing responds, rolling note after note in the most rapid succession; not as when spreading the tail and strutting near the hen, but in a voice resembling that of the tame Turkey when he hears any unusual or frequently-repeated noise. Where the Turkeys are numerous, the woods, from one end to the other, sometimes for hundreds of miles, resound with this remarkable voice of their wooing, uttered responsively from their roosting-places. This is continued for about an hour; and, on the rising of the sun, they silently descend from their perches, and the males begin to strut for the purpose of winning the admiration of their mates. If the call be given from the ground, the males in the vicinity fly towards the individual, and, whether they perceive her or not, erect and spread their tails, throw the head backward, distend the comb and wattles, strut pompously, and rustle their wings and body-feathers, at the same moment ejecting a puff of air from the lungs. Whilst thus occupied, they occasionally halt to look out for the female, and then resume their strutting and puffing, moving with as much rapidity as the nature of their gait will admit. During this ceremonious approval, the males often encounter each other, and desperate battles ensue, when the conflict is only terminated by the flight or death of the vanquished. The usual fruits of such victories are reaped by the conqueror, who is followed by one or more females, which roost near him, if not upon the same tree, until they begin to lay, when their habits are altered with the view of saving their eggs, which the male breaks if he can get at them.

From several passages in the preceding account it is evident that the male Turkey in his

native woods is not a very amiable character; but, on the contrary, a pompous, inflated, choleric creature—the Malvolio of birds—and cruel and unnatural withal; a bad husband and a bad father; a bird, in short, that deserves——to be well roasted and eaten. This brings me to the most interesting part of my subject: the way in which the Turkey really deserves to be appreciated.

Civilisation has, of course, improved the moral disposition of the Turkey, though even in its domesticated state the male bird has some of the faults which we occasionally discover—with regret—amongst our own personal friends. To be "as angry as a Turkey-cock" is a proverbial expression; and our neighbours over the water, acutely perceiving that anger and stupidity are closely allied, say of a booby that he is "bête comme un dindon," and that to be the butt of a joke is to be "le dindon de la chose;" they even, in a Salic spirit, call an unintelligent young woman "une grande dinde;" they once, but the fashion is altered now, used to call a provincial young lady "une dindonnière;" and the phrase, "garder les dindes," still expresses, without a compliment, the degree of intellect which suffices for those who lead a country life. That this reputation for stupidity is altogether deserved may, perhaps, admit of some doubt, for the stupendous ingratitude of man is constantly shown in his abusing those to whom he is most indebted—the woodcock being a notable example of an admirable bird (with its trail on toast) intellectually depreciated;—at all events, Turkeys sometimes meet with people more stupid than themselves, as happened once in Persia, where (the Rev. Mr. Wood tells us) "a pair of these birds, that had wandered in some strange manner, were thought to speak very good Arabic, though the particular dialect was beyond the comprehension of their hearers." Had it been Welsh, now! But, no! The animal has no name that ever condescended to utter a language like that! Still, the Turkey (in a state of nature) cannot be called the bird of wisdom, or it would scarcely allow itself to be captured in the fashion described by the last-mentioned authority: "A little square hut is made of logs, without window or door. A trench is cut in the ground, some ten or twelve feet in length, passing under the wall of the hut, and terminating in its centre. A kind of bridge of flattened logs and sticks is then laid across the trench in the interior of the hut, close to the wall. The roof is then laid, and the pen is complete. Its mode of action is as follows: A quantity of corn is strewn in the pen and along the trench, and is sparingly scattered at intervals so as to lead the Turkeys to the trench. When they see the corn they follow it up, feeding as they go, and finding that the trench is so well supplied, they traverse its length, and pass into the pen. There is no trap-door to prevent them from escaping, neither is there need of it. As is the custom of trapped birds in general" (a saving clause, this, for the Turkeys), "they walk round the walls of their prison, trying to find a hole at which to escape, and peering anxiously at the interstices between the logs. When they come to the trench, they never think of going out by the way that they entered" (here the Turkeys exhibit their special intellectual endowments), "but keeping close against the wall, they walk over the little bridge and recommence their tour. In this way great numbers of Turkeys are taken annually."

Pride, too, which often has a fall, characterises the Turkey as well as choler and imbecility. An instance of "the sin that o'erthrew the angels" is recorded of a splendid Honduras Turkey in the Zoological Gardens, who "used to stalk about with his tail spread, wings drooping, and all his feathers puffed up, as if he would burst with pride. At such a time his head was thrown back so much, and his breast feathers projected so far, that he could not observe the ground beneath him, and consequently he often stepped into the water, greatly to his annoyance and the visitors' amusement."

Yet, let us take the Turkeys—as we do the people we meet—with all their imperfections, and having wrung their necks (a process which, unfortunately, we cannot apply to some of the people we meet, whatever our longing that way), strike a balance with their good qualities; assuredly the latter will far outweigh the former.

"The Turkey," says Brillat Savarin, "is the largest, and if not the most delicate, certainly the most savoury of all domestic fowls. He also enjoys the solitary privilege of gathering round it every class of society. When the vine-dressers and farmers wish to enjoy themselves on the long winter evenings, what do we see roasting before the bright fire in the room where the supper-table is laid? A Turkey. When the industrious mechanic or the toiling artisan assembles his friends to give them a treat, what does he offer? A Turkey stuffed with sausages or Lyons chesnuts. And in our most eminent gastronomic circles, in our choicest assemblies, when politics are obliged to give way to dissertations on taste, what do we expect—what desire? What do you see at the second course? A truffled Turkey!"

Presented in the form last named, the Turkey is at its culminating point of excellence, and, as another writer observes, "when it makes its appearance on table, all conversation should for the moment be suspended." That it is also eaten in silence on some occasions—ejaculations of course excepted—may be inferred from the following anecdote: A certain judge of Avignon, famous for his love of good living, said to a friend one day, "We have just been dining on a superb Turkey! It was excellent! Stuffed with truffles to the very throat—tender, delicate, filled with perfume! We left nothing but the bones!" "How many were there of you?" asked the friend. "Two!" replied the judge. "Two!" echoed the other, in astonishment. "Yes, two!" repeated the judge, "the Turkey—and myself." The truffle is, in France—as it deserves to be—the natural culinary ally of the

Turkey. You cannot, or ought not, to dissociate them. M. Daviau de Sanzai, a man of wit as well as a highly respected prelate, once laid a bet on some subject with M. Camarin, one of his grand vicars. The wager was a truffled Turkey, but the loser seemed to be in no hurry to pay his debt, and as the end of the carnival was fast approaching, the archbishop reminded M. Camarin of the fact. "My lord," said the grand vicar, "the truffles are all bad this year." "Bah! bah!" replied M. de Sanzai, "that is a report which has been circulated by the Turkeys." The Turkey and the truffle are both in perfection at Christmas, when the former has had time to concentrate its juices, and early frosts have well blackened the latter. You may, indeed, begin to eat the bird in June, but it is then only the Turkey-poult, and incapable of giving a tithe of the satisfaction which it imparts in its state of maturity. Yet even when young it is well spoken of. "Amiable adolescent!" cries an enthusiastic French gastronomer, "see how he advances with candour to offer his innocent head. He is youthful and proud, and at that happy age when his flesh, without partaking of the insipidity of that of the pullet, has not yet acquired the savour which, later on, will cause our delight." As each animal has its allotted season in which to minister to our enjoyment, the Turkey proper selects winter, commencing its culinary career in the month of November, on the day dedicated to Saint Martin.

"All the world," says the writer last quoted, "pays his devotions to the honest patron of good living on the eleventh of November, devotions which annually cost the lives of more than a million of Turkeys." "Toujours perdrix" is a well-known symbol of satiety, but so long as they are fit to be eaten nobody tires of truffled Turkey; and thus, till the end of February, they surrender themselves to the tender mercies of the chef or the cordon bleu. Grimod de la Reynière makes some profound reflections on the commencement of the Turkey season. "In November," he says, "the country becomes depopulated, and after the day of Saint Martin all who appertain to the respectable class of gourmands assemble in cities. Great Saint Martin, patron of the poultry-market! the appetite awakens at your approach, and all who enjoy robust health prepare to celebrate your festival by a fast of three days' duration. A Turkey of the season, waited for long enough, and roasted to a turn, reopens the glorious career of indigestion. Her giblets form the principle of an entrée, which may be diversified in an infinity of ways, while she is herself so well assured of her merit that she lends herself to every kind of metamorphosis without the slightest fear of compromising her reputation. But she must be young, for the honours of the daube (when 'boned') are reserved for dowagers." But, notwithstanding the metamorphoses of which Monsieur Grimod de la Reynière speaks, and though, with all his experience, he never knew what the enjoyment is of eating the leg of a Turkey well devilled, the only legitimate way of dressing the bird whole is by devoting it to the spit. "Don't beat your carpets" is an advertisement which daily meets the eye: don't boil your Turkey, is the advice I give to every dinner-giver. What says the calm and philosophical Soyer? "Boiled Turkey is a dish I rarely have, as I never could relish it boiled as it generally is, by putting it into that pure and chaste element, water, into which has been thrown some salt, the quantity of which differs as much as the individuals that throw it in. I often reflect to myself, why should this innocent and well-brought-up bird have its remains condemned to this watery, bubbling inquisition, especially when alive it has the greatest horror of this temperate fluid? It is really for want of resolution that such mistakes occur: the flavour of a roasted Turkey, hot or cold, is as superior to the boiled as it is possible to be." Be wise, therefore, and eschew the caldron when the preparation of a Turkey is in question. Have nothing to do with chesnuts for stuffing, neglect the garniture of sausages, turn away your thoughts from celery sauce, or that made of oysters—they, indeed, are only the accompaniments of the seethed fowl; but order a couple of pounds of Périgord truffles—no matter the price, let them cost you fifty francs a pound, what matter?—and cram your Turkey with these, leaving them for several days in the bosom of the bird to diffuse their aroma before the word is given to prepare the banquet. What grubs our ancestors were of two centuries ago! What do you think they did with their Turkeys? Baked them!—and, as The Perfect Gentlewoman's Delight tells us, in this fashion: "Take and cleane your Turkey on the backe, and bruise all his bones; then season with salt and pepper, grosse beaten, and put into him good store of butter: he must have five howers baking." Salt and pepper and good store of butter! Shades of Savarin and De Cussy, read not this page in your elysium of truffles!

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MARGRAVE threw himself on a seat just under the great anaconda; I closed and locked the door. When I had done so, my eye fell on the young man's face, and I was surprised to see that it had lost its colour; that it showed great anxiety, great distress; that his hands were visibly trembling.

"What is this?" he said in feeble tones, and raising himself half from his seat as if with great effort. "Help me up—come away! Something in this room is hostile to me—hostile, overpowering! What can it be?"

"Truth and my presence," answered a stern, low voice; and Sir Philip Derval, whose slight form the huge bulk of the dead elephant had before obscured from my view, came suddenly out from the shadow into the full rays of the lamps which lit up, as if for Man's revel, that mocking tomb for the playmates of Nature which he enslaves for his service or slays for his sport. As Sir Philip spoke and advanced, Margrave sank back into his seat, shrinking, collapsing, nerveless; terror the most abject expressed in his staring eyes and parted lips. On the other hand, the simple dignity of Sir Philip Derval's bearing, and the mild power of his countenance, were alike inconceivably heightened. A change had come over the whole man, the more impressive because wholly undefinable.

Halting opposite Margrave, he uttered some words in a language unknown to me, and stretched one hand over the young man's head. Margrave at once became stiff and rigid as if turned to stone. Sir Philip said to me,

"Place one of those lamps on the floor—there, by his feet."

I took down one of the coloured lamps from the mimic tree round which the huge anaconda coiled its spires, and placed it as I was told.

"Take the seat opposite to him, and watch."

I obeyed.

Meanwhile, Sir Philip had drawn from his breast-pocket a small steel casket, and I observed, as he opened it, that the interior was subdivided into several compartments, each with its separate lid; from one of these he took and sprinkled over the flame of the lamp a few grains of a powder, colourless and sparkling as diamond dust; in a second or so, a delicate perfume, wholly unfamiliar to my sense, rose from the lamp.

"You would test the condition of trance, test it, and in the spirit."

And, as he spoke, his hand rested lightly on my head. Hitherto, amidst a surprise not unmixed with awe, I had preserved a certain defiance, a certain distrust. I had been, as it were, on my guard.

But as those words were spoken, as that hand rested on my head, as that perfume arose from the lamp, all power of will deserted me. My first sensation was that of passive subjugation, but soon I was aware of a strange intoxicating effect from the odour of the lamp, round which there now played a dazzling vapour. The room swam before me. Like a man oppressed by a nightmare, I tried to move, to cry out; feeling that to do so would suffice to burst the thrall that bound me; in vain.

A time that seemed to me inexorably long, but which, as I found afterwards, could only have occupied a few seconds, elapsed in this preliminary state, which, however powerless, was not without a vague luxurious sense of delight. And then suddenly came pain—pain, that in rapid gradations passed into a rending agony. Every bone, sinew, nerve, fibre of the body, seemed as if wrenched open, and as if some hitherto unconjectured Presence in the vital organisation were forcing itself to light with all the pangs of travail. The veins seemed swollen to bursting, the heart labouring to maintain its action by fierce spasms. I feel in this description how language fails me. Enough, that the anguish I then endured surpassed all that I have ever experienced of physical pain. This dreadful interval subsided as suddenly as it had commenced. I felt as if a something undefinable by any name had rushed from me, and in that rush that a struggle was over. I was sensible of the passive bliss which attends the release from torture, and then there grew on me a wonderful calm, and, in that calm, a consciousness of some lofty intelligence immeasurably beyond that which human memory gathers from earthly knowledge. I saw before me the still rigid form of Margrave, and my sight seemed, with ease, to penetrate through its cover-

ing of flesh and to survey the mechanism of the whole interior being.

"View that tenement of clay which now seems so fair, as it was when I last beheld it, three years ago, in the house of Haroun of Aleppo!"

I looked, and gradually, and as shade after shade falls on the mountain-side, while the clouds gather, and the sun vanishes at last, so the form and face on which I looked changed from exuberant youth into infirm old age. The discoloured wrinkled skin, the bleared dim eye, the flaccid muscles, the brittle sapless bones. Nor was the change that of age alone; the expression of the countenance had passed into gloomy discontent, and in every furrow a passion or a vice had sown the seeds of grief.

And the brain now opened on my sight, with all its labyrinth of cells. I seemed to have the clue to every winding in the maze.

I saw therein a moral world, charred and ruined, as, in some fable I have read, the world of the moon is described to be; yet withal it was a brain of magnificent formation. The powers abused to evil had been originally of rare order; imagination, and scope: the energies that dare; the faculties that discover. But the moral part of the brain had failed to dominate the mental. Defective veneration of what is good or great; cynical disdain of what is right and just; in fine, a great intellect first misguided, then perverted, and now falling with the decay of the body into ghastly but imposing ruins. Such was the world of that brain as it had been three years ago. And still continuing to gaze thereon, I observed three separate emanations of light; the one of a pale red hue, he second of a pale azure, the third a silvery spark.

The red light, which grew paler and paler as I looked, undulated from the brain along the arteries, the veins, the nerves. And I murmured to myself, "Is this the principle of animal life?"

The azure light equally permeated the frame, crossing and uniting with the red, but in a separate and distinct ray, exactly as, in the outer world, a ray of light crosses or unites with a ray of heat, though in itself a separate individual agency. And again I murmured to myself, "Is this the principle of intellectual being, directing or influencing that of animal life; with it, yet not of it?"

But the silvery spark! What was that? Its centre seemed the brain. But I could fix it to no single organ. Nay, wherever I looked through the system, it reflected itself as a star reflects itself upon water. And I observed that while the red light was growing feebler and feebler, and the azure light was confused, irregular—now obstructed, now hurrying, now almost lost—the silvery spark was unaltered, undisturbed. So independent of all which agitated and vexed the frame, that I became strangely aware that if the heart stopped in its action, and the red light died out, if the brain were paralysed, that energic mind smitten into idiotcy, and the azure light wandering objectless as a meteor wanders over the morass,—still that silver spark would shine the same, indestructible by aught that shattered its tabernacle. And I murmured to myself, "Can that starry spark speak the presence of the soul? Does the silver light shine within creatures to which no life immortal has been promised by Divine Revelation?"

Involuntarily I turned my sight towards the dead forms in the motley collection, and lo, in my trance or my vision, life returned to them all! To the elephant, and the serpent; to the tiger, the vulture, the beetle, the moth; to the fish and the polypus, and to yon mockery of man in the giant ape.

I seemed to see each as it lived in its native realm of earth, or of air, or of water; and the red light played, more or less warm, through the structure of each, and the azure light, though duller of hue, seemed to shoot through the red, and communicate to the creatures an intelligence far inferior indeed to that of man, but sufficing to conduct the current of their will, and influence the cunning of their instincts. But in none, from the elephant to the moth, from the bird in which brain was the largest, to the hybrid in which life seemed to live as in plants,—in none was visible the starry silver spark. I turned my eyes from the creatures around, back again to the form cowering under the huge anaconda, and in terror at the animation which the carcases took in the awful illusions of that marvellous trance. For the tiger moved as if scenting blood, and to the eyes of the serpent the dread fascination seemed slowly returning.

Again I gazed on the starry spark in the form of the man. And I murmured to myself, "But if this be the soul, why is it so undisturbed and undarkened by the sins which have left such trace and such ravage in the world of the brain?" And gazing yet more intently on the spark, I became vaguely aware that it was not the soul, but the halo around the soul, as the star we see in heaven is not the star itself, but its circle of rays. And if the light itself was undisturbed and undarkened, it was because no sins done in the body could annihilate its essence, nor affect the eternity of its duration. The light was clear within the ruins of its lodgment, because it might pass away but could not be extinguished.

But the soul itself in the heart of the light reflected back on my own soul within me its ineffable trouble, humiliation, and sorrow; for those ghastly wrecks of power placed at its sovereign command it was responsible: and, appalled by its own sublime fate of duration, was about to carry into eternity the account of its mission in time. Yet it seemed that while the soul was still there, though so forlorn and so guilty, even the wrecks around it were majestic. And the soul, whatever sentence it might merit, was not among the hopelessly lost. For in its remorse and its shame, it might still have retained what could serve for redemption. And I saw that the mind was storming the soul in some terrible rebellious war—all of thought, of passion, of desire,

through which the azure light poured its restless flow, were surging up round the starry spark, as in siege. And I could not comprehend the war, nor guess what it was that the mind demanded the soul to yield. Only the distinction between the two was made intelligible by their antagonism. And I saw that the soul, sorely tempted, looked afar for escape from the subjects it had ever so ill controlled, and who sought to reduce to their vassal the power which had lost authority as their king. I could feel its terror in the sympathy of my own terror, the keenness of my own supplicating pity. I knew that it was imploring release from the perils it confessed its want of strength to encounter. And suddenly the starry spark rose from the ruins and the tumult around it,—rose into space and vanished. And where my soul had recognised the presence of soul, there was a void. But the red light burned still, becoming more and more vivid; and as it thus repaired and recruited its lustre, the whole animal form which had been so decrepit, grew restored from decay, grew into vigour and youth: And I saw Margrave as I had seen him in the waking world, the radiant image of animal life in the beauty of its fairest bloom.

And over this rich vitality and this symmetric mechanism now reigned only, with the animal life, the mind. The starry light fled and the soul vanished, still was left visible the mind: mind, by which sensations convey and cumulate ideas, and muscles obey volition; mind, as in those animals that have more than the elementary instincts; mind, as it might be in men, were men not immortal. As my eyes, in the Vision, followed the azure light, undulating, as before, through the cells of the brain, and crossing the red amidst the labyrinth of the nerves, I perceived that the essence of that azure light had undergone a change; it had lost that faculty of continuous and concentred power by which man improves on the works of the past, and weaves schemes to be developed in the future of remote generations; it had lost all sympathy in the past, because it had lost all conception of a future beyond the grave; it had lost conscience, it had lost remorse. The being it informed was no longer accountable through eternity for the employment of time. The azure light was even more vivid in certain organs useful to the conservation of existence, as in those organs I had observed it more vivid among some of the inferior animals than it is in man — secretiveness, destructiveness, and the ready perception of things immediate to the wants of the day. And the azure light was brilliant in cerebral cells, where before it had been dark, such as those which harbour mirthfulness and hope, for there the light was recruited by the exuberant health of the joyous animal being. But it was lead-like, or dim, in the great social organs through which man suborns his own interest to that of his species, and utterly lost in those through which man is reminded of his duties to the throne of his Maker.

In that marvellous penetration with which the Vision endowed me, I perceived that in this mind, though in energy far superior to many, though retaining, from memories of the former existence, the relics of a culture wide and in some things profound; though sharpened and quickened into formidable, if desultory, force whenever it schemed or aimed at the animal self-conservation, which now made its master-impulse or instinct; and though among the reminiscences of its state before its change were arts which I could not comprehend, but which I felt were dark and terrible, lending to a will never checked by remorse, arms that no healthful philosophy has placed in the arsenal of disciplined genius; though the mind in itself had an ally in a body as perfect in strength and elasticity as man can take from the favour of nature—still, I say, I felt that that mind wanted *the something*, without which men never could found cities, frame laws, bind together, beautify, exalt the elements of this world, by creeds that habitually subject them to a reference to another. The ant, and the bee, and the beaver congregate and construct; but they do not improve. Man improves because the future impels onward that which is not found in the ant, the bee, and the beaver—that which was gone from the being before me.

I shrank appalled into myself, covered my face with my hands, and groaned aloud: "Have I ever then doubted that soul is distinct from mind!"

A hand here again touched my forehead, the light in the lamp was extinguished, I became insensible, and when I recovered I found myself back in the room in which I had first conversed with Sir Philip Derval, and seated, as before, on the sofa by his side.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

My recollections of all which I have just attempted to describe were distinct and vivid; except, with respect to time, it seemed to me as if many hours must have elapsed since I had entered the museum with Margrave; but the clock on the mantelpiece met my eyes as I turned them wistfully round the room; and I was indeed amazed to perceive that five minutes had sufficed for all which it has taken me so long to narrate, and which in their transit had hurried me through ideas and emotions so remote from anterior experience.

To my astonishment, now succeeded shame and indignation—shame that I, who had scoffed at the possibility of the comparatively credible influences of mesmeric action, should have been so helpless a puppet under the hand of the slight fellow-man beside me, and so morbidly impressed by phantasmagorical illusions; indignation that by some fumes which had special potency over the brain, I had thus been, as it were, conjured out of my senses: and, looking full into the calm face at my side, I said, with a smile to which I sought to convey disdain:

"I congratulate you, Sir Philip Derval, on having learned in your travels in the East so expert a familiarity with the tricks of its jugglers."

"The East has a proverb," answered Sir Philip, quietly, "that the juggler may learn much from the dervish, but the dervish can learn nothing from the juggler. You will pardon me, however, for the effect produced on you for a few minutes, whatever the cause of it may be, since it may serve to guard your whole life from calamities, to which it might otherwise have been exposed. And however you may consider that which you have just experienced to be a mere optical illusion, or the figment of a brain super-excited by the fumes of a vapour, look within yourself and tell me if you do not feel an inward and unanswerable conviction that there is more reason to shun and to fear the creature you left asleep under the dead jaws of the giant serpent, than there would be in the serpent itself could the venom return to its breath?"

I was silent, for I could not deny that that conviction had come to me.

"Henceforth, when you recover from the confusion or anger which now disturbs your impressions, you will be prepared to listen to my explanations and my recital, in a spirit far different from that with which you would have received them before you were subjected to the experiment, which, allow me to remind you, you invited and defied. You will now, I trust, be fitted to become my confidant and my assistant—you will advise with me, how, for the sake of humanity, we should act together against the incarnate lie, the anomalous prodigy which glides through the crowd in the image of joyous beauty. For the present, I quit you. I have an engagement on worldly affairs, in the town this night. I am staying at L——, which I shall leave for Derval Court to-morrow evening. Come to me there the day after to-morrow; at any hour that may suit you the best. Adieu."

Here, Sir Philip Derval rose, and left the room. I made no effort to detain him. My mind was too occupied in striving to recompose itself, and account for the phenomena that had scared it, and for the strength of the impressions it still retained.

I sought to find natural and accountable causes for effects so abnormal.

Lord Bacon suggests that the ointments with which witches anointed themselves might have had the effect of stopping the pores and congesting the brain, and thus impressing the sleep of the unhappy dupes of their own imagination with dreams so vivid that, on waking, they were firmly convinced that they had been borne through the air to the *Sabbat*.

I remembered also having heard a distinguished French traveller—whose veracity was unquestionable—say, that he had witnessed extraordinary effects produced on the sensorium by certain fumigations used by an African pretender to magic. A person, of however healthy a brain, subjected to the influence of these fumigations, was induced to believe that he saw the most frightful apparitions.

However extraordinary such effects, they were not incredible—not at variance with our notions of the known laws of nature. And to the vapour, or the odours which a powder applied to a lamp had called forth, I was, therefore, prepared to ascribe properties similar to those which Bacon's conjecture ascribed to the witches' ointment, and the French traveller to the fumigations of the African conjuror.

But, as I came to that conclusion, I was seized with an intense curiosity to examine for myself those chemical agencies with which Sir Philip Derval appeared so familiar;—to test the contents in that mysterious casket of steel. I also felt a curiosity no less eager, but more, in spite of myself, intermingled with fear, to learn all that Sir Philip had to communicate of the past history of Margrave. I could but suppose that the young man must indeed be a terrible criminal, for a person of years so grave, and station so high, to intimate accusations so vaguely dark, and to use means so extraordinary in order to enlist my imagination rather than my reason against a youth in whom there appeared none of the signs which suspicion interprets into guilt.

While thus musing, I lifted my eyes and saw Margrave himself there, at the threshold of the ball-room—there, where Sir Philip had first pointed him out as the criminal he had come to L—— to seek and disarm; and now, as then, Margrave was the radiant centre of a joyous group; not the young boy-god, Iacchus, amidst his nymphs could, in Grecian frieze or picture, have seemed more the type of the sportive, hilarious vitality of sensuous nature. He must have passed, unobserved by me, in my preoccupation of thought, from the museum and across the room in which I sat: and now there was as little trace in that animated countenance of the terror it had exhibited at Sir Philip's approach, as of the change it had undergone in my trance or my phantasy.

But he caught sight of me—left his young companions—came gaily to my side.

"Did you not ask me to go with you into that museum about half an hour ago, or did I dream that I went with you?"

"Yes; you went with me into that museum."

"Then pray what dull theme did you select, to set me asleep there?"

I looked hard at him, and made no reply. Somewhat to my relief, I now heard my host's voice:

"Why, Fenwick, what has become of Sir Philip Derval?"

"He has left; he had business." And, as I spoke, again I looked hard on Margrave.

His countenance now showed a change; not surprise, not dismay, but rather a play of the lip, a flash of the eye, that indicated complacency—even triumph.

"So! Sir Philip Derval. He is in L——; he has been here to-night. So! as I expected."

"Did you expect it?" said our host. "No one else did. Who could have told you?"

"The movements of men so distinguished need never take us by surprise. I knew he was in Paris the other day. Natural he should come here. I was prepared for his coming."

Margrave here turned away towards the window, which he threw open and looked out.

"There is a storm in the air," said he, as he continued to gaze into the night.

Was it possible that Margrave was so wholly unconscious of what had passed in the museum, as to include in oblivion even the remembrance of Sir Philip Derval's presence before he had been rendered insensible, or laid asleep? Was it now only for the first time that he learned of Sir Philip's arrival in L——, and visit to that house? Was there any intimation of menace in his words and his aspect?

I felt that the trouble of my thoughts communicated itself to my countenance and manner; and, longing for solitude and fresh air, I quitted the house. When I found myself in the street, I turned round and saw Margrave still standing at the open window, but he did not appear to notice me; his eyes seemed fixed abstractedly on space.

OUR OLD AND NEW COTTON-FIELDS.

It was my tenth day in New Orleans, and Yellow Fever had not yet stuck his livid claws into me. My apprehensions subsided, and I began to enjoy what there was to enjoy in the great slave city.

My appetite quickened, as the excellent dinners at the magnificent St. Charles's Hotel soon found to their cost. The great gilt-looking Red Fish was from the Mexican Gulf; the gumbo-soup was a pure Southern dish mixed with a glutinous plant, and very delicious; the green peppers were West Indian; the hominy was of Indian extraction; the crabs à la Créole were cooked in the Cuban way; the rice casseroles stuffed with oysters were of French origin; the orange tomatoes, observe, were raw; the egg-plant is peculiar to America; so is the succotash and the lima beans; for this is a paradise of vegetables. For the brandied peaches we are indebted to the clever descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. Great emphasis was laid in the bewildering bill of fare on "Kentucky beef" and on "Irish potatoes" in contradistinction to the soapy "sweet potatoes." The dessert reminded me that I was near the West Indies, for the pineapples were fresh picked, and the oranges were green, or but slightly yellowed, as they should be. Those long sallow bananas, too, a week ago, were sunning themselves in the fiery air of Cuba; the pecan-nuts are American, and are much in request among a people who attach more value to dessert than we do, mixing many French customs with their own in these matters.

The dinner had been tediously long, with its various courses constantly interrupted or retarded by the fresh arrival of guests and bands of hungry families. The black waiters ran over each other in a fussy, good-natured, but rather irrational way. I stripped my last banana and scooped out my last pecan-nut, drank some iced water, and, taking my hat from the pile of others on the table by the door, descended to the bar-room to smoke a quiet cigarette, and think how I should spend the afternoon.

To my astonishment, instead of the usual somnolent repose of the great marble hall at that hour, and the two or three loafers taking "General Jacksons" in a critical way at the counter, the scene was all bustle and animation. A slave sale had just concluded. The following bill of it I found pasted up on one of the pillars, and as rather a curiosity, I append it:

SALE AT AUCTION
OF CHOICE
PLANTATION SLAVES.

BY C. E. GIRANDOLE & CO.
OFFICE, No. 37, OPELOUSAS STREET.

ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1860,
AT 12 O'CLOCK, AT
THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

Will be sold at Public Auction, the following Slaves, to wit:

Harrison,	black,	aged	22 yrs,	No. 1 field hand & teamster	
Aleck,	do	do	19 do	do	do axe-man.
Andy,	do	do	22 do	do	do rough carpenter, &c.
Emeline,	do	do	21 do	wife of Andy, field hand.	
Warren,	do	do	21 do	No. 1 field hand.	
Dave,	mulatto,	do	21 do	ostler and carriage driver.	
Willis,	black,	do	22 do	No. 1 field hand.	
Francis,	yellow,	do	20 do	do do.	
Henry,	black,	do	24 do	do do.	
Jim,	do	do	12 do	orphan.	
Lewis,	do	do	11 do	do.	
Susan,	do	do	19 do	cook, washer and ironer.	
Minerva,	do	do	18 do	do do do.	
Jerry,	do	do	14 do	superior house boy.	
Sarah,	do	do	14 do	house servant and child's nurse.	
Mary,	do	do	16 do	very likely do.	
Dick,	do	do	16 do	field hand, likely & active.	
Frank,	do	do	33 do	carriage driver and house servant,	
Joseph,	do	do	18 do	superior dining-room servant, etc.	
Sam,	do	do	30 do	field hand.	
Tom,	do	do	22 do	waiter and dining-room servant.	
Mary,	do	do	13 do	creole house servant and child's nurse.	
Clarissa,	do	do	42 do	superior creole cook, washer and ironer.	
Essex,	do	do	42 do	general labourer.	
Right,	do	do	28 do	field hand and fiddler.	
Virginia,	do	do	22 do	superior cook, washer and ironer.	

All fully guaranteed against the Vices and Maladies prescribed by law.

TERMS.—4 and 6 months' credit for approved Factor's acceptances, bearing 8 per cent. interest, or cash if the purchaser prefer.

Acts of sale before the Notaries designated by the Auctioneers—at the expense of the purchaser.

☞ N.B.—No slave will be delivered until the terms are complied with.

The "fiddler and field hand," a cheerful fellow in neat blue jacket and trousers, had just descended from the steps, and was having his teeth examined and chest tested by a friend of his purchaser. All the slaves were dressed neatly,

as they always are at sales, to attract the buyer. I gave a groan at the thought of buying and selling human hearts and brains; and to keep down any more philanthropic groans (rather dangerous demonstrations in the slave states), I went to the bar, and called for a "corpse reviver;" a medicinal and potent drink indeed for persons troubled with philanthropic scruples.

The bar-keeper—who, in America, generally asserts all the rights of a gentleman—leaning across the marble counter, with a bunch of mint in one hand and a tin cup full of the most silvery and glittering ice in the other, begged leave to introduce me to Mr. Quackenboss, a cotton-planter of Bâton Rouge. We both took off our felt hats and shook hands; for Americans hate all cold formalities, and are generally your friends or your enemies in a minute; despising your philosophical indifferentists.

After "glasses round," a necessary commencement of most American bar-room friendships, my new friend invited me to walk with him to Good Children-street, on the Pontchartrain-road.

We walked off together. My new friend was a pale-faced, brown-skinned person, with clear hazel eyes, and a black fringe beard. He wore a suit of black, and, over his black satin wrinkly waistcoat, hung an enormous watch-chain that resembled a gold bridle. With the exception of this error in dress, and this extraordinary infatuation for our modern melancholy and ugly evening dress, which gave him the look of an owl by daylight, Mr. Quackenboss was an amusing and a wide-minded planter. He had been all over South America, and had been for years in Liverpool. He had deeply examined all the bearings of the cotton question; he had studied the old and new cotton-fields of England; and all the bearings of the war upon our future supply; he could explain to me the intentions of the Southerners to trade direct with England, and the prospects our Manchester men had of obtaining cotton in sufficient quantities from India and Australia.

But now we are at his house let me describe it. It is not near the Hôtel de Ville and the French quarter of the city; it is not near the public gardens where the bananas cast forth their great arching green leaves; no, it is quite in the suburb, near the Second Bayou; a great shapeless road, ankle deep in white dust, lies before it, fringed by those loathsome open drains that are the curse of New Orleans, and the chief originators of the yellow fever. In this road negro children roll and scramble, and pigs rout and grunt. Before Mr. Quackenboss's house there is a row of huge mangolia-trees, at this time covered with tufts of pink and scarlet flowers, which contrast prettily with the small dark myrtle-green leaves. My hospitable friend pushes open a wicket-gate, and we pass up a garden-walk, and enter the cool verandah'd house. Mrs. Quackenboss and the little Quackenbosses are on a visit to Cuba, so we are alone. My friend claps his hands, and a negro boy appears, receives an order, and returns in a few minutes with two bottles of German wine, a bowl of sparkling ice, a box of cigars, and some tumblers.

My friend gave a sigh of satisfaction, took up with an air of reflection a feather fan of Mrs. B.'s that lay on the table, spat three times at a special knot on the floor, and, throwing his feet over the back of a very high chair, began to open the conversation on the subject of the cotton supplies of England.

I asked Mr. Quackenboss if there were many English cotton agents at that time in New Orleans?

"A crowd—perfect crowd," said Mr. Quackenboss; "and I reckon, if old Abe is left out in the cold (this was before Abraham Lincoln's election), as we Southerners hope he will be, we Southern cotton men will have a good time of it with the English trade. Let us once pass a law to hang every darned Yankee (Northern men are all called Yankees in the South), and we New Orleaners, I tell you, mister, will have a good time of it, with the great staple production of that stupendous and chawing up river the Mississippi."

I asked my enthusiastic cotton-planting friend if he thought that the freedom of the South would surely bring free trade.

"Sure as Sam Walker's in Memphis, we shall get free trade, and send our own cotton to England in our own ships, without any darned Yankee setting finger on it, and cutting off half our profits. Still, I don't say, mister, that the Northerners ain't right in their way, for those taxes of theirs on trade prevent foreign competition with their own manufacturers; but we producers have other views on these things, and all we want is a good free market for our cotton to tempt more purchasers. Perhaps you are not aware that Mr. Rufus Stoat, one of the most remarkable men of the present day, and at present an actuary at No. 3, Opelousas-street, has given it as his opinion that Louisiana cotton can be sent from our levee in this very city to Manchester, and brought back made up in prints, cheaper than it now reaches us from the Northern mills. This idea has fired our chivalrous and en-lightened minds in the South—has fired our minds—yes, sir."

I bowed and sipped my hock. My Southern friend's theories were sanguine; but I made allowances for the enthusiasm of election time.

"I fear, Mr. Quackenboss," said I, "that your quarrel with the North is somewhat like the nose falling out with the mouth in the old fable. The South produces, the North manufactures. You are husband and wife: whatever form of government you have, your interests must ever be the same. They starve without your cotton; you pine without their hardware, their prints, their luxuries of all kinds. You must have customers, they must have raw produce."

"No, siree, we shan't; we can do very well without them. We can get all we want straight from England; we want none of those cold calculating Yankees' produce. We are the chivalry

of America, not mere pedlars, who worship nothing but the almighty dollar; no, sir, if we were to separate to-morrow, we shouldn't crowd the mourners—*no*, sir!"

By this strange expression, Mr. Quackenboss meant that the dissolution of political partnership would not occasion much lamentation in the South.

"The causes of the impending war," I said, "if I may venture to have an opinion, are neither slavery, nor trade jealousies, but the long animosity that has been for years growing between the commercial North and the agricultural South—the men of different temperaments, different races, different habits and modes of thinking."

"It is so; but if you old people cross the Atlantic think we shall be easier killing because we split into two republics, I reckon you will be catawampishly mistaken, for every State from New Hampshire to Texas is a full-grown rattlesnake, already with head, tail, and rattle of his own, so look out for alligators. There are some of us yet who will keep the ball rolling, sure as there are chickens on the prairies and snags in the Mississippi. Oh, as for the cold Northerners, we'll whip them! Yes, sir, we'll whip them! But there's one great mistake your Manchester people are making."

"And what is that, Mr. Quackenboss?"

"Why, I hear your Cotton Supply Association is making a regular muss (fuss) about getting cotton from India, Australia, Africa, and Davy Jones himself only knows where. Now, the poor benighted cotton spiders don't know that they can't get cotton anywhere like they can in our Southern States. No, siree, they can't. Haven't we good roads, good ships, good harbours, the tallest cotton in creation, and quick means to bring it from the plantation to the ship; haven't we, too, cheap labour and plenty of rivers; and, above all, haven't we that everlasting and tremendous body of water—the Mississippi—expressly made to float our cotton down to New Orleans?"

"I can give you some information on the subject of the outcry for new cotton-fields in England," said I. "The argument of the association is, that if you Americans go to war, our vast national manufacturing interest will be endangered, in consequence of having placed its dependence on one source of supply for all its raw material."

"Must do it, sir; must do it! Where are you to go to?—to Africa, where the fevers chaw men up as an alligator would do a nigger baby? where the land is still desert and bush, where the tribes are cannibals and savages, and where they never do anything but murder people with clubs, and drink palm oil?—or to Australia, where the price of labour is dearer than in the Old Country, where cotton grows poor and stunted, and where there are hundreds of miles without water? You can't turn a barren country into a cotton country in six months. No, siree, you can't."

"But there's India, our own country, already producing six million bales annually."

"And pretty rubbish too; brought on bullocks over mountain roads. Poor stuff to start with, pretty full of dust, dirt, and filth by the time it reaches the Manchester mill. The ryot, with no money of his own; the money-lender passing the produce he takes through half a dozen hands, and each hand adulterating it to increase his profit."

"But Greece," I said. "Fine country."

"Yes, with no roads five miles from Athens, and the people all-fired jealous of foreign improvers, being too proud to be taught anything. You must come back to the natural soil of the cotton, where you have good transport and cheap labour. Why, India has no canal or railways yet, and if you don't go on faster, it promises to be another half century before you have them there; besides, it ain't short Kentucky cotton that'll do for your Manchester men. They want fine quality."

"Mr. Quackenboss," I said, solemnly, "here's what it is. The whole world produces every year an average of nearly four millions of bales; and of this Europe and America alone use up all except four thousand bales. Now, your last harvest was nearly a million bales short, and the coming war threatens a blockade."

"Abe darn't do it! it would be running against Providence; and bullets are hard things to run your head agin."

"Well," I said, "that question I will not discuss; but this is certain, that by the fall of next year our Manchester mills will be taking to short time. Strong cotton cloths, shirting and coarse yarns will increase in price, and be for the time run off the field by linens and woollens. This again might employ some of the discharged operatives, but not all. Then may come bread riots, insurrectionary meetings, conspiracies, attacks on mills, want of food, and other miseries, affecting us all, from the Queen on her throne to the humblest prisoner in Newgate. This evil we wish to avert by securing a supply of cotton from other places. Port Natal cotton is good, and so is that from the west coast of Africa. Smyrna cotton was once famous, and so was that from Egypt. Greece, well governed, could grow thousands of bales; so could the West Indies, if once more prosperous. I have heard, too, that Andalusia will produce cotton of no despicable quality. In the last twelve months the association has directly or indirectly opened fifty-eight new ports."

"Bah! bah! bah!" said Mr. Quackenboss, fretfully. "You can't make people grow a crop at a loss. The expense of production is everywhere to be deducted from the cultivator's profits. A lot of your gosling-headed white-throats—by which I mean philanthropists—(a good trade, too, for it requires no plant but a suit of black and a little brass) are all agog about this Indian and man-in-the-moon cotton, because they think it will do away with our patriarchal institution of slavery. As well drop salt on a rattlesnake's tail. It arn't in the na-

ture of things. Cotton can't be forced; it will always grow best in our rich loamy lowlands and alluvial flats; no one can't change it. Our commerce is organised; we are punctual, sir. The cotton is of first quality—always alike—and we have a great river running through the centre of our best cotton-fields. Why, every other country compared to it is what sand is to sugar; you can't gainsay it, for Providence does things straightforward, and no squinting round corners."

"The Times, the other day, said that in India carriage is either impracticable, or so tedious and costly as to absorb an enormous proportion of the whole value of the crop. I give up India," I continued, "except as one of the many sources of supply which I wish to see opened to prevent these panics and these accidental scarcities."

"Why, how can you compare Niagara to a sausage-machine? How can India compete with our three million five hundred thousand slaves and our forty million pounds' worth of cotton annually? About four millions of your people, one way or the other, depend on the cotton trade. You export every year some forty-eight million two hundred thousand pounds' worth of cotton goods and yarns; of this we Americans take four million six hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds' worth, against seven million one hundred and forty thousand bales of our cotton that you take. Now, do you think it's in natur if you drop taking our cotton that we shall take so much of your prints and yarns? No; even a mosquito has got some sense in him, and don't like any one touching the pupil of his eye; and if we drop off a million one way or the other, it is much the same in the tottle, I think."

"A long war will certainly lead to our opening other sources of supply. There is no danger of getting cotton. What we shall not get is your fine long staple. But inferior sorts will come fast enough, and keep our mills partially going for inferior yarns and cloths. Let peace soon come, and we probably shall quietly come back again to the old fields and full work."

"You will come back to the nine great Cotton States," said Quackenboss, triumphantly; "to the three hundred and fifty million rich acres, watered by eternal rivers, and," looking up laughing, "to Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, and the magnificent Louisiana, where the sile is rich, the men brave, and the women beautiful; where the sugar is excellent, and the steamers are rather risky; where the whisky is pisen, but the cotton heavenly."

Laughing at this thorough American fit of rhetoric, I here seized my Panama hat, and rose to wish my eloquent friend, Mr. Quackenboss, good night.

"Lookee hyar," he said; "New Orleans is a great city—barring occasional yellow fever, and the rowdies, who are rather dangerous at night with their knives, especially with strangers. Here, Brutus, light a lantern and go home with this gentleman to the St. Charles's Hotel; and look here, you rascal! don't you stop, coming home, at any liquor-shop. Good night, mister!"

A VOICE FROM A PEW.

It is a good sign of the times just now, that we do not hear quite so much about the "thin end of the wedge" as we used to do a few years ago. Time was when, at every suggestion of change or improvement in our social state, you were met at once with that terrible thin end of the wedge, and were incontinently knocked on the head by it. Did one propose some reform in a matter connected with government, "Sir," was the answer, "you are for opening the way to the thin end of the revolutionary wedge; let it once get an opening, and the hammer of anarchy will soon drive it home." Some election atrocity would be dwelt on, perhaps, and a remedy suggested; the thin end of the wedge of Chartism was at once brought into the discussion. So with regard to social reforms, new lights in science, improvements in the working of the law—let any of these be so much as hinted at, and the thin edges of every sort of inconceivable wedge were set up bristling in the face of the daring reformer almost before his dangerous sentiments were out of his mouth. But perhaps, of all subjects that could be named, the most certain to bring this terrible wedge into play was the subject of Church reform. Let any one suggest the slightest alteration or improvement—not in any theological dogma, but even in a matter of Church discipline, or the external working of the Church system—and the wedge of Infidelity, with an edge as fine as that of a razor, rose up in front of him, and the proposal, however much needed, however just and wise and reverent, must perforce be abandoned. Touch but so much as the lace on a beadle's hat, and the wedge is in upon you, crushing all before it, as though it were impelled by a parochial steam-hammer.

The temper of the times now, however, is more reasonable and tolerant than it was a few years ago. We have got the length of admitting that it is possible for a clergyman to have a bad delivery, that a congregation is not to be expected to take anything it can get in the way of elocution and be thankful, while there have even been found some, and these happily among the ranks of the clergy themselves, who have been ready to give voice to that longing for a new arrangement of our Church services, which is felt by hundreds of persons who have suffered long and silently under the present system. Has the time come when they shall suffer so no longer? It is devoutly to be hoped that it has.

Surely there are many who read this page, to whom that word "suffer" will not appear too strong. It is true that individuals of what is called the mercurial temperament, or, perhaps, by physiologists the nervous-sanguine, are not the largest class in this country. It is true that in our community there is an immense pre-

ponderance of the phlegmatic over the vivacious. There is an immense mass of our fellow-countrymen and countrywomen who can convey their bodies into certain buildings, deposit them there in quiescence for a certain number of hours—one or two more or less being of no importance—and then remove the said bodies to their homes feeling no particular sense of relief when the signal for departure is given. This is a large class; but is it *so* large a class as to be alone worthy of consideration? Is there not another large and important class who chafe under the restraints which the fiat of their more phlegmatic brethren has laid upon them: persons of quick and irritable temperament, who live more in five minutes than others do in as many hours?

We all remember as children what we have gone through in church. We all remember how, at that period of our lives, we have made our own divisions of the Church services, and, separating the long two hours' ritual into different clauses, have checked each off as it was accomplished, but have remembered with despair that even when the collect (which we viewed with bitterness from having learnt it in the morning) was read, there was the Litany—shame that so beautiful a service should be so thought of even by a child!—and after that the Communion, and then after all the sermon, and when that might end who could tell? We all remember how we have wished the sermon came first, because then, that once over, we should know *exactly* where we were with the rest. We have all—do not deny it, worthy sir, because you have—all, while the sermon was delivering, watched the thickness of the pile of pages that had been read, and compared it with the bulk of those yet to come. We have all rejoiced as the lump first mentioned got thicker, and that last named got thinner. We have all experienced heart-sickness when we found that the clergyman, having got to the end, turned his book round and began again on the backs of the pages. We have all experienced torture when, in a sermon on heads, we have found ourselves after twenty minutes only arrived at the end of the first head, remembering that there were two more, and beyond those, in a vista of fidgets, an application and the conclusion. We all remember the threat of "something to be explained presently," and how we used to reflect when the sermon *seemed* near its end, that it couldn't be, because that threat had not yet been fulfilled. And lastly, we all remember our longing for those blessed words, "And now," and also what our sensations were, when a fallacious "and now" happened to come in in the course of the sermon, making us jump off our seats in anticipation of the end, and proving only the commencement of a new view of the subject in hand.

And why have we spoken of these sensations as belonging only to our childish recollections? Surely this is not altogether fair? If we were put on the rack and compelled to own the truth, should we not at the first twinge, at the first turn of the screw, cry out, "I own it! Many of these very feelings, these hopes and fears, pass through my mind every Sunday of my life." Yes, we should speak thus, if we spoke the truth.

Now, the question is simply this: Why should this improper and distressing state of things go on? Why should we suffer under what it is in our own hands to remedy, and to remedy without a shadow of offence to the weakest brother, still less to the real interests of vital religion among us? What we urge—urge most reverently but most strongly—is no change in any single iota of doctrine, nor even in the words of which our ritual consists. We simply wish that what was originally divided, what was intended to be divided, and what is better divided, should *be* divided; and that three services, each one complete in itself, should not continue jumbled into an incomplete whole, because they were so combined when our social system was in every respect different from what it is at the present time.

The remedy in this case is so simple too, so easy. Why not let it be tried at any rate? Let the Morning Prayer be read, exactly as it stands, in the morning, at half-past ten or eleven, as might be most convenient. Let there be a Communion Service at noon. In the afternoon, at the usual time of afternoon service, the Litany and a sermon, and Evening Prayer—said once instead of twice a day—in the evening.

Against this simple arrangement what is to be said? It has been argued that in the country, where many of the villagers live at a considerable distance from the parish church, this division of the services would be inconvenient and unpopular; but even supposing this—which is granting a great deal—is there any reason why the inhabitants of the town are to be subjected, perforce, to the same system which suits the inhabitants of the country? It is to townspeople doubtless, pre-eminently, that the change for which we plead would be a benefit. They work with their heads, and in confined and unwholesome air, and consequently it is to them that the mental strain of confining their attention while these three services are gone through—a mental strain, it must be remembered, of a very extreme kind—is peculiarly trying, and a great diminution of the benefit of their day of rest. Let the change, then, be gradual. Let it be tried in London first; nay, we will go even a step farther: There may be those among us whom old habits and prejudices may affect so strongly that the alteration might at first, at any rate, be displeasing to them; why not begin by trying the experiment of the divided services in one church or chapel of ease in each division of London, and so make the change slow and gradual instead of abrupt and despotic? There are many desirable points that may be carried by a moderate and judicious policy, when a less temperate course would set every one against them.

Were this plan, obvious and easily effected as it is, once fairly tried, we believe that it would surely advance and gain ground of itself, and that enormous good would follow. An immense

number of persons, and those, be it remembered, chiefly *men* who do not now go to church because the present arrangement is too long for them, and too full of perpetual repetition, would probably attend divine service, and so would the weak, the infirm, the diseased. It would be possible to take children to church and expect them to behave well during a service which would not be long enough to weary or discourage them. While with regard to the sermon, those persons who wished to hear it—a willing, not an unwilling, audience—would attend the service to which it belonged, and those who were not disposed to hear it could stay away without being excluded altogether from a share in public worship. The additional reason which has been lately urged for this change, namely, the relief which it would afford to the officiating clergyman, and the improvement which such a relief might be expected to induce in his voice and delivery, seemed the only link wanting to make the chain of argument in favour of a division of the present Church services, complete and unanswerable.

Who knows what good might accrue to the new generation from the adoption of a system which should leave them free to look upon a church as something else than a place of suffering and restraint? Who knows but that the desire to hear, might be awakened by the withdrawal of a forced and unwelcome instruction? Who knows what you who read these words, and I who write them, may have lost, by being driven in our time to such expedients for getting through the service as have been hinted at in this paper, or how long it takes for such impressions and associations to be dispelled from our minds?

NEW ZEALAND.

But a few years ago in the world's life, if many in the history of a nation, a party of civilised gentlemen landed one day on the shores of a savage isle. The civilised gentlemen were learned, skilled, and radiant—they stood on the very pinnacle of human progress—knew all that was to be known of human life—had fathomed the lowest depths and soared to the upmost heights of science—they were kings where all other men were slaves, and gods in a world of barbarians unreclaimed. The inhabitants of the savage isle were painted, rude, untaught, with lax laws and doubtful morals, unskilled in arts, unlearned in letters, poorly fed, scantily clothed, not housed but only sheltered, a mere stalwart race of ignorant barbarians with fine forms, good muscular development, and future capacity; but as far removed from those radiant steel-clad gentlemen, as is a naked Otaheitan savage from a fashionable colonel in the Guards. Yet those radiant gentlemen have gone; they are swept from the face of the world, and lie buried fathoms deep in the past of long ago, never to be brought to life again, or to take part in the history of humanity; but the barbarians are the masters of the world, and that savage isle the centre whence emanate the laws and the destinies of nations. Will the same drama be played again with a different impersonation of the characters? or is the balance of modern civilisation hung with such weighty chains that it can never be pulled down again by barbarism? Will, for instance, the Englishman and the Maori repeat the old story of the Roman and the Anglian?—the one carrying the light of civilisation with a high hand through the darkness of barbarism, finally to lose himself at that mysterious point of glory beyond which no nation has yet passed—the other taking up the torch and flinging the rays farther abroad, perhaps even back to the old land, now lying in gloom, where that torch was first lighted? Or will the stronger element destroy the weaker? Will the Christian man annihilate, not reclaim, the heathen savage? And will the result of British rule in New Zealand be the destruction of the native race, and no absorption or amalgamation at all? These are interesting questions. They are, at this moment, being asked in stern and earnest fashion by the men who are engaged in what is called the Waitara War—the latest outgrowth of the struggle going on between the British settler and the Maori holder.

There seem to be three parties in New Zealand; the missionary party, the settlers' party, and the Maori party; and all three have different views, and are not able to agree upon any one point whatever—as is the characteristic of parties in all time. There is the most likeness certainly between the missionary party and the Maori; the one wishing to do, for the sake of its own special manner of action and to uphold certain favourite theories, what the others demand from patriotism and the pride of race and the natural impulse of a brave man's self-esteem. The missionaries would keep the natives apart and exclusive from the settlers—would have them converted by grace alone and not by works—influenced by spiritual teaching only, and not by the material lessons of social civilisation; they would pluck them as brands from the heathen burning, and parade them before their subscribers at home as evidence of missionary zeal, and proofs of the crying need of heathendom for fresh exertions; while the Maoris would keep themselves apart from a certain patriotic pride, and in the hope that some day they may rule their own land in their own way, adopting such laws of their stronger brethren as seem good to them, and gathering into themselves the foreign element that has visited their shores. The settlers, on their part, desire the land for themselves and their heirs, and see in the Tasmania of the future only a new home and a wider field for the wandering Anglo-Saxon colonist, little recking if the means be the utter ruin and decay of the ancient people, without even the saving grace of that flattering word, "absorption." This is what the American is doing with the Indian; and, indeed, "to improve the race off the face of the earth" seems the only thing ever thought of for all aborigines by the colonising nations of the nineteenth century.

Is it to be so in New Zealand? So far as we have gone hitherto, the answer is positive. Yet it is sad to watch even a savage people gradually dying out before the inexorable advance of a stronger and impatient civilisation; a civilisation so proud, so strong, so impatient, that it will neither stoop nor tarry to lift up or convert, but impetuously destroys all with which it cannot on the instant unite. In olden times, when life was not so rapid and the distinctions of race were not so cruelly marked, such a people as the New Zealanders would have been gradually incorporated into the family of the invaders; they would have learnt the better law, have been brought up to the higher standard; they might, indeed, have become absorbed, and their distinctness lost, yet it would not have been by destruction but by amalgamation, as was the case in Britain, Gaul, Italy, and wherever the elder civilisations obtained a footing. And has it not been by this amalgamation—this fusing together of different races—that we, here in England, have come to our strength? And is it quite impossible, and against all analogy, that the union of our present high state of cultivation with the unworn freshness, the youth, and immunity from the diseases of civilisation, of the Maori family, should produce as fine a result for the future inhabitants of Tasmania? Perhaps our New Zealand settlers might do worse than endeavour to found a nation of Anglo-Saxons and Maoris united.

At present, however, there is no hope of any such form of brotherhood; and, instead of births and marriages, all the talk is of guns, and flags, and war, and how the colonists can best obtain by armed force the land which the Maoris insist on keeping to themselves—or rather, of which the chiefs assert their right to dispose or not, according to their pleasure and their best advantage. For this is the real occasion of the war, and not the giving up of murderers on either side, nor whether a strip of bunting has borne one hieroglyphic or the other. There are two movements in this war, but both meaning the same thing; the King movement and the Land movement. In the first, William Thompson, the native Warwick as he has been called, is one of the most prominent actors. He has been described as a capable, large-minded, patriotic, yet loyal and well-meaning man, who ought to have been respectfully treated by the colonial government, and employed as mediator and peace-maker between the colonists and his own people. Thompson, or Tamihana according to Maori language, is a peace man, and a Christian. This Tamihana was the first to originate the King movement. He saw that the colonial government did not affect much paternal care over the Maori tribes, and that all the moral and political advantages of the Queen's rule were kept as the exclusive portion of the eldest born, and did not help the younger sons in the least.

"What we have actually done for the natives amounts to almost nothing," says one English writer. "There is nothing in the shape of law or government throughout the greater part of the North Island. The Queen's writ will not run, nor would any magistrate attempt to issue a writ in the greatest part of the native districts. There is no power to stop, nor any attempt to stop, native wars or native murders. And the only law is the law of the old native justice of revenge, modified by the local and personal influence of the missionaries." So, said William Thompson, the New Zealand Warwick, "we want law and order, and a king of our own choosing, who shall rule us according to the best part of English law, and be under the supremacy of the English Queen." This King movement seeming to promise nothing very formidable, and being in the hands of a man thoroughly well affected to the government, a Christian, a firm friend of the missionaries, and the active promoter of schools, was suffered to take root and grow into a substantial fact, neither colonists nor governor attempting protest or check. But now, when the Land League has assumed more definite proportions, and the Waikato chiefs deny Teira's individual right to sell his bit of land at Waitara without their collective consent, the government has become angry, attempting to seize by force what the natives are determined to defend by force, and making a bloody war out of what should have been settled by quiet negotiation. But as it is against the rules and resolutions of this native Land League that any one chief shall sell his land without the formal consent of all the rest, the Maoris are right according to themselves, and have never, until now, been adjudged wrong according to the government. As British law has never been actually introduced among the people, it seems only sound reason and justice that the Maori law should be respected, until, at least, it is formally set aside and another state of things begun. There is a rough natural logic in this position, which the natives, savage and untaught as they are, can fully comprehend; while at the same time they cannot understand how it is that we refuse to see the justice which is so self-evident to them, and how we can deny the truths which speak with a hundred tongues trumpet-voiced to their ears. But the colonists are outraged and alarmed. They ask what will be their future if the Maoris are suffered to organise themselves into a nation, and allowed to learn the strength that lies in union and the influence that lies in property? So the war is shifted from its true basis, and, while it means that the colonial government denies the Maori all right to law or internal development, assumes to be a loyal defence of the Queen's supremacy which no one has attacked, and a chivalrous defence of the Taranaki settlers, whom no one, at the outset, wished to injure. In fact, the question at issue may be narrowed into this: Is English occupancy in New Zealand, military conquest or peaceful colonisation? Are the Maoris to be forced into doing our will, however much against their own, or are they to be held as owning rights, and capable of political duties? Are they to be denied all tribal influence and

national life, or are their laws to be respected by us, and is our rulership over them to be limited to equal government and not extended to coercion? In a word, are they conquered slaves to be repressed, or native free men to be treated with? These questions, founded as they are on the inalienable laws of truth and justice, and the natural rights of humanity, do not seem very difficult of answer to men at a distance unexcited by passion; but to the settlers, stirred by fear and blinded by anger—fired, too, by the Englishman's tremendous pride of name and antipathy to other races—they naturally wear a very different aspect, and are by no means so easy to be set to rights. Fortunately for that brave family of our savage brethren, not all the colonists take the exclusively English side; a kindly handful join with the Maori, and demand for them the justice and national recognition which in olden times one Caractacus demanded for us, and one Boadicea died to maintain. Thus we may reasonably hope that matters will get amicably adjusted, and that our old friend Tamihana will be no longer compelled to assume a hostile attitude towards Queen or Governor, but will be brought back into the bonds of peace and good fellowship, and left to his proselytising and his schools, unmolested and unchecked. Sir George Grey, who is going out to smoothe down difficulties, knows all about the Maori. He can speak their language, has learnt their songs, their usages, and their legends; and both we ourselves, safe from the scene of danger, as well as those immediately on the spot, may rejoice if he proves that he can play the part of the modern, but a more merciful Agricola, and restore peace where peace ought never to have been disturbed.

Everything points to a great future for New Zealand. The country which has bred the most capable race of aborigines known to modern times, will be sure to act no stepmother's part by the children of her adoption, from what source soever they may be drawn. A climate healthy and temperate—a soil fertile and producing all the growths of the old European countries, save the half tropical growths of Sicily and Southern Italy—scenery bold, luxuriant, beautiful—nothing is wanting to the material influences by which strong souls are fed and nourished. So "English," too, in its general outside features, with such thoroughly English capabilities and characteristics, not cold enough to stint, nor hot enough to enervate, it seems to be specially marked out as the Great Britain of the Southern hemisphere, the supplemental Albion destined to carry the thread of English history clear round the globe. But the thread will start with an awkward knot that will take a vast deal of unnecessary unravelling, if the just right of the aborigines be disallowed, and if such a race as the Maori be not civilised and made one with the invading settlers.

New Zealand has great capabilities. The inversion of the seasons in Antipodean countries is strange to us. What can we say to a Christmas in Midsummer, with roses for mistletoe, and strawberries for the red beads of the shining holly? And think of lovely June, and more gorgeous and matronly July, being the eldest born of hoary-headed winter, with naked boughs and starved fields, and all the teeming wealth of nature chained up in frost and snow, instead of the dark blue skies, and the wreaths of trailing roses, and all the lavish luxury of fruit and flowers, which belong, as by natural right, to these bonny seasons of our summer! "We are now in the depth of winter, and must be content with occasional rains alternately with bright days, succeeded by sharp frosts at night," says the Southern Provinces Almanac, under the heading of July, adding also a recommendation to "risk a small sowing of cress, mustard, radish, and spinach, the first sowing of sweet peas for early blooming, and even now you may risk the first sowing of mignionette." The beginning of August marks the first awakening of spring, and the whole month is like the English February; while February itself is hot and dry, and March begins to show the golden sheaves of autumn shining through the dark green leaves of summer. This masquerade of the months would be the most foreign bit of all New Zealand life to us, and even a native chief stalking by the drawing-room window in his hidalgo-looking blanket, or gliding past the little creek at the foot of the garden, steering his strangely-carved canoe with his still more strangely-carved paddle, would not seem much more unusual than Christmas in Midsummer, and the dog-days in a fall of snow. Among her other attractions, New Zealand, too, has spaces of Tom Tiddler's ground, where gold can be picked up by the diligent possessed of sharp eyes and firm muscles; very likely, future explorers will find precious stones among the rocks and where old volcanoes have fused and melted earths and common clays into their priceless crystals. Some countries seem destined from the beginning for great works and stirring histories, and New Zealand is one of those countries consecrated by nature to the ministry of the world's future.

LIFE'S BALANCES.

The Autumn day is dying. So am I.
Draw nearer, dear, and let me rest my head,
My weary weary head, where it may lie
Upon your breast; perchance I may be dead
Ere it rests thus again. So, let me speak
My full heart out. It is so full to-night,
That though I am so worn, so faint and weak,
That words come slowly, and the evening light
Of life is wavering, still I cannot rest
Till I have spoken.

Philip dear, you know
The story of my life: it was confess'd
When first you spoke of love. How long ago,
How distant seems the day! But, oh! how sweet!
Though Heaven is shining near, I scarce can feel
As if its joys divine were more complete
Than those that blessèd moment did reveal!

Yet then came fear and trembling; for I knew
That I had that to tell which might perchance
Change into instant darkness all the blue

Of my sky's happiness. I dared not glance
Into the eyes so fondly seeking mine,
Nor answer to the pressure of your hand.
—Might not a word compel me to resign
The world of bliss I had at my command?
But yet I felt that one word must be spoken;
I could not, dared not cheat you; I must tell
How once this heart had deemed itself nigh broken,
How once these lips had breathed a last farewell
Of agony on lips now cold and dead.
How would you bear it?—for my heart misgave me
Despite of all you looked, and did, and said,
That half your love was pity, that to save me,
—For, oh! I knew you must, you must have seen
How all of me was yours!—you taught your heart
To fancy it was mine, that I might lean
In fond reliance on it,—that small part
Of your best love was giv'n. How would it be
Then, when you knew another once had claimed
Such place in my affections, and o'er me
Had owned a lover's rights? Oh, had I aimed
To win this priceless treasure—had it been
An instant mine—then snatch'd away again?
Must I resign the heaven I just had seen?
Had it been offered then and won in vain?
No matter. I would tell you all the truth,
And I *did* tell it. How in years gone by,
Ere childhood well had mergèd into youth,
I had been loved with all the fervency
Of a most noble nature and true soul,
And how I loved again, and how one year,
One space 'twixt spring and spring, had seen the whole
Of my young life's romance; and still the tear
Of sorrow for the past, of memory
And pity for the still remembered dead,
Trembled adown my droop'd cheek mournfully,
Mingling with those the very present dread
Of losing you called forth.
My tale was told,
And then came silence, and my heart stood still,
And then, O Heaven! within your dear arms' fold
I stood enclasp'd, and there you held me till
My heart seem'd grown to yours.
That's years ago.
How many? Four? You have been very kind
And very gentle with me, but I know—
—O Philip! would I could have been more blind!—
I know by past experience what is love,
And what it is to sit upon the throne
Of a man's heart, there lifted up above
All things on earth, and singly and alone
There to hold regal sway!—Having known this,
How was it possible not to perceive
The difference? to deem your quiet kiss
And calm regard proved real love? believe
I was your all in all?
No matter now!
All's over; I am going to my rest;
There, lay your warm hand on my icy brow,—
—'Twas *you* I loved a thousand times the best!

BEHIND THE POPE'S SCENES.

The ultramontane ravings of the Comte de Montalembert have brought about one good result; they have induced a learned and modest ecclesiastic, Monsignor Liverani, to give to the world his personal experience of the working of he papal oligarchy. He himself, born of humble parentage, disclaims the honour attributed to him of being either the godson or the ward of Pius the Ninth, although public opinion in Italy gives him a much closer relationship to the reigning Pontiff.

In spite of which claim, notwithstanding a studious, pure, and simple life—perhaps in consequence of that simplicity and purity—he has failed to enjoy the favours of the papal court. It is his own fault; he should have done as others did, and not have attempted to be better than his neighbours. On one occasion, when Liverani had the honour of an audience, Monsignor Pacca, the chamberlain, could not help telling him, "The Holy Father, when I announced you, replied, 'I am informed that he is mad!'" It is a common practice for the members of the court of Rome to speak of each other as tainted with insanity. Farini quotes a letter of Cardinal Gizzi, in which he (the cardinal, minister, and secretary of state) flings the epithet of madman even at the head of the Vicar of Christ, his master and his benefactor.

Liverani, on the contrary, is much too sane, much too clear-sighted, to please the Pope. If he remonstrates against any flagrant abuse, he is politely and confidentially reminded that zeal is the offspring of charity; and that charity is kind, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, thinketh no evil; that he has clearly been misled; and so on. Under this rebuke from home, he could still keep silence; but when a Bourbonist Frenchman ventured to print that all the charges against the temporal power of the Papacy are imaginary, and that its only real fault, in the eyes of impious men, is its existence, he could hold his peace no longer, and he has proved that Cardinal Antonelli's government is the masterpiece of modern swindling. Of Liverani's religious and political views we take no account, neither of his solution of the Roman question, because such things are matters of opinion; they may be differed from, discussed, perhaps refuted: whereas facts are facts, and so remain. To deprive the witness of his preferment and drive him into exile is but a feeble refutation of his allegations.

"It is beyond all doubt," said Napoleon the First to Cardinal Pacca, the chamberlain's uncle, "that for some time past the court of Rome is reduced to a small number of families; that the affairs of the Church are treated and investigated there by a small number of prelates and theologians born in the humblest villages in the environs of Rome, and who have no means of comprehending the great interests of the Universal Church, or of pronouncing upon them an equitable judgment." If the Emperor's assertion were not true then, Liverani declares that it is so now; that Rome at present is the prey of a few intriguers; that Napoleon's criticism is verified by the ascendancy of a coterie completely recruited in the Campagna and the Abruzzi, which has transformed the government of the Church into a mercantile and stock exchange company, and which, holding the Pope in leading-strings, is preparing for the Roman principality a sure and not far distant catastrophe. The Eternal City, which the Legitimists represent

as belonging to Catholic Europe, belongs now to whom? Neither to Europe nor even to Italy. It lies at the mercy of half a dozen adventurers from the Campagna of Rome, who have become what they are, by the means indicated in Scribe's comedy of La Camaraderie.

Of the august personage around whom the coterie weave their toils, Liverani sketches a sad and striking portrait. Pure and innocent habits, a love for religious ceremonies, great facility and charm in speaking and improvisation, unction and grace in prayer, a melodious chant, a great air of majesty while officiating at the altar, a constant zeal for the glory of God which never shrinks from the boldest enterprises, are a slight specimen of Pius the Ninth's good qualities. Moreover, no favouritism towards members of his family; not a shadow of greediness, or avarice; caring nothing for wealth except to pass it on to the hands of the poor, or to employ it in adorning the sanctuary.

Patient in giving audience, an indefatigable listener; but at the same time anxiously inquisitive after the most trifling tales, the most childish gossip; judging men and things by their accessories and circumstances, rather than by themselves; very acceptable both to sinister impressions and to ill-natured prejudice; hasty in his resolutions, obstinate in his decisions, but also inexorable in his aversions and his withdrawals of favour; subject to be smitten with sudden sympathies and violent likings; incapable of dissimulating his tastes, his repugnances, his inmost sentiments, and thus handing over the key of his heart to profligate courtiers and knaves, who read his soul on his countenance. There they stand in front of him, with anxious look, half-open mouth, outstretched neck, straining every muscle, at hand to approve as soon as the Pontiff's visage gives the signal; ready to flatter his every desire, even if those desires were sure to cause his ruin.

Pius the Ninth's judgments of the merits of men are somewhat summary; he founds his opinion on their external gifts—a grave mien, a bald head, a harmonious voice—rather than on their qualities of heart and mind. He is chary of his favour, unless one knows how to seize it with skill; suspicious and constantly distrustful with honest people, he is constantly unarmed and unprepared, in his intercourse with the skilful and cunning. He is virtuous, but it is a virtue of parade, pompous, like his clear and sonorous voice. He is charitable and fond of doing good; but he requires the newspapers to repeat the echo to the world, and likes indifferent or forgetful persons to be reminded of his beneficent acts by so many inscriptions, medals, and legends. He changes his views and plans according to the temperature, the direction of the wind, the state of the weather, the agitation of his nerves and arteries, the pathological condition of a sickly body; in short, his intellect shares all the impressions of his feeble constitution.

Kindly and tender-hearted, he yet is unable to abstain from insulting speeches, sudden bursts of anger, and other acts, which are neither more nor less than human weaknesses. For instance, when he tore from his seat the virtuous Monsignor Gigli; or when he forbade Monsignor Campodonico to enter his presence during a visit he paid to the University; or when he ordered a pauper to be arrested for the sole crime of asking him for alms. Such actions as these he is sorry for, immediately afterwards, when his passions are not made to rankle by the insinuations of others. The examples cited were, in reality, the result of the intrigues and cabals of Cardinals Altieri and Patrizzi.

These defects might be developed into virtues and noble actions, with faithful and able ministers. But, for the last fifteen years, Pius the Ninth has been the dupe of adventurers of all kinds, from all countries, of every party and every faction, incessantly occupied in robbing each other of his favour, in order to profane and outrage it themselves.

And who are these "intriguers and knaves?"—to make use of Liverani's plain expressions. First, there is the Cavaliere Filippani, a combination of contractor and papal house-steward, taking a deep interest in railways. As steward, he seizes the opportunity, during meal-times, of advancing individuals, intended for promotion, in the esteem and good will of the Pope (exactly as he would serve a pheasant or a hare); as contractor, he does not forget to receive considerable money-payments. He spreads his nets around every vacant bishopric; he bird-limes with promises, threats, and cajoleries, the aspirants to the vacancy; he monopolises privileges and favours, to the detriment of other agents who are no better than himself, but who, in order to have their revenge, blacken him as the worst of the whole lot. He builds hotels, whose approaches the innocent Cardinal Milesi causes to be paved, with a view to the legation of Bologna. He distributes money by handfuls, but in such a way that no account can be taken of it; for he tempers his passion for feathering his nest, by a skilfully assumed appearance of moderation.

Another of his Holiness's intimates is the Signor Baladelli: an ambiguous personage, an amphibious engineer, a courtier clerk, who has no determinate individuality, but whose office is, by his foolish prating, to prepare the Pontiff's mind for master-strokes and decisive thrusts, to be given by bolder and stronger assailants.

And now comes the good Stella, a man whose virtues might be taken for vices, and whose vices have a look of virtue. He has the air of a person possessed by demons, and talks the stilted nonsense of an astrologer. He is an insupportable narrator of the miracles of Saint Philomene, the prophecies of hermits, and the visions of nuns; which did not prevent his introducing, with the utmost politeness, Montanelli to the Holy Father. His conversation is more terrible to the traveller than a hurricane in the desert. It is a series of sudden sighs, violent enough to turn a windmill, of abrupt interruptions and cautious pauses, of questions

which do not expect to be answered, of rejoinders which are a reply to nothing, of skippings from one train of thought to another without gaining anything in respect to good sense, of grimaces with the mouth and eyes obliquely fixed on the ground, of astounding allusions to the Scriptures, or of reminiscences of eclipses, comets, constellations, and lunar phases, in which the hearer can trace no connexion either with the speaker or the speech which he is making, or with any which he would or could make. He then all at once puts his finger to his lips, and sets off running from one room to another, as if he were making his escape from some spectral persecutor. He halts in the middle of a large saloon, listening attentively; then, walking on the tips of his toes, he disappears by one door, coming in again directly by another. The spectator fancies all this to be the manœuvres of a cunning courtier, or the tricks of an ill-mannered buffoon; whereas they are simply the feverish fancies of a weak mind, which is not qualified as being out of its wits only, because madness supposes intervals of reason. However that may be, Stella, although one of the most fantastic and extravagant beings at the papal court, is, nevertheless, the most honest and the most inoffensive person in it. There are, besides, Monsignor Cenni, train-bearer, verifying the proverb, In caudâ venenum (There is poison in the tail); Monsignor Talbot, whose sole occupation is to denounce all the pictorial angels he can catch committing the offence of nudity; and others. All these men put together, do not weigh an ounce; but they exercise a constant and decisive influence on the Pontiff's mind, although he feels no respect for any of them.

As to the more prominent actors on the papal stage, everybody knows Cardinal Antonelli from the life-like portrait given by a well-informed writer, although with apparent levity. Liverani confirms most of the features of M. About's sketch, with facts to prove the truth of the likeness. During the summer of 1860, Prince Torlonia went one day to kiss the feet of his Holiness. The court of Rome, just then, was in a state of extreme financial embarrassment. Pius the Ninth asked him, in the most delicate way possible, whether he could not assist the urgent wants of the treasury, as his father had done, and he himself also under other circumstances. The prince replied that most assuredly he was just as well disposed as ever towards the Holy See, or as his father had been before him, but that his aid was quite uncalled for, so long as the Pope had at his elbow a cardinal minister worth so many millions of francs; and he related how Cardinal Antonelli had just invested several millions through a London banker, offering, whenever his Holiness chose, to show him the receipts and other papers connected with the transaction. The history of this colossal fortune is striking: his Eminence started from a very low stage of the social ladder—under-clerk to a magistrate. Monsignors Pentini and Marulli were simultaneously judges at the tribunal of Montecitorio. The latter had, as his secretary, the advocate Theodulf Mertel (without a client or a brief), and as pupils, James Antonelli and Joseph Berardi. The famous lawsuit between the Dukes Torlonia and Cesarini was then being tried. The great wealth of the parties might be a source of gain; their influence and authority, of favour and advancement. Pentini escaped all suspicion of corruption; but the voice of the public charged Marulli with having been suborned: an accusation which was supported by facts. Marulli paraded his shame so openly that he was discovered at last, degraded from his office, and dismissed for ever without title or pension. His successor was one Monsignor Manari, and under him the three above-named individuals continued their career, and prepared for future conquest. Not long afterwards, one of the three was made a prelate and deputy secretary of state; he soon drew after him his two companions; and Mertel and Berardi became prelates also. A few eventful years occurred; Antonelli rose to be Pius the Ninth's secretary of state; Mertel soon was a cardinal; and Berardi is awaiting the highest honours.

Antonelli could not have dispensed with such associates as Mertel and Berardi. He required them for satellites, supporters, screens; for agents and go-betweens; and also for confidential successors who would not dare to betray him in case of his one day falling from power. In dealing with so constantly distrustful a sovereign, it would have been bad and even dangerous policy to allow solicitations in favour of his own friends to proceed directly from himself. By making use of Count Rossi as the tool, the elevation of the prelate Mertel was made to appear as a voluntary and spontaneous act on the part of the Pope instead of a reinforcement given to Cardinal Antonellis' party.

According to Liverani, the ruin of Rome has been the Bank of Rome. Its establishment dates from the Antonellis' taking charge of the government affairs. It is the origin and the symbol of their fortune. To force the hesitating Pope to grant it, no less was required than the crisis of 1849 and the exile to Portici and Gaeta. The atmosphere of Naples inspired the rescript which allotted to the bank a capital of several hundred thousand crowns, and the order to draw up its statutes. A couple of men of law were charged with the revisal of its clauses, to give the business a more serious appearance. Man of law the first, was Monsignor Mertel; the second was the advocate Villani: a conscientious person, but so docile and so respectful to authority that he was always distrustful of his own proper judgment, preferring to act on the opinion of the prelate, his colleague, and of the secretary of state. It was easy, besides, to sound him beforehand. And thus it was that the Bank of Rome was authorised to issue paper to an indeterminate amount and without restriction of any kind. The Roman money-market was inundated; rents rose to a

fabulous rate. Philip Antonelli was governor of the bank; Louis Antonelli held another government office; both were flanked by a troop of monopolists selected by their brother the cardinal secretary, and followed by an army of millers, bakers, butchers, oil-merchants, druggists, and farmers, all leagued together to lay hands on every branch of commerce, and to close it against all fair competition.

The opinion of the Roman people may be learned from the fact that, for the last ten years, the police have been obliged to employ constables to protect the life of Count Philip Antonelli, the governor of the bank, against the fury of the population, who have been reduced, by the avarice of his family, to the extremity of misery and despair. Of the two gentlemen who put their signatures to the edict approving the Bank of Rome, beside the Pope's, one, Clement Giovanardi, who drew up the document, was afterwards condemned at Bologna for fraud and forgery, and was consequently put under lock and key in the prisons of Imola. The other, Monsignor Galli, minister of finance, had a different fate. He was allowed to retire, after a long course of dishonesty, with a certificate of good service and a liberal pension; they bought his silence at the expense of the state.

Not to mention greater integrity, great outward decency is not to be expected from officials selected out of an ecclesiastical body who allow themselves such exhibitions as the following. Santa Maria Maggiore is one of the three patriarchal basilicas, and possesses some eighty clerical members in the shape of priests, incumbents, and canons, the latter of whom are almost all prelates. If any one wishes to form an idea of the moral condition of these clergymen, let him remain in the basilica during the performance of divine service. At the sound of the bell, he will see eight or ten persons clad in diverse ways, the majority wearing the brown hood, the others hoods of ermine, proceed from a room whose vestiges of ancient splendour denote it to be the sacristy, for he would never suspect the fact from the conduct of people who advance gesticulating warmly and conversing in a loud tone of voice. Are they discussing some abstract question of transcendental theology? Nothing of the kind. The Book of Dreams, the drawing of the lottery, and their neighbours' unsuccessful love affairs, are topics which interest them much more.

If it is the hour for the evening Psalms, there will always be found amongst these individuals some one who has just left the Temple of Bacchus, and whose fiery face will bear marks of the favours of the merry god. On reaching the choir, which is the place for the chanting of the sacred canticles, they will not the more for that assume a more decent and reserved behaviour; neither the presence of God, in which their profession requires them to believe, nor any respect for the presence of men, will put a stop to their conversation or compel them to the observance of decent conduct. Psalmody is a sublime institution destined to the adoration of the Deity and the edification of our fellow-creatures; but when the sanctity of the spot and the ministry—when all religious vocation and the real intention of the ceremony—are forgotten, it sinks to the level of material routine and mechanical labour.

During the services at Santa Maria Maggiore, sacrilegious talk and insults to the cross are daily perpetrated. The ecclesiastics present wander incessantly from place to place, they whisper to each other, they send messengers from stall to stall, they laugh, they chatter; they give and take pleasantries and jokes; they hum tunes, they chat between every verse; they step from the sacristy to the choir, in order to gossip more at ease; they hurry the chanting, so that the whole morning's work, including the mass, may not exceed an hour and three-quarters, and that of the evening a single quarter of an hour, although there are in all more than fifty psalms, without reckoning canticles, hymns, responses, and prayers. Liverani's list of scandals is much longer and graver than we think fit to give it. While making the sad recapitulation, he cannot help exclaiming, "And these are the priests who scruple to chant a Te Deum for the kingdom of Italy!" Of course, at Rome, the secrecy of private correspondence is shamelessly violated.

After an exact calculation of the sum produced by the vaunted offering of St. Peter's obolus, it turns out that the average contribution of the faithful to their common spiritual father, in his distress, is threepence sterling. Nevertheless, the clerical journals announced that money poured in by millions, and warriors by thousands and thousands—legions of Legitimists, commanded by Legitimist generals, and organised by a Legitimist minister of war, whose mind squints as frightfully as his eyes do. The Irish heroes especially, indulging in savage orgies, till they broke into mutiny and filled the taverns and the streets with the cries of wild beasts, were a painful contrast to the French soldiery, who are as brave as they are obedient to discipline. And then there are the pontifical Zouaves, who shed small honour on their costume and their name! A great nation like France may be permitted to indulge in Zouaves, Turcos, or any other military eccentricity, because after all she has the strength to back it; but at Rome, such things are little better than a childish masquerade and a feeble imitation. No one is surprised to see a robust and vigorous individual amusing himself with pugilism or wrestling; but it would be a ridiculous spectacle to behold the same sport attempted by a consumptive patient who has been given up by the doctors, and who is just at the point of breathing his last.

Of the various painful states of mind in which it is possible for a man to find himself, one of the most uncomfortable is the case of not knowing what to think. Poor Monsignor Liverani is puzzled by a strange contradiction. The Roman clergy is exceedingly rich in lands, in capital, in revenues; it is the owner of the greater portion of the Ager Latinus; it has splendid temples, magnificent ceremonies, a

sumptuous court; it has a numerous train of partisans, clients, and devotees, mixed up with every class of society; it holds in trust innumerable charitable institutions, endowments, subsidies, hospitals, orphan asylums, and other means of benevolence, the list of which fills three big volumes; it possesses the all-powerful ministry of the Word, of religious societies, of the pulpit and the confessional, every mode of directing the will, the passions, and the conscience of the people: and yet, with all these elements of authority and power, with such irresistible baits and bribes, you will hear, if you listen closely, from one end of Rome to the other, the whispered watchword, "Down with the priesthood!"

The reason of so strong an aversion may be, that Human Nature has its Non possumus as well as the Pope; there are inconsistencies, hypocrisies, and iniquities which, through long suffering, it cannot put up with. A time comes when it says with the not very thin-skinned statesman, "*This* is *too* bad!" With a few more facts like the judicial murder of the innocent Locatelli, even Roman patience will at last tire out.

Some people may wonder that a cardinal, an ecclesiastic, does not meet with some check within the Church itself. But Liverani informs us that Antonelli's confessor is a Jesuit; he professes a great respect for the order, which he styles a society of virtuous and learned men; but he is obliged to admit that, at every great criminal's elbow you will always find a virtuous Jesuit. Beside the name of La Pompadour you find that of a virtuous Jesuit. Of late years, Father Mignardi, a Jesuit, is Cardinal Antonelli's spiritual director, although the Roman people, starved by the monopoly of the brothers and friends of the secretary of state, entertain serious doubts whether he have any soul at all to direct. And the Jesuits cannot profess ignorance; for their charities and the exercise of their ministry take them every day among the people, and they know what sufferings are inflicted by a tyranny now nearly three lustres old.

The Jesuits entertain their own views respecting history and politics. One of their great historians states: "The holy king (Louis the Ninth) in person, assisted by sixty bishops, inaugurated the Holy Inquisition by the execution, in the Place de Grève, of ninety-five heretics, who were burnt alive. This good work was so agreeable to God, that he vouchsafed to France a superabundant harvest." The facts themselves are perfectly true; their connexion, as cause and effect, are perfectly jesuitical. In respect to policy, the brigand system possesses an efficacy peculiarly its own. "You Neapolitans, foolish folk, who banish your rightful king and accept an usurper, see what you get by the change! Your throats shall be cut, your houses burned, your women outraged, when you are least prepared to offer resistance, until you take back again your beloved Bourbon and his suite of saintly counsellors. Barbarism and cruelty is it? May be; the end justifies the means."

The spoilers of unarmed peasantry receive their mission of brigandage from Rome; but who really governs Rome is a question about which the learned differ. The Holy Father reigns, some say, but the reverend Jesuits govern. When the court of Rome replies to the powers who counsel reform, "Non possumus! No compromise!" it is not poor Pius the Ninth who speaks; still less is it Cardinal Antonelli, who, in that case at least, is only a docile instrument; it is the General of the Jesuits proclaiming through the Pope's mouth the infallibility of Ignatius Loyola.

All which may be mere scandal, like Liverani's appreciation of the Sacred College. As to learning, he says, they have one famous celebrity, Cardinal Wiseman, who covers all the rest with his mantle; there are also men of remarkable scientific merit, such as Gousset, Morichini, and Baluffi, but they are either foreigners or are kept as far away from Rome as possible. Even practical qualities excite suspicious jealousy. Cardinal Brunelli was sequestered at Osimo, and Cardinal Marini incurred the same danger; because, to experience, honesty, and delicacy (very rare in the climate of Rome), he unites a piety which is worthy of better times. The rest of the heap is composed of mediocrity, shabbiness, incompetence, crass ignorance, want of merit, galvanised piety and intelligence; ephemeral reputations, fabricated and trumped up as a means of rising; elastic consciences, whether for good or for evil; borrowed information, with talents just sufficient to satisfy nuns, in whose company they waste great part of their time; and ambition filtered into the very bone.

LONDON WATER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

Few of us who have fed in youth upon stories of adventure and discovery have been without an early ambition to distinguish ourselves as travellers. Not knowing that Bruce was looked upon as a dangerous romancer, and forgetting that Mungo Park perished in the desert, we have most of us laid down the well-thumbed records of their wanderings with a youthful yearning which nothing but a good tramp could satisfy. In this half-gipsy, sea-going, harness-breaking frame of mind, we have regarded every muddy fishpond as an undiscovered mysterious lake, and every slow-creeping rivulet as an untraced Nile. Then, as each summer's Saturday came round—the blessed Saturdays on which the school-doors had no power to hem us in, and even the stern schoolmaster looked and spoke like some other man—we have sallied forth with a bundle of cold meat and bread; a top-string, leaded at the end, to use as a plummet; a faithful, blinking, idiotic-looking dog, whose red tongue lolled out, to the horror of passing old gentlemen; and a sixpenny compass bought at a toyshop, which shook about like a mountain of calves'-foot jelly. Turning our backs upon the spreading claws of bricks and mortar, we have sought for wonders, and have met them more than half way. We have magni-

fied the roadside rat-hole, into a grotto of Antiparos; we have seen in the sunburnt haymaker a friendly but untutored savage; and having devoured our bread and meat before we got a mile upon our journey, we have cheerfully cast ourselves on the world with a belief in the bounty of nature. Glancing occasionally at our tremulous compass, out of respect to our book-knowledge, we have yet guided our steps by the rules of eye, of fancy, and of touch. We have struggled through prickly hedges, staggered over ploughed fields, trespassed upon private property in defiance of surly bulls, printed notices, and all the terrors of horse-whips and law, and by the time that the sun was high in the heavens we have begun to feel the pangs of thirst. From that point of our wanderings everything became coloured by the hope of finding water. If we turned to the right or left, it was with the desire to discover a brook; if we went to the top of a hillock and took a sweeping view of the country, it was with a desire to sight some barn or village where we could beg a cup of drink. In these straits our dog was an intelligent and useful companion, and when our mouth began to feel as if it were full of paste, and we had tried the plan of sucking a pebble, to find it a mockery and a snare, this faithful animal led us down into a valley, where a clear stream, running over a gravelly bed and half filled with islands of green watercresses, was waiting for our refreshment. Without stopping for a benediction, we were instantly down on our face, with our mouth sucking in the water, our hands scooping it up, and even our cap employed as a water-pouch. We were not checked by any fear of chilling our young blood, or by any theory that enough is as good as a feast. We drank our three times three, in that reclining position, and were loth to leave the fountain that had comforted us in our need. By proposing to trace the friendly stream to its final outlet in some river, we appeared to repay the favour we had received, while we turned our wandering tastes into something like a useful direction.

In our gipsy-like journeys of this kind—and they were doubtless many and frequent — we often reversed this process, and starting on the banks of a river, a streamlet, or even a canal, we found a delight in following it upwards to its source. Then the top-string plummet came into repeated, but not very clearly defined, usage; and the dog was sent into the water so often after pieces of wood, that he came out at last like a sleek seal, and almost shook himself to pieces. If he stood for a moment on any spot, he made it look like a puddly street on a wet day, and we avoided him as an overcharged living sponge, ready to give off a shower at any instant.

In one of these boyish water-course journeys, undertaken in direct imitation of Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, I remember dabbling, wading, and raking with some companions in a small shallow streamlet, like a ditch, some few miles out of London, when we were addressed by a pleasant middle-aged gentleman in clerical costume.

"Young gentlemen," he said, with an air of melancholy, "I think you would treat that rivulet with a little more respect, if some one told you its history."

"We were only hunting a rat, sir," we replied, somewhat abashed, and thinking that, perhaps, he might be the owner of the property.

"You are now standing," he continued, speaking at us rather than to us, "in the famous Tyburn Brook, which once flowed from Hampstead, by many channels, into the Thames, and which was one of the earliest principal fountains that supplied your City ancestors with water."

"Indeed, sir," we said, respectfully but incredulously, "was it older than the New River?"

We asked this question, because we knew something about the New River, and had heard much about its extreme age.

"It supplied conduits," he returned, "centuries before the New River was thought of, and deserves better treatment than it now gets as the 'King's Scholars' Pond' main sewer."

"Did it give the water for nothing?" asked one of my companions, who had a natural aptitude for figures.

"It supplied it for nothing," he replied, "as all streams and wells do, up to a certain point. Nature is bountiful, but uncertain: art is exacting, but reliable. Some people left money to establish conduit-pipes, and maintain them as a charity; others erected these structures, and paid themselves by a recognised toll."

This unexpected lesson in the fields carried us back, in imagination, to our hateful school, and sounded very much like the Rev. Mr. Blair's instructions in English composition. It was accepted in all politeness, and forgotten immediately by my arithmetical companion, but it made a lasting impression upon me. I dreamed of strange figures pouring out water day and night into the tankards of water-carriers; some, like venerable giants with inverted pitchers under their arms; others, like accommodating lions worked as pumps, with their tails for handles, and their mouths for spouts. I was not easy until I had searched the history of our London water supply in my school over-time; and I found the study—like all studies which we select for ourselves—far more agreeable than otherwise.

CHAPTER II.

"ANCIENTLY, until the Conqueror's time," says old Stow, the best of all London historians, "and for two hundred years after, the Citie of London was watered (beside the famous river of the Thames on the south part) with the river of Wels, as it was then called, on the west; with water called Walbrooke, running through the midst of the Citie into the river Thames—serving the heart thereof; and with a fourth water or Boorne, which ran within the Citie through Langbourne Ward, watering that part in the

east. In the west was also another great water, called Oldborne."*

Langbourne Ward has taken its name from a long bourne of sweet water, which formerly broke out in the fens about Fenchurch-street, ran down that street along Lombard-street to the west end of St. Mary Woolnoth's Church, where, turning south, and breaking into small shares, rills, or streams, it left the name of Shareborne-lane implanted in the City.

"There were three principal fountains or wels," continues Stow, "in the other suburbs: to wit, Holywell, Clement's Well, and Clerke's Well. Neare unto this last fountaine were divers others wells: to wit, Skinner's Well, Fag's Well, Tode Well, Loder's Well, and Radwell." The Clerk's Well, as we stated in our Sewer papers, has been dry for many years—an unsightly ruin of bricks and mud; and now even the iron tablet which marked its site has been taken away by the authorities of Clerkenwell. It stood in Ray-street, near the Sessions' House, and near where the Underground Railway is now passing. If the waters of this well had been in existence, there is every prospect that this new undertaking would have drawn them off, as a clause in the act of parliament provides that the railway company shall compensate all parishes for the destruction of any wells which they may pass through.

In West Smithfield, in the old days, there was a pool called Horsepool, and another near to the parish church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, besides many smaller springs and wells throughout the City.

When the streams and wells became partially dried up or exhausted in course of time, and the number of citizens, as our historian phrases it, "mightily increased," they were forced to seek for waters at some little distance.

"The first cisterne of lead," continues Stow, "castellated with stone in the city of London, was called the great conduit, in Westcheap, which was begun to be builded in the yeare 1235." The water was brought from Paddington, and according to Mr. Matthews, in his Hydraulia, it is the first known attempt to supply London with water by means of leaden pipes. Though the execution of the Westcheap conduit scheme was commenced in 1235, the following year another transaction took place, which displays the great attention bestowed upon the supply of water at that period. It was recorded that some merchants of Amiens, Nele, and Corby, being solicitous to obtain the privilege of landing and housing wood, &c., actually purchased it from the lord mayor and citizens for the consideration of a yearly payment of fifty marks, and the donation of one hundred pounds towards the expense of the operations then going on for conveying water from "Tyborne" to the City. This important undertaking originated in a grant from Gilbert de Sandford to the corporation, enabling them, with the assistance of the citizens, to lay down a leaden pipe from six fountains or wells at Tybourne. It is doubtful how far the pipe extended towards the City. Stow says, "In 1432 Tybourne water was laid into the Standard, Cheapside, at the expense of Sir John Wells, mayor; and likewise in 1438, by another lord mayor, Sir William Eastfield, from Tybourne to Fleet-street and Aldermanbury."

The Tybourne brook, which had a large share in furnishing these town water supplies, is now, as my teacher in the fields told me, the King's Scholars' Pond sewer, which we have lately been surveying.

This sewer, according to Mr. Cunningham, takes its name from a pond which once stood on the borders of the river a little below Chelsea. Before it became a main sewer, it was a brook or bourne, called Tybourne, also Ay-brook, and Eye-brook, and famous for giving a title to the village of Tyburn. The brook had its source at West-end, Hampstead; and, after receiving many tributary streamlets, it ran due south across Oxford-street, near Stratford-place, by Lower Brook-street and Hay-hill, through Lansdowne Gardens, down Half-Moon-street, and through the hollow of Piccadilly into the Green Park. There it expanded into a large pond, from whence it ran past the present Buckingham Palace in three distinct branches into the Thames. Rosamond's Pond in St. James's Park, filled up in 1770, was partly supplied by its waters. When Tyburn Church was rebuilt, it was dedicated to the Virgin, by the name of St. Mary-le-bourne, because it stood on the borders of the stream; and hence we get the present corrupted names of Marylebone, Marrowbone, and Marie-la-bonne.

Though the conduits were supplied freely by these country brooks, the public had not free access to all the conduits. One citizen, a wax-chandler in Fleet-street, who had secretly pierced a conduit within the ground in 1479, and so conveyed the water into his cellar, was tried and convicted, and condemned to ride through the City with a conduit upon his head.

The rules and regulations concerning the conduits, with the prices of water, are preserved for us in some old Ludgate parochial documents, quoted by Malcolm: "January, 1585, it was agreed in vestry that there shall be three water-bearers and no more, and they all to be men, and not any of their wives nor servants; and they shall deliver seven tankards of water, winter and summer (so that the tankards be six gallons apiece), for twopence [our water now costs about a farthing for the same quantity]; and that they shall carry no water to any person dwelling out of the parish; and also that if any of them set out any tub or tubs (as heretofore they have done) to the annoyance of the street, every such person shall be disabled and debarred to carry any water from the conduit." "Also, it is ordered and agreed by a vestry holden the 12th day of January, in the thirtieth year of our Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth, that no manner of servant, nor no water-bearer, shall

* See "Underground London," All the Year Round, vol. v. page 114.

be at the conduit in the service-time, nor leave there no tankard nor pail; for, if they do so offend, the churchwardens shall take the said tankard or pails, and keep them, until such time that the said offenders do come and put into the poor-man's chest fourpence, and then the said party to have his tankard again." Some citizens, shut out from the conduits, supplied themselves from the Thames, and even stopped up the lanes leading to the river, suffering none to pass without paying toll. These encroachments were at last checked by complaints to the mayor and aldermen.

The task of inspecting the conduits, confided to the lord mayor and corporation, was, of course, converted into an annual festival—a procession of civic officers, with the ladies following in waggons. "These conduits," says Stow, "used to be in former times yearly visited; but particularly on the 18th of September, 1562, the Lord Maior Harper, aldermen, and many worshipful persons, and divers masters and wardens of the twelve companies, rid to the conduits' head, for to see them after the old custom. And afore dinner they hunted the hare and killed her, and thence to dinner at the head of the conduit. There was good number entertained with good cheer by the chamberlain; and after dinner they went to hunting the fox. There was a great cry for a mile, and at length the hounds killed him at the end of St. Giles's. Great hallowing at his death, and blowing of hornes: and thence the lord maior, with all his company, rode through London to his place in Lombard-street."

The principal places, or conduit heads, from which the water flowed to the conduits, were Conduit Head, which now forms the site of Conduit-street, New Bond-street, and several of the adjoining streets, Tyburn, Paddington, White Conduit-fields, Highbury Barn, and Hackney. The spring in White Conduit-fields was destroyed by the Regent's Canal Tunnel (described in Household Words), which passes under the river at Islington and Pentonville. The place where the hunting party dined, on the occasion of visiting the conduits, was the Lord Mayor's Banqueting House, then situated on a part of the site at present occupied by Stratford-place, Oxford-street, where a bridge crossed the Tyburn rivulet as it ran through to Tothill-fields. Nine conduits were erected near this bridge in 1238 for supplying the City with water.

These, and many other conduits, failed to satisfy the power of suction existing in the spreading City, and an act of parliament was obtained by the corporation in 1544, empowering them to bring more water from Hampstead Heath, Marylebone, Hackney, and Muswell-hill. Fifty years elapsed before the objects of this act were fairly realised; but still this was the foundation of the earliest known water company in London. The works and privileges were regularly transferred to a company called the Hampstead Water Company in 1692.

The art of supplying water to towns was in a very rude state until the appearance of Peter Morice, a Dutchman, in 1582, who laid the foundations of the Old London-bridge Water Works. He threw water over St. Magnus's steeple, much to the astonishment of the corporation and citizens, who assembled in great crowds to observe the novel experiment; and he was the first man who largely supplied the City with Thames water forced "into men's houses" through leaden pipes. "All the contrivances of the Romans," says Mr. Matthews, "as well as those previously adopted for supplying London, had evidently been formed upon the simple and well-known principle, that water will flow by its natural gravity along any channel that has the slightest inclination downwards. The purpose of Morice's machinery, however, was to impel the water in an ascending direction, and thus supply places much higher than its usual level. Although no particular description is given of the means he employed to effect this object, it will be obvious that the use of the forcing-pump accomplished it. This pump was applied to fire-engines in 1663."

Before and after Peter Morice there were many ingenious inventors and daring projectors, but none who succeeded in making their mark upon London like Master Hugh Myddelton.

RUSSIAN TRAVEL.

THE GREAT NATIONAL RAILWAY LINE.

On a good Russian map of Russia, between Petersburg and Moscow, there is a red line drawn. That is the line of the Great National Railway. It is almost straight; it has no curves, no tunnels, in its whole distance of six hundred and twenty versts. It was, when made, a great deal longer than that; the government was charged seven hundred and twenty versts; and the line shrank to its present length after the contractors and officials interested were all paid. Thus the length of this line has always been in the Russian archives matter of doubt. Several persons, however, got their free passage to Siberia for counting the versts as seven hundred and twenty. There are also verst posts now put up, and the number of these is a hundred less.

The Emperor Nicholas was not pleased with the plans first drawn for this line. There were too many twists and curves made, to accommodate towns lying about the route, to facilitate the traffic of the country between the two capitals. This was not his aim; he had his own use for a railway. It was a way to convey soldiers swiftly and directly to and from Moscow. The straighter the line, the better for this purpose; so he took his pencil, drew it straight across the map from point to point between the two cities, and said, "Make the railway there." His line, of course, was adopted, and thus Nicholas was the off-hand engineer of a great railway, distinguished from all others by the fact that it does not pass through, or very near, any town but one in its whole course. The immense tract of country lying on both sides between Moscow and Petersburg has been, therefore, very little the better for railway communication: more particu-

larly as not one branch line has been formed in connexion with the main line.

When the line was finished, it was found that there would not be full work for it as a military road, so there was granted, as a great favour to the inhabitants of the two extreme cities, liberty to travel up and down it. After this they built magnificent refreshment stations and engine depôts at convenient distances, and now this is one of the finest, safest, best arranged, and most comfortable travelling line in the world. The speed of travelling is limited to twenty miles an hour. The shortest stoppage is for ten minutes, allowing plenty of time to drink a cup of tea and smoke a cigarette; but at each of the principal stations the train stops for half an hour. Hot well-cooked dinners, breakfasts, and suppers, served by clean well-dressed waiters, are always ready. There is plenty of time to eat, and the price is not very high. Again, in travelling, a first or second class passenger can walk from one end of the train to the other. The carriages are excellent, and built on the American plan: with a passage up the centre, seats at right angles to the passage, doors in the ends of the cars, and no division anywhere. The guard has an assistant at the door of every carriage. The Russian third-class carriages are superior to the English second; and the second-class are quite equal to our first. Smoking is universal at all the railway stations: even the ladies accept offers of cigars. The fares are, between Moscow and Petersburg (four hundred and eleven miles), third class, ten roubles (thirty shillings); second, thirteen roubles (thirty-nine shillings); first, seventeen roubles (fifty-one shillings). As a night has always to be passed in the carriages, each passenger brings two pillows: the first-class pillows are encased in silk, the second in calico, the third in anything. These pillows add cushions to the seats and support the back by day, and form by night excellent extemporised beds. The Russians make a journey to and from Moscow an affair of pleasure, sleep and eat alternately, gormandising at all stations where refreshments can be had; not crowding them, that is impossible, the rooms being so large as to accommodate from six hundred to eight hundred persons at once. The passengers do strict justice to the good things on the tables, find fault freely, and order what they require as if they were at home in a good hotel. After the gutta percha pork pies, mahogany cakes, and sawdust sandwiches, bolted standing in the English refreshment-rooms, it is pleasant to sit down comfortably when one is tired and hungry—napkin on knee—to a half-hour's quiet discussion of a well-cooked meal. Beef, lamb, mutton, vegetables, fowl, game, potatoes, fish, cutlets, cheese, and dessert, are served by civil waiters, in black clothes and white cravats, at the small charge of one rouble (three shillings) each. One can also dine very well for half this sum at the side-table.

A place called Bullagonie is the centre station. There, the up and down trains meet on opposite lines, and pour out their motley freights into the grand dining saloon, to the number of four hundred from each train. Officers of all grades emerge in dashing uniforms; fine ladies in silks and brocades; lacqueys and attendants on the same in parti-coloured liveries; fat greasy long-bearded Russian merchants, their wives and daughters sparkling with rings and pins, chains, bracelets, and all manner of jewellery; German stewards, Turks and Greeks, Tartars, Circassians, Armenians, Jews, French, German, and English travellers for pleasure or for business; English and American engineers and mechanics; Russians, of divers provinces, with beards and without, in long caftans, long boots, long hair, with long faces and short purses; Russian women without hats or bonnets, their heads bound in handkerchiefs; and a host of nondescript creatures which appear to belong to nothing known on earth or under the earth. They dine in twenty minutes; and then fall to smoking, and to drinking beer, tea, spirits, wine—champagne among the rest—until the second bell sounds. There are three bells, with an interval of five minutes between each ringing; the Russians cross themselves at the second bell, take the last puff, throw the rest of the cigar away, and then leisurely saunter, each to his carriage. The last bell having sounded, gently and slowly the trains take their departure. One to Moscow and the other to Petersburg. There is no hurry, no crushing, squeezing, running, or losing seats. Yet sometimes a stranger will get out at the wrong side, get into the wrong train, and be fairly on the way back to his starting-point before he finds out his mistake.

A rather curious case of this kind happened on one of my journeys to Moscow. An old lavishnick, or shopkeeper of the peasant class, was my vis-à-vis in a second-class carriage. He might be sixty years of age, and, with his long white beard and hair, broad face and forehead, large hooked nose, calm and wondering eyes, loose caftan, broad belt, and long wide boots, he looked quite Abrahamic. Evidently he had never been on rails before. When we started from Petersburg he reverently crossed himself three times, and then gave himself up to whatever might come, with patient faith. As we proceeded, he became astonished at the awful speed of twenty miles an hour, and I had to undergo a deal of cross questioning: "Was I Nemitz?" "No." "An Americansky?" "No." "Then you are an Anglichan?" "Yes."

"Have you iron roads in England?"

"Yes—many."

"How many?"

"One, almost, to every town and village."

A long pause ensued after this answer: it took time to get it down.

"And do they go as fast as we are going now?"

"Some three times faster."

"Oh, sir, you are joking with an old man!"

Of course he did not believe me. When we got to Bullagonie, he got out like the rest, and in the dining saloon I saw him meet a friend who belonged to the Moscow train; they kissed

and shook hands over and over again, and then sat down to eat and talk and drink, all of which they did with a relish. When the second bell rang, they got up with the rest, and, in earnest conversation, took their way to our train, got in, and sat down side by side. I found my new friend even more primitive than the other. As the train started, the crossing was resumed, and then I had to undergo another fire of questions. Endeavouring to amuse these patriarchs as well as I could, the time passed until we were approaching a station two hours from Bullagonie.

"How different," said one, "is this from the old road to Moscow! It took seven days and about a hundred horses. Now, we do it without horses in twenty hours."

"Yes," said the other, "and see how fast it goes with such a heavy load. I cannot understand how the steam drags it along. This gentleman says that in England the steam is stronger, and they go sixty versts an hour; but it is a romance."

"It is wonderful, but"—and a bright idea seemed to come into the speaker's head—"the most wonderful thing to me, is, that here I am going to Petersburg and you to Moscow, and yet here we are in one carriage. Railways are wonderful things. I cannot understand it."

There was general laughter, and the simple old man, who had spoken in good time, was put out at the station, there to wait the next day's train. Many tales of this kind are told of the bewildered notions of the peasantry concerning railways.

The country through which this railway runs is a weary waste of bog and stunted wood. The eye and the mind sicken at the eternal sameness of the dreary prospect, as hour after hour passes and there is no change for the better. A dozen or two apparently of mud heaps, in reality of wooden huts, in the centre of a barren plain, stand for a village. A stranger might pass many such without knowing them to be human habitations. Beavers are better housed. If we look narrowly, we may perceive that the ground for some distance around these places has been scratched over, and that the vegetation is of rye and beet, struggling out of the hungry earth. The want of fences, trees, parks, animal or human life, makes it difficult to believe that such growths represent cultivation. The principal stations are tastefully surrounded with gardens and trees, and have in their neighbourhood excellent dwelling-houses for the superintendents and workmen engaged in the engine depôt; but the moment we pass these oases, the desert begins again.

The Tvere station is the most important on the line; for, here is the navigable commencement of that long river, the Volga, from which comes much wealth of grain, flax, hemp, timber, and all kinds of raw produce, not forgetting the sturgeon, and, to a Russian, its delicious "eckra," or caviare. At Tvere, also, the traveller by rail may see, as he passes, two or three immense cotton-mills, suggestive of protective duties, with dear calicoes and prints, rich machine makers and agents, sallow cheeks of peasant boys and girls, condemned to night work, and day slavery. The Great National Railway Line has never paid the government a single copeck. It has, however, made large fortunes for several American contractors, who, for a fixed sum per verst, furnish engines and carriages, and keep the line in repair. Their contract is now about to terminate, but it has been of so extraordinary a character as to make it one of the curiosities of Russia. Nicholas himself always recommended strangers to see the American railway contract, as one of his greatest curiosities. It must be said, however, that if the American contractors were cute enough to make an amazing bargain, they have kept the line in splendid order, and up to this moment it is not too much to say that there are not better carriages, finer engines, and a better plant in the world, than are to be found on the Petersburg and Moscow Railway.

AMONG THE HORSE-KEEPERS AT MOSCOW.

But my travel now extends more than five hundred English miles beyond the railway, and at Moscow I must give myself up to the tender mercies of yeamshicks, tarantasses, hack-horses, indescribable and unknown roads, filthy inns, and abominable station-houses. In an evil hour I had made a business engagement in the south of Russia, which would require more than twelve months' residence on the spot; and as the climate and country were said to be fine, and a first-class residence, with other good things, were promised, I took my whole family with me, determined to make a pleasure trip of it, if possible. So, I had with me a wife, and half a dozen young children, also a handy man, who had just arrived from England seeking work, and who went to assist in the practical part of the business I had undertaken. This man turned out an invaluable friend for a rough journey, and an excellent comrade in all out-door sports. He had broad shoulders, and the most powerful arms I ever saw. The only difficulty I had with him was to keep him from using his arms like sledge-hammers on Russians of every degree for real or imaginary outrages on our dignity as true-born Englishmen. And as he did not understand one word of Russ, he was constantly the prey of false imaginations.

A journey of eight hundred versts in Russia is an undertaking of some risk for able-bodied men; but if females and children are added, there is need of more than ordinary care in deciding on the best method of taking it. So, in an English lodging-house, on the second day of my arrival in Moscow, I held after-dinner consultation with four or five experienced Englishmen, who had accomplished similar journeys. Each was loud on behalf of the particular plan he had himself adopted. One was clearly in favour of the government diligence as far as it went. But as this involved constant travelling without stopping for five nights and days, at a cost of twenty-five roubles each, on the chassée;

and, after that, two hundred versts across the country, without stopping for rest; the children might probably fall sick, the women be knocked up, and we might be left in some outlandish desert to recover health or strength. I was against that method of travel.

"Bargain, then, with a yeamshick to take you right through, all the way, with one set of horses. You can stop when you like."

"Ay," said another, "and you'll have to stop when you don't like, and as long as he may choose, to rest the horses. You'll be twenty days on the road."

"That," I said, "is not a promising method of travel."

"Then get a padaroshni, and take the free post. So, you can go forward or stop to recruit as you are inclined."

"Never do that," said another; "you will be detained at the stations hours and hours, waiting for horses, in spite of your padaroshni. It will take you as long to get to your journey's end as if you travelled with one set, and it will cost three times the money. I stick by the government diligence."

"Come," I said, to my helping hand, "let us go and see what bargain we can make with the yeamshicks. I would rather make the journey leisurely; twenty days is certainly too much, but let us hear what they say."

Off we went to the quarter where the posting establishments of these people are situated. There was no difficulty in finding it, but as I crossed the bridge and went down into the low quarter sacred to yeamshicks and their teams, I felt inclined to cross myself, like a good Russian. It was getting dark; the streets, houses, and people had a villanous, black, hang-dog look. I could almost have turned back, but it was too late. We looked like customers, and, before we could turn round, were surrounded by some twenty or thirty rival yeamshicks, who rushed out upon us from yawning twisted wooden gateways and small tumble-down houses.

"I want two troikas to go as far as Karkoff. Where are your horses and conveyances?"

"Here—this way, baron."

And I was good-naturedly, but with firm decision, dragged through a dismal archway into a dirty court-yard, surrounded by sheds propped at all sorts of angles upon wooden posts. In these sheds were horses by the score, cattle that currycomb had never scratched, nor wisp of straw defiled. By this time, fifty drivers had assembled, and as nothing pleases a Russian so well as a good stiff bargain, I began my offers at the lowest figure.

"For two tarantasses, six horses, and straw for each to Karkoff, in ten days; if more time is taken a reduction of ten roubles per day—forty roubles."

"Baron! my lord! your excellency! Say one hundred roubles and fifteen days."

"No; forty."

"Go, then."

"No; forty-five."

"Eighty. Horses like deers and excellent carriages for eighty!"

This went on until I got to sixty roubles, then to seventy.

"Now, hear my last word. I'll give seventy if——" Here the contending parties having, as they imagined, brought me to the point, began to pull me hither and thither, each that he might secure me to himself. I was first pulled to this side, then lifted to the other, and my hat fell off in the confusion. My handy man with the strong arms had been jostled to the outside of the circle, not understanding a word of our discourse; but when he saw, as he thought, violent hands laid on me, he sprang among the fifty drivers, and a right and left hand blow from his sledge hammers sent down two who had hold of me, to bite the dust. Before I could stop him, down went another two: "There, you muck varmint, I'll handle you! I'll larn you to lay hands on a freeborn Englishman!" His eye lighting on the spoke of an old broken cart-wheel, in another moment he was flourishing it high in the air and chasing the poor astonished fellows round the yard. "Now," he said, panting as he came up to me, "let's bolt, gov'nur; t'road's clear."

I thought it high time to escape, and we both made a rush to the street, but just in time to fall into the hands of four police. My handy man dropped his cudgel in presence of the cutlasses, and amid the yells and shouts of a great crowd, which, however, did not follow us, we were marched through the streets to the police-office.

IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE.

One of our captors questioned me on the way; but I prudently replied in their official language, by simply putting a rouble into the hands of each soldier. That explained everything. When we got into the presence of the district magistrate, an officer in blue clothes and brass buttons (a chinovnick), I made no reply to any of his questions, but only shook my head, while several of the yeamshicks making their appearance with bruised heads and faces, told their tale: how that they were quietly bargaining with me, and had nearly concluded, when that mad Englishman rushed amongst them with a great iron bar and inflicted all the wounds his excellency saw.

"Where is the iron bar? Soldiers, why did you not bring the iron bar with you?"

"There was no iron bar, your honour, and we saw no fighting. These two Englishmen who can speak no Russian (that is value for one rouble) were quietly leaving the yard (good for another). We would not have brought them here, but these pigs of yeamshicks were like to devour them (well worth a third), so we took charge of them for safety." (Value received: four roubles.)

"Here, Vasilia, tell the interpreter to come from the Stone Cabinet;" and to my astonishment there entered one of the guests I had left at the dinner-table.

He looked at us a moment, as a perfect stranger would, and turning to the magistrate, said, "What is your pleasure?"

"Be pleased to ask them how this affair happened."

"I am astonished to find you here, but tell me what it means," said the interpreter.

I told him plainly and truly, and said that as I did not want to pass a night in the office, if ten roubles would be of any use——"Oh!" he said, "that is the very thing to settle the whole question; give them to me." After getting the roubles, he turned to the magistrate, and I heard him explaining the case exactly as I told it. The magistrate laughed heartily at my handy man's mistake. "But why pretend ignorance of the language here," he said to me.

"I was afraid my tongue might get us into trouble with imperfect Russ. But had I known you better I should have told all at once."

"Come here," he said to the yeamshicks. "Ye sons of dogs, here are four roubles from this gentleman to heal your faces, but take care you don't come hither again with such a lying tale about a mad Englishman and an iron bar. Begone, pigs!" They received the money and bowed themselves out, evidently well pleased with this morsel of justice.

On the way home, I asked the English interpreter what was done with the other six roubles?

"Hush!" he said; "I suppose they have neglected to give back the change."

"Shall I run back and ask for it?"

"I think you had better not. Let well alone."

But, my day's adventures with the police were not over. No sooner had I returned to my lodgings, than I found fresh trouble. My wife had laid down a diamond ring on the washing-stand in her room, when washing her hands, and had left it there. It was gone; so was a Russian girl, a servant of the house, who was the only person who had been in the room. Now, the ring being a favourite, and received on a momentous occasion, my wife was resolved to get it back, and she had taken instant measures for the purpose, just as she would have done in England: forgetting for the moment that she was in Russia, where no stolen property ever *is* got back. She had found somebody to show her the nearest police-office, had gone there, and had given information of her loss. Her statement had been taken down on a large document, which it had taken an hour to write; and this she had signed. After her return to the house, two police-officers who had come to make minute investigation of the premises, had asked and received food and vodka. They had also written out another long document, which both the landlord and my wife had to sign, and then they had gone away saying that she would have to appear to-morrow again, and be re-examined by the chief of the police. This was the state of things I found, on coming in. My wife was beginning to cool, and to perceive also that it was one thing to lose a diamond ring in Russia, and quite another thing to hope to get it back. I took my hat without a word, and made for the police-office as fast as an "isvostchick" could take me, with the pleasant sense of another ten roubles gone. Making my way to the chief officer on duty, I said, "Pray excuse me, your honour. My wife has been here about a diamond ring?"

"Oh yes, that affair is all in hand; we have taken two depositions already, and to-morrow we shall take a third. After that, we shall want your testimony about the ring being in your wife's possession, and a description of it: where it was made, and its value. We shall then begin to look out for the girl."

"You are very kind. There is no doubt of your zeal in the affair, but I am come to say it is all a mistake on my wife's part. She has made a very unlucky mistake about this ring."

"How so, sir? After all the trouble she has put us to, she has not lost the ring? A fine story! But the case must go on."

"Yes, she is quite aware of, and sorry for, the great trouble you have had; and there are ten roubles as a recompense for that trouble, and there are two for the clerks. She will take it as a great favour if you will do no more in the matter. Just let it pass as the mistake of a woman. Now, will you be so kind as to stop all further proceedings in this matter?"

"Why—ah!—yes; you see it is against rule this. But as the papers have not gone before the chief, it can be done, I dare say. I am glad you have found the ring. You shall hear no more of it. Adieu!"

We had very nearly been in for six months' waiting in Moscow, and endless worry and expense, without the most remote chance of recovering the stolen trinket.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

I WALKED on slowly and with the downcast head of a man absorbed in meditation. I had gained the broad place in which the main streets of the town converged, when I was overtaken by a violent storm of rain. I sought shelter under the dark archway of that entrance to the district of Abbey Hill which was still called Monk-gate. The shadow within the arch was so deep that I was not aware that I had a companion till I heard my own name, close at my side. I recognised the voice before I could distinguish the form of Sir Philip Derval.

"The storm will be soon over," said he, quietly. "I saw it coming on in time. I fear you neglected the first warning of those sable clouds, and must be already drenched."

I made no reply, but moved involuntarily away towards the mouth of the arch.

"I see that you cherish a grudge against me!" resumed Sir Philip. "Are you, then, by nature vindictive?"

Somewhat softened by the friendly tone of this reproach, I answered, half in jest, half in earnest,

"You must own, Sir Philip, that I have some little reason for the uncharitable anger your question imputes to me. But I can forgive you on one condition."

"What is that?"

"The possession, for half an hour, of that mysterious steel casket which you carry about with you, and full permission to analyse and test its contents."

"Your analysis of the contents," returned Sir Philip, dryly, "would leave you as ignorant as before of the uses to which they can be applied. But I will own to you frankly, that it is my intention to select some confidant among men of science, to whom I may safely communicate the wonderful properties which certain essences in that casket possess. I invite your acquaintance, nay, your friendship, in the hope that I may find such a confidant in you. But the casket contains other combinations, which, if wasted, could not be re-supplied; at least, by any process which the great Master from whom I received them placed within reach of my knowledge. In this they resemble the diamond; when the chemist has found that the diamond affords no other substance by its combustion than pure carbonic acid gas, and that the only chemical difference between the costliest diamond, and a lump of pure charcoal, is a porportion of hydrogen, less than $\frac{1}{10000}$ part of the weight of the substance—can the chemist make you a diamond?

"These, then, the more potent, but also the more perilous of the casket's contents, shall be explored by no science, submitted to no test. They are the keys to masked doors in the ramparts of Nature, which no mortal can pass through without rousing dread sentries never seen upon this side her wall. The powers they confer are secrets locked in my breast, to be lost in my grave; as the casket which lies on my breast shall not be transferred to the hands of another, till all the rest of my earthly possessions pass away with my last breath in life, and my first in eternity."

"Sir Philip Derval," said I, struggling against the appeals to fancy or to awe, made in words so strange, uttered in a tone of earnest conviction, and heard amidst the glare of the lightning, the howl of the winds, and the roll of the thunder—"Sir Philip Derval, you accost me in language which, but for my experience of the powers at your command, I should hear with the contempt that is due to the vaunts of a mountebank, or the pity we give to the morbid beliefs of his dupe. As it is, I decline the confidence with which you would favour me, subject to the conditions which it seems you would impose. My profession abandons to quacks all drugs which may not be analysed; all secrets which may not be fearlessly told. I cannot visit you at Derval Court. I cannot trust myself, voluntarily, again in the power of a man, who has arts of which I may not examine the nature, by which he can impose on my imagination and steal away my reason."

"Reflect well, before you so decide," said Sir Philip, with a solemnity that was stern. "If you refuse to be warned and to be armed by me, your reason and your imagination will alike be subjected to influences which I can only explain by telling you that there is truth in those immemorial legends which depose to the existence of magic."

"Magic!"

"There is magic of two kinds—the dark and evil, appertaining to witchcraft or necromancy; the pure and beneficent, which is but philosophy, applied to certain mysteries in Nature remote from the beaten tracks of science, but, which deepened the wisdom of ancient sages, and can yet unriddle the myths of departed races."

"Sir Philip," I said, with impatient and angry interruption, "if you think that a jargon of this kind be worthy a man of your acquirements and station, it is at least a waste of time to address it to me. I am led to conclude that you desire to make use of me for some purpose which I have a right to suppose honest and upright, because all you know of me is, that I rendered to your relation services which cannot lower my character in your eyes. If your object be, as you have intimated, to aid you in exposing and disabling a man whose antecedents have been those of guilt, and who threatens with danger the society which receives him, you must give me proofs that are not reducible to magic; and you must prepossess me against the person you accuse, not by powders and fumes that disorder the brain, but by substantial statements, such as justify one man in condemning another. And, since you have thought fit to convince me that there are chemical means at your disposal, by which the imagination can be so affected as to accept, temporarily, illusions for realities, so I again demand, and now still more decidedly than before, that while you address yourself to my reason, whether to explain your object or to vindicate your charges against a man whom I have admitted to my acquaintance, you will divest yourself of all means and agencies to warp my judgment, so illicit and fraudulent as those which you own yourself to possess. Let the casket, with all its contents, be transferred to my hands, and pledge me your word that, in giving that casket, you reserve to yourself no other means by which chemistry can be abused to those influences over physical organisation, which ignorance or imposture may ascribe to—magic."

"I accept no conditions for my confidence, though I think the better of you for attempting to make them. If I live, you will seek me yourself, and implore my aid. Meanwhile, listen to me, and——"

"No; I prefer the rain and the thunder to the whispers that steal to my ear in the dark from one of whom I have reason to beware."

So saying, I stepped forth, and at that moment the lightning flashed through the arch, and brought into full view the face of the man beside me. Seen by that glare, it was pale as the face of a corpse, but its expression was compassionate and serene.

I hesitated, for the expression of that hueless countenance touched me; it was not the face which inspires distrust or fear.

"Come," said I, gently; "grant my demand. The casket——"

"It is no scruple of distrust that now makes that demand; it is a curiosity which in itself is a fearful tempter. Did you now possess what at this moment you desire, how bitterly you would repent."

"Do you still refuse my demand?"

"I refuse."

"If then you really need me, it is you who will repent."

I passed from the arch into the open space. The rain had paused, the thunder was more distant. I looked back when I had gained the opposite side of the way, at the angle of a street which led to my own house. As I did so, again the skies lightened, but the flash was comparatively slight and evanescent; it did not penetrate the gloom of the arch; it did not bring the form of Sir Philip into view; but, just under the base of the outer buttress to the gateway, I descried the outline of a dark figure, cowering down, huddled up for shelter, the outline so indistinct and so soon lost to sight, as the flash faded, that I could not distinguish if it were man or brute. If it were some chance passer-by, who had sought refuge from the rain, and overheard any part of our strange talk, "the listener," thought I, with a half smile, "must have been mightily perplexed."

CHAPTER XXXV.

ON reaching my own home, I found my servant sitting up for me with the information that my attendance was immediately required. The little boy whom Margrave's carelessness had so injured, and for whose injury he had shown so little feeling, had been weakened by the confinement which the nature of the injury required, and for the last few days had been generally ailing. The father had come to my house a few minutes before I reached it, in great distress of mind, saying that his child had been seized with fever; and had become delirious. Hearing that I was at the mayor's house, he had hurried thither in search of me.

I felt as if it were almost a relief to the troubled and haunting thoughts which tormented me, to be summoned to the exercise of a familiar knowledge. I hastened to the bedside of the little sufferer, and soon forgot all else in the anxious struggle for a human life. The struggle promised to be successful; the worst symptoms began to yield to remedies prompt and energetic, if simple. I remained at the house, rather to comfort and support the parents, than because my continued attendance was absolutely needed, till the night was well-nigh gone, and, all cause of immediate danger having subsided, I then found myself once more in the streets. An atmosphere palely clear in the grey of dawn had succeeded to the thunder-clouds of the stormy night; the street-lamps, here and there, burned wan and still. I was walking slowly and wearily, so tired out that I was scarcely conscious of my own thoughts, when in a narrow lane, my feet stopped almost mechanically before a human form stretched at full length in the centre of the road, right in my path. The form was dark in the shadow thrown from the neighbouring houses. "Some poor drunkard," thought I, and the humanity inseparable from my

calling not allowing me to leave a fellow-creature thus exposed to the risk of being run over by the first drowsy waggoner who might pass along the thoroughfare, I stooped to rouse and to lift the form. What was my horror when my eyes met the rigid stare of a dead man's. I started, looked again; it was the face of Sir Philip Derval! He was lying on his back, the countenance upturned, a dark stream oozing from the breast—murdered, by two ghastly wounds—murdered not long since; the blood was still warm. Stunned and terror-stricken, I stood bending over the body. Suddenly I was touched on the shoulder.

"Hollo! what is this?" said a gruff voice.

"Murder!" I answered, in hollow accents, which sounded strangely to my own ear.

"Murder! so it seems." And the policeman who had thus accosted me lifted the body.

"A gentleman, by his dress. How did this happen? How did you come here?" and the policeman glanced suspiciously at me.

At this moment, however, there came up another policeman, in whom I recognised the young man whose sister I had attended and cured.

"Dr. Fenwick," said the last, lifting his hat respectfully, and at the sound of my name his fellow-policeman changed his manner, and muttered an apology.

I now collected myself sufficiently to state the name and rank of the murdered man. The policemen bore the body to their station, to which I accompanied them. I then returned to my own house, and had scarcely sunk on my bed, when sleep came over me. But what a sleep! Never till then had I known how awfully distinct dreams can be. The phantasmagoria of the naturalist's collection revived. Life again awoke in the serpent and the tiger, the scorpion moved, and the vulture flapped its wings. And there was Margrave and there Sir Philip; but their position of power was reversed. And Margrave's foot was on the breast of the dead man. Still I slept on till I was roused by the summons to attend on Mr. Vigors, the magistrate, to whom the police had reported the murder.

I dressed hastily and went forth. As I passed through the street, I found that the dismal news had already spread. I was accosted on my way to the magistrate by a hundred eager, tremulous, inquiring tongues.

The scanty evidence I could impart was soon given. My introduction to Sir Philip at the mayor's house, our accidental meeting under the arch, my discovery of the corpse some hours afterwards on my return from my patient, my professional belief that the deed must have been done a very short time, perhaps but a few minutes, before I had chanced upon its victim. But, in that case, how account for the long interval that had elapsed between the time in which I had left Sir Philip under the arch, and the time in which the murder must have been committed? Sir Philip could not have been wandering through the streets all those hours. This doubt, however, was easily and speedily cleared up. A Mr. Jeeves, who was one of the principal solicitors in the town, stated that he had acted as Sir Philip's legal agent and adviser ever since Sir Philip came of age, and was charged with the exclusive management of some valuable house property which the deceased had possessed in L——; that when Sir Philip had arrived in the town late in the afternoon of the previous day, he had sent for Mr. Jeeves; informed him that he, Sir Philip, was engaged to be married; that he desired to have full and minute information as to the details of his house property (which had greatly increased in value since his absence from England), in connexion with the settlements his marriage would render necessary; and that this information was also required by him in respect to a codicil he desired to add to his will.

He had, accordingly, requested Mr. Jeeves to have all the books and statements concerning the property ready for his inspection that night, when he would call, after leaving the ball which he had promised the mayor, whom he had accidentally met on entering the town, to attend. Sir Philip had also asked Mr. Jeeves to detain one of his clerks in his office, in order to serve conjointly with Mr. Jeeves as a witness to the codicil he desired to add to his will. Sir Philip had accordingly come to Mr. Jeeves's house a little before midnight; had gone carefully through all the statements prepared for him, and had executed the fresh codicil to his testament, which testament he had in their previous interview given to Mr. Jeeves's care, sealed up. Mr. Jeeves stated that Sir Philip, though a man of remarkable talents and great acquirements, was extremely eccentric, and of a very peremptory temper, and that the importance attached to a promptitude for which there seemed no pressing occasion, did not surprise him in Sir Philip as it might have done in an ordinary client. Sir Philip said, indeed, that he should devote the next morning to the draft for his wedding settlements, according to the information of his property which he had acquired; and after a visit of very brief duration to Derval Court, should quit the neighbourhood and return to Paris, where his intended bride then was, and in which city it had been settled that the marriage ceremony should take place.

Mr. Jeeves had, however, observed to him, that if he were so soon to be married it was better to postpone any revision of testamentary bequests, since after marriage he would have to make a new will altogether.

And Sir Philip had simply answered,

"Life is uncertain; who can be sure of the morrow?"

Sir Philip's visit to Mr. Jeeves's house had lasted some hours, for the conversation between them had branched off from actual business to various topics. Mr. Jeeves had not noticed the hour when Sir Philip went; he could only say that as he attended him to the street door, he observed, rather to his own surprise, that it was close upon daybreak.

Sir Philip's body had been found not many yards distant from the hotel at which he had put up, and to which, therefore, he was evidently returning when he left Mr. Jeeves. An old-fashioned hotel, which had been the principal one at L—— when Sir Philip left England, though now outrivalled by the new and more central establishment, in which Margrave was domiciled.

The primary and natural supposition was, that Sir Philip had been murdered for the sake of plunder; and this supposition was borne out by the fact to which his valet deposed: viz.

That Sir Philip had about his person, on going to the mayor's house, a purse containing notes and sovereigns; and this purse was now missing.

The valet, who, though an Albanian, spoke English fluently, said that the purse had a gold clasp, on which Sir Philip's crest and initials were engraved. Sir Philip's watch was, however, untaken.

And, now, it was not without a quick beat of the heart, that I heard the valet declare that a steel casket, to which Sir Philip attached extraordinary value, and always carried about with him, was also missing.

The Albanian described this casket as of ancient Byzantian workmanship, opening with a peculiar spring, only known to Sir Philip, in whose possession it had been, so far as the servant knew, about three years; when, after a visit to Aleppo, in which the servant had not accompanied him, he had first observed it in his master's hands. He was asked if this casket contained articles to account for the value Sir Philip set on it—such as jewels, bank-notes, letters of credit, &c. The man replied that it might possibly do so; he had never been allowed the opportunity of examining its contents; but that he was certain the casket held medicines, for he had seen Sir Philip take from it some small phials, by which he had performed great cures in the East, and especially during a pestilence which had visited Damascus, just after Sir Philip had arrived at that city on quitting Aleppo. Almost every European traveller is supposed to be a physician; and Sir Philip was a man of great benevolence, and the servant firmly believed him also to be of great medical skill. After this statement, it was very naturally and generally conjectured that Sir Philip was an amateur disciple of homœopathy, and that the casket contained the phials or globules in use among homœopathists.

Whether or not Mr. Vigors enjoyed a vindictive triumph in making me feel the weight of his authority, or whether his temper was ruffled in the excitement of so grave a case, I cannot say, but his manner was stern and his tone discourteous in the questions which he addressed to me. Nor did the questions themselves seem very pertinent to the object of investigation.

"Pray, Dr. Fenwick," said he, knitting his brows, and fixing his eyes on me rudely, "did Sir Philip Derval, in his conversation with you, mention the steel casket which it seems he carried about with him?"

I felt my countenance change slightly as I answered, "Yes."

"Did he tell you what it contained?"

"He said it contained secrets."

"Secrets of what nature, medicinal or chemical? Secrets which a physician might be curious to learn and covetous to possess?"

This question seemed to me so offensively significant that it roused my indignation, and I answered haughtily, that "a physician of any degree of merited reputation did not much believe in, and still less covet, those secrets in his art which were the boast of quacks and pretenders."

"My question need not offend you, Dr. Fenwick. I put it in another shape. Did Sir Philip Derval so boast of the secrets contained in his casket, that a quack or pretender might deem such secrets of use to him?"

"Possibly he might, if he believed in such a boast."

"Humph—he might if he so believed. I have no more questions to put to you, at present, Dr. Fenwick."

Little of any importance in connexion with the deceased, or his murder, transpired in the course of that day's examination and inquiries.

The next day, a gentleman, distantly related to the young lady to whom Sir Philip was engaged, and who had been for some time in correspondence with the deceased, arrived at L——. He had been sent for at the suggestion of the Albanian servant, who said that Sir Philip had stayed a day at this gentleman's house in London, on his way to L——, from Dover.

The new comer, whose name was Danvers, gave a more touching pathos to the horror which the murder had excited. It seemed that the motives which had swayed Sir Philip in the choice of his betrothed, were singularly pure and noble. The young lady's father—an intimate college friend—had been visited by a sudden reverse of fortune, which had brought on a fever that proved mortal. He had died some years ago, leaving his only child penniless, and had bequeathed her to the care and guardianship of Sir Philip.

The orphan received her education at a convent near Paris; and when Sir Philip, a few weeks since, arrived in that city from the East, he offered her his hand and fortune. "I know," said Mr. Danvers, "from the conversation I held with him when he came to me in London, that he was induced to this offer by the conscientious desire to discharge the trust consigned to him by his old friend. Sir Philip was still too young to take under his own roof a female ward of eighteen, without injury to her good name. He could only get over that difficulty by making the ward his wife. 'She will be safer and happier with the man she will love and honour for her father's sake,' said the chivalrous gentle-

man, 'than she will be under any other roof I could find for her.'"

And now there arrived another stranger to L——, sent for by Mr. Jeeves, the lawyer;—a stranger to L——, but not to me; my old Edinburgh acquaintance, Richard Strahan.

The will in Mr. Jeeves's keeping, with its recent codicil, was opened and read. The will itself bore date about six years anterior to the testator's tragic death: it was very short, and, with the exception of a few legacies, of which the most important was ten thousand pounds to his ward, the whole of his property was left to Richard Strahan, on the condition that he took the name and arms of Derval within a year from the date of Sir Philip's decease. The codicil, added to the will the night before his death, increased the legacy to the young lady from ten to thirty thousand pounds, and bequeathed an annuity of one hundred pounds a year to his Albanian servant. Accompanying the will, and within the same envelope, was a sealed letter, addressed to Richard Strahan, and dated at Paris two weeks before Sir Philip's decease. Strahan brought that letter to me. It ran thus: "Richard Strahan, I advise you to pull down the house called Derval Court, and to build another on a better site, the plans of which, to be modified according to your own taste and requirements, will be found among my papers. This is a recommendation, not a command. But I strictly enjoin you entirely to demolish the more ancient part, which was chiefly occupied by myself, and to destroy by fire, without perusal, all the books and manuscripts found in the safes in my study. I have appointed you my sole executor, as well as my heir, because I have no personal friends in whom I can confide as I trust I may do in the man I have never seen, simply because he will bear my name and represent my lineage. There will be found in my writing-desk, which always accompanies me in my travels, an autobiographical work, a record of my own life, comprising discoveries, or hints at discovery, in science, through means little cultivated in our age. You will not be surprised that before selecting you as my heir and executor, from a crowd of relations not more distant, I should have made inquiries in order to justify my selection. The result of those inquiries informs me that you have not yourself the peculiar knowledge nor the habits of mind that could enable you to judge of matters which demand the attainments and the practice of science; but that you are of an honest affectionate nature, and will regard as sacred the last injunctions of a benefactor. I enjoin you, then, to submit the aforesaid manuscript memoir to some man on whose character for humanity and honour you can place confidential reliance, and who is accustomed to the study of the positive sciences, more especially chemistry, in connexion with electricity and magnetism. My desire is that he shall edit and arrange this memoir for publication; and that, wherever he feels a conscientious doubt whether any discovery, or hint of discovery, therein contained, would not prove more dangerous than useful to mankind, he shall consult with any other three men of science whose names are a guarantee for probity and knowledge, and according to the best of his judgment, after such consultation, suppress or publish the passage of which he has so doubted. I own the ambition which first directed me towards studies of a very unusual character, and which has encouraged me in their pursuit through many years of voluntary exile, in lands where they could be best facilitated or aided—the ambition of leaving behind me the renown of a bold discoverer in those recesses of nature which philosophy has hitherto abandoned to superstition. But I feel, at the moment in which I trace these lines, a fear lest, in the absorbing interest of researches which tend to increase to a marvellous degree the power of man over all matter, animate or inanimate, I may have blunted my own moral perceptions; and that there may be much in the knowledge which I sought and acquired from the pure desire of investigating hidden truths, that could be more abused to purposes of tremendous evil than be likely to conduce to benignant good. And of this a mind disciplined to severe reasoning, and uninfluenced by the enthusiasm which has probably obscured my own judgment, should be the unprejudiced arbiter. Much as I have coveted and still do covet that fame which makes the memory of one man the common inheritance of all, I would infinitely rather that my name should pass away with my breath, than that I should transmit to my fellow-men any portion of a knowledge which the good might forbear to exercise and the bad might unscrupulously pervert. I bear about with me, wherever I wander, a certain steel casket. I received this casket with its contents from a man whose memory I hold in profound veneration. Should I live to find a person whom, after minute and intimate trial of his character, I should deem worthy of such confidence, it is my intention to communicate to him the secret how to prepare and how to use such of the powders and essences stored within that casket as I myself have ventured to employ. Others I have never tested, nor do I know how they could be re-supplied if lost or wasted. But as the contents of this casket, in the hands of any one not duly instructed as to the mode of applying them, would either be useless, or conduce, through inadvertent and ignorant misapplication, to the most dangerous consequences; so, if I die without having found, and in writing named, such a confidant as I have described above, I command you immediately to empty all the powders and essences found therein into any running stream of water, which will at once harmlessly dissolve them. On no account must they be cast into fire!

"This letter, Richard Strahan, will only come under your eyes in case the plans and the hopes which I have formed for my earthly future should be frustrated by the death on which I do not

calculate, but against the chances of which this will and this letter provide. I am about to re-visit England, in defiance of a warning that I shall be there subjected to some peril which I refuse to have defined, because I am unwilling that any mean apprehension of personal danger should enfeeble my nerves in the discharge of a stern and solemn duty. If I overcome that peril, you will not be my heir; my testament will be remodelled; this letter will be recalled and destroyed. I shall form ties which promise me the happiness I have never hitherto found, though it is common to all men—the affections of home, the caresses of children, among whom I may find one to whom hereafter I may bequeath, in my knowledge, a far nobler heritage than my lands. In that case, however, my first care would be to assure your own fortunes. And the sum which this codicil assures to my betrothed, would be transferred to yourself on my wedding-day. Do you know why, never having seen you, I thus select you for preference to all my other kindred? Why my heart, in writing thus, warms to your image? Richard Strahan, your only sister, many years older than yourself—you were then a child—was the object of my first love. We were to have been wedded, for her parents deceived me into the belief that she returned my affection. With a rare and noble candour, she herself informed me, that her heart was given to another, who possessed not my worldly gifts of wealth and station. In resigning my claims to her hand, I succeeded in propitiating her parents to her own choice. I obtained for her husband the living which he held, and I settled on your sister the dower which at her death passed to you as the brother to whom she had shown a mother's love, and the interest of which has secured you a modest independence.

"If these lines ever reach you, recognise my title to reverential obedience to commands which may seem to you wild, perhaps irrational; and repay, as if a debt due from your own lost sister, the affection I have borne to you for her sake."

While I read this long and strange letter, Strahan sat by my side, covering his face with his hands and weeping with honest tears for the man whose death had made him powerful and rich.

"You will undertake the trust ordained to me in this letter," said he, struggling to compose himself. "You will read and edit this memoir; you are the very man he himself would have selected. Of your honour and humanity there can be no doubt, and you have studied with success the sciences which he specifies as requisite for the discharge of the task he commands."

At this request, though I could not be wholly unprepared for it, my first impulse was that of a vague terror. It seemed to me as if I were becoming more and more entangled in a mysterious and fatal web. But this impulse soon faded in the eager yearnings of an ardent and irresistible curiosity.

I promised to read the manuscript, and in order that I might fully imbue my mind with the object and wish of the deceased, I asked leave to make a copy of the letter I had just read. To this Strahan readily assented, and that copy I have transcribed in the preceding pages.

I asked Strahan if he had yet found the manuscript; he said, "No, he had not yet had the heart to inspect the papers left by the deceased. He would now do so. He should go in a day or two to Derval Court, and reside there till the murderer was discovered, as, doubtless, he soon must be through the vigilance of the police. Not till that discovery was made should Sir Philip's remains, though already placed in their coffin, be consigned to the family vault."

Strahan seemed to have some superstitious notion that the murderer might be more secure from justice if his victim were thrust, unavenged, into the tomb.

LONDON WATER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

The New River project in 1607 was, without doubt, a most hazardous speculation; a scheme largely forced upon the town in advance of the fair commercial demand, by a man of great self-reliance, plausibility, and energy. It was a scheme which the London corporation of the time—a body not at all wanting in public spirit then—refused to carry out, although they had obtained several acts of parliament to enable them, if they thought proper, to bring water into the City from Hertfordshire. Although the enterprise eventually succeeded, and grew gradually, century after century, into one of the most lucrative of joint-stock undertakings, its commercial character from 1608 up to 1633 is shown to be faulty, from the fact that it paid no dividend for twenty years. The ground it gained afterwards, up to and after the abolition of the conduits in 1728, has been a source of wealth and comfort to the shareholders; but the breakdown of Master Hugh Myddelton's golden calculations is hardly concealed by this after success. He was opposed before he undertook the work; he was opposed during its progress; and he was doubtless taunted for years about his unsatisfactory balance-sheets. He retained a sufficient interest in the concern during its financial struggles to make him comparatively wealthy when the turn in affairs arrived—most probably because no one would come forward to purchase his shares. With singular inconsistency, his memory is cherished by many as that of a great public benefactor, while the existing water companies in general, and his legal representatives in particular, are daily and hourly abused. There is nothing in the dim fragments of his history to prove that he was particularly disinterested in his dealings, or that, beyond painting his enterprise in colours a little too glaring, he carried on his business upon sentimental principles. If Sir Hugh Myddelton, Bart., were really regarded by his contemporaries as it is the fashion to regard him now, it is strange that no one ever stepped

forward to write his biography. Before he turned a sod of his new water channel, he obtained a strictly legal conveyance from the London corporation, of all authority vested in them under their several acts of parliament concerning the water supply. In his dealings with water consumers, after his works were finished, and he was established with his partners as a water-seller, he showed no particular sentimental liberality. His bills, no doubt, were punctually delivered; and payment was promptly demanded, on a scale—to judge by specimens preserved in local records—which showed him anxious to get as much money for as little water as possible. In 1616, he granted a lease for twenty-one years to a citizen and his wife of "a pipe or quill of half an inch bore, for the service of their yarde and kitchine, by means of tooe of the smallest swan-necked cockes, in consideration of the yearly sum of twenty-six shillings and eightpence." The water then was accused of being muddy, and several rival schemes were put forward by rival speculators.

The work he had to do, and the difficulties he had to surmount, were, no doubt, enormous, and we may give him credit for the skill, industry, and perseverance he displayed, without investing him with imaginary qualities. He had to contend against the opposition of certain landed proprietors through whose grounds he wished to cut his channel, and against mechanical obstacles which the slender engineering skill of the time scarcely knew how to overcome. This is how the New River came to have its chief beauty—its winding course. He had to petition the corporation for an extension of the time granted him to complete the undertaking; and this being conceded, he brought the water from the springs of Chadwell and Amwell in Hertfordshire as far as Enfield, when he discovered that his funds were exhausted. He again applied to the corporation—this time to induce them to take a pecuniary interest in the concern, or to grant him a loan. Both requests were refused, on account of the great cost of the enterprise, and the uncertainty of its profitable results. In his extremity, he applied to King James the First, and succeeded in inducing him to take a half-share in the business, upon condition that the king should pay all the cost of that portion of the work which then remained unexecuted. The firm from that hour became practically Myddelton and James; and they opened as dealers in water, when the New River entered the reservoir now called the New River Head, in the parish of Clerkenwell, with much music and rejoicing, feasting, processions, and reciting of poems, on the 29th of September, 1613.

Thus was finished one of the most beautiful of artificial rivers; a winding channel forty-eight miles in length, thirty feet deep in many places, spanned by some eight hundred arches in stone and wood, which had employed six hundred men for more than five years. It was disposed of in underground pipes of lead and wood, "serving the highest parts of London in their lower rooms, and lower parts of London in their higher rooms."

CHAPTER IV.

The New River—as the whole works are still popularly called—is no more like it was, than the fancy portrait of Master Hugh Myddelton's character is probably like the original.* One of the ancient springs—the old Amwell spring—has entirely disappeared, having oozed away silently, about 1830, into the bed of the river Lea. The Chadwell spring, that mysterious, circular, chalky pool, in the Hertfordshire valley, which has been the drinking-fountain for centuries of countless thirsty millions, no longer gives forth drink with its accustomed liberality. Springs, like men, must be allowed to grow weary with work and old age, and must submit to see younger followers rising up to supply their place. The old river channel, winding between flowers and grassy slopes, dipping under roadways, flowing past cottages, churchyards, and country taverns, has had its loops cut off, at different times, until its length has been reduced to something like twenty-eight miles, and it now only counts as one reservoir amongst many. Even the royal partnership was dissolved by Charles the First, who re-granted to Sir Hugh Myddelton, then a baronet, the half-share in the undertaking, in consideration of an annual payment into the Exchequer of five hundred pounds. At this time the chartered enterprise was at very low-water mark, and the act of "royal bounty" may have been a prudent and selfish act, produced by an application—or "call"—on the part of Sir Hugh for more money. The seventy-two parts into which the property is now divided, are still counted as thirty-six "adventurers'," and thirty-six "king's" shares, and the royal annuity is still paid out of the profits apportioned to the latter. It is a curious fact that Hugh precluded James from taking any part in the management of the company, although he allowed a person to be present at the meetings, to prevent injustice to his royal principal. This preclusion still extends to the holders of the royal shares. Probably the great water-company projector had no faith in the business talents of kings; or he may have thought that majesty on board days would have shown itself a little too radiant "in the chair."

The original cost of the undertaking has to be guessed, because all the documents of the company were destroyed by a fire at their office in Dorset-street, Fleet-street, in 1769. These guesses have varied from five hundred thousand to one hundred thousand pounds sterling; an estimate of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds being, perhaps, nearest to the mark.

The New River Company still holds the first place in the present water system of London. Its sources of supply are the old Chadwell spring, before alluded to; four Artesian wells

* Mr. Samuel Smiles is preparing an elaborate biography of Sir Hugh, the materials of which have been gathered from unpublished documents. It will probably enlighten the public on this last matter.

sunk at Amwell, Cheshunt, Hampstead-road, and Hampstead Heath; the Cheshunt reservoirs; seven ponds at Highgate; and seven ponds at Hampstead; from which an unfiltered supply is drawn by a separate system of mains for street watering and like purposes; and the river Lea at Hertford, which now feeds it with the greatest proportion of the water it conveys through London. Its reservoirs, to maintain a stock in hand, are very large and numerous. There are the store and settling reservoirs, consisting of the old river channel, twenty-eight miles long, and perhaps about five yards broad, which has a capacity to store about one hundred and seventeen millions of gallons, or about a day's supply for all London; two reservoirs at Cheshunt, which can store about seventy-five and a half millions of gallons; another reservoir at Hornsey, capable of holding thirty-nine millions of gallons; two more at Stoke Newington, formed in 1833, capable of holding one hundred and thirty millions of gallons; and the ancient "round pond"—the one original reservoir—at the New River Head, which contains at least two millions one hundred and sixty-two thousand gallons.

The reservoirs at Stoke Newington are like two vast inland lakes, and their stone-piled borders look like a rocky sea-shore. The engine-house is built to resemble a fortress, and the water, instead of being pumped up pipes that are like gigantic upright trombones, to reach an artificial level, and so supply a point several hundred feet higher than the reservoirs, is forced by the most fearful Cornish engines ever made, up into a turret of a watch-tower. Everything has been done to make the artificial look as picturesque as possible; but still the old river channel at the side, with its grassy banks, its overhanging willows, its patient anglers, and the accumulated sentiment of two centuries and a half, is the stream that flows the most readily into our hearts. There is as much difference between the two, as between an ancient footway across the fields, worn into breadth and distinctness by the footsteps of generation after generation, and a new, straight thoroughfare, plastered on each side with stucco, full of right angles, and stamped at every corner with traces of the compass and the rule.

The New River Company, which now includes the old London-bridge Water Company and the older Hampstead Water Company, has eight more store reservoirs for filtered water at different parts of its works, capable of storing about twenty-three and a half millions of gallons. All these reservoirs are covered, with the exception of one at Hornsey, which is exempted on account of its distance from town. The company has eleven filtering beds—three at Hornsey, five at Stoke Newington, and three at the New River Head—possessing a joint sand area of nine and a half acres, and capable of storing eleven millions one hundred and sixty-three thousand gallons. The filtering medium is five feet in thickness, two of which consist of sand, and the rest of gravel in layers increasing in coarseness towards the bottom. Besides these store chambers, it has further storage for water supplied for purposes not requiring filtration, in ponds, before alluded to, at Hampstead and Highgate, which hold about sixty-seven millions of gallons, and one reservoir at Camden-square which holds about two millions of gallons. Summed up roughly, this storage amounts to forty-one reservoirs, counting the river channel as one, having together an area of two hundred and fifteen acres, and holding four hundred and sixty-seven millions of gallons, or water equal to supply the company's district for eighteen days.

There are ten engine stations at different points of the works, having eighteen engines, possessing together about sixteen hundred horses' power; of which, one thousand is at the Green-lanes pumping-station—the castle just described. Besides this, there are several large water-wheels; and the engines and wheels are arranged for the working of fifty-one pumps.

The daily* delivery of water by this machinery is now about twenty-five millions of gallons—nearly one-third of the water supply—or something like nine thousand millions of gallons annually. Of this yearly quantity, three hundred and fifty millions of gallons is consumed by trades; forty-five millions and a half gallons for flushing sewers, and other sanitary purposes; fifteen millions of gallons for fires; ninety millions of gallons for street watering; and about eight thousand five hundred millions of gallons for domestic service.

The company's town district has an area of about seventeen square miles; about one hundred and eight thousand houses are supplied; and the highest point to which the water is sent is at Hampstead—four hundred and fifty-four feet above Trinity high-water mark. No water is now drawn from the Thames by this company.

The distribution of this endless stream is made by about six hundred miles of cast-iron pipes, varying in diameter from four feet to three inches; and the tenants' communication lead pipes, which branch out from the mains, must have a joint length of at least fifteen hundred miles. To these underground tubes we must now add about a mile of broad iron tunnel, which has sucked up the New River channel from Sadler's Wells Theatre to the Lower-road, Islington, burying it from the public gaze as an extinct town river, after an honoured existence of two hundred and fifty years.

In all these iron pipes there are about four thousand five hundred sluice cocks, of diameters varying from three inches to four feet; and about eleven thousand fire-plugs, which have been fixed and are maintained at the company's cost. Water is annually supplied gratuitously to more than a thousand fires, and about one hundred pounds is annually paid by the company in rewards to persons who are first to call turncocks to fires. The capital of this enterprise is now nearly two millions and a half

* The phrase "daily" concerning all the water companies' supplies, means six days a week. The Sunday supply is always much smaller.

sterling, and it gives employment to at least three hundred men.

One water company scarcely differs from another, saving in the extent of its operations; hence, the details given respecting the New River and its modern works must be nearly the same in all water-supplying enterprises. On the north side of the Thames, the company that stands next in importance to the New River, is the East London, established in 1807, at Old Ford. It represents a capital of one million sterling, and it supplies eighty thousand houses daily with about seventeen millions of gallons of water. Its source of supply is the River Lea, above Tottenham, and its total length of mains and branches may be estimated at about three hundred and eighty miles.

The West Middlesex Water Works comes next, established in 1806, and its source of supply is now the Thames, at Hampton, in Middlesex. Its capital is about seven hundred thousand pounds, and it supplies thirty thousand nine hundred and fifty-two houses with about seven and a half millions of gallons daily. The total length of mains and services for the distribution of this water is two hundred and four miles.

The Chelsea Water Works, another north-side enterprise, was started in 1724, and it now supplies twenty-seven thousand houses with about eight millions and a half gallons of water, every day drawn from the Thames, at Seething, near Thames Ditton. Its mains and branches are estimated at about two hundred miles, and its present capital is nearly one million sterling.

The Grand Junction Company—the last on the north-side list—was born in 1798, and its source of supply, originally the Grand Junction Canal, which drew the waters from the rivers Colne and Brent, is now the Thames at Hampton. It distributes about seven millions and a half of gallons daily to about eighteen thousand houses; and its capital is nearly three-quarters of a million sterling. The length of its main pipeage is estimated at two hundred and ten miles.

The south side of the river Thames is now provided with three water companies, making, with the five on the north side, eight in all. The Southwark and Vauxhall Company stands first, by reason of its importance. It was started in 1822, and supplies a district originally satisfied by an ancient pond at St. Mary Overies, in Southwark. Its source of supply is the river Thames, at Hampton, and it furnishes ten millions and a half gallons daily, to about forty-two thousand houses. Its capital may be set down as about six hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and its mains and branches are estimated at five hundred and sixty-five miles.

The Lambeth Water Company was founded in 1785, and its capital is now about six hundred and eighty thousand pounds. It supplies thirty-three thousand houses with about seven millions of gallons daily, drawn from the river Thames between Kingston and Thames Ditton. The total length of the company's main pipes is now two hundred and sixty miles.

Lastly comes the Kent Waterworks, which dates its origin from 1699, and which now includes the Plumstead Company. It source of supply was originally the river Ravensbourne, but this has been abandoned, and the water is now drawn from Artesian wells. Its capital is three hundred and ten thousand pounds sterling; it supplies twenty-six thousand houses with four and a half millions of gallons daily; and its main pipes are one hundred and sixty-seven miles long. The Plumstead Waterworks, recently purchased by this company, represent a capital of fifty thousand pounds, sixteen miles of main pipes, and a supply of about half a million of gallons a day, drawn from wells in the chalk, to three thousand houses.

These figures and details, which I have taken great pains to collect from the companies themselves, show that the present water supply of London, by the eight existing waterworks, is about eighty-eight millions of gallons daily, sent through about two thousand five hundred and thirty miles of underground main pipes, all changed from wood to iron since 1810. This supply, which consumes a lake every day of sixty acres, six feet deep, flows into some three hundred and sixty-eight thousand houses and tenements,* through about six thousand miles of lead pipes; and the whole present capital of the water companies is seven millions six hundred and forty thousand pounds. Such a supply of water gives a daily average to each member of our metropolitan population of about thirty-one gallons—although no one really uses more than six gallons a day—at an average cost of about five per cent on the house rental.

It is surely something, in these times, to be able, by touching a tap at our own sweet will, to turn a stream into our pitchers from Hertfordshire or the other end of Middlesex. The ingenious and powerful mechanism that has helped us to do this, is something to be proud of amongst the many wonders of universal trade. If this machinery were to break down, if the sources of supply were to fail, if there were no inducement for keen trading companies to find out fresh fountains in the fruitful earth, our population could not advance another step, and we should wither from the face of the earth. We lie down at night with no misgivings on this head, and we rise in the morning with a full faith that the globe will never be sucked as dry as an exhausted orange.

THE FAIR MAN OF DARK FORTUNE.

On the fourth of Floréal, year five of the Glorious Republic One and Indivisible—or on what ordinary Christian men and women would call April the twenty-third, seventeen hundred and ninety-six—one Guesno, a native of Douai, gave a little breakfast at the house of his friend and host, the citizen Richard. Guesno was a master carrier who had come to Paris on account of a robbery which one of his carmen had committed,

* Inhabited *houses* (Census, 1861) in London, 362,890.

and the breakfast he gave was in honour of Joseph Lesurques, his friend and townsman. Young, rich, ambitious, and respectable, formerly belonging to the Regiment of Auvergne, and now holding a responsible position at Douai, the handsome fair-haired Joseph Lesurques was about the most aristocratic person of citizen Guesno's acquaintance, and one whose society he especially courted and coveted—as, indeed, who would not? even in that season of universal equality and undistinguished citizenship. This breakfast in his honour was given to celebrate his arrival in Paris, whither he had removed with his wife and family, full of plans and projects for advancement and distinction, and determined to make his yearly income of fifteen thousand francs but the germ of his future fortune. Guesno did well, then, to cultivate his acquaintance, and show him what attention he could. The guests invited to meet him were three young men of about his own age, dressed in the height of the fashion, with frizzed heads, top-boots and silver spurs, large eye-glasses, two huge watch-chains each, small canes, and a profusion of jewellery; in fact, got up according to the canons of the Incroyables, to which special social sect they belonged. But they were gay, talkative, well bred, and Lesurques was soon on the best possible terms with them, provincial-like taking them into his confidence, and telling them of his plans quite unreservedly. Towards the middle of breakfast came in a fourth gentleman of the same school, a large, broad-built, dark-eyed citizen, with bushy eyebrows and a forbidding countenance, aged about twenty-five, rejoicing in the name of Courriol, and accompanied by one who should have been Madame Courriol, but who was only Madeleine Brébant. This dark-eyed sinister-looking citizen was not Guesno's guest, nor did he come by his invitation; he was a friend of M. Richard, whom he came to seek; but Guesno courteously invited him to the table, where he made himself conspicuous by his cynicism against Joseph Lesurques for his boyishness and the freshness of his hopes. After breakfast all the guests went to the Palais Royal, where they had their café noir like good citizens, then separated, and saw each other no more.

Four days after, on the eighth of this same flowery month (April 27), the guard of the Charenton Barrière saw, early in the morning, four horsemen ride through the gate out of the city. They all had good horses, but evidently hired hacks, not their own property, and they talked loudly and gaily amongst each other. But had the guard looked more narrowly he would have seen that they wore sabres beneath their cloaks, and that their anxious eyes and haggard looks were in strange discord with their noisy mirth. Last of the four, and riding alone, was a large, broad-built, dark-eyed citizen, heavy and sullen; the same who had ridiculed Lesurques at Guesno's breakfast—Courriol, not the husband of poor Madeleine Brébant. Between twelve and one, the four horsemen rode leisurely into the pretty little village of Montgeron, on the way to Melun, where they stopped at the door of the Hôtel Evrard, one having galloped forward to order breakfast for the rest. And in after days the landlord, Evrard, used to depose ruefully to the fact of their having eaten enormously, like half-famished horsemen as they were; while Santon, the maid, could not keep her eyes off them, fascinated by the good looks of some, and the wolfish appetite of all. They were a notable party altogether, and easy to be remembered.

After breakfast they smoked, then went to the village casino, where they had the orthodox café noir; at three, riding off and onward, through the dark elm-shadowed road which runs between Montgeron and the wood of Sénart. Talking carelessly, but ever with the same anxious eyes, they clattered over the paved streets of Lieusaint, a picturesque little village then in the midst of a wood, famous in history for the hunting adventure of Henry IV. and the patriarchal reception of the Miller Michaud: but there they met with a slight mischance. One of the horses had cast its shoe, while one of the men had broken the chain of his silver spur, both of which disasters must be repaired on the instant. This was not difficult. The rider with the damaged spur rode up to the door of Madame Châtelain, a lemonade seller, asking for a cup of coffee and a bit of string wherewith to fasten his spur. Madame was complaisant but clumsy, so the horseman impatiently called to her maid, fat, good-tempered Grossetête, whose fingers seemed more capable than her mistress's, and she mended the spur, not very much amiss, with packthread and a multitude of knots. Whereby both women looked at the horseman well, and were able to swear to him when they met him again; and as it was a fair bright face, they thought to themselves that they did not lose their time in the occupation. Meanwhile the others had alighted at Champeau's Hotel, where they had some wine, and the stable-boy led the shoeless horse to Smith Motteau's to be reshod. Then they all went back in a body to the citizeness Châtelain's, played billiards, and joked with Grossetête and the rest; and so whiled away the hours like merry gentlemen come out of Paris for a day's fresh air and country amusement. But not wishing to be belated, they paid their reckoning in good time, mounted their horses, and rode off tranquilly on their way: the last rays of the setting sun shining bright and clear as they wound down the quiet road.

In an hour's time, back came one at a thundering gallop; he had forgotten his sabre, which lay on a table in Champeau's Hotel. He was the same handsome unlucky fellow who had broken his spur which Grossetête had mended, and misfortune seemed to pursue him, or, he was singularly inexact and careless. While Champeau was fussing for the sword, and Madame Champeau exchanged civilities with the cavalier who was drinking a glass of brandy at the hotel door, the noise of carriage wheels was heard, and the Courier of Lyons drew up to change horses. After

one glance the cavalier put spurs to his horse, and thundered off again on the darkening road.

The courier, Excoffon, had but one passenger; a pleasant companion enough, who had booked himself from Lyons under the name of citizen Laborde, and because the times were bad, and the roads not over safe, citizen Laborde was furnished with a dagger, which yet he did not care to make too much show of. But Excoffon, a strong muscular man, was armed to the teeth, and by no means a pleasant person to molest, judging from appearances; so citizen Laborde had no fear, he said, pleasantly, and both together would prove a match for most things.

After an hour's heavy jolting, they came to a sharp steep hollow, overshadowed with trees and thick bushes, with an ugly hill to climb on the other side. It was an uncomfortable bit, and the courier called to the postilion to make the best of his way through it, for the night was dark and his charge was heavy, and he was behind his time already. As he spoke, four men sprang out of the bushes, caught the leading horse, and cut the traces; then, before the poor postilion could utter a cry, struck him down with a sabre-cut, severing his head clean from his body. At the same moment, Laborde flung himself on the courier, and stabbed him to the heart, as he was rising to learn the cause of the delay. The murderers then dragged the body out of the chaise, cut off the head to make sure that dead men could tell no tales, and rifled the bags: getting as their booty seventy-five thousand francs in gold, silver, bank-notes, and bills; but leaving on the ground a sabre, a grey riding-coat turned up with blue, a scabbard, and a broken silver spur mended with string. The leading horse was then given to the false Laborde, whose true name was Dutrochat; and the five men rode back into Paris, entering through the Barrière of Rambouillet, between four and five in the morning. The patrol found the post-horse wandering on the boulevard near the Palais Royal; and the four hacks were returned to the horse-dealer Muiron, trembling and covered with foam, as if they had been long and hardly ridden. They were taken back by the same two men who had hired them: Courriol and one Bernard, his friend.

The next day all Paris rang with the murder, and to Daubanton, the chief magistrate of the district, was given the conduct of the case and the discovery of the murderers. And first was arrested Bernard, the horse hirer; then Courriol was looked for, and after a time found at Château-Thierry, concealed in the house of citizen Bruer; and on him some of the bank-notes and bills known to have been in the possession of the hapless courier. And then Guesno got into trouble, and was under official surveillance and suspicion because he had had dealings with Bruer and Bernard, and because Courriol and Madeleine Brébant had breakfasted with him on that fateful fourth of Floréal. But Guesno was so clearly innocent that he was discharged at once; nevertheless, his papers were taken from him, and he was bidden to go to the office for them on the morrow. Accordingly, the next day he set out for the office of the citizen magistrate Daubanton, on the way meeting with Lesurques, whom he asked to accompany him, telling him at the same time of his disagreeable arrest. Lesurques, the young, handsome, and respectable ex-militaire, the possessor of nearly four hundred a year, serene in the consciousness of present good, and hopeful of the better future, without enemies and guiltless of crime—Lesurques, the fashionable and prosperous, was glad to lend the aid of his untarnished reputation to his less secure friend, and help him to overcome this embarrassment with all the influence of his position. He was very happy to do his friend this slight service, he said, tossing back his bright brown hair, so turned and went with him to Daubanton's, without hesitation; and soon the two men were in the ante-chamber, while waiting the magistrate's pleasure, gazing curiously at the crowd passing in and out. In that ante-chamber, also watching the crowd, sat Santon, servant of the Evrards at Montgeron, and Grossetête, Madame Châtelain's fat peasant-girl at Lieusaint. They stared long and eagerly at the two men, then beckoned to Heudon, Daubanton's head man; and he, after speaking with them earnestly a while, went through the ante-chamber to the small room where the magistrate sat writing.

Daubanton heard his story with marked emotion; sent for the two women, spoke to them, even cross-examined them; then, satisfied with their report, he suddenly ordered Guesno and Lesurques to be brought before him, and confronted them with the maids, face to face. And then the women turned round, and positively and passionately swore to Lesurques as one of the four men who had ridden into Lieusaint on the eighth of Floréal, and had left a silver spur, a sabre, and a pool of blood on the road where Excoffon, the Courier of Lyons, lay murdered. Santon, the hotel servant, had no doubt of him. She knew him specially because he had wanted to pay the bill in notes, but "le gros brun"—the large dark man Courriol—had interfered, and made him pay in silver. And as for Grossetête, if she did not know him, who should? For had she not mended his silver spur with twine, and had she not looked at his fair and gracious face, longer than mayhap she would have looked at it had it been less comely? Then Champeau and his wife were called, and they, too, swore that Lesurques was the light-haired horseman who had had his broken spur mended with twine, and who had come galloping back for his sabre, just as the poor courier had driven to the door for fresh relays. Of Guesno, also, they were equally positive; but he had established an alibi before, so was in no greater danger now than he had been; and the mistake as to his identity did not shake the confidence of the accusers or the magistrate in the certain guilt of Lesurques. So, now six men were taken; out of whom Guesno and Bruer were weeded, leaving four accused: Lesurques the most positively recognised of all.

At first, the ex-officer was confident and calm. He could prove his innocence as easily as his friend Guesno had done, and could come out of the affair with hands as pure and spotless as ever. He wrote to all his friends, and gathered his resources together, getting fifteen good and substantial witnesses to prove his presence in Paris during the whole of the eighth of Floréal; consequently, his entire innocence of the murder. This was so easy to do, that the thing seemed but a bagatelle. Of his witnesses, the most responsible was the rich jeweller Legrand, who swore that citizen Lesurques had passed the morning of the eighth with him and citizen jeweller Aldenof; and that he was particular about the date, because on that day he had sundry professional dealings with citizen Aldenof, selling him a silver spoon for a pair of earrings; so, of course, he remembered all the circumstances well. Aldenof swore to the same thing; and Hilaire Ledru, the artist, and Chauffer, the cousin of the accused, in their turn swore that they had breakfasted with him on that day at Rue Montorgueil, and taken coffee together after; and Baudart, the painter, swore that he had been invited to dine at his house, but was prevented going by reason of his service at the National Guard. In confirmation whereof, he showed Lesurques' note of invitation dated 8th Floréal, and his own official mandate and voucher; stating further, that though he had not dined with him, yet he had gone to his house in the evening, and quitted it only when he went to bed. And various lodgers added to this, their testimony that they had met him at various times that day and evening on the stairs and landing, &c. And then Legrand, to prove his attestation more fully, brought his books to show that he had had, as he said, trade dealings with Aldenof on the day mentioned; and handed them over to the magistrate for inspection. But at the first glance Gohier, the judge, cried out, "A forgery!" and flung the book back to the counsel of the accused for inspection. And there, sure enough, was the date "9th Floréal" written in paler ink beneath, with "8" marked over, in strong black lines! A forgery without doubt, and clumsily done into the bargain.

Legrand, pressed on this point, grew confused. He hesitated, stammered, contradicted himself, and finally confessed that he had not made the entry until some days after; and that he had made it at first under the date of the ninth, but afterwards changed it to the eighth, when he recollected matters more clearly. It was no forgery, but a simple mistake honestly set right when discovered, and he was not guilty of false witness or perjury, as Gohier, the citizen president, declared. He ended by saying that though he could not now swear, yet he believed in the innocence of his friend. But his evidence was enough. Lesurques, on the point of being acquitted, was now held as the author of a cunningly devised plot; a plot in which the cursed leaven of aristocracy was at work. He had bought his witnesses, he, the rich man, able to corrupt the honesty of weak citizens, as is the way of infirm human nature; wherefore no credence was to be given to any of them. His guilt was proved, said Gohier, summing up, more as an advocate against the prisoner than as the judge; the testimony of the servants and innkeepers on the road was of more account than all these false oaths of interested or loving friends; let the case be closed and justice done —Joseph Lesurques is guilty of the murder of the citizen Excoffon — away with him to the dungeon and the scaffold!

At that moment, while the jury had retired to consider their verdict, a woman, pale, breathless, and violently agitated, rushed to the front of the tribunal, crying out, "He is innocent, and Dubosc, whom he resembles, is the murderer in his stead." This was poor Madeleine Brébant, whose conscience pressed her too heavily, and whose testimony to the innocence of Lesurques, though it went to inculpate her lover, could no longer be withheld. But she was thrust back. "It is too late," said Gohier, rudely, "the debate is closed." The jury never heard her evidence, and when they came back the die was cast. Lesurques, Courriol, and Bernard, were condemned to death, and Richard to twenty-four years at the galleys.

Lesurques rose, declared his innocence quietly and firmly; and then Courriol rose with more heat, saying: "Yes, I am guilty, I confess my crime, but Lesurques is innocent, and Bernard has had no part in the affair." This he repeated four times, but without effect: what good could be done when the judge had made himself the hostile advocate? But Courriol did not let the matter rest. From his condemned cell he wrote a long letter to the judge, saying that he had never seen or known Lesurques (had he forgotten the breakfast at the Rue des Boucheries?), and naming as his copartners in the murder, Vidal, Rossi, Dutrochat, and Dubosc. The likeness, very striking, between Lesurques and Dubosc, who was a brown-haired man but who wore a light-coloured wig as a disguise, had led to the mistake, and to the false swearing of the witnesses. All this Courriol wrote with earnestness and exactness, while standing on the brink of the grave whither his crimes and his vices had hurried him.

Then, Lesurques' friends bestirred themselves diligently; and Madeleine Brébant gave her testimony—the same as Courriol's—clearly and without reserve; and the Directory was petitioned, and the Corps Législatif appealed to; but in vain. The sentence was confirmed; Lesurques must die. The existence of Dubosc was not believed in; it was a clever highwayman's trick to save one of their body; while as for Vidal, Rossi, and Dutrochat, justice would acknowledge their complicity when made sure of their existence. At present it would act on the old proverb of the bird in the hand and the couple in the bush, and close its fingers tight over what it had caught. Lesurques saw that all hope was at an end. He wrote the following calm and touching letters to his widow, and to the unknown in whose place he was to suffer,

letters curious for the heathen kind of heroism expressed in them.

My dear Friend,—No one avoids his fate. I shall be legally assassinated. But at least I shall meet my death with the courage which ought to be expected from such a man as I. I send thee my hair. When thy children have grown, divide it among them. It is the only inheritance which I can bequeath them."

To the unknown he wrote, causing his letter to be published in the various journals of the time:

"You in whose stead I must die, be content with the sacrifice of my life. If ever you fall into the hands of justice, remember my three children covered with shame, remember their desolate mother, and do not perpetuate the miseries caused by our most fatal resemblance."

In another letter, to a friend, he expressed his conviction that some day the truth would be known, adding, "I die, the victim of a mistake." But a mistake for which there was now no remedy. On the ninth of Brumaire, Year Five (October 30th, 1796), Joseph Lesurques laid down his life, his youth, his brilliant hopes, and his fair fame, upon the scaffold, because certain thick-witted country people were over positive, and because a murderer had chosen to disguise himself in a flaxen wig. He came to the place of execution dressed in white in token of his innocence. And as they stood together on the scaffold Courriol again cried out to the crowd: "He is innocent! I am guilty!"

Seven days after this judicial murder, the magistrate Daubanton, who had lately had great misgivings, and who, to do his memory justice, was afterwards one of the most energetic defenders of Lesurques' innocence, had proofs of the existence of that Dubosc hitherto considered fabulous, and of his habit of disguising himself as a fair man, when out on his errands of crime; for, M. Jarry, justice of the peace at Besançon, had arrested him for robbery; and thus one of the disputed points in this tangle of persons and events was cleared up. And soon after this, the man Dutrochat, who had booked himself as a through passenger from Lyons under the name of Laborde, was also taken; and, under examination, gave as the names of the assassins those which Courriol had given, namely, Courriol, Vidal, Rossi, Dubosc, and himself. Of Lesurques he had never heard speak among them; but Dubosc, who had planned the whole matter, was he who wore the silver spurs, one of which, fastened with twine, had been lost on the road; and it was he who, disguised in his flaxen wig, had been the "fair man," and the handsomest of the party. Dutrochat was condemned to death, having first betrayed to justice his special friend and mate, Vidal. Vidal and Dubosc were confined together, waiting their turn for trial; but they were both determined men and capable men, and not inclined to remain in prison a moment longer than they were obliged; so they set to work and managed to break through two thick walls, besides overcoming other obstacles, and were making off, when Dubosc fell and broke his leg. Vidal got clear away for the moment, and, when his leg was cured, Dubosc followed his example. They were eventually recaptured, though not directly—Dubosc remaining at liberty for some years—and both suffered the extreme penalty due to their crimes. When taken before the various witnesses—Santon, Grosset te, and the others—who had been so positive of the persons of Guesno and Lesurques, they all confessed their mistake: *Vidal was the man for whom they had mistaken Guesno, and Dubosc was Lesurques.*

But it was too late now. The deaths o Vidal, Dubosc, and Rossi, the real murderers, could not bring back the innocent victim to life, nor restore the happiness and honour of his house. His children were orphans and ruined, his property was confiscated to the state, his home was desolate, and his name dishonoured; and the public shrugged their shoulders pityingly, and said, "A case of mistaken identity, and no one to blame!" It was a misfortune which nothing could now repair, and let the dead past lie, they said; why disturb its grave? The fatality had extended to all concerned. The mother of poor Lesurques went mad on the day of his execution, and died two years after, never recovering her reason; his widow also went mad, and was insane for several years, but finally came to herself before she, too, died of shame and sorrow; his young son, while still a lad, went into Bonaparte's army and perished in the Russian snows; his daughter, Madame Danjou, threw herself into the Seine, in despair at a cold and brutal expression of M. Meilheurat, who, embarrassed by her prayers, said hastily, "We are not certain, madame, that your father *was* innocent."

How to stem such a torrent of adverse fate? Would it not be better to bend meekly to the storm? A few friends of the Lesurques family—notably Messieurs Mequillet and Henry d'Audigier—object to this philosophical way of accepting misfortunes. For very many years, every effort has been made to induce the various governments to rescind the decree which pronounced Joseph Lesurques guilty of the murder of the Courier of Lyons, to restore his confiscated property to his family, and formally pronounce him innocent, and condemned by misadventure. Even now, at this moment, Jules Favre, one of the clearest reasoners and soundest lawyers in France, is employed to this end: though only one daughter, Virginie Lesurques, and Madame Danjou's children, remain to carry on the war and benefit by the victory, when it comes. As yet, but little positive way has been made. Certainly Louis XVIII. and Charles X. both restored a small portion of the confiscated estates to the family, but the great act of restitution and acknowledgment has never been made; and Jules Favre and the others say they will not rest until they have accomplished this.

It will come at last. Justice, though slow, is always sure in the end, and men are not

wilfully false, or cruel, or unjust, in matters which do not affect themselves, and where no interests are at stake and no passions are aroused. And though it may be embarrassing for one government to declare the decrees of another government mistaken and unjust, thereby damaging its own pretensions to infallibility and opening the door to many perplexing retrospections, yet it will come in time, if the advocates are calm and persistent, and keep up the agitation with energy, without making it an official sore, or a public nuisance.

NIL DARPAN.

For the last few months the overland mails from India, after giving us the customary budget of news—to the effect that it has been very hot somewhere, and hotter than ever somewhere else; that pacification, reorganisation, regeneration, irrigation, and irritation, are going on as usual in different parts of the country; that there has been a "row" at Simla between two officers of such high position as not to be revealed to the naked eye of the public; that an ensign has been dismissed the service for conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman towards his colonel's wife's poodle; that the Hindoos and Mahomedans, in some place with an unpronounceable name, have been at open hostilities in consequence of a religious dispute: the Mahomedans having polluted a temple, and the Hindoos retaliated by defiling a mosque; that there has been another case of Suttee, the authorities saying that they couldn't help it, and the usual investigation in which nothing is investigated having been set on foot; that cotton is tranquil, corahs in a state of much anxiety, and mule twist in an undecided condition;—after the customary budget of news, in fact, the mail generally tells us that Nil Darpan is still exciting a great deal of public attention.

What is Nil Darpan?

This is a question now being asked by a large proportion of the public who have been goaded by frequent repetition into an unwilling curiosity. Is it a place, or a person, or something to eat? They have not the slightest idea, and the discussion has been going on for so long that it now seems hopeless to begin to read it up. Be it known that Nil Darpan is a play written by a native of Bengal, in the Bengalee language, and that the meaning of the title is "The Mirror of Indigo Planting:" the declared object of the author being to hold the mirror up to nature, and to give a reflexion of the system of indigo planting as now practised in Bengal. With the political quarrel, to which the circulation of this play by certain local authorities has given rise, we have nothing here to do; but the reader may find some account of the circumstances which have led to the dispute, in an article called Cotton and India, in a previous number; and it is right to state, in order that we may not be supposed to endorse the grave charges which the work contains, that not even the persons who gave it circulation pretend to justify those charges, which have some dim reference to a state of things which existed fifty years ago, but which, it has been declared by a recent official inquiry, has no foundation in the present day. That the satire is a malicious one, and written for a political object, there can be no doubt. And when it is remembered that the drama is a favourite medium among the Hindoos for the expression of public feeling, it becomes apparent that it is calculated not a little to mislead. Our object in noticing it here, however, is a literary rather than a political one; and the reader who follows our description should remember that Hindoo statements, even when not inspired by political prejudice, must always be taken with a great many grains of salt.

The Nil Darpan, we must give warning in the beginning, is not a very lively performance. It would have no chance of being listened to in any London theatre. We doubt, indeed, if all the art and knowledge of stage effect which have been spent on the Colleen Bawn could dress it up to the point of endurance. Nevertheless, it is quite of an airy character; it is as used up as The Stranger, compared with the majority of pieces on the Bengalee stage, which belong decidedly to the elephantine walks of the drama. The Nil Darpan is elephantine to be sure; but the elephant it resembles, is a sportive animal; it can dance, and stand on its head, and would have no objection to take wine with the clown.

Those of our readers who have ever lived in India have probably seen a native play performed at a native gentleman's house. In Calcutta, if the visitor be a person of any note, he will receive more invitations to representations of the kind than he cares to accept. Let us suppose that he avails himself of the invitation of, say, Baboo Mukhanauth Lalshrab Ghose, the great merchant and banker. The invitation is for eight o'clock, and, at about that hour, having dined at seven, and being already in evening dress, he sets out. His destination is sure to be a long way off, as the European gentleman would infallibly live in the best quarter of the town, and the native gentleman would as infallibly live in the worst—which is the native gentleman's fault, by the way, as he came to the place first, and had first choice. The house of the guest is situated in a street very much like what Park-lane in London is; that of the host in a street very like what Field-lane in London was; the thoroughfare between the two is of course characterised by a gradual declension from bad to worse, until it becomes as bad as the worst can be. The approach to the house is indicated by a horrible odour of oil and natives: the two scents being the more associated through the fact of the latter having a habit of rubbing the former over their skins.

The effluvium of oil, however, proceeds mainly from large earthen pans with floating lights in them, placed along the road to mark the way, and from coloured lamps of the Vauxhall kind, neatly arranged wherever they can be

most easily knocked down by the crowd: which is of a ragged and squalid description that we would defy anybody to find, out of the purlieus of an Eastern city. It is less ragged, perhaps, than it might be, if its members wore more clothes; for, as in the majority of cases the garment is confined to the neighbourhood of the waist, its holding on at all is a guarantee of its tolerable entirety; but with the slightest augmentation of the toilette the dilapidations begin, and these have an extent which put decency and adornment equally out of the question. Moreover, as the season for entertainments such as that of Baboo Mukhanauth Lalshrab Ghose is generally the "cold weather," and as cold nights in Calcutta are very apt to be damp, you may imagine the mist in which the whole scene is enveloped, all the oil lights to the contrary notwithstanding. Muggy would be a cold word to describe the state of the atmosphere; and one of those roaring thoroughfares in London where they sell fried fish, and everything else that can be sold cheap to an overflowing population on a Saturday night in November, can give but a faint idea of the sights and the sounds and the scents that assail our visitor as he nears his destination.

Great men's houses in Eastern cities usually turn their backs upon the public thoroughfare, and this of the Baboo shows nothing but a wall and a gate to the common people. Our visitor has probably driven himself to the place in his buggy, and here his syce, or groom, extricates himself from his perch behind, and endeavours to induce the people, now crowded more densely than ever, to get out of the way. This is accomplished after a great deal of getting under the horse's head, and among his legs, and we are not sure that we may not add through the spokes of the wheels, has been gone through on the part of the populace, and threats to "walk into" them with his whip on the part of the Sahib, who at last finds himself in the court-yard, or "compound," as it is called—a curious word, which may be described, in racing parlance, as coming by Corruption out of Portuguese. Inside the gateway there are more lights than ever, both of the pan on the ground and the Vauxhall variety, and on each side of the covered pathway through which the Sahib, having alighted from his buggy, now proceeds, are statues the size of life: some popular, some classical, some both, and nearly all well known in Europe. They are cast in plaster for the most part, though one or two appear strangely built of wood, and are, in point of colour, what the heralds call "proper;" all are more or less dirty and damaged, and contribute their share to the general effect of the approaches to the place—which is that of the place having a great holiday, and holding a final festivity previous to being indicted for a nuisance.

The house has a large open court in the centre, which, being covered over for the occasion, now forms the great reception hall. Around, and accessible by flights of stairs, both from inside and outside, are the private apartments: to all of which the visitors have access, except those of the "ladies of the house," who may be observed, however, from behind semi-transparent screens, looking down upon the scene below with much curiosity, their chirpy voices suggesting the idea of innumerable birds upon branches. It is not considered well-bred to stare at the places whence these sounds come, or to take any notice, indeed, of the other signs of feminine existence, even though you occasionally see a pair of eyes shining through a (perhaps) chance hole in a curtain, or a hand and arm (beautifully braceleted) hastily closing the said curtain which such hand and arm have incautiously drawn aside. The hall, it must be said, is brilliantly lighted, and presents a general effect of mirrors and gilding and Oriental architecture, very pleasing to the eye. Below, upon a carpet upon which no man not admitted to an equality may venture, is seated the host, smoking at intervals a hookah, which an attendant keeps studiously alight for him. It is here that he receives his guests, for whom, besides the play, he has provided such other amusements as can be obtained. Native minstrels in one part of the hall sing "*Taza, bataza, now be now*," "*Hillee, pillee punneah*," and other popular native songs, besides some English songs, of the class of "Home, sweet home," which they murder most melodiously. Nautch girls elsewhere go through the graceful attitudes which here pass for ballet, accompanied by the monotonous chant which is the local substitute for opera. In another place may be found native jugglers, who perform the most wonderful feats without exciting anybody's wonder, and the most extraordinary delusions with which nobody is deluded. Should any wandering performers from Europe—Ethiopian Serenaders and the like—happen to be in Calcutta, they will most probably be engaged; and so you may choose between the East and the West in your music, as in your refreshments. As far as the latter are concerned, they consist mainly of Attar and Pân—the Attar for the delectation of your fingers and your nose; the Pân to put into your mouth, and to eat if you can. But in a room up-stairs there is always laid out a British ball-supper, with chicken and ham, jelly, trifle, and all complete, with "champagne up to the mast-head," as you may hear an enchanted ensign exclaim, but with the strange addition of bottles of brandy placed all down the table, varied at intervals by bottles of beer. The natives have a great notion of the sahibs' powers of drinking the two last liquids, and I fancy they expect the very few European ladies who are usually present on such occasions also to indulge in them. Of course, the host does not himself sit down to the feast; but the European guests, to do them justice, console themselves for his absence, and make themselves quite at home.

The play, which is the prominent entertainment of the evening, takes place most likely at one end of the hall, where a stage is fitted up

after the manner of temporary erections of the kind in most other places—at a country-house in England, for example. In front are a sufficient number of seats for the more devoted adherents of the drama, who take their places at the beginning of the evening, and keep them until the end, whenever that may be. The latter period is a little doubtful, for nobody is in a hurry, and the construction of the drama appears to be such that it may end whenever the performers or the audience please, and may be carried on as long as either can keep awake. We doubt whether any of the European guests ever saw one out, especially if they have been paying much attention to the supper up-stairs. But we believe the performance generally lasts all night, "and when they ring the morning bell the battle scarce is done." The host and any members of the family who please may go to bed occasionally—the beds are great Paris or London machines, placed in the public rooms, and open to the observation of the company all the evening—getting up again if it so suits them, and looking in once more at the theatre; for "going to bed" is not such a grave matter in the East as in the West, and among the natives, at any rate, involves very little change of costume. The majority of the confirmed playgoers, however, seem to sit up all night, which they can do the more easily as they have probably slept half the day; and they sit listening to the eloquence of the author and the elocution of the actors, in a greater state of rapture than, in the case of a set of fat gentlemen in a perpetual state of perspiration, would be associated with Western ideas of comfort. The character of the performance, as we have already remarked, is decidedly dreary. The girls are personated by boys, and the men by blackguards; and we will back an Eastern blackguard against his brother in the West, for a combination of almost every quality that can make the exhibition of human character unpleasant.

Everybody concerned in the exhibition appears to labour under the impression that Art is short, and Life is long, and that "take your time, Miss Lucy," is a moral and a model maxim. Action takes its chance, and dialogue has everything its own way. A disgusting-looking rascal on the stage, understood to be a king, has been holding forth for half an hour to a feminine-looking disreputability crouching at his feet. The fellow talks so fast, and in a manner so different from that in which you are accustomed to hear the language spoken in private life, that you don't understand what is going on. You ask a native gentleman in the intervals of the puffing with which he tries to dismiss his perspiration, what the deuce it means? He answers in general terms that the king is supposed to be angry. Another of the characters, with a most hang-dog appearance, has the conversation all to himself for a mortal half-hour, droning and whining to a distressing extent. You ask a placid and pân-consuming native what this personage is about, and you are informed in reply that he is jealous. It takes a long time to develop the passions—on the stage at least—in the East, and playgoers should have the patience of Job.

We mention these particulars in order to give the reader some idea of the dramatic treatment which the Nil Darpan would receive in its native land, and of the singularly cheerless character of the production which has made so much noise, not only in that land, but in our own. What it is "all about" we will now proceed to detail: first, however, as in duty bound, giving a list of the

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA,

who are:

MEN.

Goluk Chunder Basu.
Nobin Madhab, } sons of Goluk Chunder.
Bindu Madhab, }
Sadhu Churn, a neighbouring ryot.
Ray Churn, Sadhu's brother.
Gopi Churn Das, the dewan.
J. J. Rose, } indigo-planters.
P. P. Wood, }
The Amin, or land-measurer.
Akhalasi, a tent-pitcher.
Taidgir, native superintendent of indigo cultivation.
Magistrate, Amla, Attorney, Deputy-inspector, Pundit, Keeper of the Jail, Doctor, a Cow-keeper, a Native Doctor, Four Boys, a Lattial, or Clubman, a Herdsman.

WOMEN.

Sabitri, wife of Goluk Chunder.
Soirindri, wife of Nobin.
Saralota, wife of Bindu Madhab.
Reboti, wife of Sadhu Churn.
Khetromani, daughter of Sadhu.
Aduri, maid-servant in Goluk Chunder's house.
Podi Moyrani, a sweetmeat-maker.

The first scene of the first act is laid at the gola, or storehouse, of Goluk Chunder Basu, a head ryot, or cultivator. He and a friend, Sadhu Churn, a neighbouring ryot, are discovered sitting. They have a mutual grievance, which both are discussing. They cannot live, they say, in Svarapur (the name of the district), where they used to be prosperous upon general crops, but which the European landholder has now reduced to a state of poverty (for everybody but himself) through insisting upon the plantation of indigo. He has even occupied, for the purpose, the ground about the tank, from which the women will henceforth be excluded, and he has threatened that Nobin Madhab, a son of Goluk Chunder Basu, shall drink the water of seven factories—that is, be confined therein—unless due submission be made; nay, that the houses of the family shall be thrown into the river, and that the family shall eat their rice in the factory godown (cellar), unless they consent to the Sahib's wishes. To them enters Nobin, whom the father asks how he has prospered in his interview with the planter. "Sir," says Nobin, "does the cobra shrink from biting the little child on the lap of its mother, on account of the sorrow of the mother? I flattered him much, but he understood nothing by that. He kept to his word, and said, 'Give us sixty bigahs of land, secured by written documents, and take fifty rupees, then we shall

close the year's accounts at once.'" The father says this bargain will ruin them, as it will prevent them from growing rice; and, he adds, "We have no chance in a dispute with the Sahibs. They bind and beat us. It is for us to suffer." Nobin says that, for his part, he intends to bring the case into court. After that, exeunt omnes to bathe.

The second scene is at the house of Sadhu Churn. Ray Churn enters, with his plough, and makes some remarks, apparently addressed to that instrument, to the effect that the stupid Amin (land-measurer) is a tiger: he having just marked off five bigahs of his land to be sown with indigo. This will ruin him, he says, and his family will starve. He is interrupted in his recital of the family prospects by the entrance of Khetromani, Sadhu Churn's daughter, who, however, answers no dramatic end by her appearance, her mission being merely to say, in reply to a question, that her father will be there immediately, and to receive his respect for a "little water, as his stomach is on the point of bursting." She goes for the water; in the mean time Sadhu enters; and the brothers then proceed with the discussion of their grievances, Sadhu especially apostrophising his "burnt forehead," which is a metaphorical manner of expressing ill-fortune. Khetromani now returns with the water, and her uncle describes the quarrel he has had with the Amin, whose marking off of the ground was, he says, like thrusting burnt sticks into his body. The consultation is put an end to, by the appearance of the Amin himself, with two servants, who bind Ray Churn, and tell him he must go with them to the factory, as he is wanted "to make signatures in the account books" (forged signatures of course): he being able to read and write, and the object of the planter being to show that contracts had been made for the cultivation of indigo. Ray Churn drinks his water, and is carried off; but not before the Amin has cast eyes of admiration upon Khetromani, and made the remark that, having sold his sister to the Sahib for an overseer's post, he thinks he should get higher promotion if he could get Khetromani to sell also.

The scene then changes to the verandah of the large bungalow belonging to the factory of Begunbari. Here J. J. Wood, the proprietor, is found with Gopi Churn Das, his dewan, or head man, whom he is violently abusing for not getting in more advances from the ryots, and whom he threatens with a dose of "shamchand" (a leather strap) for his pains: taking down that instrument from the wall as an earnest of his intention. The dewan excuses himself most piteously, accusing his "evil forehead" (ill fortune) for allowing him to work like a slave for his master, without getting any credit for it. And he adds; "Sahib, what sign of fear hast thou seen in me? When I entered on the indigo profession, I threw off all fear, shame, and honour; and the destroying of cows, of Brahmins, of women, have become my ornaments, and I now lie down in bed keeping the jail as my pillow,"—that is to say, thinking of the jail, and expecting to go to it. While this improving conversation is proceeding, the Amin brings in Ray Churn, bound, with Sadhu accompanying him. Some of the scene which follows is worth giving textually:

Wood. Why are this wicked fool's hands bound with cords?

Gopi. My lord, this Sadhu Churn is a head ryot; but through the enticement of Nobin Madhab he has been led to engage in the destruction of indigo.

Sadhu. My lord, I do nothing unjust against your indigo, nor am I doing now, nor have I power to do anything wrong; willingly or unwillingly I have prepared the indigo, and also I am ready to make it this time. But then everything has its probability and improbability; if you want to make powder of eight inches thickness to enter a pipe half an inch thick, will it not burst? I am a poor ryot, keep only one and a half ploughs, have only twenty bigahs of land for cultivation; and now, if I am to give nine bigahs out of that for indigo, that must occasion my death. But, my lord, what is that to you? It is only my death!

Gopi. The Sahib fears lest you keep him confined in the godown of your eldest babu.

Sadhu. Now, Sir Dewanji, what you say is *striking a corpse* (*useless labour*); what mite am I that I should imprison the Sahib, mighty and glorious!

Gopi. Sadhu, now away with your high-flown language; it does not sound well from the tongue of a peasant; it is like a sweeper's broom touching the body. (*The sweeper is a pariah, and his touch is contamination.*)

Wood. Now the rascal has become very wise.

Amin. That fool explains the laws and magistrate's orders to the common people, and thus raises confusion. His brother draws the ploughshare, and he uses the high word *pratápsháli*—glorious!

Gopi. The child of the preparer of cow-dung balls (*the cheapest kind of fuel*) has become a court naeb (*legal officer*). My lord, the establishment of schools in the villages has increased the violence of the ryots.

Wood. I shall write to our Indigo Planters' Association, to make a petition to government for stopping the schools in villages. We shall fight to secure stopping the schools.

Amin. That fool wants to bring the case into court.

Wood. (*To Sadhu.*) You are very wicked. You have twenty bigahs, of which, if you employ nine bigahs for indigo, why cannot you cultivate the other nine bigahs [*a little slip in arithmetic*] for rice?

Gopi. My lord, the debt which is credited to him can be made use of, for bringing the whole twenty bigahs within our own power.

Sadhu. (*To himself.*) O oh! *The witness for the spirit-seller is the drunkard!* (*Openly.*) If the nine bigahs, which are marked off for the cultivation of the indigo, were worked by the plough and kine of the factory, then could I use the other nine bigahs for rice. The work which is to be done in the rice-field is only a fourth of that which is necessary in the indigo-field; consequently, if I am to remain engaged in these nine bigahs, the remaining eleven bigahs will be without cultivation.

Wood. You dolt! You are very wicked, you scoundrel! [*Háranijádá in the original, which is a stronger epithet.*] You must take the money in advance; you must cultivate the land; you are a very scoundrel. (*Kicks him.*) You shall leave off everything when

you meet with shamchand. (*Takes shamchand, the leather strap, from the wall.*)

Sadhu. My lord, *the hand is only blackened by killing a fly*—your beating only injures you. I am too mean. We——

Ray. (*Angrily.*) O my brother, you had better stop; let them take what they can; our very stomach is on the point of falling down from hunger. The whole day is passed; we have not been able yet either to bathe or take our food.

Amin. O rascal! where is your court now? (*Twists his ears.*)

Ray. (*With violent panting.*) I now die! My mother! my mother!

Wood. Beat that cursed nigger! (*Beats with shamchand.*)

While this scene is enacting, Nobin Madhab enters; he intercedes for Sadhu in vain; the latter is led off to receive his fifty rupees in advance, and to engage to cultivate indigo, Gopi encouraging him with the assurance "that ashes have fallen upon his ready-made rice;" that the "Yama (Death, the King of Terror) of Indigo has attacked him, and that he has no safety."

In the next scene, which is laid in "Goluk Chunder Basu's hall," we are introduced to Sabitri, wife of Goluk Chunder, Soirindri, wife of Nobin, Saralota, wife of Bindu Madhab, and Reboti, wife of Sadhu Churn. These ladies are all models of virtue and innocence, but all apparently yield the palm to Khetromani, who joins them, and whose modesty is such that she is found to have cut off the curls of her beautiful hair, because she had heard that such adornments were becoming only to ladies either of rich family or loose character. In the course of conversation it becomes apparent that the designs of Amin upon the young lady are beginning to develop. A woman named Podi Moyrani, a sweetmeat-seller, noted for her intrigues, has been to Sadhu's house that day, and Reboti, Sadhu's wife, declares that the woman has told her "that the young Sahib has become mad, as it were, at seeing Khetromani, and wants to see her in the factory." Aduri, a maid-servant in the house, overhears the statement. Her manners have not, apparently, that repose which stamps the caste of her mistress. She is at once suspicious; and doesn't care who knows it; but the metaphorical manner in which she expresses her feelings would be considered rather strong on the British stage:

Aduri. Fie! fie! fie! bad smell of the onion! Can we go to the Sahib? Fie! fie! bad smell of the onion! I shall never be out any more alone. I can bear every other thing, but the smell of the onion I never could bear. Fie! fie! bad smell of the onion!

It appears that the agent of the Sahib has said that if Khetromani refuses to go to the house, she will be brought away by force. Reboti says that it is easy for the planter to carry her away, as no ryot's wife is safe from him; the planters, one of the other ladies says, are not Sahibs, but they are the dregs (*chandál*) of Sahibs. They then go on to say that the planters get the magistrate to throw anybody who offends them into prison, and here the feminine nature breaks out into scandal. Reboti says that "the wife of the planter, in order to make her husband's case strong (*pucca*), sent a letter to the magistrate, since it is said that the magistrate hears her words most attentively." To this Aduri, the waiting-maid, whose want of repose in manner has been already noticed, adds a frank statement of her own experience. She says: "I saw the lady; she has no shame at all. When the magistrate of the Zillah (whose name occasions great terror) goes riding about through the village, the lady also rides on horseback with him."

The scene concludes with the elder lady telling the two younger to go to the ghât together, while the evening light continues, and wash themselves; a desirable process, doubtless, for, throughout the act, there are several allusions to the fact that none of the characters—owing to the hurried action of the drama—have had time to perform their ablutions during the day.

The second act begins with a scene at the godown (cellar) of Begunbari Factory. Torapa and four other ryots are discovered sitting and abusing the planters. One says that they have nothing for it but to submit. "*Before sticks there can be no words.*" This, like several other sentences which we have marked in italics, is an aphorism in common use, and must not be understood as arising from the ready wit of the ryot. Another says that they must assert themselves: "*By speaking the truth we shall ride on horseback.*" The planters, he says, always get a good magistrate removed as soon as they can. In a district of which they are speaking, he says that the planters prepared a dinner for the magistrate, in order to get him into their power; but he *concealed himself like a stolen cow*, and would not go. He was a person of good family. Why should he go to the dinner? The planters are the low people of Belata, or England. Yet a former governor allowed himself to be feasted at the factories, like a bridegroom before the celebration of his marriage. Some of their number have composed some verses, which are quoted in the course of conversation. One is:

The man with eyes like those of the cat, is an ignorant fool:
So the indigo of the indigo factory is an instrument of punishment.

We must confess that we do not see the bearing of the above. As a late facetious judge remarked of another judge, who had been "trying" a joke: "His lordship has reserved the point." Another quotation is more comprehensible:

The missionaries have destroyed the caste;
The factory-monkeys have destroyed the rice.

The conference is disturbed by the entrance of Gopi Churn, the Dewan, with Mr. Rose, a planter, carrying his *ramkanta:* an instrument much resembling *shamchand.* The ryots are all beaten and kicked, and one of them falls in a position described in the stage direction as "*upside down on the ground.*"

The scene then changes to "the bedroom of Bindu Madhab," whose wife is discoverved reading a letter from her husband, who tells her of an accusation brought against his father by the planters. He intimates that he believes in the ultimate triumph of justice, because he is taught so by the works that he has studied. "My dear," he says, "I have not forgotten the Bengalee translation of Shakespeare; it cannot be got now in the shops; but one of my friends, Bonkima by name, has given me one copy. When I come home I will bring it with me. My dear, what a great source of pleasure is the acquisition of learning!" The liberality of Bonkima appears to touch the heart of Saralota, but, like a true woman, she is sufficiently self-possessed for the duties of the toilette; for, upon the entrance of Aduri (the waiting maid with the keen sense of the onion of treachery), she suggests to that damsel, "Let us now rub ourselves with oil in the cook-room." The scene then closes with "*exit* both" (in Bengalee Latin) for that purpose.

The next scene is mystically described as "A road, pointing three ways," the kind of road, we suppose, that would be taken by the celebrated oyster which required a similar number of persons to swallow him whole. The woman Podi Moyrani is found indulging in a repentant soliloquy on account of the part she has been taking in placing the fair Khetromani in the power of the English Sahib. A cowherd comes and taunts her with having gone into the indigo business; but he is soon driven off by the lattial (club-man) of the factory, who makes love to her. But still her conscience pursues her, and makes her unpleasantly sensitive to raillery—a talent which the Hindoos have always greatly at their command. The lattial gone, four native boys come dancing round her, clapping their hands, and singing the following chant, which is Shakespearean in its simple force:

> My dear Moyrani, where is your indigo?
> My dear Moyrani, where is your indigo?
> My dear Moyrani, where is your indigo?

Human nature can endure the shame no longer. The guilty woman flies from the face of her fellow-countrymen—behind the scenes.

The third act commences with a scene at the factory between Mr. Wood and Gopi, his Dewan, in which we gather that Nobin is ruined, his land taken away from him, and that he has been twice in court. The planter discourses about his schemes in general, and of a native who writes against him in the newspapers. Gopi consoles him by saying, "Their papers can never stand before yours—can by no means bear a comparison; and, moreover, they are as the earthen bottles for cooling water, compared with the jars of Dacca. But to bring the newspapers within your influence great expense has been incurred." That takes place according to time; as is said,

> According to circumstances the friend becomes the enemy:
> The lame ass is sold at the price of the horse.

There are more direct allusions in the course of the piece to the alleged corruption of some of the local journals.

The next scene (the bedroom of Nobin Madhab) is mainly occupied by a consultation among the family as to the measures to be taken in consequence of Khetromani having been carried off. Reboti calls aloud for her daughter. "Bring me Khetromani! bring me my puppet of gold!" Nobin, after a great deal of talk, prepares for action. "The indigo frog," he declares, "can never sit on the white water-lily-like constancy of a woman!" "The jewel," as one of the ladies says, with less grace, perhaps, but more force, "must be taken from the indigo-monkey," at any hazard.

In the scene which follows, the interest of the piece is worked up to the highest pitch. Mr. Rose is sitting in his chamber, and the woman Podi Moyrani brings the fair Khetromani to him. Khetromani remonstrates with Podi for the part she has taken, but Podi says, "You must speak to the Sahib; to speak to me, is like crying in the wilderness." The planter makes some unfeeling remarks; but he is interrupted by Nobin and another ryot breaking into the room. They rescue Khetromani, and treat the planter with some roughness: Nobin, however, restraining his friend with beautiful hypocrisy by saying, "We ought not to be cruel because they are so." Then there comes a change to the "Hall in the house of Goluk." Sabitri, his wife, is lamenting that her husband has been summoned to the court. But with her bous (daughters-in-law) she seeks the old consolation of the toilette, and one of the stage directions in the scene is, "Saralota rubs the oil on her mother-in-law's body"—a precaution, by the way, much practised in the East before bathing, for the somewhat curious reason that it prevents the water from touching the skin.

The next scene is laid in the magistrate's court. Mr. Wood, the plaintiff, sits and talks with the magistrate, who asks his advice upon several points. Goluk is sentenced to pay two hundred rupees, or find sureties to that amount, binding him to plant indigo. In the course of the trial the magistrate writes a note to Mrs. Wood, the wife of the plaintiff, and despatches it by one of the court messengers, sending a message also to Mr. Wood's head butler, to say that his master will not be home to dinner. The magistrate and the plaintiff then leave the court together.

We are next introduced to the dwelling of Bindu Madhab, where Nobin Bindu and Sadhu are discovered, talking of Goluk, their father, who is now imprisoned by order of the magistrate, "the slave of the indigo-planters;" they also mention the "deadly sorrow" of Khetromani. All adjourn to the jail, where, on the scene changing, the dead body of Goluk is seen hanging by his outer garment, twisted like a rope. He has died by his own hand. Until the doctor arrives, the policeman says he cannot cut the body down. As for the magistrate, he was not to be there for four days. "At Sachigunge, on Saturday, they have a

champagne party, and ladies dance. Mrs. Wood can never dance with any other but our Sahib (the magistrate); that I saw, when I was a hearer. Mrs. Wood is very kind; through the influence of one letter she got me the jemedary of the jail."

In the fifth and last act there occurs in the first scene a conversation between Mr. Wood and his Dewan upon the subject of a disturbance among the ryots. The Dewan ventures to speak a little candidly, for which he gets knocked down and kicked, and called "a diabolical nigger." In the next scene, which is "The Bedroom of Nobin," that unfortunate ryot is brought in senseless, with a fractured skull, which he has received from the Sahib at the factory. Both he and his friend Torapa had made a brave resistance, but had been overpowered; but not before Torapa had made a rush at the elder Sahib (Wood) and bitten off his nose! "That nose I have kept with me," adds Torapa, in telling the story, "and when the baboo (Nobin) will rise up to life again I will show him that." (*Here he produces the nose.*) "Had the baboo been able to fly off himself, I would have taken his (Wood's) ears; but I would not have killed him, *as he is a creature of God.*" After this, all the ladies of the drama, and the entire female population of the neighbourhood, enter. Sabitri falls senseless at finding her son on the point of death; but Soirindri commands herself sufficiently to "sit near his mouth." Looking at Sabitri, she says, "As the cow losing her young wanders about with loud cries, then being bit by a serpent falls down dead on the field, so the mother is lying dead on the ground, being grieved for her dear son." After this, she herself falls upon the breast of Nobin. Nobin's aunt tries to raise her from the ground, but fails, and falls also near her. Sabitri next goes mad, and talks wildly. A physician is afterwards brought to try and revive Nobin.

The following scene is laid in the "Room of the Sadhu Churn." Khetromani lies in great torment on her bed; Sadhu and Reboti are with her. The physician does all in his power, but she dies amidst the loud cries and lamentations of her family. Then comes the last scene, the "Hall in the house of Goluk," where Sabitri, still insane, is found sitting with the dead body of Nobin on her lap. She is performing some wild incantations, which are interrupted by Saralota, her daughter-in-law, whom she seizes in a frenzy and strangles—standing afterwards on her neck. Bindu Madhab, the husband of Saralota, enters during this proceeding. Bindu says that he cannot live now that his father is hanged, that his brother Nobin has died of his wounds, and that his mother has destroyed his wife. Upon hearing this, Sabitri suddenly recovers her understanding, and aroused to a sense of the crime she has committed, herself drops down dead. Her son kneels and weeps beside the body, taking some of the dust from her feet and placing it on his head, eating also some of the same dust, "to purify his body." Next appears Soirindri, who says that she is going to die with her husband Nobin, and will not be prevented. She runs out. Bindu makes a funeral oration upon the family, which he says "has been destroyed by indigo, the great destroyer of honour." The curtain falls, leaving him sitting, clasping his mother's feet.

Such is the drama of Nil Darpan—as far as its most essential features are concerned. Considering that it pretends to be a true picture of the indigo-planting system, it would certainly warrant an investigation of the nature of that system on the part of government, were it not for the fact that the investigation was made last year, and that all the charges here so pathetically illustrated were found to be false. As a political squib, therefore, it comes rather late in the day. As a dramatic production, it may be sufficient to remark that it is about twice as long as Macbeth.

A NEW DISEASE?

During a journey in Brittany, Monsieur Hardy, Doctor to the Hospital Saint-Louis, Paris, spent several days at Brest; and there, both in civil and medical society, he heard much talk of a singular malady which, for some years past, had affected a certain number of young women resident in that city. The complaint, characterised by a black discoloration of the eyelids, has been very carefully described by its discoverer, M. Leroy de Méricourt, Principal Physician to the Navy, and Professor at the Naval School at Brest. Dr. Hardy was so startled by the peculiarity of this affection, which was only known by hearsay at Paris, that he felt a strong desire to see a case. M. Leroy de Méricourt gratified his wish, by introducing him to one of his patients suffering under black dropsy of the eyelids.

Mademoiselle X., nineteen years of age, of lymphatic temperament and average strength, a tall and handsome girl, in the habitual enjoyment of excellent health, belongs to the middle class of society. One Sunday, two years ago, as she came out of church after mass, something occurred to annoy her excessively. In the evening, observing some black spots upon her eyelids, she feared she was going to have the black disease of which she had already seen instances, and which was the terror of all the girls in Brest. Unfortunately, her apprehensions turned out too true. On the next and the following days, the spots remained and increased, without, however, her general health's showing the least derangement or irregularity. A few very slight and small pimples only made their appearance once or twice, and took their departure as harmless shadows as they came.

On the 17th of September, 1859, the patient was found in the following condition: at the first glance you are struck with the black discoloration which covers the cutaneous surface of the two eyelids; both, and especially the lower lid, are covered with a stratum of slightly greyish black, as if they had been daubed over with some dark dye. On closer inspection, the

black stratum is slightly granulated, and resembles a deposition of coal-dust on the skin. The mucous membrane of the eyelid is slightly injected, but the eyes present nothing remarkable, unless it be a more brilliant aspect, which is certainly due to the colouring of the eyelids. The patient, besides, experiences neither heat nor smarting, nor any other disturbance of the visual organs.

On rubbing the coloured portions rather roughly with a piece of linen dipped in olive oil, the dingy plaster came away, and was found on the linen in the shape of a black spot, exactly the same as would result from wiping an object that had been dirtied by smoke. The eyelids were then clean and of a natural hue, and the skin presented its usual aspect to the naked eye; examined with a lens, the cutaneous surface of the eyelids appeared equally clean, except that a few grains of black dust were found to be still adhering in the folds of the skin, and some were also seen at the root of the eyelashes, where the action of the linen was less direct. The sebaceous follicules were in no way developed, nor their orifices enlarged. After the removal of the colouring matter, the patient experienced a slight smarting in the eyes, which were more sensible to the light, slightly injected, and watery. These phenomena were manifested every time the coloured stratum was removed; they diminish and disappear in proportion as the colouring is reproduced, which takes place in a very short time. According to the patient's observations, in a couple of hours the coloration is completely renewed. This interval, required for the secretion, allowed the patient to remove the black stratum and to walk out for an hour or two without her complaint being unpleasantly apparent.

With the exception of this strange affection, the young lady in question (the niece of the mistress of a ladies' boarding school) had nothing whatever the matter with her. During the two years that the malady had existed, she had employed in vain alkaline lotions, sulphureous lotions, and divers pomades; it obstinately resisted every means of cure; it maintained its ground without diminution or augmentation.

This case will give a sufficient idea of the curious affection which has developed itself in certain persons living at Brest. Within five years seven or eight people have been attacked by it; they are all females, and young females, too. Most of them are in easy circumstances; one is the wife of a captain of a frigate, another is a young nursemaid. Dr. Hardy also noticed, as he was looking in at a café window, that the lady who presided at the counter was affected with the same disease.

The coloration which constitutes the malady is ordinarily black; but two cases occurred in which it was blue. Its extent is more variable; sometimes inconsiderable, it resembles the dye which the women of certain nations apply, to give greater brightness to their eyes; at other times, it extends to the cheeks. M. de Méricourt noticed that, on one of his patients, the black stratum spread over almost the whole of her countenance when she went out of doors, the colouring matter being dispersed by the wind. As to the black matter itself, on being submitted to chemical analysis and examined by the microscope, it appeared to consist of pigmentary matter, except that the microscope could find no trace of cells.

Dr. Hardy wanted much to discover the seat of this extraordinary secretion. At first sight, he was inclined to believe in a sebaceous flux; but the layer of black contained no greasy particles; it appeared on the part of the face where there are few sebaceous follicules, and did not appear on the nose, where there are plenty and well developed. Is the perspiring apparatus of the skin the seat of the malady, and must the secretion be really considered as a coloured local sweat, according to M. de Méricourt's belief and nomenclature? Dr. Hardy could not explain to his own satisfaction how the sudorific glands could secrete a pigment, nor could he discover how the pigment got out of the glands, supposing it to be there. To his mind, there was something in the case quite unknown and unprecedented.

At all events, the development of this affection in the city of Brest was very singular; the fact of residing there appeared to be of some importance; for hitherto, amongst all the persons attacked, one only was cured, and that after leaving Brest for an inland town. Mental emotions appear to exercise considerable influence in causing the disease. As remedies, the most promising seemed to be local applications of astringent solution of alum, of tannin, or mercurial ointments, which act powerfully on the skin.

Nobody said that M. de Méricourt had not seen what he said he saw; but several incredulous members of the faculty believed that he and others had been made the victims of clever juggling. They wished that those witnesses could say that they had seen the darkness of the eyelids reappear before their eyes, after it had been well wiped away. Naturally, a discussion arose in the Medical Society of the Paris Hospitals, which resulted in the appointment, last June, of a commission to inquire whether there were no means of coming to an understanding with M. de Méricourt, to hold a rigorous inquest (before death) on one of his chromidrosiac patients. There were named members of the commission, Messieurs Béhier (reporter), Guérard, Lallier, Legroux, and H. Roger; Messieurs Dechambre, Associated Member, and Robin, the distinguished microscopist, participate in the committee's labours. The summary of their result is this:

The affection to which M. le Docteur Leroy de Méricourt has given the name of chromidrose —it would be more correctly spelt chromhidrosis —is more specially observed in the vicinity of the sea. More frequent with women, it has still been seen in men. With one male patient, it occurred on the back of the hand instead of on the lower eyelids, and always made its appear-

ance during the night, going away at eleven in the forenoon. The age of this subject was forty-seven, whereas that of the ladies ranged from sixteen to thirty-two. The very precise statements that have been put forth respecting the existence of this disease have excited great incredulity and provoked the strongest denials of the fact. The duty of the committee was to obtain complete information respecting the subject in dispute.

It had nothing to do with the interpretation of a fact whose existence is clearly demonstrated; nor had it to inquire what interest such and such persons could have or not have in their eyelids being usually stained with black, nor to pronounce an opinion respecting the morality of those persons. In science, those arguments are absolutely devoid of value. The numerous examples to be observed every day in the hospitals, and even in the world, edify medical men touching the hankering after importance and effect, which often leads to the strangest simulations and the most gratuitous frauds, and which also sometimes end in betraying interested motives unknown and even unsuspected at the outset. The committee's task was simply to ascertain the reality or the falsity of a fact; but the investigation of this simple material fact was not without its difficulty.

At half-past three in the afternoon of the 29th of June, 1861, the committee paid a visit to Madame Z., who had been sent from Brest by M. de Méricourt, as offering an authentic case of chromidrosis. The meeting took place by appointment, the day before, at the house of M. Henri Roger, secretary-general to the society. On the first occasion of the lady's presenting herself, there was a very decided coloration of both the lower eyelids, which, at her second appearance, was considerably darker; a circumstance explained by herself and her husband as occasioned by the receipt of a letter which had greatly agitated her nervous system. It was stated that no washing or wiping of any kind had been applied to the eyes since their departure from Brest.

Madame Z. is twenty-three, of a nervous temperament, with chesnut hair, light hazel eyes, and eyebrows darker than her hair. Up to the time of her marriage, she enjoyed excellent and regular health, with the exception of frequent but incomplete fainting-fits. Her appetite was good, and even hearty. After supper, she often felt oppression of the chest, with redness of the face. The first discoloration of the eyelids appeared before the birth of a child, still living, after which, it disappeared, to return and remain more or less permanently. The development of the black stain, she said, is always accompanied by weakness of sight and increased general susceptibility. Lively emotions develop the phenomenon more rapidly; and, during the periods of its existence, if the coloration is effaced, it takes to reproduce it a space of time varying from one to four hours, sometimes less and rarely more. According to the statement of Madame Z. and her husband, nothing can be more irregular than the interval between these returns of the blackness, or than the circumstances which tend to induce them. Madame Z. confessed that, to keep the skin of her face in good condition, she habitually made use of a composition called Anti-ephelic Milk, or Water.

At the moment of examination, the lower eyelids were the seat of a very intensely black coloration, slightly granular in its appearance at several spots, and with a dull instead of a shining surface, giving anything but the idea of a liquid or an oily stratum. The colour was still darker close to the lower eyelashes, as well as in the furrow which separates the lower eyelid from the cheek. Here, however, the colouring abruptly ceased, although by a narrow very gradual shading off. This singular regularity of form accorded ill with the idea of a secretion—a function which is generally less mathematically circumscribed. At the outer and inner corners of the eyes, as well as on the lashes of the upper lids, there were little lumps of colouring matter, which seemed to result from the union of smaller grains collected and grouped together, either spontaneously or in consequence of opening and shutting the eyelids—movements which were repeated by the lady both very frequently and very forcibly.

On examining these surfaces with a lens magnifying four or five diameters, they were found to be covered with a black stratum, the grains composing which were not imbedded in the substance of the skin, as if they were issuing from glandular orifices, but were placed and deposited on the surface, to which they adhered with considerable firmness. The down of the skin was in no way stained by the black matter, which was found to stick as firmly to linen as it did to the skin.

The committee next endeavoured to remove the whole of the colouring matter found upon the lower left eyelid, both for the purpose of studying its nature, and to observe whether, and how (if at all) the black coloration was spontaneously reproduced. As water, according to Madame Z., removed the stain with difficulty, a brush dipped in glycerine was passed over the lower eyelid; and by means of a slight scraping performed with a small gold ear-pick, the colouring matter was collected on a slip of glass in sufficient quantity for future examination. The rest was taken away, as completely as possible, with the help of a fine linen rag. To refresh Madame Z., a little fatigued with these operations, the eyelid was carefully washed with cold water, after which it presented an extremely natural and healthy hue, without even a shade of the brownish tinge which is observed on the lower eyelids of certain persons.

The black matter, submitted to the microscope, presented an amorphous, granular, fragmentary, opaque appearance, of a black hue, without any appreciable blue reflexions, and without any seizable trace of organisation. M. Gubler, after a profound microscopical and chemical investi-

gation, pronounced the blacks taken from Madame Z.'s eyelids to consist essentially of carbon in a state of liberty. To confirm his opinion, he compared the substance obtained from the chromidrosiac lady with carbon prepared artificially. Profound differences distinguish it from ordinary charcoal as well as from carbonised cork; but he declares that he is unable to distinguish it from the black of smoke (lamp-black) prepared by himself, by receiving the flame of a waxlight on a square of glass, especially when he took care to select the lamp-black from the middle of the spot. The colour obtained from the cutaneous surface of the eyelids in the present case of chromidrosis, differs considerably from animal or vegetable blues, and even from the black pigments of the human economy: it only approaches the carbonaceous matter of the lungs.

At half-past four, the eyelid was clean, and Madame Z. became the object of the strictest surveillance. Surrounded by the members of the committee, with whom she never ceased to converse in the most amiable manner, she was never lost sight of for a single instant. If one gentleman left the saloon, he gave previous notice to the others, but upon the whole all were present. At a quarter to six, no black had reappeared, and an appointment was made with the patient for Monday, the 1st of July, at three o'clock, begging her to remove the colouring herself before coming, in order to allow a longer time for the reproduction of the stain. Messieurs Roger and Béhier, however, remained to keep the lady company, as her husband had not yet returned from a walk which he took while the examination lasted.

But although the committee retired from the scene of action, the patient was not left an instant alone; their reporter never ceased to watch her attentively whilst M. Roger was accompanying his colleagues to the door. As soon as they had left the room, the patient took from her pocket a handkerchief different to the embroidered one which she held in her hand. Immediately suspecting that she might attempt some deception, now that she was left alone with a solitary companion, the observer strained his attention to the utmost, noticing how she blew her nose, and whether the forefinger of the hand employed were not passed over the lower eyelid, smearing it with some colouring matter; but no, she was innocent of the apprehended legerdemain. She blew her nose twice very naturally, never eclipsing the totality of her face behind her handkerchief, nor ever concealing her interesting left lower eyelid.

These observations were made in a spirit of scrupulous distrust. M. Roger returned; Madame Z. began to appear ill at ease; she had two or three little fits of dry coughing. Spasmodic movements were observed in the face, which reddened sensibly, with similar motions in the arms, and winkings of the eyes, or rather very energetic veritable orbicular contractions, repeated very frequently. Perspiration became abundant, especially on the hands; which afforded a pretext for examining the fingers, to see if they did not betray the presence of colouring matter. There was nothing, nor on the supplemental handkerchief, which the lady let drop and the gentlemen picked up with a show of politeness and with intense curiosity. At the same time with the perspiration and the flushed face, another phenomenon manifested itself, namely, an abundant secretion of oily appearance, and not at all coloured, which took place at the edge of the eyelids while the violent contractions were going on. At twenty minutes to six no return of coloration.

On Monday, the 1st of July, a second meeting was held, the eyes having been cleaned two hours previously. Madame Z. and her husband stated that, during the evening of Saturday, the black colouring, which had been removed, had returned with great intensity; so much so that Madame Z. had been subjected to unpolite remarks, which gave her husband great pain. It continued very dark the whole of the 30th, and was very black indeed on the first of July. The committee separated at half-past six, after waiting three hours for nothing; Madame Z. announced, besides, that she felt there would probably be no return of colouring; nor was anything apparent at half-past ten at night, nor on the following Tuesday up to five in the afternoon. The results remained absolutely negative. The lady and her spouse took leave of the committee, saying that they were obliged to return to Brest next morning; they remained, nevertheless, in Paris until the evening of the 8th.

The committee felt themselves sufficiently enlightened. Their reporter had the wickedness to make inquiries respecting cosmetics likely to produce analogous effects. He found three articles of fashionable perfumery employed to blacken points which coquetry wishes to bring out into relief. A paste retailed in boxes, with the addition of a little brush and a little stump, sometimes as *Indian Pigment*, sometimes as *Henné of Sennaar*, intended to blacken the hair, the eyebrows, the whiskers, the moustaches, the edge of the eyelids, and differing sensibly from oily cosmetics. Then there is a preparation in the form of pencils, contained in an ivory case, and known by the name of *Mysterious Pencils*. This is more tenacious, and the pencil must be heated for application. It probably contains wax; its application is more difficult. Thirdly, there is a very fine black powdery substance, sold in little ivory cases accompanied by a stick terminating at one end in a little stump, which is sold as *Koheuil* or *Pyrommée;* its destination is to blacken the eyelashes and the edge of the eyelids, in order to render "the glances more provoking," as the wrapper emphatically says. The reporter, M. Béhier, irreverently applied all these substances to his own lower eyelids, whistling all the while the air "What a beauty I do grow!" and he succeeded in producing a capital imitation of chromidrosis. He also sophisticated the eyes of a young man, his

neighbour, and so presented him to the committee; the committee, with their lenses and microscopes, could see no difference between the young man's case and Madame Z.'s. Chemical tests had the same result; there was a complete similitude of characters. If you put a good dose of koheuil into your eye, and then writhe and twist yourself until you perspire, and wink, and give your face convulsive twitches, you will shortly exhibit a beautiful instance of chromidrosis. If the reader doubt, a single trial will convince him of the excellence of the preparation.

To complete the case, it only remained to discover under what common form this colouring matter was employed in the recipes of these diverse cosmetics. The task was not easy; it was, in fact, the fathoming of a deep secret. Fortunately, M. Béhier had friendly relations with the proprietor of one of the largest manufactories of perfumery in Paris, the house of Violet, who had the kindness to furnish accurate information as well as the requisite ingredients, believing that he was thereby rendering a service to scientific truth. The supplementary and odoriferous substances employed as vehicles constitute the commercial secret, and there is no need to mention them; but nobody's interests will suffer from the announcement that the colouring matter of Indian Pigment, Pyrommée, Koheuil, and Mysterious Pencils, is simply—lamp-black! Chromidrosis, ends, literally, in smoke.

M. Robin ascertained, on one person affected with chromidrosis, the presence of a substance offering a blue coloration. Black pigments are not the only ones prepared by perfumers. Besides China rouge and the different liquid and other paints, Court rouge, Plessis rouge, Rouge de Carthame Hespéridé; besides white of fleurs-de-lys, fleurs-de-lys water, pearl-white achromatised or chromatised, straw-coloured, rose, and demi-rose; besides carnation and carmine pommade, employed to give to the lips of these painted faces the vivacity of a coral tint; there is also fabricated a composition to imitate the veins on the skin, which is sold under the name of *Azure Network*. Indigo is the foundation of these false veins; and M. Robin might find indigo on his patients' eyelids without the occurrence of a miracle.

It has happened that the same, or about the same, scientific discoveries and inventions have been made at about the same time by different persons in different places; such likewise has been the case with the fair inventors of chromidrosis. It is a disputed honour who was the first to appear with a face like a half-washed chimney-sweep. Some years ago, Dr. Spring, Professor at the University of Liege, was consulted respecting the daughter of a high functionary, who presented the most magnificent example of chromidrosis you could wish to see. On each side of her face she had a large black spot extending from her cheek bones to her eyes. She was fifteen years of age, had been carefully brought up, had never been ill, and had never had anything to vex her in her life. She had nothing to excite her imagination, and had never heard speak of chromidrosis. Still, as her epitaph might one day say, "Chromidrosis sore long time she bore; Physicians were in vain." They formed the most ingenious theories, and left the patient's cheeks indelibly sable.

Dr. Spring commenced his treatment of the inky lady by the application of a large dose of incredulity. He found that the substance exuded and secreted was *graphite*, or black-lead, the same which brightens our stoves and makes our pencils mark. How could a pretty girl contrive to produce a mineral? How, indeed? To discover whether the black was really a secretion, the doctor one evening cleaned her eyelids and cheeks; and under the pretence of applying a remedy which *must* prove infallible, he coated them with a stratum of collodion. Next morning, the eyes were as black as ever, only the pigment was found outside and upon the collodion, and not between the collodion and the skin. No secretion, therefore, but outward application! Where the damsel hid her store of black-lead, and how she applied it, mattered little to the doctor, thus convinced that its source did not lie below the epidermis. He advised the parents to travel with their daughter, to take her to pleasant watering-places, and to change the air and the scene entirely. Since then, the fair one has had no more graphite patches on her face.

And yet some people like to believe a thing *because* it is absurd. M. de Mérieourt and a few staunch followers are still convinced that there *is* such a disease as chromidrosis!

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A STRANGE STORY.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE belief prevalent in the town ascribed the murder of Sir Philip to the violence of some vulgar robber, probably not an inhabitant of L——. Mr. Vigors did not favour that belief. He intimated an opinion, which seemed extravagant and groundless, that Sir Philip had been murdered, for the sake not of the missing purse, but of the missing casket. It was currently believed that the solemn magistrate had consulted one of his pretended *clairvoyants*, and that this impostor had gulled him with assurances, to which he attached a credit that perverted into egregiously absurd directions his characteristic activity and zeal.

Be that as it may, the coroner's inquest closed without casting any light on so mysterious a tragedy.

What were my own conjectures I scarcely dared to admit—I certainly could not venture to utter them. But my suspicions centred upon Margrave. That for some reason or other he had cause to dread Sir Philip's presence in L—— was clear, even to my reason. And how could my reason reject all the influences which had been brought to bear on my imagination, whether by the scene in the museum or my conversations with the deceased? But it was impossible to act on such suspicions—impossible even to confide them. Could I have told to any man the effect produced on me in the museum, he would have considered me a liar or a madman. And in Sir Philip's accusations against Margrave, there was nothing tangible—nothing that could bear repetition. Those accusations, if analysed, vanished into air. What did they imply?—that Margrave was a magician, a monstrous prodigy, a creature exceptional to the ordinary conditions of humanity. Would the most reckless of mortals have ventured to bring against the worst of characters such a charge, on the authority of a deceased witness, and to found on evidence so fantastic the awful accusation of murder? But of all men, certainly I—a sober, practical physician—was the last whom the public could excuse for such incredible implications—and certainly, of all men, the last against whom any suspicion of heinous crime would be readily entertained was that joyous youth in whose sunny aspect life and conscience alike seemed to keep careless holiday. But I could not overcome, nor did I attempt to reason against, the horror akin to detestation, that had succeeded to the fascinating attraction by which Margrave had before conciliated a liking founded rather on admiration than esteem.

In order to avoid his visits I kept away from the study in which I had habitually spent my mornings, and to which he had been accustomed to so ready an access. And if he called at the front door I directed my servant to tell him that I was either from home or engaged. He did attempt for the first few days to visit me as before, but when my intention to shun him became thus manifest, desisted; naturally enough, as any other man so pointedly repelled would have done.

I abstained from all those houses in which I was likely to meet him; and went my professional round of visits in a close carriage; so that I might not be accosted by him in his walks.

One morning, a very few days after Strahan had shown me Sir Philip Derval's letter, I received a note from my old college acquaintance, stating that he was going to Derval Court that afternoon; that he should take with him the memoir which he had found; and begging me to visit him at his new home the next day, and commence my inspection of the manuscript. I consented eagerly.

That morning, on going my round, my carriage passed by another drawn up to the pavement, and I recognised the figure of Margrave standing beside the vehicle, and talking to some one seated within it. I looked back, as my own carriage whirled rapidly by, and saw with uneasiness and alarm that it was Richard Strahan to whom Margrave was thus familiarly addressing himself. How had the two made acquaintance? Was it not an outrage on Sir Philip Derval's memory, that the heir he had selected should be thus apparently intimate with the man whom he had so sternly denounced? I became still more impatient to read the memoir—in all probability it would give such explanations with respect to Margrave's antecedents, as, if not sufficing to criminate him of legal offences, would at least effectually terminate any acquaintance between Sir Philip's successor and himself.

All my thoughts were, however, diverted to channels of far deeper interest even than those in which my mind had of late been so tumultuously whirled along; when, on returning home, I found a note from Mrs. Ashleigh. She and Lilian had just come back to L——, sooner than she had led me to anticipate. Lilian had not seemed quite well the last day or two, and had been anxious to return.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Let me recal it—softly—softly! Let me recal that evening spent with her!—that evening, the last before darkness rose between us like a solid wall.

It was evening, at the close of summer. The sun had set, the twilight was lingering still. We were in the old monastic garden—garden so quiet, so cool, so fragrant. She was seated on a bench under the one great cedar-tree that rose sombre in the midst of the grassy lawn, with its little paradise of flowers. I had thrown myself on the sward at her feet; her hand so confidingly lay in the clasp of mine. I see her still—how young, how fair, how innocent!

Strange, strange! So inexpressibly English; so thoroughly the creature of our sober, homely life! The pretty delicate white robe that I touch so timorously, and the ribbon-knots of blue that so well become the soft colour of the fair cheek, the wavy silk of the brown hair! She is murmuring low her answer to my trembling question—

"As well as when last we parted? Do you love me as well still?"

"There is no 'still' written here," said she, softly, pressing her hand to her heart. "Yesterday is as to-morrow in the For ever."

"Ah! Lilian, if I could reply to you in words as akin to poetry as your own—"

"Fie! you who affect not to care for poetry!"

"That was before you went away—before I missed you from my eyes, from my life—before I was quite conscious how precious you were to me, more precious than common words can tell! Yes, there is one period in love when all men are poets, however the penury of their language may belie the luxuriance of their fancies. What would become of me if you ceased to love me?"

"Or of me, if you could cease to love?"

"And somehow it seems to me this evening as if my heart drew nearer to you—nearer as if for shelter."

"It is sympathy," said she, with tremulous eagerness; "that sort of mysterious sympathy which I have often heard you deny or deride; for I, too, feel drawn nearer to you, as if there were a storm at hand. I was oppressed by an indescribable terror in returning home, and the moment I saw you there came a sense of protection."

Her head sank on my shoulder; we were silent some moments; then we both rose by the same involuntary impulse, and round her slight form I twined my strong arm of man. And now we are winding slow under the lilacs and acacias that belt the lawn. Lilian has not yet heard of the murder, which forms the one topic of the town, for all tales of violence and blood affected her as they affect a fearful child. Mrs. Ashleigh, therefore, had judiciously concealed from her the letters and the journals by which the dismal news had been carried to herself. I need scarcely say that the grim subject was not broached by me. In fact, my own mind escaped from the events which had of late so perplexed and tormented it; the tranquillity of the scene, the bliss of Lilian's presence, had begun to chase away even that melancholy foreboding which had overshadowed me in the first moments of our reunion. So we came gradually to converse of the future—of the day, not far distant, when we two should be as one. We planned our bridal excursion. We would visit the scenes endeared to her by song, to me by childhood—the banks and waves of my native Windermere—our one brief holiday before life returned to labour, and hearts now so disquieted by hope and joy settled down to the calm serenity of home.

As we thus talked, the moon, nearly rounded to her full, rose amidst skies without a cloud. We paused to gaze on her solemn haunting beauty, as where are the lovers who have not paused to gaze? We were then on the terrace walk, which commanded a view of the town below. Before us was a parapet wall, low on the garden side, but inaccessible on the outer side, forming part of a straggling irregular street that made one of the boundaries dividing Abbey Hill from Low Town. The lamps of the thoroughfares, in many a line and row beneath us, stretched far away, obscured, here and there, by intervening roofs and tall church towers. The hum of the city came to our ears, low and mellowed into a lulling sound. It was not displeasing to be reminded that there was a world without, as close and closer we drew each to each—worlds to one another! Suddenly, there carolled forth the song of a human voice—a wild, irregular, half-savage melody—foreign, uncomprehended words—air and words not new to me. I recognised the voice and chant of Margrave. I started, and uttered an angry exclamation.

"Hush!" whispered Lilian, and I felt her frame shiver within my encircling arm. "Hush! listen! Yes; I have heard that voice before—last night——"

"Last night! you were not here; you were more than a hundred miles away."

"I heard it in a dream! Hush, hush!"

The song rose louder; impossible to describe its effect, in the midst of the tranquil night, chiming over the serried roof-tops, and under the solitary moon. It was not like the artful song of man, for it was defective in the methodical harmony of tune; it was not like the song of the wild bird, for it had no monotony in its sweetness: it was wandering and various as the sounds from an Æolian harp. But it affected the senses to a powerful degree, as in remote lands and in vast solitudes I have since found the note of the mocking-bird, suddenly heard,

affect the listener half with delight, half with awe, as if some demon creature of the desert were mimicking man for its own merriment. The chant now had changed into an air of defying glee, of menacing exultation; it might have been the triumphant war-song of some antique barbarian tribe. The note was sinister; a shudder passed through me, and Lilian had closed her eyes, and was sighing heavily; then with a rapid change, sweet as the coo with which an Arab mother lulls her babe to sleep, the melody died away. "There, there, look," murmured Lilian, moving from me, "the same I saw last night in sleep; the same I saw in the space above, on the evening I first knew you!"

Her eyes were fixed—her hand raised; my look followed hers, and rested on the face and form of Margrave. The moon shone full upon him, so full as if concentrating all its light upon his image. The place on which he stood (a balcony to the upper story of a house about fifty yards distant) was considerably above the level of the terrace from which we gazed on him. His arms were folded on his breast, and he appeared to be looking straight towards us. Even at that distance the lustrous youth of his countenance appeared to me terribly distinct, and the light of his wondrous eye seemed to rest upon us in one lengthened, steady ray through the limpid moonshine. Involuntarily I seized Lilian's hand, and drew her away almost by force, for she was unwilling to move, and as I led her back, she turned her head to look round; I, too, turned in jealous rage! I breathed more freely. Margrave had disappeared.

"How came he there? It is not his hotel. Whose house is it?" I said aloud, though speaking to myself.

Lilian remained silent; her eyes fixed upon the ground as if in deep reverie. I took her hand; it did not return my pressure. I felt cut to the heart when she drew coldly from me that hand, till then so frankly cordial. I stopped short: "Lilian, what is this? you are chilled towards me. Can the mere sound of that man's voice, the mere glimpse of that man's face, have——" I paused; I did not dare to complete my question.

Lilian lifted her eyes to mine, and I saw at once in those eyes a change. Their look was cold; not haughty, but abstracted. "I do not understand you," she said, in a weary, listless accent. "It is growing late; I must go in."

So we walked on moodily, no longer arm in arm, nor hand in hand. Then, it occurred to me that, the next day, Lilian would be in that narrow world of society; that there she could scarcely fail to hear of Margrave, to meet, to know him. Jealousy seized me with all its imaginary terrors, and amidst that jealousy a nobler, purer apprehension for herself. Had I been Lilian's brother instead of her betrothed, I should not have trembled less to foresee the shadow of Margrave's mysterious influence passing over a mind so predisposed to the charm which Mystery itself has for those whose thoughts fuse their outlines in fancies;—whose world melts away into Dreamland. Therefore I spoke.

"Lilian, at the risk of offending you—alas! I have never done so before this night—I must address to you a prayer which I implore you not to regard as the dictate of a suspicion unworthy you and myself. The person whom you have just heard and seen is, at present, much courted in the circles of this town. I entreat you not to permit any one to introduce him to you. I entreat you not to know him. I cannot tell you all my reasons for this petition; enough that I pledge you my honour that those reasons are grave. Trust, then, in my truth as I trust in yours. Be assured that I stretch not the rights which your heart has bestowed upon mine in the promise I ask, as I shall be freed from all fear by a promise which I know will be sacred when once it is given."

"What promise?" asked Lilian, absently, as if she had not heard my words.

"What promise? Why, to refuse all acquaintance with that man; his name is Margrave. Promise me, dearest, promise me."

"Why is your voice so changed?" said Lilian. "It's tone jars on my ear," she added, with a peevishness so unlike her, that it startled me more than it offended; and, without a word further, she quickened her pace, and entered the house.

For the rest of the evening we were both taciturn and distant towards each other. In vain Mrs. Ashleigh kindly sought to break down our mutual reserve. I felt that I had the right to be resentful, and I clung to that right the more because Lilian made no attempt at reconciliation. This, too, was wholly unlike herself, for her temper was ordinarily sweet—sweet to the extreme of meekness; saddened if the slightest misunderstanding between us had ever vexed me, and yearning to ask forgiveness if a look or a word had pained me. I was in hopes that, before I went away, peace between us would be restored. But long ere her usual hour for retiring to rest, she rose abruptly, and complaining of fatigue and headache, wished me good night, and avoided the hand I sorrowfully held out to her as I opened the door.

"You must have been very unkind to poor Lilian," said Mrs. Ashleigh, between jest and earnest, "for I never saw her so cross to you before. And the first day of her return, too!"

"The fault is not mine," said I, somewhat sullenly; "I did but ask Lilian, and that as a humble prayer, not to make the acquaintance of a stranger in this town against whom I have reasons for distrust and aversion. I know not why that prayer should displease her."

"Nor I. Who is the stranger?"

"A person who calls himself Margrave. Let me at least entreat you to avoid him?"

"Oh, I have no desire to make acquaintance with strangers. But, now Lilian is gone, do tell me all about this dreadful murder? The ser-

vants are full of it, and I cannot keep it long concealed from Lilian. I was in hopes that you would have broken it to her."

I rose impatiently; I could not bear to talk thus of an event the tragedy of which was associated in my mind with circumstances so mysterious. I became agitated and even angry when Mrs. Ashleigh persisted in rambling woman-like inquiries—"Who was suspected of the deed? Who did I think had committed it? What sort of a man was Sir Philip? What was that strange story about a casket?" Breaking from such interrogations, to which I could give but abrupt and evasive answers, I seized my hat, and took my departure.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LETTER FROM ALLEN FENWICK TO LILIAN ASHLEIGH.

"I have promised to go to Derval Court to-day, and shall not return till to-morrow. I cannot bear the thought that so many hours should pass away with one feeling less kind than usual resting like a cloud upon you and me. Lilian, if I offended you, forgive me? Send me one line to say so?—one line which I can place next to my heart and cover with grateful kisses till we meet again?"

REPLY.

"I scarcely know what you mean, nor do I quite understand my own state of mind at this moment. It cannot be that I love you less—and yet—but I will not write more now. I feel glad that we shall not meet for the next day or so, and then I hope to be quite recovered. I am not well at this moment. Do not ask me to forgive you—but if it is I who am in fault—forgive me, oh, forgive me, Allen."

And with this unsatisfactory note—not worn next my heart, not covered with kisses, but thrust crumpled into my desk like a creditor's unwelcome bill—I flung myself on my horse and rode to Derval Court. I was naturally proud; my pride came now to my aid. I felt bitterly indignant against Lilian, so indignant that I resolved on my return to say to her, "If in those words, 'And yet,' you implied a doubt whether you loved me less, I cancel your vows, I give you back your freedom." And I could have passed from her threshold with a firm foot, though with the certainty that I should never smile again.

Does her note seem to you who may read these pages to justify such resentment? Perhaps not. But there is an atmosphere in the letters of the one we love, which we alone—we who love—can feel, and in the atmosphere of that letter I felt the chill of the coming winter.

I reached the park lodge of Derval Court late in the day. I had occasion to visit some patients whose houses lay scattered many miles apart, and for that reason, as well as from the desire for some quick bodily exercise which is so natural an effect of irritable perturbation of mind, I had made the journey on horseback instead of using a carriage, that I could not have got through the lanes and field-paths by which alone the work set to myself could be accomplished in time.

Just as I entered the park, an uneasy thought seized hold of me with the strength which is ascribed to presentiments. I had passed through my study (which has been so elaborately described) to my stables, as I generally did when I wanted my saddle-horse, and, in so doing, had, doubtless, left open the gate to the iron palisade, and, probably, the window of the study itself. I had been in this careless habit for several years, without ever once having cause for self-reproach. As I before said, there was nothing in my study to tempt a thief; the study shut out from the body of the house, and the servant sure at nightfall both to close the window and lock the gate;—yet now, for the first time, I felt an impulse, urgent, keen, and disquieting, to ride back to the town and see those precautions taken. I could not guess why, but something whispered to me that my neglect had exposed me to some great danger. I even checked my horse and looked at my watch; too late!—already just on the stroke of Strahan's dinner-hour as fixed in his note; my horse, too, was fatigued and spent; besides, what folly! what bearded man can believe in the warnings of a "presentiment." I pushed on, and soon halted before the old-fashioned flight of stairs that led up to the hall. Here I was accosted by the old steward; he had just descended the stairs, and, as I dismounted, he thrust his arm into mine unceremoniously, and drew me a little aside.

"Doctor, I was right; it was his ghost that I saw by the iron door of the mausoleum. I saw it again at the same place last night, but I had no fit then. Justice on his murderer! Blood for blood!"

"Ay!" said I, sternly; for if I suspected Margrave before, I felt convinced now that the inexpiable deed was his. Wherefore convinced? Simply because I now hated him more, and hate is so easily convinced! "Lilian! Lilian!" I murmured to myself that name; the flame of my hate was fed by my jealousy. "Ay!" said I, sternly, "murder will out."

"What are the police about?" said the old man, querulously; "days pass on days, and no nearer the truth. But what does the new owner care? He has the rents and acres; what does he care for the dead? I will never serve another master. I have just told Mr. Strahan so. How do I know whether he did not do the deed? Who else had an interest in it?"

"Hush, hush!" I cried; "you do not know what you say so wildly."

The old man stared at me, shook his head, released my arm, and strode away.

A labouring man came out of the garden, and having unbuckled the saddle-bags, which contained the few things required for so short a visit, I consigned my horse to his care, and ascended the perron. The old housekeeper met me

in the hall, conducted me up the great staircase, showed me into a bedroom prepared for me, and told me that Mr. Strahan was already waiting dinner for me. I should find him in the study. I hastened to join him. He began apologising, very unnecessarily, for the state of his establishment. He had, as yet, engaged no new servants. The housekeeper, with the help of a housemaid, did all the work.

Richard Strahan at college had been as little distinguishable from other young men as a youth neither rich nor poor, neither clever nor stupid, neither handsome nor ugly, neither audacious sinner nor formal saint, possibly could be.

Yet, to those who understood him well, he was not without some of those moral qualities by which a youth of mediocre intellect often matures into a superior man.

He was, as Sir Philip had been rightly informed, thoroughly honest and upright. But with a strong sense of duty, there was also a certain latent hardness. He was not indulgent. He had outward frankness with acquaintances, but was easily roused to suspicion. He had much of the thriftiness and self-denial of the North Countryman, and I have no doubt that he had lived with calm content and systematic economy on an income which made him, as a bachelor, independent of his nominal profession, but would not have sufficed, in itself, for the fitting maintenance of a wife and family. He was, therefore, still single.

It seemed to me, even during the few minutes in which we conversed before dinner was announced, that his character showed a new phase with his new fortunes. He talked in a grandiose style of the duties of station and the woes of wealth. He seemed to be very much afraid of spending, and still more appalled at the idea of being cheated. His temper, too, was ruffled; the steward had given him notice to quit. Mr. Jeeves, who had spent the morning with him, had said the steward would be a great loss, and a steward, at once sharp and honest, was not to be easily found.

What trifles can embitter the possession of great goods! Strahan had taken a fancy to the old house; it was conformable to his notions, both of comfort and pomp, and Sir Philip had expressed a desire that the old house should be pulled down. Strahan had inspected the plans for the new mansion to which Sir Philip had referred, and the plans did not please him; on the contrary, they terrified.

"Jeeves says that I could not build such a house under seventy or eighty thousand pounds, and then it will require twice the establishment which will suffice for this. I shall be ruined," cried the man who had just come into possession of at least twelve thousand a year.

"Sir Philip did not enjoin you to pull down the old house; he only advised you to do so. Perhaps he thought the site less healthy than that which he proposes for a new building, or was aware of some other drawback to the house, which you may discover later. Wait a little and see before deciding."

"But, at all events, I suppose I must pull down this curious old room—the nicest part of the whole house!"

Strahan, as he spoke, looked wistfully round at the quaint oak chimney-piece; the carved ceiling; the well-built solid walls, with the large mullion casement, opening so pleasantly on the sequestered gardens. He had ensconced himself in Sir Philip's study, the chamber in which the once famous mystic, Forman, had found a refuge.

"So cozy a room for a single man!" sighed Strahan. "Near the stables and dog-kennels, too! But I suppose I must pull it down. I am not bound to do so legally; it is no condition of the will. But in honour and gratitude I ought not to disobey poor Sir Philip's positive injunction."

"Of that," said I, gravely, "there cannot be a doubt."

Here our conversation was interrupted by Mrs. Gates, who informed us that dinner was served in the library. Wine of great age was brought from the long-neglected cellars; Strahan filled and refilled his glass, and, warmed into hilarity, began to talk of bringing old college friends around him in the winter season, and making the roof-tree ring with laughter and song once more.

Time wore away, and night had long set in, when Strahan at last rose from the table, his speech thick and his tongue unsteady. We returned to the study, and I reminded my host of the special object of my visit to him, viz. the inspection of Sir Philip's manuscript.

"It is tough reading," said Strahan; "better put it off till to-morrow. You will stay here two or three days."

"No; I must return to L—— to-morrow. I cannot absent myself from my patients. And it is the more desirable that no time should be lost before examining the contents of the manuscript, because probably they may give some clue to the detection of the murderer."

"Why do you think that?" cried Strahan, startled from the drowsiness that was creeping over him.

"Because the manuscript may show that Sir Philip had some enemy—and who but an enemy could have had a motive for such a crime? Come, bring forth the book. You of all men are bound to be alert in every research that may guide the retribution of justice to the assassin of your benefactor."

"Yes, yes. I will offer a reward of five thousand pounds for the discovery. Allen, that wretched old steward had the insolence to tell me that I was the only man in the world who could have an interest in the death of his master; and he looked at me as if he thought that I had committed the crime. You are right, it becomes me, of all men, to be alert. The assassin must be found. He must hang."

While thus speaking, Strahan had risen, un-

locked a desk which stood on one of the safes, and drawn forth a thick volume, the contents of which were protected by a clasp and lock. Strahan proceeded to open this lock by one of a bunch of keys, which he said had been found on Sir Philip's person.

"There, Allen, this is the memoir. I need not tell you what store I place on it; not, between you and me, that I expect it will warrant poor Sir Philip's high opinion of his own scientific discoveries. That part of his letter seems to me very queer, and very flighty. But he evidently set his heart on the publication of his work, in part if not in whole. And, naturally, I must desire to comply with a wish so distinctly intimated by one to whom I owe so much. I beg you, therefore, not to be too fastidious. Some valuable hints in medicine, I have reason to believe, the manuscript will contain, and those may help you in your profession, Allen."

"You have reason to believe! Why?"

"Oh, a charming young fellow, who, with most of the other gentry resident at L——, called on me at my hotel, told me that he had travelled in the East, and had there heard much of Sir Philip's knowledge of chemistry, and the cures it had enabled him to perform."

"You speak of Mr. Margrave. He called on you?"

"Yes."

"You did not, I trust, mention to him the existence of Sir Philip's manuscript."

"Indeed I did; and I said you had promised to examine it. He seemed delighted at that, and spoke most highly of your peculiar fitness for the task."

"Give me the manuscript," said I abruptly, "and, after I have looked at it to-night, I may have something to say to you to-morrow in reference to Mr. Margrave."

"There is the book," said Strahan; "I have just glanced at it, and find much of it written in Latin; and I am ashamed to say that I have so neglected the little Latin I learned in our college days, that I could not construe what I looked at."

I sat down and placed the book before me; Strahan fell into a doze, from which he was wakened by the housekeeper, who brought in the tea-things.

"Well," said Strahan, languidly, "do you find much in the book that explains the many puzzling riddles in poor Sir Philip's eccentric life and pursuits?"

"Yes," said I. "Do not interrupt me."

Strahan again began to doze, and the housekeeper asked if we should want anything more that night, and if I thought I could find my way to my bedroom.

I dismissed her impatiently, and continued to read.

Strahan woke up again as the clock struck eleven, and finding me still absorbed in the manuscript, and disinclined to converse, lighted his candle, and telling me to replace the manuscript in the desk when I had done with it, and be sure to lock the desk and take charge of the key, which he took off the bunch and gave me, went up-stairs, yawning.

I was alone, in the wizard Forman's chamber, and bending over a stranger record than had ever excited my infant wonder, or, in later years, provoked my sceptic smile.

THE YELLOW PAMPHLET.

There is not a German prince more deservedly popular with Fatherland in general, and more undeservedly unpopular with his own subjects in particular, than the Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, brother of our Prince Consort. Duke Ernest means well and does well. Scorning the make-believes of petty royalty, he determines to work out liberal political ideas upon the home material, as well as utter them in the way of abstract speculation. But the fact that he does so to the great disgust of the said home material, one of his friends has declared lately in print, and he, in a reply also printed, has himself confessed and endeavoured to explain. The declaration, with the ducal confession and interpretation, form together a little yellow pamphlet, that has this year given its extra tinge of yellow to the faces of the Fatherlandic aristocrats and bureaucrats wherever German is a spoken tongue, and that must have given a few very bilious headaches to the august personage who lately, with great solemnity, picked his crown up from a table, as a sign of his divine right thereto, and of the instinctive belief, doubtless, that an august headship like his can only be shown taking its origin from something wooden. So he preferred the wood of an altar to the flesh and blood of an archbishop as giver of the crown by which he declared himself ligneal and irresponsible king of a great people. Within the yellow cover, Duke Ernest, a German prince, higher than the best emperor in family connexions, laughs at the "right divine." After 1848, he says, when his stupid people rose for what, during the previous years, they had been resisting his attempts to give them, "I ordered the formula 'by the grace of God' to be struck from the head of the amnesties. This departure from custom, this open ideal rupture with what they call sovereignty by grace of God, was reckoned against me as a great offence." The most graciously divine of Prussia gave this bold duke a few side hits in form of compliment at a review the other day.

But the Duke Ernest does not flinch from any sort of hitting; he is a frank, generous man, whom any wholesome Englishman, concerned in public life, given to hard work and active relaxation, rigid in fair discharge of his duty, and eager with his gun on the moors, making a home of his house and impartial in his hospitality, at once can understand. Nevertheless, in Gotha, at least, there are many to whom his character is a vexatious puzzle. His people will be wise enough in time, no doubt,

and to the manner used, for this is the duke to whom Prince Alfred of England is next heir.

The yellow pamphlet was brought to life in consequence of a sketch of the duke by Herr Eduard Schmidt-Weissenfels, who wrote, after a stay in Gotha—during which he learnt himself to appreciate the duke, and observed how little he was appreciated by his people—his sketch of the duke, in the Leipziger Sonntagsblatt, a journal widely read in Thuringia, and taken in by many of the wise men of Gotha. It was a frank sketch, of which the friendliness might excuse the impertinence. Fetching the duke so far out of his privacy that we are almost told in it where he gets his cigars, the article does him a large measure of justice, while it very boldly and plainly sets forth the fact, and the assigned causes, of his unpopularity, within his own domain. Only a German who talks in his preface like M. Schmidt-Weissenfels, about his highness's objectivity and subjectivity, would think of anatomising that or any other living highness with so curious a scalpel. The peculiarly frank and friendly character of the prince given over to this sort of friendly vivisection, could alone make such an operation possible. The design of the duke's friend was to smoke a pipe of peace over the duke, while cutting him up to show his subjects particularly as well as Germany generally, what was in him, and to increase good will by the establishment of better understanding. The duke not only submitted kindly to the knife, but, taking up a scalpel of his own, magnanimously has assisted with his own hand in dissection of himself.

Schmidt-Weissenfels, as demonstrator of ducal anatomy, thus makes his first incision in the outer tissue of his subject.—When you leave the solitary Gotha railway station, a broad road leads between some ploughed fields to a noble avenue of trees, with elegant and pleasant villas set in gardens, and a few even palatial houses upon either side. This is the entrance to the pleasant ducal town of Gotha, second capital of Thuringia, the town itself being here concealed from view behind the park, with its great pines, beeches, oaks, and chesnut-trees, high above whose tops rises the imposing structure of the ducal residence, built in the days of the Thirty Years' War by Duke Ernest the Pious. The black slate roof and the two towering wings of this Friedenstein are to be seen from far away upon the fields and mountains of Thuringia.

Right and left of the town is a level cultivated plain, but on the other side of the railway begins the upward swell into the Thuringian forest-covered mountain chain, with the Inselsberg high above all. Pleasant Gotha, with its little white houses, gardens, and villas, lies in its smiling plain near to the mighty hills, and at the feet of the great residence surrounded by its park. It is a much cozier town than Weimar, and its sixteen thousand inhabitants are only too well disposed to enjoy themselves, letting the world run as it will. A few elegant shops, and the abundance of crinoline, testify to the fact that Gotha is a ducal residence, but the Gotha tradesmen and mechanics do not work very hard, and are given to long gossip over the beer-jug after their day's work is done.

Gotha is strictly a ducal residence only from New Year to Easter. The rest of the year the duke gives to Coburg, his other capital, and Reinhardsbrunn, his autumn hunting-box, for the Duke Ernest is one of the most vigorous of sportsmen, and has half the Thuringian forest —much of it bought at high price from unwilling sellers—for his game preserve.

Where the duke is, the theatre is: at Gotha from New Year to Easter; at Coburg the rest of the year, except in the months from July to September. It is a court theatre, of course, and the duke's taste for theatrical amusement, but especially for music, in which he has a special genius of his own, causes it to be remarkably well cared for. The Gotha Theatre, with an imposing front and bad interior, is excelled by not more than two theatres of Germany in the completeness of its scenery, machinery, and stage appointments. It is open four nights a week, twice for plays, and twice for operas. The duke himself is present at nearly all the performances—not in the great state box, which he leaves to his courtiers, but in a little stage box, where he gossips with his wife, watches closely all that is good, applauds as heartily as any man all that he likes, and can slip out now and then between the acts, by a side door, to the stage, to compliment and to give personal directions as the manager-in-chief. One of his councillors, who has written patriotic plays, is now his stage director. The Gotha people want their theatre. Every one who can subscribes for the season. The house holds sixteen hundred, and the town only holds sixteen thousand, yet the house is always full.

Another circumstance attendant on the duke's presence in Gotha, is the great court ball in January. Five or six hundred of the Gotha people are invited. Then between the ancestral portraits in the corridor, and in the state saloons of Friedenstein, low pitched, but highly ornamented in rococo, are all the officials in gold and silver uniforms, blazing into darkness the score of military officers who represent the chiefs of the Gotha contingent to the Prussian army. These gold and silver gentlemen are comfortable, easy folk, too lazy by far for the work of dancing. The duke himself, in the gay uniform of a Prussian cuirassier, does dance; he does make plunges out of the knot of court ladies and gentlemen, into the flock of daughters of the burgesses, nearly all arrayed in white, who huddle together and wait patiently for partners. He is ready to dance with the prettiest, to talk with those whom he knows, and in little Gotha everybody knows everybody, though everybody except only the duke, *does* belong to a small and particular clique that knows nobody outside its own limits. The duchess, too, an unaffected and kind-hearted woman, enters with hospitable smiles and friendly words among that flock, towards which her great ladies deign scarcely a

distant glance. Their main hope, however, is in the small officials, young professional men, clerks &c., in plain evening dress, whose head-quarters are near the refreshment-room. These are expected to dance, and are willing to dance, though they well know that they could only abstain from dancing at their peril. With his own hand, next year, the duke would strike out of the list of invited any of those young men whom he saw playing the wallflower. To the state ball all foreigners of note are invited, and at supper-time they join the highest functionaries, who alone of the male sex, except a few husbands, sup at the same table with the duke and duchess. For as there is not a room large enough to contain all the company, the ladies sup at the ducal table, and the bachelors, who are not of the highest social mark, are turned into another room, and committed to the honour of the company of one another.

The masked ball in the theatre at carnival time is the other great gaiety of Gotha, during the duke's presence in the town. It is held in the theatre, and on the condition of wearing fancy dress, admission is free. On such occasions the duke behaves only as a gentleman; he does not, unfortunately, come up to the Gotha ideal of a stuck-up person; condescends too much, and does not measure his attentions by the local rank of those about him; is too likely to talk to a clever stranger and to turn his back upon an ass when the ass may be his own grand-polisher-of-the-high-ducal-copper-scuttle.

He does not even live in state at Friedenstein, but has built for himself a simple little lodge in the main avenue outside the park gates, with an adjacent building for the servants, and a fine Gothic range of stables over the way; for he is choice over horses. In their lodge the duke and his wife live comfortably. The duke, says his anatomist, rises early and works by himself, writing letters, making entries in his diary, receiving his ministers, or going for conference with them to the ministerial residence. He breakfasts simply, alone with the duchess and his guests, if there be any. After breakfast he will spend, perhaps, several hours in lively, clever conversation, somewhat impetuous, and singularly frank. If he has a guest to talk with over a cigar, he tests his power of following a rapid mind in its transitions from grave to gay, and an earnest mind in its tendency to extract from little things their best significance. The liveliness of impulse, says M. Schmidt-Weissenfels, is shown by the duke even in his way of composing music. He has not patience to make round dots while he thinks, but walks up and down his study, whistling, humming, or singing his melody, while the duchess writes from such dictation his idea into notes for the piano, upon which they afterwards are tested.

That is the German journalist's personal impression of a duke who is honoured throughout Germany at large, but therewith he intersperses the opinions of the duke's people. They say that the duke troubles his head too much about high politics, and too little about his own subjects, whom he underrates, whose government he thinks a work below his talents, and on whom he bestows, in fact, little attention. He brings into the land shoals of strangers, and gives them the best places in his government, while local claims to office and rank are neglected. His people are none the better for the praise he gets from Germany as best of princes. There are many grievances of theirs to be attended to that do not get attention; and the duke does not like to have the truth told him. The Diet is so full of government officials, that you cannot turn round in it without treading on a placeman's toes. No truth comes through that, and there is no more help from the free press. A man may, indeed, think and say what he likes in Coburg-Gotha about Germany and the world in general, but let him speak critically of Coburg-Gotha's own affairs, and if he attack educational arrangements, he may suffer for libel on the education commissioners; if a tax-gatherer should be extortionate it is not safe to say so; even theatrical criticism has to be guarded, lest it run into what might be called libel of his highness's servant.

Herr Eduard Schmidt-Weissenfels goes on to provide partial answers to these matters of complaint, in which he admits an element of truth. It is clear that the whole purpose of his publication was to say these things to the duke boldly and inoffensively, so as to bring about a better understanding between duke and people. The duke's reply gives little hope of that, and through no fault of his own, except in one respect. We think it evident, from his own expression of a constant determination to repress libel, coupled with the just remark applied to himself, that in so small a country nothing can be said or done for public good affecting persons that shall not give personal offence, that he does really deny his press anything like personal freedom in discussing local matters. Of course, where everybody knows everybody, and public matter is a private matter too, as between every one and any one free comment is hard to get and hard to maintain. As regards Peddlington, the Peddlington Free Speaker is in no enviable position, even when there is no duke to be offended by its liberties.

Fuller answers are made by the duke in the yellow pamphlet. Until the year eighteen 'twenty-six, says Duke Ernest, the duchy of Gotha had for a century been governed in one spirit by my ancestors on the mother's side, men genial, or somewhat eccentric, or insignificant, but always honest and courteous, with a taste, even in frivolous days, for solidity; solid in luxury and ready to offer hospitality to foreigners of solid worth. Voltaire, and Grimm, and Diderot were entertained by them. None of them troubled themselves about affairs of government, and none of them extracted any cry of pain from among their subjects, who were left to the rule of a powerful, well-salaried bureaucracy supplied from among the numerous families of the nobility. The state was ordered partly by tradition, after an old patriarchal way that

chafed nobody, because of the good understanding between prince and people. Three-fourths of this people are the moderately well-to-do occupants of the plain, who had gradually been acquiring an independence of their own, as the nobles gave less and less attention to the management of their estates, and lived chiefly at court. The other fourth part consists of the ruder inhabitants of the mountain, and the townsfolk, whose industry had been for the century repressed by interference of their guilds, and who are still too much the listless followers of custom. This state of affairs endured throughout the French revolution, the wars of the Empire, and the German war of liberty. Gotha remained, therefore, a little patriarchal state when in the year 'twenty-six the line of its own dukes became extinct, and after much controversy Gotha, parted from Altenburg, was joined to Coburg under the rule of my father.—We are not quoting Duke Ernest verbally, but are giving his published thoughts, and in the first person.

My father, energetic and independent, was not received with enthusiasm by the all-powerful bureaucracy of Gotha, which dreaded interference with its privileges, while there was fear also that Gotha would sink into the position of a secondary capital, for the duke must reside also at Coburg. My father, although active, keen-witted, and energetic, was too personally amiable to leave an opposition unconciliated. He overcame great difficulties, and, without disturbing the old course of things, put fresh life into every branch of the government. He was the father of his people, and of much of the prosperity that Gotha now enjoys he was the founder. But he had been born in days of revolution and political catastrophe; he had spent his youth rather in the camp than in the university; modern theories and philosophical views of life and history were strange to him; he was a practical man who opposed every political theorist. Yet for all that he had been the first German prince who (in 'twenty-one) gave to his land (Coburg Saalfeld) a form of liberal constitution. The patriarchal system was destroyed in Coburg when neither prince nor people had in their hearts the spark of an idea of true constitutional government. The result was in Coburg much trouble and dissension, with the growth of a rough democracy as the weed proper to ill-tilled political soil. In Gotha, on the other hand, all went in the old way pleasantly. Gotha was, therefore, the favourite care of my father, and the disorder on the other side of the Thuringian forest was all laid by him at the door of constitutional government, which had had its trial and failed under it. There was a time, we remember, when a son of the same father told us that in England constitutional government was on its trial.

So matters stood, says Duke Ernest, when, after an absence of six years, not counting short visits, I came home at my father's request, in the year 'forty-two. My father and I were one in affection, one in aspiration, sharing the same delights in art and nature. I naturally had at once a seat and voice in the ministry, and, being active, trained to business, besides regarding as an impartial stranger the men and machinery of state, it was easy to see the strong and the weak points of the government. From my earliest youth, says this duke, I gave almost instinctive allegiance to liberal democratic principles. I was, in the right sense of the word, a child of my time. In month-long visits to Paris, London, and especially Brussels, where we two brothers dwelt for the purpose of study, our family position and our own impulses had easily brought us into intellectual intercourse with notable men, who were not exactly, like Quetelet, our teachers; for example, the two Brouckères, Gerlache, the two brothers Bulwer, Arivabeni, Berger, Count Arconati, and others. Interest in political questions had early been awakened in us, and I went to the University of Bonn with my mind made up and in direct opposition to the reactionary aristocratic views of the professors. It is easily to be understood that when I went home I must often oppose in the cabinet narrow-minded action of an official world, liberal only in name; and although, out of respect for my father, I did not break with the men I opposed, I let them see my mind so clearly that they were little disposed to be my friends. There were few people of real mark then in Gotha. I was obliged to look abroad for higher intercourse, while there were men at home not disposed to forget it if I failed to take them at the valuation they would set upon themselves. The two happy years between my marriage and my father's death, in January, 'forty-four, I spent at home or in travel. When my father's death added to my responsibilities, I began work on a defined plan. Above all, peace was to be restored in Coburg; constitutionalism preserved there, and the jarring interests honestly reconciled. The task was hard, but I succeeded so well that the storms of eighteen 'forty-eight left us unhurt. To do that I had to put aside a whole ministry, and to break with the bureaucratic aristocracy. Every change made in so small a state is felt as an affair of persons rather than of inevitable policy. To this hour there remains the coldness against me of many members of these offended families. In a lower rank, also, the noisy demagogues, sent back into the quiet of their families, deplored their lost importance, and could not forgive the constitutional duke by whom it was taken from them. They kept up in a smaller way their trade of fomenting irritations, and thus partly they still influence the poorest. But the poorest class is prejudiced against me by a more important accident of my position. My father and my predecessors having absolute command of the revenues, were the ostensible and immediate benefactors in all cases of public expenditure from which the poor derived benefit. They were looked up to for the direct support of public undertakings where now there is interposed between the duke and the people a constitutional ministry; every

public gift has to be countersigned by a minister, and every doit must be accounted for. For this reason, in a small country, if the ruler happens to be benevolent and active, the patriarchal system is, on the whole, best; but all depends, be it observed, upon the ruler's character.

In Gotha, for a little time, I left things as I found them. But the difficulty of applying a different rule to two neighbouring districts became felt, and I earnestly wished also to bring the ministry of Gotha into harmony with right political principles. I met with a settled opposition from the ministry, the host of officials, and even a majority of the townspeople of Gotha. The nobility at once set me down for its worst enemy, and the saying was current that in the duchy of Gotha there was but one democrat—the duke. I expressed my constitutional ideas at the opening of the Diet in 'forty-six, and raised so general a cry that nothing for the moment could be done. With deep sorrow I foresaw the coming political storms in Germany, and laboured among high and low to explain that wholesome reforms are to be made only in time of peace. I was only the more bitterly opposed.

Mere physical pleasures were too exclusively indulged in. I tried to awaken in Gotha a more intellectual life, with only partial success. Many took it ill that in an open meeting, where weekly papers were volunteered on scientific questions, I myself read rather a long paper on Psychology and Anthropology.

I went to Berlin in January, 'forty-eight, and family affairs carried me thence to England, expectant of the impending troubles. When the French government fell I was in England, and travelling back home by day and night, came at the right hour into Gotha, where, by proclamation and amnesty, issued on the very night of my arrival, I quieted a people that was claiming of me, by way of revolution, what, during the past four years, it had refused to let me give them in the way of peace. We outlived the dangers of that time; but I stood, for months, literally alone. The official world was paralysed; well-meaning folks were dumb. But my personal influence being allowed to suffice, we ended in festival the revolutionary days, and men knew then or cared so little what they rejoiced about, that communities afterwards came to me for lease of the chases that had been made wholly over to them. The cries of the day died out of hearing, every man looked to his own provincial interests, and in a few months I and a few persons of like opinions were the only men in Gotha with minds really active in a patriotic German sense. The wide German popularity of the war in Schleswig was not enjoyed by it in Gotha. I, as its soldier, was received more coldly in my own Gotha than in any other town through which we passed. There remains in Gotha the same indifference to German interests, and for my own devotion to them since eighteen 'fifty, I have not had the good will of my people.

We have in Gotha three groups of the population: 1. Nobles, state pensioners, &c.; 2. The well-to-do citizens, with the whole body of the bureaucracy; 3. The smaller mechanics, and the people here, as elsewhere whose, condition is not one easily to give content.

Group one sees in me the personification of the revolutionary work of 'forty-eight, and makes me answerable where it had only itself to thank. It cannot forgive any abolitions of bedchamber lords and pages; that the court, which is my house, is open to every one whom, for his worth or in obedience to usage, I think proper to invite. It offends them, also, that I do not claim divine right for my actions.

Group two includes what are called the modern liberals, and many of these liberals who will make no sacrifice for their cause. On this group I should be able to place my chief reliance, but I cannot. The old prince, whom men could put to their private uses when they got his ear, is gone, and they are referred to a responsible ministry, which they must propitiate but cannot bribe, for they must propitiate the duke also who keeps personal watch and check over affairs; so there is every difficulty put in the way of family considerations and the public following of private wishes. The duke is too impartial to be popular, especially where, as in all small capitals, men and women are split into many antagonistic cliques.

Group three would like me were I hostile to groups one and two, but it has little regard for a liberality that gives no unjust advantage to the poorer democrat over his richer neighbour.

In every one of the three groups I have many isolated friends who form no phalanx of supporters, and who are too sensible to waste much time in noisy argument. These usually, when they hear detraction, will, for comfort's sake, pass it by on the other side. So the detraction and the gossip have their way in Gotha. I am not proud enough to be indifferent to this, common failing as it is among our good Germans; but I think I have so far done my duty that I may set in my own favour the good word of a patriot against the declamation of a tavern politician. As to free opinion, I frankly say that while I will be accessible to every honest word addressed to me with a true motive, I will always enforce the laws against unjust judgments and false, injurious assertions. But there is much slanderous chatter that no law can touch, among which I reckon the too common assumption that the Diet of Gotha is packed with officials. Study the list of deputies and see the contrary; though it is true that where there is no right public interest in the elections the best public representatives are hardly to be found.

Although I am thus isolated in my own land I do not part myself from the people. I believe that without the sympathies of the people no man can do them solid service. It is detestable to cultivate the vulgar arts of popularity; without them, between a people and its leader there should be mutual trust, mutual kindness of interpretation, and the people that would make

the work of its leader fruitful for its own good should itself protect his name from aspersion, and support his efforts with a wholesome strength of opinion.

For good and for bad there are, in fewer words, the whole contents of the yellow pamphlet that has jaundiced many a high aristocratic German eye, royal and noble, and that should interest England, with its curious photograph of the political condition of the Germans; for the people of Gotha are but as the people of Vienna or Berlin. It should interest England also in her Majesty's most excellent brother-in-law, and make us all wish the day long distant when Prince Alfred succeeds to his ducal throne.

AN UNREPORTED SPEECH.

I WISH with all my heart that some gentleman would "get up in his place in parliament" when next it meets, and, having caught the Speaker's eye, would direct that brilliant orb towards certain dark spots in the social life of the present day, certain blemishes in our civilisation which decidedly want looking to:—Sir, he might say, calling attention at once to one of the very worst of these blemishes, I wish to say a few words on the subject of music. I think that anything, be it an art, a science, or what not, occupying so high a social position, and possessing so great a social influence among us as music undoubtedly does, I consider, I say, that any such thing is a fit and appropriate subject to claim the attention of this honourable House, and that it is in no wise derogatory *to* this House that such a subject should be brought before it. Sir, there is this great difference between music and other arts—and it is just this difference which makes it peculiarly necessary to legislate for it—music does not wait till it is wanted, but, on the contrary, comes to us self-invited, and often unsought. Let me make myself better understood. In the case of literature, it will be obvious to every one I am addressing that a book does not force itself upon us, it remains on the book-shelves till we go, knowing what we are doing, and take it down and read it. It does not come out of the library and bellow its contents in our ears whether we like it or not. Except on the rare occasions—for which I would also legislate—when a lady or gentleman volunteers to read his own or somebody else's poem aloud, except in this rare instance, literature lets us entirely alone, and it is our own doing if we are troubled or amused by it. With regard, again, to painting, drawing, and sculpture, the same observations apply which I have just made on the subject of literature. We go to the Royal Academy or some other exhibition, or to the Louvre, the National or Vernon Galleries, if we want to see the pictures. The pictures do not detach themselves from the walls and follow us about the streets, or pursue us into the retirement of home. It is true that a friend will occasionally compel us to look over a portfolio of drawings, but this does not happen often after all.

But, sir, in the case of music, we find ourselves altogether in a different position. While, as I have pointed out, literature and art both wait till we seek them, and let us alone if we let *them* alone, music is altogether of a less retiring character, comes to us often uninvited, often continues with us unsolicited, and sometimes even refuses to withdraw its beneficent influences when directly requested to do so. As to its coming to us uninvited, I suppose there is no member of this House who cannot remember many occasions when he has found himself in a society where music has come upon him—if I may so speak—without his having any voice in the matter. He has been taking a hand at whist, we will say, and has been getting on successfully, he has a good knowledge of his partner's cards, and can make one or two shrewd surmises as to his adversary's trumps—suddenly the first notes of a symphony make themselves heard, and in a very short time he begins to find himself all abroad; his partner's trumps and his adversary's become mixed up in his mind, and his enjoyment of the game is over. I give this trifling example of the case I have asserted, that music often comes to us uninvited. That it frequently remains with us unsolicited is equally easy to prove. It is not unfrequently the case that a lady or gentleman—and it must be owned that gentlemen, when they *do* sit down to the piano, most often offend in this sort—it is frequently the case, I say, that an individual will establish himself on the music-stool and will remain wedded to that piece of furniture long after his music has ceased to give pleasure. One thing will remind him of another, and from regular musical performances such as opera selections and well-known morsels, he will get on to a "little thing that he picked up among the peasants in Calabria," or "a favourite national air in Hungary," till at last one gets to wish that he had never visited either of these countries, and to be so impatient of his musical memory as to wish that on the whole it were a little less retentive.

It is not, however, to such disfigurements of our social system as these that it is necessary I should direct the attention of this House. Distressing as these things are, we can scarcely interfere in cases of so essentially private a nature. But what I *do* wish to lay before this House (as a matter in which it ought undoubtedly to act, and that with as little delay as may be) is the state of the case with regard to what may be called our public music—the music which not only, as I have before said, comes to us uninvited, and remains with us unsolicted, but declines to leave us when distinctly requested to do so. Sir, I am well aware that there are many members present here to-night who would be inclined to correct me at this point, and who would remind me that it has been established by law that any musician playing upon any instrument in the public street, may be requested to move out of hearing, and is under the necessity, when

so requested, of complying forthwith with the injunction. I am quite conscious that this is indeed the state of the law, but what I contend is, that this law does not practically affect the state of things of which I complain. To what purpose is it that one musician should be removed from before my house, when in the course of a few minutes his place is filled by another? Consider, too, the loss of temper that ensues after a row with one of these men—and they will seldom go without a row; consider how a man is unfitted for his work, and thrown out of cue by a disturbance of this sort. There are some *quiet* streets in London where ten or twelve of these musicians will turn up in the course of a single day; why, one need keep a servant (and a man-servant, too) on purpose to drive them away. The notions of these musicians, again, on the subject of distance, and their idea of being "out of hearing," are generally widely different from those of the person they are annoying, and their removal from the step before one's own house has generally to be followed by at least two subsequent sallies to drive them away from No. 20 (five doors farther up), or even 25, where they are still distinctly audible.

Now, the question for which I have been paving the way all this time is simply this: Why should we have street musicians at all? Why should not a clean sweep be made of the whole organ and hurdy-gurdy tribe, and, at the same time, considerable restrictions be laid on the performances of the brass and other bands by which our streets are frequented? What do we want with organs? When the professional poet comes in between Brutus and Cassius, at the end of the celebrated quarrel scene between them, Cassius asks with pardonable irritability, "What do the wars do with these jigging fools?" Substituting "the streets" for "the wars" in the above quotation, may we not make the same inquiry with regard to our street musicians? They do us no good, they give us no pleasure, they interfere with our occupation, they chafe our nerves; what do we want with them?

I am afraid the answer to this question is ready on the lips of those to whom it is addressed: You are an exceptional person; you belong to a class so small that it cannot reasonably be legislated for. The great mass of workers in this town are, by the localities in which their professional avocations are conducted, safe from the annoyance you complain of. The lawyer in the Temple, the judge in Westminster Hall, the merchant in a City court or on 'Change, is safe from organs, and those men whose work is carried on in offices, are the great important classes of society for whom alone it is needful to legislate. You, the student, who carry on your profession in your own house, are altogether an exceptional person, whom really we cannot stay to consider. You must get on as well as you can.

But, I would contend, that in weighing the importance of any particular class, the test of numbers is not the only test to be applied, but that quality should be considered as well as, or perhaps even more than, quantity; and I would also contend that the class who suffer under the nuisance with which we are concerned, is by no means so small a one as might at first be imagined. The writer, the artist, the calculator, the comparative anatomist, the clergyman composing his sermon, the scientific man his treatise, surely the class of which such individuals as these form the component parts, is scarcely a small, and still less an unimportant one.

And who are the people who would oppose these? Who are the people who wish the organ nuisance to remain as it is—to whom "Bob Ridley" is a solace, and "Dixie's Land" a refreshment? They may exceed us in numbers, but certainly not outweigh us in importance. The servant-maids, the wives and children of some members of the lower middle classes. These are all, for how many are there who, not ranking among the studious classes mentioned above, are yet, from ill-health or nervousness, almost equally disturbed by the organ nuisance. To those in trouble of mind or pain of body, to the neuralgic, to those who strive, for the time, perhaps ineffectually, with their labour, the music made by the organ-grinder amounts to something little less than a torment.

Let us, as much as possible, have our music when we want it and where we want it. There is no reason whatever why the supply of this delightful recreation should be stopped; simply it should run in another channel. In Paris an excellent band plays in the afternoon in the Palais Royal, the central square of the French capital; why should not this be the case with us? Why not have a band every afternoon in the middle of Trafalgar-square. Or if it should be argued, and with some show of reason, that the hideous objects dotted about that ghastly enclosure would so distress the eyes of those who came to listen to the band that they could derive no pleasure from it, a good place might be found in St. James's Park, where the music would be an offence to no one, and would give a vast deal of pleasure to all sorts of people.

Sir, I have it upon the evidence of credible witnesses that their labours are frequently impeded, and that a considerable loss of time, and consequently of emolument, has been occasioned to them by the organ nuisance. We are all well acquainted with the case of a gentleman distinguished by his powers as a calculator, and by a remarkable invention in connexion with what I may call the science of numbers. We all know what this gentleman has suffered through the annoyance of itinerant musicians. That gentleman's name has become almost proverbial as identified with the organ nuisance. His onslaughts on the organ-grinders have been numerous and terrific. At the very first click of "Bob Ridley" he is out upon them from his ambush, and then they may give themselves up for lost. But this distinguished personage does not stand alone in the conflict. I am told by gentlemen in the literary world, and that of art, that they often lose a day's work, owing to the excess of irritability into which they are thrown by a

severe attack of "Beautiful Star" early in their day's work. Whatever people may think, it is *not* a good preparation for a day of intellectual labour to rush out into the street, after being told by your maid-servant that "the Frenchman don't seem to understand that he's to go," and threaten a grinning Italian with a policeman. The performance of this feat half a dozen times in the course of a morning lays in a stock of bad blood, which is apt, during the remainder of the day, to get into the brain and clog the ideas which might otherwise have flowed with some degree of smoothness to the pen's nib, or the pencil's point. A day's work spoilt not uncommonly interferes with a man's capacity for enjoying the evening which ensues, and so a day that might have been a profitable and a pleasant one, is doubly lost.

Sir, I have now said, not all that *might* be said on this topic, but enough, I trust, to prove that the evil for whose extermination I am pleading is not a trivial or unimportant one. I might have enlarged at greater length on the troubles of those for whom "music hath not always charms." I might have described their sufferings more minutely, but to have done so would only have been to heap together minute points of evidence when the great fact to be demonstrated was already proved. The organs are a nuisance—they interrupt labour, they interfere with comfort—in Heaven's name let us be rid of them.

With this earnest cry, I would conclude that speech which, had I the luck to be an M.P., and to get as much as a wink of the Speaker's eye, I would assuredly let fly at him. I appeal to the large class whose interests I am advocating, whether in this torrent of eloquence I have outstepped the boundaries of truth and justice? I appeal to all scientific and literary characters, to all calculators, arithmeticians, mathematicians, to all cultivators of the fine arts, to hard readers, to the nervous lastly, and the sickly, whether I have been too hard on the organ-grinding fraternity? I believe that every member of every one of these classes will cordially endorse everything I have said. Why, even as I write these last words sitting in Lumbago-terrace, the strains of a band playing before the houses in Sciatica-row, a considerable distance off, reach me quite audibly. The tune is the "Last Rose of Summer," and for the last half-hour this has been preceded by other dirges of a like nature. Between each of these there has been a pause just long enough to make me hope that the musical entertainment was over. How can a man write under such circumstances? His pen is paralysed, and the words of the song with which these artists are dealing, ring in his ears. What, I ask, *can* a man do under these circumstances? Sciatica-row is too far off for me to send my servant to order those wretches off, and even if she were to go they would only move a little farther, and I should still hear that disgusting trombone pumping away at the solemn passages. No, I must either bear it, or—no, I will *not* bear it, I will go out just as I am and hunt those men out of Sciatica-row, if it takes me the whole morning; and a nice state I shall be in when I come back for the remainder of my day's work.

AT THE ROADSIDE.

I, FOR a time, have left behind
The giant-city with its sin,
And here, secure from rain or wind,
I sit at ease within mine inn;
The dew lies bright on garden flowers
Below this little quiet room,
Beyond, the sunshine strikes the showers,
From gloom to gold, from gold to gloom.

Pleasant it is to linger here,
And watch the workings of the soil,
To taste the pleasant country cheer,
And seem so far away from toil.
Far from the busy human flock,
To feel the pauses of the brain
Filled by the sound of yonder clock,
And by the tinkling of the rain.

The rough old pictures on the walls,
The shining pewter sound and good;
The straggling postman when he calls,
Confirm my dim and dreamful mood;
The waiting-maid, fair, fresh, and free,
Might cause a softer heart to burn;
But, is it appetite or she,
That cooks my dinners to a turn?

And chief, mine host! with flaxen poll,
An ale-tanned wight, at fifty sound;
I wot, a better-envied soul,
Dwells not for seventy miles around.
He is the Delphos of the place,
His calm predictions cannot fail;
A talking host, whose very face
Diffuses politics and ale.

So here I sit within mine inn,
Secure to-day from fortune's frown,
The rain without, the calm within
Are something sweeter than the town;
This pleasant room, that changeful sky,
The dreamful peace of brain and heart,
Have left a fresher sense, that I
Shall take to town when I depart.

TOWN AND COUNTRY CIRCUS LIFE.

HAVING been engaged in a large Circus, I think I can enlighten the public, who are said to delight in obtaining a glimpse behind the scenes, about the ground and lofty tumbling, and the other extraordinary novelties which are to be seen in that wonderful institution "The Imperial British Hippodrome," as the bills now call the Circus. Clever tumblers, professors of the single and double trapeze, riders of trick acts, exhibitors of trained ponies, Shakespearean jesters, and champion vaulters of the world; the glittering paraphernalia incidental to the gorgeous spectacle of The Camp of the Cloth of Gold, or The Sprites of the Silver Shower; or the tortuous pyramidal feats of the dusky children of the desert; have not been invented quite at a moment's notice, but have grown to perfection by slow degrees and by means of incessant prac-

tice on the sawdust. The Circus is so entirely changed from what it was some thirty or forty years ago, as to be almost a new institution to those who recollect the little mountebank parties that used to pay an annual visit to the village green, and delight the rustic sightseers of agricultural districts by giving away an occasional fat pig.

There was nothing in those times to be compared to CHIRPER'S CIRCUS, in which I myself have really served. The huge travelling Circus of our day, such a one as that of the Brothers Chirper, may be looked upon as a colony, and the capital requisite to carry on a profitable business may be guessed from the fact, that about sixty horses are required to work a large concern, besides a den of lions, a brace of camels, and a tumbling elephant or two, to say nothing of half a dozen ostriches, a performing mule, a dancing bull, and a real live deer with movable horns! Then, in addition to a corps of about thirty male and female performers, including of course the inevitable Lion King or Queen, and no end of acrobats, voltigeurs, and Amazons, there must be a stud-groom, or "master of the horse" (Circus people delight in fine language), and under him a score of stablemen. Then, there must be a tent-master and tenters, besides the agent in advance, the members of the brass band, the pair of bill-stickers, and the many other wonderfully nondescript hangers-on, who contrive to extract a living out of the concern. While out "tenting," as it is called, some ambitious showmen, not contented with the usual slow style of getting on, and to obtain additional notoriety, now indulge in a locomotive to drag them from town to town: thus making their grand entrée, preceded by what they term a real fiery dragon.

The Messrs. Chirper were, so to speak, born showmen, as they came into the world at Greenwich Fair, and started in life with an exhibition of white mice. They travelled the country with all kinds of shows, growing from small to large, until now they are wealthy men, with a bank account, and the largest Circus on the road. Their "Magic Ring," as they have christened it, is on a gigantic scale, having all sorts of clever people attached, to minister to the amusement of its patrons, and it dispenses daily bread-and-butter to a party of one hundred and fifty-seven men, women, and children—if the young of show-folks ever are children—who are dependent on it. The Brothers Chirper, like most showmen, are pleasant fellows, not overburdened with the learning of the schools, but crammed to repletion with the sterner acquirements of dear-bought experience of men and manners. Like all their class, the brothers are fond of diamonds—one of them, showman-like, wears a hoop of brilliants that cost three hundred pounds. Why is it, I have often wondered, that all showmen are fond of diamonds? The show-folk are altogether a peculiar race, and, like the fishermen of our sea-coasts, are not prone to intermarry with other classes. I could not help noting that in our Circus company, forty-two of the persons engaged, were related by blood or marriage to the brothers.

The behind the scenes of Circus-dom is a quaint enough region, and of course a contrast to the "front." There is always a slight soupçon of that peculiar zoological aroma indicative of the king of the forest. A great fire of coke burns brightly in a large iron funnel, placed in the centre of the vacant space (the extempore green-room); at the curtained door, where the company enter the ring; and round it, there loiters a crowd of performers, grooms, &c. Some of them have just made their exit from the sawdust; others are making ready to go in. The fire is of great use for ventilating purposes, for there is always uppermost a strong perfume of damp sawdust, wet litter, and horse-breath, with a faint indication of bad drainage and other horrors. The scene at the fire is motley enough. The lazy black servant, habited in the gorgeous oriental robe, is attentively chalking the pumps of Mademoiselle Aurelia, the tight-rope dancer and "ascensionist," who is adjusting her pink skirts preparatory to taking her "turn." A medical student is making hot love to Madame Francatelli, the lady-devil rider, who, as the bills tell us, "has been clothed with fame in all the capitals of Europe and Russia." The funny gentleman with the nodding queue, or tail-piece, as he calls it, looking waggishly over his whitened scalp, his nose buried in a pint of half-and-half, is one of the seven great clowns of the establishment—indeed, he is our leader—and motley is certainly his only wear, or, to borrow again from the bill, it is "that oracle of pungent satire, Mr. Henry White, surnamed the Modern Touchstone." One can easily surmise that Mr. White must have just given birth to something new in the joke line, and, in apt confirmation of my opinion, he offers the ring-master (that grand looking personage, elaborately got up as a field-marshal, who is of course in the confidence of the clown) the reversion of the pewter pot. All round the fiery furnace, in concentric rings, "the strength of the establishment" crowd for warmth, and are only at intervals disturbed in their banter by the manager's warning bell, or the more than ordinary bursts of laughter evoked by myself or some other clown. In front, all is ablaze with light and gaudy calico, and each acrobat and horseman seems to excel his neighbour in his leaps and bounds. The three hours of performance fly rapidly away, as artist after artist bounds into the ring. Trick acts, feats on the trapeze, revolving corkscrews, descending mercuries, in short, all the varied and puzzling acts of contortion incidental to the modern Circus are exhibited with a grace and dexterity, and with a firmness of nerve, which never fail to astonish.

All is couleur de rose at night—an applauding audience and smiling performers make the work go off with spirit. In the daytime, the circus is dark, cold, and miserable; the fiery furnace has been carried into the centre of the ring, and most of the corps are again at work, practising;

for it is only by hard practice that the agility of the acrobats and horsemen can be kept up. Miss Caroline Crochett (name in the bill, Mdlle. Salvadori de Medici) is being put through a new act by her uncle. She is dressed in a short ballet skirt, and has on a pair of light canvas shoes. She takes the various leaps with wonderful precision, and only once does she miss her "tip." For a long hour, until both horse and lady show signs of great fatigue, she is kept at her lesson; and at night the policy of this rehearsal is apparent, for none of the company are rewarded with louder plaudits than Mdlle. de Medici. In various quiet places of the ring, little boys are trying who can twist himself into the most fantastic shapes; their fathers, or the persons to whom they are apprenticed, superintending their tumbling, and sometimes joining in it. In another corner, Professor de Bondirini is practising his three sons for their drawing-room entertainment. One of them is only four years of age; he is the little fellow that comes on as a clown, and has so many oranges and sixpences thrown him. Already, he can tumble like a ten-year old; he made his début two years ago as Tom Thumb, and has performed all sorts of business—from Cora's child, to being baked in a pie for the clown's dinner.

How knowingly Tom Hughes glides down that rope, descending in slow time, whirling round and round. He is an ugly-looking fellow just now: "pock-pitted," and badly dressed; but at night with his "air" plastered with grease, and his clean white tights and close-fitting jacket, he will look graceful enough, appearing in the bills as the descending Mercury. Now is the time to find out the secrets of the prison-house; the face of that pale-looking youth in the rather fast Tweed suit haunts you no doubt—no wonder; that is *the lady* who has been creating all the winter a great sensation. This wonderful feat of a man passing for many years as a handsome woman, although a great fact of Circus life, has never yet been publicly known. Neither is it publicly known that most of our best equestrians are Irishmen; all the great names familiar to the ring are Milesian in their sound, and the manners and speech of their possessors smack of the Emerald Isle. My own friend, the German Hercules, Herr Strasburg, is a Connemara man, and was picked up originally by a travelling Circus proprietor, who saw his great strength, and knew what, by a little art, could be made of it.

Let me now speak of the art of getting up "wheezes," as the clown's jokes are called. It is a very simple affair. In the scenes to which I act as clown, I arrange my little patter with the ring-master. If I go in with Miss Caroline, I tell him first, that I will do the names of the streets; he takes his cue from that, and asks me some trifling question which brings out the names of all the principal streets in the town. Thus: a desponding person ought to live in *Hope*-street, sir; a thief should have his house in *Steel's*-place; a lady who is fond of flowers should live in *Rose*-street; a humorist in *Mirilies*-court, and so on. Much of what is said, however, is arranged on the spur of the moment; the clown gives the ring-master his cue as they walk round following the horse; and at the next pause—there are at least two pauses to an act of horsemanship, for each scene is divided, so to speak, into an exordium, an argument, and a peroration—the clown flies off in a verse or two of poetry about

> What are lovely woman's sparkling eyes
> Compared to Bagot's mutton-pies?

or,

> Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled,
> Scots wham Bruce has often led;
> If you want to fit your head,
> Rush to Ross the hatter's.

At rehearsals there is usually a great consumption of beer, and any quantity of professional slang, with some talk about last Sunday's dinner, and speculation about roast-pork for next Sunday. As to Blondin, or Léotard, all the men in the place, according to their own idea, are quite equal to *him;* and it is generally true that our Circus acrobats could walk on a tight-rope at any height if, as they say, they had the head-piece for it—it is all a matter of nerve. There have been far greater men in the profession than either Blondin or Léotard. The greatest I take to have been a pantomimist and acrobat—a professional of the far-back ancient time, who performed for love. The story is told by Herodotus. A certain king wishing to get his daughter married, several young princes disputed for the honour of her hand. One of them appeared to be a marvellous proficient in the pantomimic art. In his enthusiasm and desire to astonish the princess he outdid himself; for, after having represented all manner of passions with his hands, he stood upon his head and expressed his tenderness and despair in the most affecting manner by the movement of his legs.

It was lately mentioned at a "crowner's quest," that in seven months there had been no fewer than seven violent deaths among acrobatic performers in the three kingdoms. But what of all that? The never-ending cry still resounds from all the shows of the country, "Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, this is the best booth in all the fair!" And accordingly on all sides there is a crowd of "talent" ready to feed the market; there is strong competition for employment even among acrobats and mountebanks. One man will stand against a board and allow a companion to surround him on all sides with naked daggers flung from a distance. Has not Mr. James Cooke written to the Era that he has "performed the astounding feat of throwing a somersault four times in the air before reaching the ground;" and is it not the life ambition of Signor Jerome Mascaroni to earn money by imitating the ape? Another man will balance himself, head downward, on a pole thirty feet high, and in that position drain a bumper to the health of the audience. Somehow, the physical culture and nerve requisite for such performances are more than ever abundant; for ten

shillings a night, plenty of men can be had who will risk their lives ten times.

Many young and old folks imagine that the clown who writhes so comically under the lash of the ring-master, and who dives without introduction among the people in the pit, and whose whole existence seems one round of jokes and heads-over-heels, and an occasional personal "turn," is a merry fellow, happy as the day is long. I know better. I know one Circus clown yet living, and not yet an old man, whose countenance could, and still does, set the audience and the actors, down to the very sawdust-raker, in a roar. Poor fellow! Once upon a time when his duties called him to the Circus, his only son, a lad of seven, was lying on his death-bed. He was left in charge of his sister, a girl of ten. Before his first entry into the ring for the evening, he came to me in tears. "Oh, Joe, I've got to be funny to-night, and my boy, my dear Willy, dying all the while! And yet I must go in." While we talked, the bell rang for his entry, and in he went, amid the roars of a crowded house. After a short interval he had again to appear; but, in that interval, the servant of the lodging-house brought word that Willy was dead. My poor friend was nearly distracted; yet the inevitable bell rang again, and he went in once more. The newspaper next day said that he had excelled himself. So he had.

There is one remarkable point of Circus economy, worth thinking of. How is it that we never find in the bills of the National Hippodrome, such announcements as we find frequently in the bills of the theatres? For instance, we never find that the Courier of St. Petersburg is to be performed by "a young gentleman, his first appearance on horseback;" or that "Miss Cora Montressor will make her début on the corde élastique." No. Circus people never make "first appearances," in the common sense of the term; they are indigenous to the sawdust, as their fathers and mothers were before them. They must be all bred to the work. The artists of the Circus, in most instances, fulfil a long bondage of gratuitous labour —fourteen years generally, and in some cases twenty-one. Their fathers and mothers being in "the profession" before them, they commence their studies at perhaps two years of age. I have seen a score or two of tiny tumblers hard at work at that tender period of existence. There is no going into the Circus without preparation. On the stage of a Theatre, an ignorant pretender who knows nothing of the passions, may pretend to embody them, every one, for me (though I know better), without hurting himself. Let him make as free with a horse as with King Lear, and he will find his collar-bone the worse for it.

Consequently, all Circus people must work hard and long. How hard they work to be sure! But then, as an old acrobat once said to me, "it is practice as does it; once at it, they daren't stop, but must go on till the end." And so the child becomes father to the man, and the infant Romeo in due time swells into the great Professor Montagu de Capulet, who, as a matter of course, exhibits his glittering spangles before all the crowned heads of Europe. The acrobatic child is quick to learn, for all his faculties are preternaturally shapened by rubbing against those about him. When the children of society are at school he is drawing money to "the concern," and can pick up pins with the corners of his eyes as he bends back and over, and can throw fore springs, head springs, and lion leaps; can, in short, do a hundred odd things to earn applause and money. It is no joke to rehearse with bodily hard work all day, and then work at night. I have had to change my dress thirteen times in the course of a night, because, when not otherwise engaged, I had to dress in a smart uniform and stand at the entrance way, to be ready to hold balloons, garters, poles, whatever else was required. All who enter a Circus are engaged for "general utility."

In the summer-time we go a "tenting." That is the word now in use among Circus people to describe their mode of doing business in the country. It is an improvement on the old mountebanking system. Tenting continues from about April to October, and it involves a great amount of travelling—the whole process partaking more or less (especially when business is good) of a holiday character, but it is not, of course, all play even to the curious nomadic race who are engaged in it, and who are undoubtedly its most successful professors.

The system of working is very simple. A large tent, generally about a hundred and twenty feet in diameter, having been procured, and the various officials being well trained in their business, the work of the summer can at once begin. During the winter, a route, which will occupy a month or two to travel, has been mapped out, and about a fortnight before the town season has been brought to a close, "the agent in advance," or *go-a-head*, as he is now called—a gentleman whose salary and expenses for travelling will cost "the concern" about twelve pounds a week—accompanied by a bill-sticker, starts off in advance of the troupe. His duties are to engage suitable ground for the encampment, stalls for the horses, and to "wake up" the *natives* with a display of gaudy bills stuck up at all the points of vantage along the route. It is also part of the business of this functionary to talk the concern he represents into notoriety; he must bounce at the various taverns at which he stops about the magnitude of the stud, the beauty of the animals, the ability of the company, and the immense "business" they have always done on their tenting tours.

The company and Circus "traps"—*i.e.* properties of all kinds fixed up in a score of huge waggons—start, perhaps, about six o'clock in the morning, according to the distance to be gone over, which, on the average of the season, may be twelve miles a day. Waggon after waggon defiles from the ground, till all are gone: the band carriage, gaudily decorated, containing the

musicians; the great cage, with its lions; the black servant follows with his herd of camels; then come the handsome living-carriages of the "proprietors," the wife or daughter preparing breakfast as they trot over the ground. The acting manager dashes along, last of all, in a Chinese pavilion, drawn by a pair of dwarf horses; and all along the route there are congregated groups of the discerning public, who stare, open-mouthed, and wonder.

Arriving at their destination, the performers start off to procure lodgings and obtain breakfast. This is not so easy a matter as may be supposed; many good people having very hearty prejudice against the show folk. Breakfast being satisfactorily accomplished, it is time for the company to get themselves "made up" for the grand parade, which is generally fixed for one o'clock, when the corps of performers, and all the auxiliaries who can be pressed into service, in their gayest character dresses, preceded by the band, and accompanied by the den of lions and other zoological phenomena, march in procession through the town and its neighbourhood. The period occupied by the procession allows the tent-master to have the tent put up, to superintend the placing of seats and the hanging of lamps, so that, by two o'clock, the place may be ready for the reception of company. Red-tapists would stare in horror at the celerity with which a Circus tent rises on the village green. The place is no sooner fixed upon than two or three nondescript-looking men—those odd men one always finds so plentiful about a Circus, who can do anything, from looking the part of Bluebeard in a pantomime to shoeing a horse—rush with pick and hammer, and drive a short central stake into the ground, to which is affixed one end of a long measuring tape, and round and round the ground this tape is carried, the man at the outer end leaving a stake at certain distances; another man gets these stakes hammered into the ground to serve as staples for the canvas, whilst nearer the ring another row of pillars arise to support the roof. In the grand centre stands the great pole, and round it is cut out of the turf the magic ring, or arena, for the combined army of acrobats, horsemen, ascensionists, lion-tamers, clowns, &c. All is got ready in little more than an hour: performing tent, dressing tent, money tent, and every other accessory.

On the return of the company from parade, escorted by those who are to form the spectators, the performance at once begins, and is carried on with great rapidity for an hour and a half. After the company has been dismissed, the performers have time to dine and take tea—a most welcome refreshment, for, at seven o'clock, all hands must again muster for the evening's performance, which is longer and more elaborate than that given in the morning. So soon as the last chords of "God save the Queen" have died away, the tent is "struck" and packed up ready for another day's march, and the lingering crowd having gradually dispersed, all is quiet. After work is over the manager and his chief aides will have their pint of beer and their pipe at the inn. The acting manager settles up all the bills—for ground-money, for board and lodging, for the horses, and for all sundries supplied to the concern. Some of the tradesmen of the place will join the group, and there is no end of gossip and tobacco reek in the best parlour of the Cock and Trumpet. This pleasant dissipation is but of brief duration, however, for the showman's motto must be "Early to bed and early to rise," for next morning's journey must be duly accomplished.

The "parade," or grand entrée, which always takes place in each town, is the cause of what may be called "a profound sensation," especially if the day be a genial one. Then the company shine out resplendent in tinsel and gold, and spangles and feathers, and glass and zinc diamonds. There are, besides, crowns and tiaras, and rich silk and satin dresses. In the grand entrée, as it is called, all is couleur de rose; private woes or sorrows, general to the company, are hidden for the moment, and on blood chargers, curveting and prancing, decorated with magnificent trappings, may be seen the more prominent heroes and heroines of the heathen mythology. The parade may be described as the peroration advertisement, which puts the key-stone on the gaudy bills that have hitherto served to whet curiosity.

"If Circus be so grand on peaper, what will 't not be in t' real tent, with all them fine animals, and with such real live pretty men and women?" ask the natives of the rural hamlets of each other, and eagerly pay their money to see the fun. The tent is crammed full, and our friend the rustic, who has never before been in a Circus, gazes around him with all his senses open. Suddenly, while John Clodpole is staring round him, a bell rings, and almost simultaneously the horse and the rider appear in the Circus, the latter floating gracefully into the ring like a pinky cloud. And then is summoned Mr. Merryman, who announces the style and title of the lady, and, at once, all present know that she is "Mdlle. Hamletina de Rozencrantz, the floating zephyr rider." The lady being assisted to mount, the fun and wonder begins. Now is John Clodpole in a heaven of delight; wonder, mixed with a little dash of fear, is his prevailing expression. The horse, with arched neck and flashing eye, is flying round the ring at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, and the nymph of the floating zephyr, standing upon his back, goes through her great "trick act" with a power, if not a grace, that evokes the thunder of the gods most liberally.

Next comes the "turn," as it is called, of Mr. Merryman, who, after asking the ringmaster in the gravest possible tones what he "can go for to bring for to fetch for to carry for him?" straightway introduces some most interesting family reminiscences, by asking the audience if they knew his grandfather; upon the simple folks laughing at this, he then launches forth no end of stories about his different relations, from his great-great-grand-

father, down to his nephew's wife's last twins. It is astonishing to see with what gusto everybody laughs at the old Joe Millers. No doubt they are quite new in Rustieshire, and Circus clowns are not famed for their inventive powers.

The modern Touchstone might do better, though. The clowns of the Circus might, if they liked, considerably elevate their art. Our clowns cling too rigidly to the old traditions of the ring. They ought to reform this altogether, and become more than they ever have been "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time," and so satirise the "living manners as they rise."

The clown having finished his "patter," or, in professional phrase, "cracked his wheeze," and the "star-rider of the world" having entered the ring with a humility quite wonderful for one so great, the natives begin to feel astonished indeed. To see "the favourite pupil of the great and mighty Andrew Ducrow, the ne plus ultra of British horsemen," sitting upon the extreme verge of the horse's hind-quarters with neither bridle nor saddle, so lightly that he scarcely seems to touch the animal as it flies round the ring, almost makes the gazer giddy. Again, when he springs suddenly to his feet, and with one foot on the horse's head and the other on his shoulder, sweeps round and round at redoubled speed, the horse and he both leaning into the ring at an angle which seems to threaten that every moment will send them both whirling into the sawdust, the spectators cannot choose but to breathe hard.

In due time all the wonders of the travelling Circus are accomplished, and the wearied performers are glad to rest. It is no easy task this tumbling, tight-roping, and equestrianising, changing dress perhaps three times in the course of the performance, and "going in" for five or six turns. Although the salaries sound largely in the ears of people who do not earn more by their brain and pen, still it must be kept in mind that "mountebanking" is a wearing-out profession, and that a decrepit old age may be yet in store for the "bounding brothers" of the ring, or even for Herr Strongbeard, the "modern Samson," himself.

In the evening, again, perhaps under the smiling beneficence of a grand patronage, there is a second performance, the patronage being most likely obtained through the impudence ("cheek" it is called in the profession) of the acting manager. Unfortunately, there is sometimes a dark side to the picture, and accordingly we find the manager, on the occasions of "bad business," compelled to leave a horse behind for hay, corn, and stabling.

The tenting system is now so well organised, that everything connected with it is conducted with effect and punctuality. Every now and then the "go-a-head" will bark back across the country to consult his employers as to change or prolongation of route. The acting manager of the Circus holds an important position in such consultations, and is also of great use in "working the oracle," as it is called—that is, in obtaining patronage from the influential people of the neighbourhood, and also in seeing the gentlemen of the press; because a good word from the local newspaper goes a great length with the country people. In this way the colony of show folks passes over a large district of country, selecting with great tact and knowledge the best places at their best time—namely, when there is a fair or other fête in prospect—and hitting on popular watering and sea-bathing places when they are most resorted to. As may be supposed, a large sum of money is carried off from the various halting-places on the route—one hundred pounds a day being frequently taken in the pay-carriage of a travelling Circus. But it is not all gold that glitters, and such sums are, of course, subjected to heavy deductions before they reach the bank account of the proprietor. The salaries and other charges, and the miscellaneous expenses of a large Circus always on the road, are too multifarious to particularise, but they frequently amount to fifty or sixty pounds a day, and the occasional loss of a valuable horse, or the purchase of a couple of lions from Mr. Gimcrack, makes a large hole in the purse. Nevertheless, Circus people do occasionally retire from business with fortunes.

HISTORY OF A YOUNG OLOGY.

It must always be difficult to decide at what precise point in the progress of knowledge a particular branch of science becomes sufficiently important and independent to require consideration as a new science, under some new name, and to deserve recognition as an independent centre of human inquiry, round which facts may be grouped and from which inferences may be drawn. This process, however, has taken place very frequently within the last two centuries, as every one will admit who considers the terrible array of new words recently introduced. As familiar examples, we may mention GEOLOGY and ETHNOLOGY, formerly mere departments of natural history. METEOROLOGY is another example.

Meteorology ranks still as a new science. The first work of any value in reference to it in our language appears to have been a volume of essays, published in 1793, by Dr. Dalton, and it was not till long after this period that regular meteorological observations were made and their meaning investigated by scientific men. At the present time, however, we find the study of meteorology not only pursued in many special observatories, but regarded as essential to every ship's captain; since, not only does the speed of voyages depend on it, but the safety of passengers, crew, and cargo.

The word meteor once meant merely a strange appearance in the sky, but it has for some time included all appearances, ordinary and extraordinary, in any way connected with the air that surrounds us. Thus, the weight or pressure of the air, the warmth or coldness of the air, the strange appearances, under the name of *aurora*, which en-

lighten and cheer the long dark nights of winter in high latitudes, the clouds that float in, or are driven through the air, the winds that drive them, the electric storms that from time to time violently disturb them, the rains that fall, and the dews that are deposited;—all these and many other natural appearances come under the general definition of meteors, and are treated of by meteorology. Observation having shown that the aurora is an indication of certain changes or disturbances in the magnetic currents that traverse earth and air, not unlike those electric disturbances marked by thunder and lightning, the great subject of earth-magnetism is also regarded as a part of meteorology.

In all young sciences a vast multitude of facts have to be acquired and arranged, and their results very carefully tabulated and compared, before any reasonable or trustworthy deduction can be expected. In the case of meteorology these facts can only be recorded by figures, diagrams, and the driest and most uninteresting of accounts. No accurate science is popular until people have begun to generalise from the facts, and then the wider and more inclusive the generalisations, the more interest do they possess. But the early generalisations of meteorology were neither very accurate nor very interesting.

Although, however, we have only very lately been enabled to comprehend and bring into definite shape the facts of this science, which for some half-century have been in course of accumulation, infinite gratitude is due to those who laid the foundation on which we now rear the imposing structure of modern meteorology. The man who foresaw the interest and importance of mere observations of the weather, and not only stored up facts but deduced important conclusions from them, was eminent enough in other respects to justify a short notice before we proceed to give an account of the science of meteorology as it now exists.

Dr. Dalton was one of the hardy race of yeomen, or small landed proprietors, occupying the deep valleys of the West Riding of Yorkshire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, and locally called "statesmen." His parents were Quakers, and he retained throughout his life most of the peculiarities of that sect. In his early life he taught mathematics, first to himself as a pursuit, and afterwards to others as an occupation, varying this employment, however, by occasional farm-labour. When only nineteen years of age he became the principal of a school at Kendal, and, with his brother only to assist him, he managed this establishment for eight years, lecturing occasionally on natural philosophy. In the year 1793 he removed to Manchester, where he resided for the remainder of his long life.

Among Dalton's amusements at this time was that of propounding and answering queries and enigmas that appeared in the periodical publications of the day, and it is interesting to notice that in the year of his removal to Manchester (his age being then twenty-seven) he drew out a query on the subject of the mists seen in calm evenings over meadows, &c. In the following year appears an answer by himself, giving a clear and satisfactory explanation of a meteorological phenomena then by no means generally understood, and leading to important conclusions. In the same year appeared the first edition of his Meteorological Essays, in which he treats with remarkable clearness and knowledge of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer; proves the relation of the aurora to magnetism, and puts on record numerous observations on wind, rain, and storms, and the mutual relations of all these phenomena.

In the year 1837 he suffered two attacks of paralysis. He had previously contributed valuable memoirs on various departments of science. His great and best-known work was the establishment of the atomic theory, which must always be regarded as a most important step in chemical science, and one which, more than any other, has brought about accurate knowledge in that department of physics. Dalton died universally respected in the year 1844.

Our atmosphere, he taught, is never still. If it were composed only of that mixture of dry gases which form its principal and essential ingredients and always had an equal temperature over different parts of the earth, it might obtain a position of stable equilibrium and revolve with the earth without relative motion; but this never can be, for the sun's rays heat it irregularly, as different parts of the earth in succession come under their influence, so that currents of heated and cooler air are in incessant circulation. Vapour of water rising from the sea also mingles with the air, and acts as a disturbing cause. Hence arise those alternatives of rain and drought, of calm and tempest, of heat and cold, which have so powerful an influence on all living beings, and above all on man. From age to age, from the very earliest period of which we have any account, these changing and shifting conditions have been the subject of more or less remark, but it is only lately that men have thought of seeking for a rational cause, by carefully observing and recording the exact nature of the changes and the times at which they take place.

To predict changes in the weather, and favourable or unfavourable seasons, with any certainty, was long the work only of the superstitious, the foolish, and the ignorant. But means have been obtained, since Dalton's time, by which many of the most essential changes can be well seen, hours and even days before they come to pass, in any particular spot of sea or land, and the course of great storms is now a matter of as strict calculation as the path of a planet in the heavens. The careful navigator sees a storm coming when there is no little cloud, even of the bigness of a hand; he knows how and when it will reach the place where he is, and what he must do if he would escape from its violence. The day may come when, from data equally exact, we may be informed of the probable weather a still longer time beforehand, but many more observations must be made, and their

meaning understood before this is likely to happen.

There are certain simple and easily understood facts and observations on which modern meteorology rests. First, the air has weight and is highly elastic, and its weight or the pressure that it exercises constantly varies. A happy thought suggested itself to Torricelli, to measure this pressure by balancing against it a column of mercury in an empty tube. He took a tube of strong glass, of considerable length, and filled it with clean mercury, and then inverted it in a basin of mercury. He was surprised to find that the column of mercury always sank till it remained stationary thirty inches or thereabouts above the level of the mercury in the basin. This nearly uniform column of thirty inches, always held up in the tube, he concluded must be exactly equivalent in weight or pressure to the whole amount of the pressure of the air, since there was no air whatever left in the top of the tube, and the only thing that could keep the fluid metal from falling into the basin must be a counteracting and equal weight arising from the body of the air from the earth to its upper limit. But hardly was the experiment made, when it was observed that, in times of wind and rain, the mercury did not stand so high as in time of continued fine weather. Thus the barometer or weight-measurer came to be regarded as a weather-glass; not that it ever can do more than measure the pressure of the air, but because bad weather generally follows the fall, and fair weather the rise of the mercury in the tube.

Used with the anemometer or wind-measurer, which is only a carefully made weather-cock of which the indications are registered, the direction of the wind and the force with which it blows, two other air meteors may be compared, and are found to have much relation to each other. The mercury, indeed, quite as invariably sinks when high winds are prevalent as when rainy weather is at hand.

Vapour of water is present in the air at all times, but more in proportion as the air is warmer. Air at all temperatures holds vapour in solution without appearing damp or depositing water, but, as the quantity varies with the heat, there is often a change involving the getting rid of a certain part of the water. To measure the moisture of the air, requires an instrument specially contrived. Such is the hygrometer, or wet-measurer; but that instrument is of no use without observations of temperature, and for this purpose we must have a thermometer or heat-measurer. The old construction of the former instrument was very picturesque, but not very precise. Who does not remember the monk on the mantel-piece, with a cowl which covered his head in the damp, but moved off from it when the air was drier? A more accurate contrivance, based on the same principle, is still occasionally used. The heat-measurer is, as all know, a small tube of glass partly filled with mercury or coloured spirit, of which there is a supply in a bulb at the extremity. When heat is applied the fluid in the bulb expands, and to occupy a larger space is obliged to force itself somewhat higher in the tube. Cold produces a contrary effect.

There is another equally simple and effectual mode of making observations of the state of the air with regard to moisture. A glass of cold spring-water, or of ice-water, brought into the air on a warm day is soon clouded with pearly drops, which have been obtained from the sudden chilling of the adjacent air by the glass and its contents. The more moist the air the less need is there of having the water extremely cold to produce this effect, and by noticing the exact temperature by the thermometer at which the dew begins to be thrown down, we obtain what is called the dew-point, which in fact marks the condition of the air for moisture. There are other ingenious modes of arriving at the same result with equal or greater accuracy.

Some other uses are made of the thermometer, and it is found that the temperature of the air is constantly varying, not only from hour to hour, but at the same time in different strata of air near the earth. Wherever the sun's rays can reach, the cause is manifest; but it is found by experiment that, in shade and at night, the same thing happens. Heat is radiated through the air, and radiation takes place much more rapidly through a clear than in a cloudy atmosphere. The earth receives heat during the day and parts with it at night. Thus there is another constant source of disturbance in the atmosphere.

Electricity, again, acts a most important part in all that is going on around us. The effect of this agent is generally obscure, always strange, unlike other agents, and sometimes very terrible. Incessantly developed by every change that takes place by evaporation, by all phenomena of life, and by the action of light, its presence and state can generally only be detected by very delicate instruments. The flappings of a small piece of leaf gold become a means to this end; but the telegraph wires afford another almost equal though very disagreeable means of detecting the electric excitement.

When the aurora is seen between the observer and the pole to which he is nearest, there is an amount of magnetic disturbance in the earth and air which is even more widely extended than the fiercest electric storm. Contrivances are not wanting by which this also can be measured and recorded, and the finger of the storm, whether electric or magnetic, now traces its own path on the sheet placed to receive the mark.

The compass-needle is disturbed when the aurora appears, and this connexion of two phenomena apparently so little connected, is one of those discoveries for which we have to thank the modest philosopher whose name we have already connected with this article.

The curious phenomena of snow and hail involve considerations not fitted for discussion here, and explanations that would rather confuse than enlighten the general reader. They are by no means so simple as some of us are in the habit

of fancying. The consideration of weather, again, is an inclusive expression, stating all that we know concerning all the meteors of a country and district, and their mutual bearing on each other—is a matter rather rising out of meteorology than a part of it. But we learn by the observations hitherto made some satisfactory results, proving that what for a long time was regarded as ever shifting and changing is really fixed, and that the climate of a district hardly changes, however the seasons may vary.

These results have not been obtained without enormous labour, and have required the collection of an almost incredible amount of conscientious detail. A series of observations has been continued for ten years at a thousand localities, requiring, of course, at least as many intelligent and instructed persons, and the number of observations in this series amounted to eighty-seven millions. Many arranged series were made at intervals of two hours, day and night, for years, at a number of selected stations, the corresponding observations being regularly taken at the same moment. It is thus only that material can be collected from which sound conclusions are to be based.

One of the most important and valuable of the results of having a continued and minute record of the state of the air, has been the determination of what is called the atmospheric wave, which means an ideal surface in the atmosphere at which the pressure is everywhere the same. If the atmosphere were still and undisturbed, this would be parallel to the earth's surface, and would never vary. Such, however, is by no means the case, the variation being sometimes enormous, rapid and incessant, and strictly marking the conditions of calm and storm in the parts of the earth over which the wave is traced.

Let us conclude with an illustration of the state of this wave on the occasion of the great storm which seriously injured the English and French fleets in the Black Sea on the 14th of November, 1854. This was by no means a local storm, as we shall see by the state of the wave recorded in meteorological observatories, and it serves well to illustrate the nature of meteorological observation. After this storm as many as two hundred and fifty reports were obtained from different stations and compared together.

On the 12th November, 1854, the pressure of the air, which had been low, was enormously high on a line ranging from the west of England into France, reaching almost to the Pyrenees, but at various places east and west of this line the barometer was low. A great undulation of the air was taking place, and the ridge of a commencing wave was in the line here stated. As yet the storm had not commenced; but, before four-and-twenty hours had elapsed, this vast wave had moved towards the east, the north part of the crest having then reached Sweden, while the southern part had advanced far in the Mediterranean. It went through the great cities of Berlin, Dresden, and the southern part having entered the Alps was lost in their windings. On each side of this crest the indications of storm were very marked.

Still another day elapsed, and the wave had now reached St. Petersburg and Dantzig, while its southern part was close to Vienna and had entered the Adriatic, running down the coast of Dalmatia. On the 15th it was on the Carpathian Mountains, and on the 16th the crest had reached the Black Sea. Beyond that, there were no observatories to mark its progress. The storm took place when the low advancing wave glided over the gloomy waters of the Black Sea, long before the crest made its appearance. The weather is described as having been favourable enough until the fatal atmospheric wave bore down on the spot. Then, indeed, the barometer fell rapidly, but it was too late.

We have said that the high crest so curiously indicated could not be unaccompanied by depression. This commenced and was traceable at a great distance, and, in point of fact, this depression everywhere preceded the advancing wave, while another less considerable followed it. But while at the beginning the difference was small and the result unimportant, in proportion as the wave advanced towards the east, the hollow in advance became greatly deepened, or, in other words, the mercury stood very low indeed. The strength of the storm was felt where the depression reached its minimum—in the Black Sea on the 14th November. At that time the depression had been succeeded by the crest of the wave between St. Petersburg and the Dalmatian coast. The course of this storm, from its first commencement on the shores of the Atlantic till it reached the Black Sea, and the rate at which it was travelling, were matters perfectly within calculation after it had passed over the British islands, and the time of its probable arrival in the Black Sea might have been telegraphed some forty-eight hours in advance.

The wide spread of telegraphic communication has greatly facilitated meteorological observations of importance, and has already allowed useful warning to be given of some great storms advancing in certain directions. The mode in which these storms will advance, the way in which certain storm-winds will veer round, blowing in succession from all points of the compass, but in regular order, and even the duration of the storm, were all more or less calculable.

Our readers may now, perhaps, see something of the use and meaning of that table that appears daily in some of our newspapers, communicating the state of wind and weather at a number of stations at a fixed hour. A glance at this will often show the nature of the advancing weather, and the direction in which it comes. But it requires that all the facts should be considered, as they mutually affect each other, to obtain all the use of this table that it is capable of yielding. Meteorology a few years ago so small and weak that a child could master it, is already becoming strong and almost unwieldy. It now requires a clear head and powerful grasp

of intellect to keep in view the various facts that bear upon any inquiry, and as facts multiply and theories become complex, there cannot be a doubt that the same kind of attention and accuracy, and somewhat similar calculations will be needed for it, as have long been felt necessary in the pursuit of physical astronomy. Meteorology bids fair to be an exact science.

AMERICAN HUMOUR.

The origin of American humour is a difficult question, and is surrounded by a thorny thicket of theories and doubts.

First, comes an Irish element of humorous exaggeration, brag and fun, with a fondness for that special Irish feature—the *bull*.

Secondly, a Spanish element of pugnacity and conceit, and hatred of negroes, with a strongly developed love of the marvellous.

Thirdly, a German element of homeliness and simplicity, and embracing all stories of German settlers.

Fourthly, an Indian element of ferocity and daring, mingled with self-applauding narratives of hunting-stories and local lies about animals, including especially adventures with snakes and feats with the rifle.

Fifthly, a Puritan element, dry, grave, and chuckling, and embracing all stories of preachers, prayer-meetings, and anti-slavery stories.

Lastly, a special American element arising from the fusion of all these: sobered by German influences; made vivacious by French influences; passionatised by Indian climate; made bragging and chivalrous by Spanish alliances; made dry, sectarian, fervid, by hereditary Puritan feeling; yet in itself neither pure German, French, Spanish, Indian, Puritan, English, Scotch, or Irish—but American, whole and undivided.

About five-and-twenty years since American humour first became really popular and soundly rooted in England. Mrs. Trollope and Marryat heralded its advent. It gained the public ear as soon as the prejudices of the old foolish and lamentable war had died out; it came wrapped in cotton; it came as a new fruit or vegetable to try if there was a market for it; our own old fun was dying out; our new fun was beginning, and there was room for American fun; we tried it and liked it, as we had done oranges after eating apples for hundreds of years. We learned to relish the flavour, though cross-grained people and bitter critical people called it "extravagant," "ridiculous," and most horrible of all to respectable people's ears—*vulgar*. We had so long been taught to think the Americans convicts, rebels, cruel smugglers, slave-drivers, that we scarcely liked at first to retail even their fun. By degrees, like crinoline, hair-powder, and other ephemeral follies, it grew from a luxury into a necessity. Daily conversation wanted it as much as the "dandy" wanted kid gloves, perfumes, and boxes at the opera.

Rice, too, gave it a great impetus. He was a second-rate American comedian, who had suddenly hit on a new idea. He had studied the droll negro boatman on the wharf at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, learnt his songs, caught his droll jargon, copied his walk, and borrowed his dances. Negro fun had hitherto been thought dangerous ground—no one had imitated it. Rice tried it, and succeeded. His negro career was one long triumph. Even his imitators became popular. He came over to England, jumped Jim Crow to a pretty tune, and introduced among us our blessing and curse in the shape of negro minstrelsy and American jokes. Of course, his songs were not pure negro; they were not even American songs; they were generally Irish and Scotch tunes, furbished up and rearranged—good old tunes too, not unjustly dug up again, but they were sung in the negro manner, and his dialogue was spiced with American jokes, divested of their provincial shell or rind. At this time, when the New Orleans Picayune was teeming with absurd fun, and offering prizes "for the biggest lie," England was deluged with Yankee jokes—as, for instance:

"There is a man in Nashville, Kentuck," says an American paper, "so enormously tall that he has to get up a ladder to shave himself."

Or,

"There is a man in Memphis, Tennessee," says an American paper, "who is so absent, that the other day he tucked up his wet umbrella in bed and stuck himself up in the corner to dry."

Or,

"There is a farmer in Ohio," says an American paper, "who, learning that skunks lived three hundred years, has just bought one, to see if the report is true. He is 'some pumpkins' on his new purchase."

Half these jokes were old Joe Millers, the last one even going back as far as that primeval joker Heraclitus; but they did very well for "Buncombe," and the Americans are not a reading people, nor does business leave many of them much time to think. About this time the dangers of travelling in America were typified for our amusement in good stories of captains sitting on the safety-valves of steamers; of lady passengers giving whole deck-loads of bacon hams to feed the fires of racing steamers; in stories of explosions, where the captain exerts himself to save only the passengers who haven't paid their fares. Then we had hosts of negro blunders, showing that half-simple, half-crafty race in a ludicrous and good-natured light, but never in an heroic, defiant, or intellectual attitude.

But I can illustrate all this better by specimens drawn from a popular jest-book, value twenty-five cents, sold by thousands last year at all the railway stations from New Jersey to New Orleans. It is a good specimen of the ordinary conversational fun of average people in America. It is neither better nor worse; it is adorned with the crudest wood-cuts, and is printed in the most economically large type. It is entitled

THE PORTFOLIO OF THE YOUNG 'UN,

and the abridged extracts I give from it will be full of racy colloquialisms. I will call the first

THE VERMONTER

(premising that Vermont is, par excellence, the latitat of the farmer of the Northern States, as Louisiana in the Southern States is of the sugar planter).

A knot of rowdies were standing on the end of a pier which runs into the Hudson river, in the outskirts of a small town near Albany, each trying to throw a stone farther into the stream than his neighbour, when suddenly a tall, rugged-built Vermonter direct from the Green Hill came, and, joining in the amusement, quietly flung half a brick some yards farther than the best man of the party.

A fellow in a green jacket, the leader of the gang, who declared he wouldn't be beaten "by a feller right straight out o' the woods nohow," sidled up to the stranger and scraped an acquaintance (and the dialogue is true colloquial American):

"Where do you come from, neighbour?"

"*Me?* Wal, I hails from Varmount jes' now, friend."

"Hain't been in these parts long, I reck'n?"

"Wal, no, not edxackly *here*, but up and daown sorter. Yaas," heaving a big log of wood some rods from the shore.

"You've a little strength in your arms, neighbour?"

"I 'ave pumpkins in them flippers, stranger. Up in aour taown, more 'n a munth ago, I druv them are knuckles rite strut thru a booard more 'n a ninch-'n-aff thick. Don't b'lieve it?"

"Haw! haw!" laughed the rowdies, "not much."

"We ain't *very* green down here in York," said the ringleader.

"Wal, jes' yeu look yere, friend; up in aour kounty we've a purty big river, considerin'. Injun river, it's called. Wal, I hove a man clean across that river t'other day, and he came daown clean and square on t'other side. Wal, you may laff, but I kin dew it again—like open and shut, too."

"Bet you ten dollars of it," said the head rowdy, covering the Vermonter's shin plaister with the note of a broken-down-east bank.

"Kin you swim, feller?"

"Like a duck." Before the rowdy had well uttered the words, the Vermonter had clutched him by the seat of his pants and the nape of his neck, and thrown him heels overhead ten yards into the Hudson.

Wet and shivering, the loafer scrambled to shore amid the jeers and screams of his companions, and instantly claimed the money.

"Wal, I rekun you wun't take no ten spots jest yet, capt'n," said the Vermonter; "I didn't calkilate on dewin' it the fust time, but I tell you I kin dew it." And again he seized the loafer in his terrible grip, and threw him this time ten yards farther than the last.

Again, dripping and cowed, the bully crawled to shore.

"Third time never fails," said the Yankee, peeling off his coat; "I kin dew it, I tell yer, and I *will dew it if I try till to-morrer mornin'*."

"Hold on! I give it up—take the money," said the defeated rowdy.

The Vermonter, coolly pocketing the "ten spots," remarked, as he turned away with a grin, "We ain't much acquainted with yeu smart folks daoun here 'n York, but we sometimes take the starch aout 'em up aour way: p'r'aps yeu wunt try it on the stranger agin—I *reck'n* you wunt."

The next story I shall call

THE CINCINNATI HERO.

The Hoosiers and Corncrackers of Ohio are a brave and a wily race. On a raw October morning, a young man, in seedy black, appeared on the broad sloping shore at Cincinnati, and elbowed his way through the crowd to the water-side.

"Been on a bat (spree)?" said one bystander.

"Going to take a bath?" said another.

The young man, heeding no one, turned up his eyes to heaven, clasped his hands together, muttered some inarticulate words, probably of despair, and dashed himself into the river.

The loafers were appalled; but, ere a foot had moved, a second young man, more roughly dressed, ran into their midst, shrieking wildly, and demanding if any one had seen his brother.

Suddenly his eye fell on the man in seedy black floundering in the water, now some yards from shore.

"There he is! there he is!" he cried; "I'll save him or die. Ah!" And away he dashed into the turbid Ohio, striking out manfully. He soon reached his brother, fought with him in the water, and eventually dragged him to shore by the hair of his head, amid three irrepressible cheers from the spectators. The hero was exhausted—the would-be suicide almost insensible.

"No, he lives!" shouted out the shivering hero—"he lives! Again have I saved him! Ah!"

The sufferer was carried to the nearest store, and there, before a cheerful fire, soon restored to consciousness.

"Brandy! or he perishes—my brother!" cried the hero.

A dozen philanthropists ran for brandy.

"Whisky, or I die of cold!" said the hero.

And a dozen more ran for whisky.

"Oh, the agonies, gentlemen," said the hero, "I and my brother have suffered for the last ten months! Oh, the penury, the scorn, the starvation! But I draw a veil over the horrid past—for why should I give your feeling hearts one unnecessary pang?"

"Go on," shouted twenty voices.

"But, gentlemen, should I be ungrateful for such sympathy? Should a miserable pride bridle my tongue? We have seen better days; yes, sure, better days; but repeated losses have so weakened my poor brother's brain, that this is the second time I have saved his life this week. Ah!"

A moist-eyed man, with red hair, here stepped forward, and, with apologies, laid a silver dollar on the table (the rescuer bowed, and went on talking; his half drowned brother was moody and depressed). A second man put down a two, a third a five, dollar bill; there was soon a respectable pile, and all for the gallant and faithful youth who had risked his own life to save a brother's.

"Smart chaps," said a bystander from a suburban village, who saw the two brothers depart cheered by the sympathising crowd.

"Why, do you know them?" said a second man, who had laid down the dollars pretty freely.

"Know them, sure I do. Why, those are the two fellers as go about saving each other's lives every day or two. They are the two smartest swimmers this side of the Alleghany Mountains."

My next is a New York story, and treats of a possible relation of the two heroic brothers of Cincinnati.

A New York loafer, the other day, being almost starved, and afraid of venturing into any bar-room, or eleven o'clock "restorator," for fear of being "booted," at last ventured into an eating booth near the market, magnetically drawn by the savour of fresh pies and roasted oysters. Boldly in he went, ordered a fowl of "Old Java," swallowed a dish of the best Shrewsbury oysters, gulped down six sandwiches, topped off with the biggest half-plate of pumpkin pie, then called for two of the best "Golden Lion" cigars, and pronounced everything darned capital—excellent. The proprietor, not accustomed to such patrons, gloated over the impending four and sixpence.

Suddenly the loafer's face, staring out of window, became convulsed, and roaring out, "Thunder! there goes my horse!" he ran down the street, whip in hand, fleet as an Indian scout.

By the latest accounts, our epicurean and excitable friend has not yet recovered his horse.

And now I will give in dialogue the latest "nigger" story, the point of which is simple enough, and not in itself worth quoting. I will call it

A Darky's Bull.

Two burly whitewashers met in Broad-street, New York, and the following conversation took place:

"Look yeah, Zeke, you knows Roob Guffum?"

"Wal, I duzn't know nobody else."

"Wal, Roob and dis chile had a splay ob scientific poozleistics last night."

"Wot you call dem poozleistics?"

"W'y, a set-to, niggah."

"Whar?"

"Down Long Wharf."

"Wal, wot o' dat?"

"Nuffin 'ticular, Sam, only I spec dis chile didn't make much by the peculashun."

"How's dat, Gumbo?"

"W'y, you see, Zeke, dat Roob Guffum wouldn't treat liquors round wen dis niggah ask him cibily, an' so I jest pulls his shapo down ober his forard."

"Wot den?"

"W'y, Sam, to tell you de troof, I spect I heard sum 'n drop on the pa'ment d'rectly afterwards, an' wen I turn round to ax what it wus, I found it was dis niggah and nuffin shorter. Hi-yah!"

Now, these rude and simple stories, dull as they are, serve better to illustrate Negro-American and American-English than all the disquisitions in the world, or than all Murray or Webster ever penned. It is impossible to explain to an Englishman how clearly the use of "I guess," "I reckon," and "I calkilate," betray the peculiar state from which the speaker comes. The peculiar force of that extraordinary interjection, "Du-tell!" which sounds so like an entreaty, must be heard to be appreciated. The peculiar force of "Sure," "Yes, sir," "It is so," cannot well be described without examples.

The sly use of the word "some," as in "some corn," meant to indicate millions of bushels, is not more especially American than those strange metaphors, such as "Lively as a snapping turtle," or a "Heart as hard as a hickory nut, and as tender as a green-house flower." But it would take a volume to show how full of metaphors and sly dryness American conversation generally is.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE Manuscript was written in a small and peculiar handwriting, which, though evidently by the same person whose letter to Strahan I had read, was, whether from haste or some imperfection in the ink, much more hard to decipher. Those parts of the Memoir which related to experiments, or alleged secrets in Nature, that the writer intimated a desire to submit exclusively to scholars or men of science, were in Latin—and Latin which, though grammatically correct, was frequently obscure. But all that detained the eye and attention on the page, necessarily served to impress the contents more deeply on remembrance.

The narrative commenced with the writer's sketch of his childhood. Both his parents had died before he attained his seventh year. The orphan had been sent by his guardians to a private school, and his holidays had been passed at Derval Court. Here, his earliest reminiscences were those of the quaint old room, in which I now sat, and of his childish wonder at the inscription on the chimney-piece—who and what was the Simon Forman who had there found a refuge from persecution? Of what nature were the studies he had cultivated, and the discoveries he boasted to have made?

When he was about sixteen, Philip Derval had begun to read the many mystic books which the library contained; but without other result on his mind than the sentiment of disappointment and disgust. The impressions produced on the credulous imagination of childhood vanished. He went to the university; was sent abroad to travel: and on his return took that place in the circles of London which is so readily conceded to a young idler of birth and fortune. He passed quickly over that period of his life, as one of extravagance and dissipation, from which he was first drawn by the attachment for his cousin to which his letter to Strahan referred. Disappointed in the hopes which that affection had conceived, and his fortune impaired, partly by some years of reckless profusion, and partly by the pecuniary sacrifices at which he had effected his cousin's marriage with another, he retired to Derval Court, to live there in solitude and seclusion. On searching for some old title-deeds required for a mortgage, he chanced upon a collection of manuscripts much discoloured and, in part, eaten away by moth or damp. These, on examination, proved to be the writings of Forman. Some of them were astrological observations and predictions; some were upon the nature of the Cabala; some upon the invocation of spirits and the magic of the dark ages. All had a certain interest, for they were interspersed with personal remarks, anecdotes of eminent actors in a very stirring time, and were composed as Colloquies, in imitation of Erasmus; the second person in the dialogue being Sir Miles Derval, the patron and pupil; the first person being Forman, the philosopher and expounder.

But along with these shadowy lucubrations were treatises of a more uncommon and a more startling character; discussions on various occult laws of nature, and detailed accounts of analytical experiments. These opened a new, and what seemed to Sir Philip a practical, field of inquiry—a true border land between natural science and imaginative speculation. Sir Philip had cultivated philosophical science at the university; he resumed the study, and tested himself the truth of various experiments suggested by Forman. Some, to his surprise, proved successful—some wholly failed. These lucubrations first tempted the writer of the memoir towards the studies in which the remainder of his life had been consumed. But he spoke of the lucubrations themselves as valuable only where suggestive of some truths which Forman had accidentally approached, without being aware of their true nature and importance. They were debased by absurd puerilities, and vitiated by the vain and presumptuous ignorance which characterised the astrology of the middle ages. For these reasons the writer intimated his intention (if he lived to return to England) to destroy Forman's manuscripts, together with sundry other books, and a few commentaries of his own upon studies which had for a while misled him—all now deposited in the safes of the room in which I sat.

After some years passed in the retirement of Derval Court, Sir Philip was seized with the desire to travel, and the taste he had imbibed for occult studies led him towards those Eastern lands in

which they took their origin, and still retain their professors.

Several pages of the manuscript were now occupied with minute statements of the writer's earlier disappointment in the objects of his singular research. The so-called magicians, accessible to the curiosity of European travellers, were either but ingenious jugglers, or produced effects that perplexed him by practices they had mechanically learned, but of the rationale of which they were as ignorant as himself. It was not till he had resided some considerable time in the East, and acquired a familiar knowledge of its current languages and the social habits of its various populations, that he became acquainted with men in whom he recognised earnest cultivators of the lore which tradition ascribes to the colleges and priesthoods of the ancient world; men generally living remote from others, and seldom to be bribed by money to exhibit their marvels or divulge their secrets. In his intercourse with these sages, Sir Philip arrived at the conviction that there does exist an art of magic, distinct from the guile of the conjuror, and applying to certain latent powers and affinities in nature a philosophy akin to that which we receive in our acknowledged schools, inasmuch as it is equally based upon experiment, and produces from definite causes definite results. In support of this startling proposition, Sir Philip now devoted more than half his volume to the detail of various experiments, to the process and result of which he pledged his guarantee as the actual operator. As most of these alleged experiments appeared to me wholly incredible, and as all of them were unfamiliar to my practical experience, and could only be verified or falsified by tests that would require no inconsiderable amount of time and care, I passed, with little heed, over the pages in which they were set forth. I was impatient to arrive at that part of the manuscript which might throw light on the mystery in which my interest was the keenest. What were the links which connected the existence of Margrave with the history of Sir Philip Derval? Thus hurrying on, page after page, I suddenly, towards the end of the volume, came upon a name that arrested all my attention—Haroun of Aleppo. He who has read the words addressed to me in my trance may well conceive the thrill that shot through my heart when I came upon that name, and will readily understand how much more vividly my memory retains that part of the manuscript to which I now proceed than all which had gone before.

"It was," wrote Sir Philip, "in an obscure suburb of Aleppo that I at length met with the wonderful man from whom I have acquired a knowledge immeasurably more profound and occult than that which may be tested in the experiments to which I have devoted so large a share of this memoir. Haroun of Aleppo had, indeed, mastered every secret in nature which the nobler, or theurgic, magic seeks to fathom.

"He had discovered the great Principle of Life, which had hitherto baffled the subtlest anatomist:—provided only that the great organs were not irreparably destroyed, there was no disease that he could not cure; no decrepitude to which he could not restore vigour; yet his science was based on the same theory as that espoused by the best professional practitioners of medicine—viz. that the true art of healing is to assist Nature to throw off the disease—to summon, as it were, the whole system to eject the enemy that has fastened on a part. And thus his processes, though occasionally varying in the means employed, all combined in this—viz. the reinvigorating and recruiting of the principle of life."

No one knew the birth or origin of Haroun; no one knew his age. In outward appearance he was in the strength and prime of mature manhood. But, according to testimonies in which the writer of the memoir expressed a belief that, I need scarcely say, appeared to me egregiously credulous, Haroun's existence under the same name, and known by the same repute, could be traced back to more than a hundred years. He told Sir Philip that he had thrice renewed his own life, and had resolved to do so no more—he had grown weary of living on. With all his gifts, Haroun owned himself to be consumed by a profound melancholy. He complained that there was nothing new to him under the sun; he said that, while he had at his command unlimited wealth, wealth had ceased to bestow enjoyment; and he preferred living as simply as a peasant: he had tired out all the affections and all the passions of the human heart; he was in the universe as in a solitude. In a word, Haroun would often repeat, with mournful solemnity, "The soul is not meant to inhabit this earth, and in fleshly tabernacle, for more than the period usually assigned to mortals; and when by art in repairing the walls of the body, we so retain it, the soul repines, becomes inert or dejected." "He only," said Haroun, "would feel continued joy in continued existence who could preserve in perfection the sensual part of man, with such mind or reason as may be independent of the spiritual essence; but whom soul itself has quitted! Man, in short, as the grandest of the animals, but without the sublime discontent of earth, which is the peculiar attribute of soul."

One evening Sir Philip was surprised to find at Haroun's house another European. He paused in his narrative to describe this man. He said that for three or four years previously he had heard frequent mention, amongst the cultivators of magic, of an orientalised Englishman engaged in researches similar to his own, and to whom was ascribed a terrible knowledge in those branches of the art which, even in the East, are condemned as instrumental to evil. Sir Philip here distinguished at length, as he had so briefly distinguished in his conversation with me, between the two kinds of magic—that which he alleged to be as pure from sin as any other species of experimental knowledge, and that by which the

agencies of witchcraft are invoked for the purposes of guilt.

The Englishman, to whom the culture of this latter and darker kind of magic was ascribed, Sir Philip Derval had never hitherto come across. He now met him at the house of Haroun; decrepit, emaciated, bowed down with infirmities, and racked with pain. Though little more than sixty, his aspect was that of extreme old age, but still on his face there were seen the ruins of a once singular beauty; and still, in his mind, there was a force that contrasted the decay of the body. Sir Philip had never met with an intellect more powerful and more corrupt. The son of a notorious usurer, heir to immense wealth, and endowed with the talents which justify ambition, he had entered upon life burdened with the odium of his father's name. A duel, to which he had been provoked by an ungenerous taunt on his origin, but in which a temperament fiercely vindictive had led him to violate the usages prescribed by the social laws that regulate such encounters, had subjected him to a trial in which he escaped conviction, either by a flaw in the technicalities of legal procedure, or by the compassion of the jury;* but the moral presumptions against him were sufficiently strong to set an indelible brand on his honour, and an insurmountable barrier to the hopes which his early ambition had conceived. After this trial he had quitted his country to return to it no more. Thenceforth, much of his life had been passed out of sight or conjecture of civilised men, in remote regions and amongst barbarous tribes. At intervals, however, he had reappeared in European capitals; shunned by and shunning his equals, surrounded by parasites, amongst whom were always to be found men of considerable learning, whom avarice or poverty subjected to the influences of his wealth. For the last nine or ten years he had settled in Persia, purchased extensive lands, maintained the retinue, and exercised more than the power, of an Oriental prince. Such was the man who, prematurely worn out, and assured by physicians that he had not six weeks of life, had come to Aleppo with the gaudy escort of an Eastern satrap, had caused himself to be borne in his litter to the mud-hut of Haroun the Sage, and now called on the magician, in whose art was his last hope, to reprieve him from the—grave.

He turned round to Sir Philip when the latter entered the room, and exclaimed in English, "I am here because you are. Your intimacy with this man was known to me. I took your character as the guarantee of his own. Tell me that I am no credulous dupe. Tell him that I, Louis Grayle, am no needy petitioner. Tell me of his wisdom; assure him of my wealth."

Sir Philip looked inquiringly at Haroun, who remained seated on his carpet in profound silence.

"What is it you ask of Haroun?"

"To live on—to live on. For every year of life he can give me, I will load these floors with gold."

"Gold will not tempt Haroun."

"What will?"

"Ask him yourself; you speak his language."

"I have asked him; he vouchsafes me no answer."

* The reader will here observe a discrepancy between Mrs. Poyntz's account and Sir Philip Derval's narrative. According to the former, Louis Grayle was tried in his absence from England, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, which his flight enabled him to evade. According to the latter, Louis Grayle stood his trial, and obtained an acquittal. Sir Philip's account must, at least, be nearer the truth than the lady's, because Louis Grayle could not, according to English law, have been tried on a capital charge without being present in court. Mrs. Poyntz tells her story as a woman generally does tell a story—sure to make a mistake where she touches on a question of law; and—unconsciously perhaps to herself—the Woman of the World warps the facts in her narrative so as to save the personal dignity of the hero, who has captivated her interest, not from the moral odium of a great crime, but the debasing position of a prisoner at the bar. Allen Fenwick, no doubt, purposely omits to notice the discrepancy between these two statements, or to animadvert on the mistake which, in the eyes of a lawyer, would discredit Mrs. Poyntz's. It is consistent with some of the objects for which Allen Fenwick makes public his Strange Story, to invite the reader to draw his own inferences from the contradictions by which, even in the most common-place matters (and how much more in any tale of wonder!), a fact stated by one person is made to differ from the same fact stated by another. The rapidity with which a truth becomes transformed into fable, when it is once sent on its travels from lip to lip, is illustrated by an amusement at this moment in fashion. The amusement is this: In a party of eight or ten persons, let one whisper to another an account of some supposed transaction, or a piece of invented gossip relating to absent persons, dead or alive; let the person, who thus first hears the story, proceed to whisper it, as exactly as he can remember what he has just heard, to the next; the next does the same to his neighbour, and so on, till the tale has run the round of the party. Each narrator, as soon as he has whispered his version of the tale, writes down what he has whispered. And though, in this game, no one has had any interest to misrepresent, but, on the contrary, each, for his own credit's sake, strives to repeat what he has heard as faithfully as he can, it will be almost invariably found that the story told by the first person has received the most material alterations before it has reached the eighth or the tenth. Sometimes, the most important feature of the whole narrative is altogether omitted; sometimes, a feature altogether new, and preposterously absurd, has been added. At the close of the experiment one is tempted to exclaim, "How, after this, can any of those portions of history which the chronicler took from hearsay, be believed?" But, above all, does not every anecdote of scandal which has passed, not through ten lips, but perhaps through ten thousand, before it has reached us, become quite as perplexing to him who would get at the truth, as the marvels he recounts are to the bewildered reason of Fenwick the Sceptic?

Haroun here suddenly roused himself as from a reverie. He drew from under his robe a small phial, from which he let fall a single drop into a cup of water, and said, "Drink this. Send to me to-morrow for such medicaments as I may prescribe. Return hither yourself in three days; not before!"

When Grayle was gone, Sir Philip, moved to pity, asked Haroun if, indeed, it were within the compass of his art to preserve life in a frame that appeared so thoroughly exhausted. Haroun answered, "A fever may so waste the lamp of life that one ruder gust of air could extinguish the flame, yet the sick man recovers. This sick man's existence has been one long fever; this sick man can recover."

"You will aid him to do so?"

"Three days hence I will tell you."

On the third day Grayle revisited Haroun, and, at Haroun's request, Sir Philip came also. Grayle declared that he had already derived unspeakable relief from the remedies administered; he was lavish in expressions of gratitude; pressed large gifts on Haroun, and seemed pained when they were refused. This time, Haroun conversed freely, drawing forth Grayle's own irregular, perverted, stormy, but powerful intellect.

I can best convey the general nature of Grayle's share in the dialogue between himself, Haroun, and Derval—recorded in the narrative in words which I cannot trust my memory to repeat in detail—by stating the effect it produced on my own mind. It seemed, while I read, as if there passed before me some convulsion of Nature—a storm, an earthquake. Outcries of rage, of scorn, of despair; a despot's vehemence of will; a rebel's scoff at authority. Yet, ever and anon, some swell of lofty thought, some burst of passionate genius—abrupt variations from the vaunt of superb defiance to the wail of intense remorse.

The whole had in it, I know not what, of uncouth but colossal—like the chant, in the old lyrical tragedy, of one of those mythical giants, who, proud of descent from Night and Chaos, had held sway over the elements, while still crude and conflicting, to be crushed under the rocks, upheaved in their struggle, as Order and Harmony subjected a brightening Creation to the milder Influences personified and throned in Olympus. But it was not till the later passages of the dialogue in which my interest was now absorbed, that the language ascribed to this sinister personage lost a gloomy pathos, not the less impressive for the awe with which it was mingled. For, till then, it seemed to me as if in that tempestuous nature there were still broken glimpses of starry light; that a character originally lofty, if irregular and fierce, had been embittered by early and continuous war with the social world, and had, in that war, become maimed and distorted; that, under happier circumstances, its fiery strength might have been disciplined to good; that even now, where remorse was so evidently poignant, evil could not be irredeemably confirmed.

At length all the dreary compassion previously inspired vanished in one unqualified abhorrence.

The subjects discussed changed from those which, relating to the common world of men, were within the scope of my reason. Haroun led his wild guest to boast of his own proficiency in magic, and, despite my incredulity, I could not overcome the shudder with which fictions, however extravagant, that deal with that dark Unknown abandoned to the chimeras of poets, will, at night and in solitude, send through the veins of men the least accessible to imaginary terrors.

Grayle spoke of the power he had exercised through the agency of evil spirits—a power to fascinate and to destroy. He spoke of the aid revealed to him, now too late, which such direful allies could afford, not only to a private revenge, but to a kingly ambition. Had he acquired the knowledge he declared himself to possess, before the feebleness of the decaying body made it valueless, how he could have triumphed over that world, which had expelled his youth from its pale! He spoke of means by which his influence could work undetected on the minds of others, control agencies that could never betray, defy laws that could never discover. He spoke vaguely of a power by which a spectral reflexion of the material body could be cast, like a shadow, to a distance; glide through the walls of a prison, elude the sentinels of a camp—a power that he asserted to be—when enforced by concentred will, and acting on the mind, where, in each individual, temptation found mind the weakest—almost infallible in its effect to seduce or to appal. And he closed these and similar boasts of demoniacal arts, which I remember too obscurely to repeat, with a tumultuous imprecation on their nothingness to avail against the gripe of death. All this lore he would communicate to Haroun, in return for what? A boon shared by the meanest peasant—life, common life; to breathe yet a while the air, feel yet a while the sun.

Then Haroun replied. He said, with a quiet disdain, that the dark art to which Grayle made such boastful pretence, was the meanest of all abuses of knowledge, rightly abandoned, in all ages, to the vilest natures. And then, suddenly changing his tone, he spoke, so far as I can remember the words assigned to him in the manuscript, to this effect:

"Fallen and unhappy wretch, and you ask me for prolonged life!—a prolonged curse to the world and to yourself. Shall I employ spells to lengthen the term of the Pestilence, or profane the secrets of Nature to restore vigour and youth to the failing energies of Crime?"

Grayle, as if stunned by the rebuke, fell on his knees with despairing entreaties that strangely contrasted his previous arrogance. "And it was," he said, "because his life had been evil that he dreaded death. If life could be renewed he would repent, he would change; he retracted his vaunts, he would forsake the arts he had

boasted, he would re-enter the world as its benefactor."

"So ever the wicked man lies to himself when appalled by the shadow of death," answered Haroun. "But know, by the remorse which preys on thy soul, that it is not thy soul that addresses this prayer to me. Couldst thou hear, through the storms of the Mind, the Soul's melancholy whisper, it would dissuade thee from a wish to live on. While I speak I behold it, that SOUL! Sad for the stains on its essence, awed by the account it must render, but dreading, as the direst calamity, a renewal of years below,—darker stains and yet heavier accounts! Whatever the sentence it may now undergo, it has a hope for mercy in the remorse which the mind vainly struggles to quell. But darker its doom if longer retained to earth, yoked to the mind that corrupts it, and enslaved to the senses which thou bidst me restore to their tyrannous forces."

And Grayle bowed his head and covered his face with his hands in silence and in trembling.

Then Sir Philip, seized with compassion, pleaded for him. "At least could not the soul have longer time on earth for repentance?" And while Sir Philip was so pleading, Grayle fell prostrate in a swoon like that of death. When he recovered, his head was leaning on Haroun's knee, and his opening eyes fixed on the glittering phial which Haroun held, and from which his lips had been moistened.

"Wondrous!" he murmured; "how I feel life flowing back to me. And that, then, is the elixir! it is no fable!"

His hands stretched greedily as to seize the phial, and he cried, imploringly, "More, more!" Haroun replaced the vessel in the folds of his robe, and answered:

"I will not renew thy youth, but I will release thee from bodily suffering; I will leave the mind and the soul free from the pangs of the flesh, to reconcile, if yet possible, their long war. My skill may afford thee months yet for repentance; seek, in that interval, to atone for the evil of sixty years; apply thy wealth where it may most compensate for injury done, most relieve the indigent, and most aid the virtuous. Listen to thy remorse. Humble thyself in prayer."

Grayle departed, sighing heavily, and muttering to himself.

The next day Haroun summoned Sir Philip Derval, and said to him:

"Depart to Damascus. In that city the Pestilence has appeared. Go thither thou, to heal and to save. In this casket are stored the surest antidotes to the poison of the plague. Of that essence, undiluted and pure, which tempts to the undue prolongation of soul in the prison of flesh, this casket contains not a drop. I curse not my friend with so mournful a boon. Thou hast learned enough of my art to know by what simples the health of the temperate is easily restored to its balance, and their path to the grave smoothed from pain. Not more should Man covet from Nature for the solace and weal of the body. Nobler gifts far than aught for the body this casket contains. Herein are the essences which quicken the life of those duplicate senses that lie dormant and coiled in their chrysalis web, awaiting the wings of a future development—the senses by which we can see, though not with the eye, and hear, but not by the ear. Herein are the links between Man's mind and Nature's; herein are secrets more precious even than these—those extracts of light which enable the Soul to distinguish itself from the Mind, and discriminate the spiritual life, not more from life carnal than life intellectual. Where thou seest some noble intellect, studious of Nature, intent upon Truth, yet ignoring the fact that all animal life has a mind, and Man alone on the earth ever asked, and has asked, from the hour his step trod the Earth and his eye sought the Heaven, 'Have I not a soul—can it perish?'—there, such aids to the soul, in the innermost vision vouchsafed to the mind, thou mayst lawfully use. But the treasures contained in this casket are like all which a mortal can win from the mines he explores;—good or ill in their uses as they pass to the hands of the good or the evil. Thou wilt never confide them but to those who will not abuse; and even then, thou art an adept too versed in the mysteries of Nature not to discriminate between the powers that may serve the good to good ends, and the powers that may tempt the good—where less wise than experience has made thee and me—to the ends that are evil; and not even to thy friend, the most virtuous—if less proof against passion, than thou and I have become—wilt thou confide such contents of the casket as may work on the fancy, to deafen the conscience, and imperil the soul."

Sir Philip took the casket, and with it directions for use, which he did not detail. He then spoke to Haroun about Louis Grayle, who had inspired him with a mingled sentiment of admiration and abhorrence; of pity and terror. And Haroun answered. Repeating, thus, the words ascribed to him, so far as I can trust, in regard to them—as to all else in this marvellous narrative—to a memory habitually tenacious even in ordinary matters, and strained to the utmost extent of its power, by the strangeness of the ideas presented to it, and the intensity of my personal interest in whatever admitted a ray into that cloud which, gathering fast over my reason, now threatened storm to my affections:

"When the mortal deliberately allies himself to the spirits of evil, he surrenders the citadel of his being to the guard of its enemies; and those who look from without can only dimly guess what passes within the precincts abandoned to Powers whose very nature we shrink to contemplate, lest our mere gaze should invite them. This man, whom thou pitiest, is not yet everlastingly consigned to the fiends; because his soul still struggles against them. His life has been one

long war between his intellect which is mighty and his spirit which is feeble. The intellect, armed and winged by the passions, has besieged and oppressed the soul; but the soul has never ceased to repine and to repent. And at moments it has gained its inherent ascendancy, persuaded revenge to drop the prey it had seized, turned the mind astray from hatred and wrath into unwonted paths of charity and love. In the long desert of guilt, there have been green spots and fountains of good. The fiends have occupied the intellect which invoked them, but they have never yet thoroughly mastered the soul which their presence appals. In the struggle that now passes within that breast, amidst the flickers of waning mortality, only Allah, whose eye never slumbers, can aid."

Haroun then continued, in words yet more strange and yet more deeply graved in my memory:

"There have been men (thou mayst have known such), who, after an illness in which life itself seemed suspended, have arisen, as out of a sleep, with characters wholly changed. Before, perhaps gentle and good and truthful, they now become bitter, malignant, and false. To the persons and the things they had before loved, they evince repugnance and loathing. Sometimes this change is so marked and irrational, that their kindred ascribe it to madness. Not the madness which affects them in the ordinary business of life, but that which turns into harshness and discord the moral harmony that results from natures whole and complete. But there are dervishes who hold that in that illness, which had for its time the likeness of death, the soul itself has passed away, and an evil genius has fixed itself into the body and the brain, thus left void of their former tenant, and animates them in the unaccountable change from the past to the present existence. Such mysteries have formed no part of my study, and I tell you the conjecture received in the East without hazarding a comment whether of incredulity or belief. But if, in this war between the mind which the fiends have seized and the soul which implores refuge of Allah; if, while the mind of yon traveller now covets life lengthened on earth for the enjoyments it had perverted its faculties to seek and to find in sin, and covets so eagerly that it would shrink from no crime, and revolt from no fiend, that could promise the gift—the soul shudderingly implores to be saved from new guilt, and would rather abide by the judgment of Allah on the sins that have darkened it, than pass for ever irredeemably away to the demons: if this be so, what if the soul's petition be heard—what if it rise from the ruins around it—what if the ruins be left to the witchcraft that seeks to rebuild them? There, if demons might enter, that which they sought as their prize has escaped them; that which they find would mock them by its own incompleteness even in evil. In vain might animal life the most perfect be given to the machine of the flesh; in vain might the mind, freed from the check of the soul, be left to roam at will through a brain stored with memories of knowledge and skilled in the command of its faculties; in vain, in addition to all that body and brain bestow on the normal condition of man, might unhallowed reminiscences gather all the arts and the charms of the sorcery by which the fiends tempted the soul, before it fled, through the passions of flesh and the cravings of mind: the Thing, thus devoid of a soul, would be an instrument of evil, doubtless; but an instrument that of itself could not design, invent, and complete. The demons themselves could have no permanent hold on the perishable materials. They might enter it for some gloomy end which Allah permits in his inscrutable wisdom; but they could leave it no trace when they pass from it, because there is no conscience where soul is wanting. The human animal without soul, but otherwise made felicitously perfect in its mere vital organisation, might ravage and destroy, as the tiger and the serpent may destroy and ravage, and, the moment after, would sport in the sunlight harmless and rejoicing, because, like the serpent and the tiger, it is incapable of remorse."

"Why startle my wonder," said Derval, "with so fantastic an image?"

"Because, possibly, the image may come into palpable form! I know, while I speak to thee, that this miserable man is calling to his aid the evil sorcery over which he boasts his control. To gain the end he desires, he must pass through a crime. Sorcery whispers to him how to pass through it, secure from the detection of man. The soul resists, but, in resisting, is weak against the tyranny of the mind to which it has submitted so long. Question me no more. But if I vanish from thine eyes, if thou hear that the death which, to my sorrow and in my foolishness I have failed to recognise as the merciful minister of Heaven, has removed me at last from the earth, believe that the Pale Visitant was welcome, and that I humbly accept as a blessed release the lot of our common humanity."

Sir Philip went to Damascus. There, he found the pestilence raging—there, he devoted himself to the cure of the afflicted; in no single instance, so, at least, he declared, did the antidotes stored in the casket fail in their effect. The pestilence had passed; his medicaments were exhausted; when the news reached him that Haroun was no more. The Sage had been found, one morning, lifeless in his solitary home, and, according to popular rumour, marks on his throat betrayed the murderous hand of the strangler. Simultaneously, Louis Grayle had disappeared from the city, and was supposed to have shared the fate of Haroun, and been secretly buried by the assassins who had deprived him of life. Sir Philip hastened to Aleppo. There, he ascertained that on the night in which Haroun died, Grayle did not disappear alone; with him, were also missing two of his numerous suite; the one, an Arab woman, named Ayesha, who had for some years been his constant companions, his pupil and asso-

ciate in the mystic practices to which his intellect had been debased, and who was said to have acquired a singular influence over him, partly by her beauty, and partly by the tenderness with which she had nursed him through his long decline: the other, an Indian, specially assigned to her service, of whom all the wild retainers of Grayle spoke with detestation and terror. He was believed by them to belong to that murderous sect of fanatics whose existence as a community has only recently been made known to Europe, and who strangle their unsuspecting victim in the firm belief that they thereby propitiate the favour of the goddess they serve. The current opinion at Aleppo was, that if these two persons had conspired to murder Haroun, perhaps for the sake of the treasures he was said to possess, it was still more certain that they had made away with their own English lord, whether for the sake of the jewels he wore about him, or for the sake of treasures less doubtful than those imputed to Haroun—and of which the hiding-place would to them be much better known. "I did not share that opinion," wrote the narrator; "for I assured myself that Ayesha sincerely loved her awful master; and that love need excite no wonder, for Louis Grayle was one whom if a woman, and especially a woman of the East, had once loved, before old age and infirmity fell on him, she would love and cherish still more devotedly when it became her task to protect the being who, in his day of power and command, had exalted his slave into the rank of his pupil and companion. And the Indian whom Grayle had assigned to her service, was allowed to have that brute kind of fidelity which, though it recoils from no crime for a master, refuses all crime against him.

"I came to the conclusion that Haroun had been murdered by order of Louis Grayle—for the sake of the elixir of life—murdered by Juma the Strangler; and that Grayle himself had been aided in his flight from Aleppo, and tended, through the effects of the life-giving drug thus murderously obtained, by the womanly love of the Arab woman, Ayesha. These convictions (since I could not—without being ridiculed as the wildest of dupes—even hint at the vital elixir) I failed to impress on the Eastern officials, or even on a countryman of my own whom I chanced to find at Aleppo. They only arrived at what seemed the common-sense verdict—viz. Haroun might have been strangled, or might have died in a fit (the body, little examined, was buried long before I came to Aleppo); Louis Grayle was murdered by his own treacherous dependents. But all trace of the fugitives was lost.

"And now," wrote Sir Philip, "I will state by what means I discovered that Louis Grayle still lived—changed from age into youth; a new form, a new being; realising, I verily believe, the image which Haroun's words had raised up, in what then seemed to me the metaphysics of phantasy; criminal, without consciousness of crime; the dreadest of the mere animal race; an incarnation of the blind powers of Nature—beautiful and joyous, wanton, and terrible, and destroying! Such as ancient myths have personified in the idols of Oriental creeds; such as Nature, of herself, might form man in her moments of favour, if man were wholly the animal, and spirit were no longer the essential distinction between himself and the races to which by superior formation and subtler perceptions he would still be the king.

"But *this* being is yet more dire and portentous than the mere animal man, for in him are not only the fragmentary memories of a pristine intelligence which no mind, unaided by the presence of soul, could have originally compassed, but amidst that intelligence are the secrets of the magic which is learned through the agencies of spirits, to our race the most hostile. And who shall say whether the fiends do not enter at their will this void and deserted temple whence the soul has departed, and use as their tools, passive and unconscious, all the faculties which, skilful in sorcery, still place a Mind at the control of their malice?

"It was in the interest excited in me by the strange and terrible fate that befel an Armenian family with which I was slightly acquainted, that I first traced, in the creature I am now about to describe, and whose course I devote myself to watch and trust to bring to a close—the murderer of Haroun for the sake of the elixir of youth.

"In this Armenian family there were three daughters; one of them——"

I had just read thus far when a dim Shadow fell over the page, and a cold air seemed to breathe on me. Cold—so cold, that my blood halted in my veins as if suddenly frozen! Involuntarily I started, and looked up, sure that some ghastly presence was in the room. And then, on the opposite side of the wall, I beheld an unsubstantial likeness of a human form. Shadow I call it, but the word is not strictly correct, for it was luminous, though with a pale shine. In some exhibition in London there is shown a curious instance of optical illusion; at the end of a corridor you see, apparently in strong light, a human skull. You are convinced it is there as you approach; it is, however, only a reflexion from a skull at a distance. The image before me was less vivid, less seemingly prominent than is the illusion I speak of. I was not deceived. I felt it was a spectrum, a phantasm, but I felt no less surely that it was a reflexion from an animate form—the form and the face of Margrave: it was there, distinct, unmistakable. Conceiving that he himself must be behind me, I sought to rise, to turn round, to examine. I could not move: limb and muscle were overmastered by some incomprehensible spell. Gradually my senses forsook me, I became unconscious as well as motionless. When I recovered I heard the clock strike Three. I must have been nearly two hours insensible; the candles

before me were burning low; my eyes rested on the table; the dead man's manuscript was gone!

DON'T!

THERE is probably no country in Europe where, compared with the amount of the population, so little is spent in gratuities as in England. It will be understood that, in speaking of gratuities, I am in no way treating of charitable donations, contributions to good works, public or private, or indeed of any branch of almsgiving. My assertion is made with regard rather to complimentary presents, what were formerly termed vails, or more properly *vales*, and now are more generally known as tips. In other countries immense sums are disbursed in this way. In Holland, a gentleman going to spend a night at a friend's house will leave a sum not much short of three pounds behind him distributed among the servants. In Belgium, as a guest leaves the house where he has been feasting, he passes down a lane of domestics, who stand there waiting to be tipped; and in France, the *étrennes*, or New Year's gifts, amount to such a tax that I have even seen a French work on the national customs obtaining in France, in which the reader is recommended to feign a month's absence from Paris at the coming in of the new year, in order to avoid the otherwise inevitable drain upon his finances.

But though the imposts laid upon us in this country are lighter than those by which some of our neighbours are burdened, we ourselves have yet, in connexion with this subject, serious matter for complaint, as any person of limited income, and of social habits, will find if he will systematically set down all that he spends in gratuities in the course of a single year. Those who go out a great deal, or who visit much at friends' houses, and those who travel, will find this especially, though they are far from being the only classes which suffer largely in this way. But perhaps the members of the community on whom the necessity of spending money in gratuities falls most heavily, are young men of good birth and connexions, but narrow means; and unmarried ladies similarly situated. Many a young ensign or cornet—this is no imaginary case—who is at this time of year actually unable to accept the offer of a day's shooting at a country-house, because he really cannot afford the sum which he will be expected to spend among the servants with whom the day's transactions will bring him in contact. And well may he shrink from so expensive a day's pleasure. By the time that he has presented the gamekeeper with a guinea-fee, by the time that the butler has been rewarded in a manner becoming that gentleman's dignity, by the time that the man who brings the hot water and the brushed clothes into the room in the morning, the housemaid, the gamekeeper's assistants, and perhaps the groom who drives our young friend over to the station in a dog-cart, have all been duly acknowledged, the guest will find that his day's shooting has, in gratuities alone, cost him upwards of a couple of pounds, a sum which, if he gets many invitations, he will find it very inconvenient to spend whenever he ventures to accept one of them. It is really difficult to understand why this state of things should exist. Every one of these servants is well fed, well clothed, and well paid. Their wages are paid by their master that they may do their work, fulfil all the duties of their respective positions, and among other things, most assuredly, attend to the wants of their master's guests. Why are those guests to contribute a supplementary salary, and a high one too, for the benefit of each one of their friend's domestics?

But the evil of which we are complaining is by no means confined to the depredations which we suffer from when we fall into the hands of our friend's gamekeepers or other of his retainers. When we come in contact with hotel or tavern waiters, with railway porters, and with other officials of the same kind, are we not immediately expected to dive into our waistcoat-pockets? It is very well to say that the different railway stations have notices placed about them to the effect that the porters have no right to receive any fee in return for the services rendered by them to the public. It is very well also to put down "attendance" in the hotel bill, and to say that servants are "charged for." The fact—whatever the theory may be—the *fact*, we say, is, that if a railway-porter does not see sixpence or a shilling gleaming in your eye he will be reluctant to show you any attention. Be the rules what they may, the porter who renders you any service at the railway station demands a recompense for it, just as plainly and unmistakably by his manner and bearing as if he asked for it in so many words; while in the case of the hotel waiter we are worse off still, as his services are charged for in the bill, and he yet expects (and generally gets) a fee besides, to induce him, we suppose, to put up with the affront of being mentioned in his master's little account.

I believe that none but very stringent measures will ever be of service in getting rid of the gratuity tax. I have heard, though I cannot vouch for the fact, that there are some proprietors of country mansions who put up in all the spare rooms in their houses an earnest request that no money may be given by any guest to the servants of the establishment, as it is contrary to the rule of the house that they should receive it. It must be owned that such a system as this would give to a country-house rather the look of an inn, but the rule, in itself, would be an excellent one. The question is, whether it would be in any degree more effective than the somewhat similar announcement found at railway stations? Would it really arrest the hand of the guest on its way to his waistcoat-pocket? I should be disposed to fear not. The real fault in this matter lies more, far more, with the giver of the gratuity than with the receiver. It is not, as might at first be

supposed, an evidence of generosity that a man is in this way what is called "ready with his money." It is much more an evidence of vanity and love of approbation. A man is afraid of being thought mean, or worse, ignorant of the ways of the world, or, worse than all—poor; and so he impoverishes himself, turns his liberality aside from channels in which it might do good, or, perhaps, neglects just claims upon him in order that he may obtain the good opinion of the servants'-hall, or be thought a fine fellow by a railway porter or a tavern waiter. I have said that it is my belief that only very stringent measures will meet this defect in our system, and I repeat it. The class of persons whose money is their sole claim to respect is a large one, and their readiness to make large purchases in the respect-market is very great, and I believe that nothing short of a conviction on the part of a domestic servant that he would lose his place, or on the part of a railway porter that he would infallibly be discharged, would enable either of those functionaries to repulse with sufficient vigour the overtures of one who is expending his capital in buying, literally, "golden opinions of all sorts of men."

Of course, in the case of domestic servants it would be very difficult to find a remedy for the evil. The subject is a very delicate one, and the master of a house could hardly speak of it to a guest. Still, were public attention directed to the finding of a remedy, one need not despair. But with regard to the other class—the railway porter, and the hotel or tavern servant—there is no sort of obstacle in the way of a great and most desirable change. Once let it be distinctly understood that the salaried servant of a railway company or the paid waiter at an hotel would be most certainly discharged if he received a fee, let this be no empty threat, but a system vigilantly and strictly carried out, and there would be an end of the evil. The consequence would be that a very vexatious extortion, for which it must be remembered the victim must be prepared at the moment with the proper change, would be done away with, one item in the list of the traveller's annoyances would be removed, and those whose circumstances render it necessary that their expenses should be curtailed as much as possible, would not be exposed to neglectful and careless treatment, while porters and waiters are bestowing all their favours upon the gentleman whose finger and thumb, hovering about the region of his waistcoat-pocket, seem to suggest that their attentions will not pass unacknowledged.

Vale, valete, I would gladly say to the whole tribe of vales. Many is the unhappy moment that a man passes while undecided as to how much he is expected to give in such unsatisfactory alms. It is hard to settle this matter well to a shilling; and then how uncomfortable you feel, as you stand at the hotel door waiting for your cab, with an insufficiently fee'd waiter at your side, eyeing you in a disparaging manner. How one hates that man during that short period! Miserable you feel if you have not given enough; a weak fool if you have bestowed too much: there is no satisfactory medium, depend upon it.

I am not at all sure which I hate most: the contemptuous and malignant conduct of the waiter who has not had enough, or the mean, slavering, unmanly, snivelling, obsequious officiousness of the overpaid official. Certainly, in the case of the first, one feels one's self-respect unimpaired; while with the last-mentioned sycophant, hovering smilingly about, whisking off bits of dust from one's coat, making remarks upon the weather, bowing, smirking, and fawning at every turn, I feel ashamed for him and of myself, and not to be relieved till the cab door has shut him out, and he has returned to the coffee-room to cringe before the next victim.

But even when we have got clear of the train, when we have left our friend's country-house and got fairly away from the hotel waiters, we have still not done with the gratuity nuisance. If Black Care sits behind the horseman, does it not sit before the driver in a fly or hired brougham, in the person of the coachman. All the time that I am driving home from that dinner-party at Camberwell, I do not mind owning that I am mentally occupied in trying to decide whether I will give the coachman eighteen-pence, two shillings, or half-a-crown. I tear my brain to pieces with indecision on this subject. My wife and my sister are in the carriage with me, and doubtless think, as I am looking from the window, that I am observing the objects which we pass, as we whisk along the gas-lit road. It is not so—my mind is entirely occupied with the arithmetical problem just mentioned, till at last I say to myself, "Perish the lucre!" and decide on the half-crown, which is a great deal too much, in order to get rid of the matter, and be able to join my companions comfortably in pitching into the guests with whom we have just been mingling. Why is that pleasure, that great pleasure, to be mitigated, and shorn of half its delights by the presence of that half-crown floating about my mind? Why does not that man—how I hate his back as he sits there on the coach-box occupied with much the same thoughts which are tormenting me inside!—why does not that man, I repeat, receive a salary from his master? What right has his employer to hire him, and then expect me to pay his wages?

Why, again, am I to pay the wages of the box-opener when I go to the play? At one theatre in the metropolis, and at one only, am I kept faith with in that respect. May that theatre prosper. It does prosper. Long may it continue to do so. May its pieces run, as one of them has already, for hundreds of nights. Even were the dramatic entertainment at the New Adelphi many degrees less admirable than it is, it would be a pleasure to go there simply on account of the noble way in which the gratuity nuisance has there been abolished by Mr. Webster. The civility and attention which you receive at that theatre exceed any to be met with elsewhere, and not one penny may be received by any one of the box-openers or other officials. Rigorously is

this rule adhered to, and constant is the vigilance necessary for carrying it out. For, shameful to say, there is a section of the public so basely purse-proud, so uneasy unless its claims to the title of gentleman are incessantly asserted by money payments, that they try in all sorts of ways to force the servants of the theatre to disobey the rules under which they hold their offices. Men have even flung their money down on the floor when it has been respectfully declined by those who hold their situations on condition of being able to resist such cruel temptation.

How is it at other theatres? To begin with, you pay a shilling when you take your place, to secure its being kept for you, and, as if this was not enough, the man who opens the door of that box, a portion of which distinctly belongs to you for that evening, thrusts a playbill in your face, which, if you happen, in absence of mind or momentary feebleness of character, to accept, you are expected to pay for at the rate of sixpence if you are a low, mean-spirited creature, or one shilling if you are a gentleman. Should you be, like the present writer, of the former order of human beings, it will be your practice to decline the bill, when you will find that the box-opener is dull of comprehension and of hearing on the subject, and that he will stand about the box for some time to give you an opportunity of repenting. After this he will open the door of the box, in which we will say you have a fourth row, as often as possible, to air your rheumatic shoulder, and will, whenever it is possible for subsequent arrivals to pass to their seats over yours, give you the opportunity of rising to let them go by.

Surely the keeper of the hotel or tavern gets enough profit to pay his servants, or, if not, let him charge for their services in the bill, and turn away any waiter or chambermaid who takes any additional money from his customers. Let the railway companies act with the same vigour and decision, and then perhaps, in the course of time, even the uneasy snobs—who are never happy unless they are flinging their money away in a manner not very common, by-the-by, among those. "higher classes" whom they are trying to imitate—perhaps then these aspirants for the worship of waiters and fly-men would be induced to keep their surplus capital to themselves, or bestow it in some quarter where it would do good, where it would relieve suffering, and minister more to the wants of the receiver than to the ostentation and vanity of the donor.

A terrible time for gratuities is at hand. About the end of December there are many eyes which we must evade, or else be provided with a half-crown, or perhaps even two of those coins, with which to satisfy the rapacity of those hungry and devouring orbs. How many are there who would gladly compound for a guinea subscription at Christmas-time if it emancipated them from the Christmas-box extortions! How many guineas might be thus collected—for it is a good and fit season for largess—and given to some good and noble object: to the hospital for convalescents, for incurables, or any equally excellent charity. Where will those guineas go as it is? A very large per-centage will go to the public-house. The fumes of liquor will rise as the incense of our annual festival. The shouts of drunken men, which those who live near a public-house will own are familiar sounds at Christmas-time, will be mingled with the cries of the women and children who suffer under the violence which the drink inspires, and both will go up to the skies a joyful testimony to the good effects of our Christmas bounty.

DRIFT.

THE CITY IN ARMS.

In the year 1312, during the apprehension touching the quarrels between the king and the barons, the mayor and aldermen of the city of London supported the king's side, with unusual precaution and alacrity, in providing against any surprise of the metropolis by the insurgent nobles. Each alderman agreed to assemble the best and wisest men of his ward in his parish church, or elsewhere, to survey all the hostels for strangers or suspicious persons, and all hosts and herbergeours were to be warned not to receive any one unless they will answer for the deeds and trespasses of their guests. Written accounts of these inspections were to be taken by the aldermen. Inhabitants were to answer for the persons of their "meisnee" (menu). The City gates were to be watched according to special instructions from the mayor. Each alderman was to return to the mayor the names of those fit in his ward for duties on horse or foot. Any earl or baron wishing to enter the City may do so, unattended by horses and arms, there being no suspicion of mischief against him. The gates and portcullises to be repaired, gates to be chained within and without with a double chain, walls to be repaired, ditches round the walls cleansed and deepened, all the barbicans to be repaired. All the quays and gates towards the Thames, such as Stone-wharf, Billings-gate, Rederes-gate, Oyster-gate, Ebbe-gate, Dow-gate, Water-gate, Queenhithe, Stone-gate, and Water-gate, at Castle Baynard, and all the quays of the "bones gentz," to be strongly palisadoed and chained, and all the lanes leading to the water-side to be strongly chained.

Six strong, vigorous, and valiant men at each gate, well armed, to keep a look-out upon all who enter or quit the City. Great gates to be shut at sunset. Wickets to remain open until curfew shall have been rung at St. Martin's-le-Grand, and then to be kept closed during the night, until the ringing of the bell of St. Thomas of Acres, the wickets then to be opened until sunrise, and the great gates opened at sunrise. Every night one or two hundred men, well armed, to patrol the City to keep the peace, and two strong boats, well manned, to ply on the Thames every night, for the same purpose. All householders in the ward, and all lodgers and inmates who maintain themselves, as well clerks as laymen, to be assessed at the rate of one

penny per diem, or more or less to their means, for the City watch. [The king was certified that the City was in good condition, and the people well arrayed, that the walls and gates had been strengthened and repaired, and that a new wall had been built between Castle Baynard and the house of the Preaching Friars—*i. e.* Newgate-street.]

Each alderman was to be resident in his ward, for better security. The force of the watch was doubled on the news of the advance of the barons, headed by Thomas Earl of Lancaster. The citizens were all of them unusually faithful to the king's cause; the favourite, Gaveston, had been beheaded by the peers' party, and the king was in great danger.

TOWN AND GOWN.

The litigation recently pending between the University and the Town of Cambridge, touching the Proctorial system, is the latest outbreak of an immemorial feud. So long as the line of demarcation between the respective jurisdictions of the Vice-Chancellor of the University and the Mayor of the town remain unsettled, such conflicts are inevitable. The combatants, however, are better matched now than formerly. Scholarship and forensic eloquence are commodities purchasable in these days by either side; but, in the middle ages, the townsmen's fists had a poor chance against the gownsmen's wits and fists combined. The following pasquinade, preserved among the Cole manuscripts at the British Museum, is evidently the production of a Cantab, whose brain was as ready as his arm. It was found one morning in the reign of Henry the Fifth posted upon the door of the Mayor, who, with his worshipful brethren, Master Essex and Master Attilbridge, bailiffs of the town, had recently resisted the University proctors in their arrest of a burgess named Hierman, for misconduct at Sturbridge Fair:

Looke out here, Maire, with thie pilled[1] pate,
And see wich a scrowe[2] is set on thie gate,
Warning the of hard happes,
For and it[3] lokke thou shalt have swappes;[4]
Therefore, I rede,[5] keepe the at home,
For thou shalt abey[6] for that is done;
Or els kest[7] thou on a coate of mayle;
Trust well thereto withouten faile.
And greate Golias, Job Essex
Shalt have a clowte with my karille[8] axe,
Whenever I may him have.
And the hosteler Bawborow with his goat's beard,
Once and it hap, shal be made afeard,
So God mote me save.
And zit[9] with thie catchepoles[10] hope I to meete
With a fellow or twaye in the playne strecte
And her[11] crownes brake.
And that harlot[12] Hierman with his calve's snowte
Of buffets full sekerly[13] shall bern[14] arowte
For his werke's sake.
And yet shall hauk[15] yu Attilbrigge
Full zerve[16] for swappes his tayle wrigge[17]
And it hap arith[18].
And other knaves all on heape
Shall take knockes full good cheape
Come once winter nith.[19]
But nowe I pray to God Almyth
That whatsoever yowe[20] spare
That metche[21] sorowe to him bedith[22]
And evill mote he fare.

Amen! quoth he that beshrewed the Mair's very visage.

THE HERMIT AT ROME.

A HERMIT from his desert home
They tore, and brought to startle Rome;

From Horeb's caves and stunted palms,
From starry vigils, prayers, and psalms;

An Arab robe, sun-scorched, he wore,
A brown gourd at his side he bore;

A knotted cane was in his hand,
Of twisted camel's-skin his band;

His ragged hair fell o'er his eyes,
Sudden and stern were his replies.

He asks for Peter's house: they show
Him marble arches, row on row.

In no clay hovel twisting rope,
Tent-making, lives the holy Pope.

They show him high towers, blue in air,
Or robed in golden atmosphere.

Through the great city, many-domed,
The hermit, restless, onward roamed.

They took him to the colonnade,
Where once the gladiators played,

To Cæsar's palace, purple hung,
Where once the Syrian syrens sung.

The granite columns, mountain high,
Rose up defiant to the sky;

Triumphal arches o'er his head,
Leaped boastful of the Cæsars dead.

He saw the stone gods, dumb and blind,
Yet dwarfing all our human-kind;

The Titan temples, dim and white,
With incense burning day and night;

The golden altars, won in war,
Now radiant with the Schecinah.

But still with stern and downcast eyes,
He paces—making no replies.

St. Peter's,—through a portico
Of giant columns, row on row,

Above—the great world of the dome,
Rises, a beacon unto Rome—

A church! a world! Colossal forms
Hold up the roof, and mock at storms;

Huge altars, all ablaze with gems,
Shining on dead saints' diadems.

Jove is dethroned: St. Peter there
Sits in the old Olympian chair.

See the dim chapel faintly lit
With one lamp at the end of it;

Jove everywhere deposed and dead,
Saint Peter reigning in his stead;

[1] woolly. [2] scroll. [3] if we have luck. [4] blows. [5] advise. [6] pay dearly. [7] cast. [8] curtel. [9] yet. [10] constables. [11] their. [12] knave. [13] surely. [14] bear. [15] gallows-bird. [16] well-earned. [17] writhe. [18] arise. [19] nigh. [20] you. [21] much. [22] betide.

A silver tomb, all starry lit,
With jewelled lamps hung over it;

Saints that you take for gods, astride
Of pedestals, with pagan pride;

Huge coloured webs of pictures hung,
Where the white-clad eunuchs sung;—

Christ everywhere thrust clean aside,
By Mammon, Priestcraft, Pomp, and Pride.

Procession!—silks and peacock plumes,
Banners upborne by crimson grooms.

And one throned 'neath a canopy—
"God's regent," shout the crowd, "'tis he!"—

No humble fisherman, but now
A bad man, with a conqueror's brow.

The nets are torn and lost; 'tis said
A sword waves in his hand instead.

"Oh, ill," the hermit cried, "I fare,
Seeking Christ's footsteps everywhere—

"From Cæsar's palace to his prison:
He is not HERE: Lo! he is risen."

AN EQUINOCTIAL TRIP IN THE GREAT EASTERN.

On the morning of the 10th of September last, all Liverpool was astir to see the great ship off. Arriving in a cab at the pier, I wedged myself through the dense crowd of passengers, sailors, and lookers-on, to the tender which was to convey us to the leviathan, lying off some few miles up the Mersey.

We arrived very soon under the shadow of the monster, and, looking up to her four stories high black wall, our little steamer appeared to me like a King Charles dog at the side of a giant on horseback. A large square hole in the side of the leviathan was connected, by means of very insecure bridges, with the deck of our tender. These bridges consisted partly of a small board without railings. Standing in the middle of this board, trunk in hand, some officer called out, "Show your ticket!" and in attempting to obey him I was nearly thrown into the Mersey. At last I succeeded in entering the ship safely.

Another tender arrived and disgorged its freight of passengers, boxes, and trunks.

By-and-by, the general confusion which distracted me when I arrived on board became more settled, and the crew collected in knots, or were marshalled in a line. They were, for the greater part, good weatherbeaten sturdy sailors, whose faces filled me with satisfaction, although I was rather displeased with their clothes. They had not the trim look of British sailors; but were, for the greater part, black, greasy, and oily. In the centre of them I saw two portly gentlemen, with complacent after-dinner faces, and red geraniums in their button-holes. They were directors of the Great Ship Company—Limited; and I had a suspicion that their knowledge of nautical matters might be as limited as their legal liability. Close at their elbows were standing the captain and the purser, handling very unwieldy fluttering books, from which they read out the names of the crew. Whilst this mustering was going on, small steamers, filled with gentlemen and ladies, sported round the leviathan like so many dolphins admiring a whale. Most of these steamers had bands on board, playing Yankee Doodle and God save the Queen, their passengers now and then cheering and waving handkerchiefs.

At last, all was ready; the captain on the bridge, and officers standing along the whole ship on the roofs of the different houses on deck, acting as telegraphs, conveying the orders of the captain to the officer at the helm. When I read about the magnetic wires by the means of which the leviathan was to be commanded, I did not imagine such a primitive telegraph. The benignant gentlemen with the geraniums, who had inspected the ship and declared everything to be exceedingly comfortable and complete, left our ship in the tender along with the pilots.

When we passed Liverpool, we saw all the wharfs crowded by people. All the steeples and tops of houses, every place where a human being could perch, was occupied. The sailors of the ships we passed were in their respective riggings, and saluted us by cheers, flags, and guns, and we answered in the same manner. It was a fine day, and all the passengers were in good spirits. The large ship glided along like a Rhine steamer, and none of us felt the slightest inconvenience. We all enjoyed the beauty of the coast of Wales, and anticipated a very pleasant voyage. Some passengers who had come over in the Great Eastern from Quebec, and were now returning home, said their passage had been delightful, and that they all regretted its being so short.

There were about four hundred of us; a great number of ladies and children, who had been anxious to cross the Atlantic without sea-sickness. I had a snug cabin to myself, but with the inconvenience that the occupants of two other cabins had to pass through mine. Two of my neighbours were Frenchmen from Louisiana; secessionists, and, I believe, slave-owners. They were sensible and agreeable men, and we went on very well together. They had a young girl under their charge, who had been educated at Rouen, and was returning to the United States. Two other neighbours were, one a thorough-bred Yankee, the other a young Oxonian, whose curled hair was parted in the middle with painful accuracy. Just opposite to me was a jolly nest of Frenchmen, who all day long, and even during a great part of the night, were chatting and singing. There were three of them. The most conspicuous and most noisy of that French colony was a commercial traveller from Paris, whom I recognised by his close resemblance to the commercial travellers painted by Paul de Kock. He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, rather tall and stout. His round bullet-shaped head, sparingly covered with hair, and his good-humoured face, together with his jolly round eyes, told many tales of merry nights. Another of these Frenchmen was very young, and innocent beyond belief. He had been edu-

cated by Jesuits in New Orleans, and had passed some years in Vienna, preparing himself for a diplomatic career. He was a good-looking young fellow, but brought up as if the world did not belong to eighteen hundred and sixty-one, but to one thousand three hundred. He condemned the wickedness of the bold assertion that our earth moved round the sun. I thought he was joking when I heard him express that opinion, but by his stammering and blushing I saw that he was in sober earnest.

The luncheon was a very paltry affair, but we good humouredly excused the scantiness and confusion, and hoped better for the dinner. It was difficult to secure a place at table, for the steward did not understand his business.

At dinner my vis-à-vis was an old English gentleman, whom I liked the better the more I saw of him. His hair was quite white, but his high-coloured, beardless, and exceedingly well shaven face, did not look old. His clothes, linen, and all belonging to him, was fresh and clean, even under circumstances which might have excused some trifling negligence. Yet, there was not the slightest foppery about him; he was one of those English old bachelor gentlemen whom I consider (I am a foreigner) to be the most amiable of the English nation, and who ought to be kept always travelling abroad, to promote in the world a good feeling towards England. At the head of our table sat a gentleman who appeared to be the elder brother of the jolly commis-voyageur. He, too, was a traveller, doing business for a tract society, and had already begun his labours, by popping a whole pile of tracts in French, into the hands of the young lady fresh from the Rouen boarding-school. He also had managed to tumble down a staircase, and his head and eye were bandaged in the most scientific manner by our good and skilful doctor.

At night we all slept exceedingly well: almost better than in our own beds. We did not feel the slightest movement, and the noise of the engine could only be heard when pressing the ear close to the pillow. The morning of Wednesday, the 11th of September, was fine, the coast of Ireland in view. Most of us were early on deck to enjoy the fresh air, but we were very hungry, and called in vain for a cup of coffee. We had to wait till nine o'clock for breakfast.

Somehow, we had by this time all derived a notion that the arrangements of the big ship did not work kindly together. Even an inexperienced eye could see that things were not managed properly. At starting, the blue peter in being hauled down got entangled, and a young sailor had to go up and liberate it. When sail was to be made or shortened, it was done with great difficulty. Of the officers, none seemed to know his proper place. One of them who had the personal comfort of the passengers under his particular charge attended only to his own comfort. I did not like, either, to see the captain always in plain clothes. I think on board so enormous a ship inhabited for a time by so many hundreds of persons, the captain ought to be easily recognisable by every one.

Notwithstanding all this disorder, the Great Eastern sped along satisfactorily at the rate of about fourteen knots an hour. In the evening the moon shone, and most of the ladies were on deck. Some of them had nestled under a bench on the paddle-box protected from the keen wind, when I ascended the staircase to enjoy the evening and the view of the waves from my favourite seat. As I was challenged by a musical tittering, I retired and went into the gorgeous grand saloon, where gentlemen and ladies lounged on velvet sofas, and where a black-whiskered Italian played on the piano.

On Thursday morning the 12th of September —we all had good reason to remember the date —there was a smart breeze. The great ship, which on the previous day had taken no notice of the waves, was gracefully dancing now, occasionally rolling to the right and the left. I took my place on the paddle-box and watched the waves leaping over each other, as if anxious to have a peep at the deck of the leviathan. Breakfast over, the gale increased, and it began to rain. A polite gentleman with an opera-glass appeared on deck all waterproof, from his oilskin suit down to his india-rubber boots. I had the pleasure of catching his loose cap-cover several times, and the polite gentleman enjoyed his waterproof condition very much.

At luncheon we found the table provided with a storm apparatus: a framework with openings for plates, bottles, and glasses. The dishes in the middle of the table, however, which were not secured in that way, began chasing each other about very unpleasantly, and chairs behaved like American rocking-chairs. I thought it wise to tie my right leg to a leg of the table, and therefore lunched in peace. There is in the first dining-saloon over the entrance from the great staircase, a long glass sideboard, filled with plates, teapots, dish-covers, and similar things. Some dozen china plates jumped over the edges of the tables placed on the banisters, and fell on the windows which gave light to the intermediate deck; forks and knives were darting about, and my bottle of stout mistook my legs for a tumbler by emptying its contents upon them. We were all rather astonished, for we had entertained the superstition that the Great Eastern was much too grand to be affected by the waves, and we had read scientific proofs of the impossibility of her rolling or pitching.

On the previous morning I had visited our two milch cows, and admired the skill of a sailor in milking. Both of them, together with two swans emigrating to America, were lodged in a very slightly-built shed immediately over the ladies' saloon, and leaning against the back of the staircase house. The poor cows were now terribly knocked about, and one of them was dashed through the wall of her shed, and, probably fancying she had a right to a place in the ladies' saloon, popped her horned head through

one of the windows, and would have landed on a sofa if, poor creature, she had not broken one of her legs. The two swans tried to avail themselves of the opening made by their landlady the cow, but fell down heavily and broke their long necks. I had a suspicion that we had them afterwards for dinner; if so, they were horribly tough.

A gentleman who attempted to go down the staircase, slipped on the brass placed there to prevent slipping, and, landing under a table, broke his nose. Broken noses became quite the fashion on board; I noticed a great many of them; and being fond of my own nose, took very great care of it.

When we left Liverpool, I, and several gentlemen on board, had expressed a desire to see the leviathan in a storm. Our wish was now gratified. The captain was on the bridge roaring orders. The chief engineer joined him there and made a suggestion, as I was told, about half speed, from which his superior dissented. The consequences suddenly followed; there was a horrible crash, and afterwards a curious grating sound. The port paddle was disabled and grated against the side of the ship, which now became quite frantic. We were tossed up and down seven or eight times each minute; sometimes the leviathan forming an angle of forty-five degrees with the level of the sea. One of the passengers had a tall stag-hound on board, and, instead of securing him somewhere, he allowed him to be on deck. The poor brute, frightened almost to death, knocked against masts and gunwales; his claws becoming sore and bleeding in the attempt to stand still. He took refuge in one of the staircase houses, but its cruel occupants turned him out.

Presently the scene became sublime. The seven hundred feet-long ship flew up and down, right and left, like an eggshell. The waves concentrated all their power to crush the proud leviathan. They played with her as girls toss a ball; but her ribs are too stout and well knit to break; though, to the dismay of every soul on board, the rudder post, a column of solid iron twelve inches in diameter, snapped asunder like a lucifer-match.

It is true the screw still worked; but with one paddle only, the Great Eastern resembled a lame duck. She rocked with fearful velocity, and the sea dashed furiously over her deck. Our state began to become alarming. To steady the ship, the jib-sail was set. We heard a succession of reports like gun-shots; the ropes of the sail had broken, and the sail itself was split into ribbons. Food was out of the question. In pantry and dining saloon we heard the clinking of plate and glass, as if a hundred bulls were enjoying themselves in one china shop. I succeeded in getting a bottle of stout and some biscuit, and in carrying it off to my cabin. Tying myself by means of a scarf to my sofa, I tried to dine on this simple fare. One of my slave-dealing neighbours had a box filled with large hard pears; on opening this box the pears jumped and ricocheted like cannon-balls into my cabin; one struck my leg, another almost broke my cabin window. This I had screwed close the day before, because the spray of the wheel came into my cabin and soaked my sofa.

The storm increased; but I cautiously went on deck again to see how matters looked. Our only paddle had become disabled and its engine stopped. I saw many anxious faces, but none of those dramatic storm scenes described in sea novels. We all behaved very well; and if my polite friend with the patent life-belt, and my Oxonian, were a little frightened, they did not show it much.

By-and-by, while again in my cabin, my attention was attracted by a curious sound coming from the dining saloon; it was as if rocks were there, shifted to and fro by an angry surf, and amidst that noise was to be heard, now and then, the jingling of glass and china. To set my mind at rest, I got up again and blundered to the sofa of a neighbour's cabin, from which I could look through a window opening into the dining saloon. All the heavy dining tables, which had been fastened only by very small nails to the floor, were on their backs. Their polished surface was gliding along the smooth carpet, as if it were on ice. Chairs rushed madly amongst the legs of tables, or got entangled amongst themselves and broke each other's legs. A large board, suspended over a dining-table, jumped with all its glasses and decanters into the midst of the wooden revellers. The black serious stove in the middle had been rocking itself about, like a bear preparing for a dance, and the heavy candelabra, swinging on their gilt chains, beat time. Now and then, the mad dancers paused for a moment, as if reflecting what new figures they should execute next. Then, all at once, went rushing, like a regiment of horse charging a square of infantry, against the nicely-turned rails protecting the skylights of the intermediate deck. These snapped like glass. The stove rolled amidst the wreck, and, the rails being quite demolished, chairs, plates, knives, forks, teapots, and covers, were hurled down into the intermediate deck into the water, which stood there about a foot deep.

Early next morning I ventured on deck. The captain had been there all night, and they were trying to make a steering apparatus by means of a large spar, weighing four tons. By this means the captain hoped to be able to get again in the track of passing vessels, out of which we had been drifted. Water had entered the ship through the portholes, by tons, and the pumps were at work. Besides the noise they made, we heard sounds of all kinds below, and nobody knew what to make of them. Some tallow-casks and the enormous chain-cable had broken loose somewhere, and were bumping against the ship's sides.

There was an attempt made for breakfast; but without success, for neither tea nor coffee was to be had, and nothing but hard biscuits in open boxes lashed here and there. Some chambermaids and nurses entering the dining-saloon with longing eyes, reminded me of the

ladies and children. I therefore proceeded to the grand saloon, going through the dirty and disgraceful passage connecting it with the dining-saloon. There, I found ladies and children on sofas which had been lashed, and on mattresses spread on the floor. I devoted myself to the service of these ladies and children, and tried to find food for them. Some poor old ladies attracted me first by their patience and helplessness. I hastened to serve them, and they thanked me almost with tears in their eyes. With the children I had made friends on the first day; they laughed and crowed when they saw me coming with a bowl in each hand, filled with any miscellaneous food I could collect in the larder, and balancing myself like an acrobat. Nurses looked rather disdainful at the miscellaneous food assembled in my beggar's bowl, and their forks wavered over it to pick out the best bits for themselves.

It was a fresh blow when we heard that the poor cook had broken one of his legs in three places. Our prospects looked gloomy in every respect. The new rudder did not act; all our sails were carried away; both paddles were disabled; nine boats were gone, and the big ship was lying in the trough of the sea, and rocking worse than ever. The officers looked grave, but we all had confidence in the captain; yet we saw a great deal of disorder, and there was a whisper of mutiny. One of the boatswains and some of the crew were already in irons. The fine old gentleman with the white hair, invited me to look into the luggage-room, where he promised me a sight I should not forget. I followed him, and looked down into a hold about sixty feet square. The port through which we entered the ship had not been secured properly, and the water rushed in. The luggage had not been lashed, and, when the ship began rolling, all the trunks, boxes, and chests were dashed against each other, or against the sides of the ship. Every box got broken open, and those of wood were shattered to atoms, their contents floating about in all directions. India shawls, coats and trousers, silk and velvet ladies' dresses, top-boots, jewel-boxes and dressing-cases, bonnets and hats, all were entangled and mashed together in sea-water. The water looked like blood, and all the wood was dyed red, for one gentleman had a large supply of Magenta dye in his box. In a dark corner I saw a large diamond, shining like a star, and gold chains, bracelets, and other jewellery, glittering here and there. Some sailors and fore-cabin passengers descended into that place of confusion, and helped themselves to such things as pleased them. This kind of wrecking afloat, was unpardonable, and it is needless to say that the entrance to this place ought to have been guarded. Some people succeeded in saving their trunks, although everything was soaked. My slave-dealing neighbour made a laundry of his cabin and mine, and dried his summer and winter clothing round one of the iron masts, which served also as a funnel.

Everybody on deck looked anxiously around for a sail, or a steamer, which might be able to assist us; but in vain. We intended to return to Queenstown, but it was impossible to turn the ship. When this seemed to be unattainable, an American engineer, Mr. Hamilton E. Towle, from New Hampshire, suggested a steering apparatus, and the captain placed all the means to execute it at his disposition. Evening came, and we were rolling still like mad in the middle of this water desert.

"A sail! a sail!" A little brig had heard our signs of distress, and came up to us gallantly. On the paddle-box stood our captain, and a burning blue light showed us the deck of the brig, and on it her brave captain. I admired that beautiful little vessel, and the boldness of her crew, who ventured so close to the rolling leviathan. Then we could hear the voices:

"Brig, ahoy!"

"Brig Magnet, from Halifax."

"Stay with us to-night."

"I will."

This sounded to me very much like the chivalry of a mouse solemnly declaring to an elephant in distress that it would never desert him.

On Sunday morning the sea was somewhat calm, and our steering apparatus being finished, the ship's head was turned homeward. We offered to take the Magnet in tow, but she declined. We were going by the screw only, but moving nine knots in an hour.

Next day we met the Persia. On our paddle-box a board was held up, with the inscription, "Our rudder is broken. Come to the leeside." The Persia not being able to come up with us, and not seeing the board, turned round and went on to America.

The passengers, seeing the disorder on board, and that the captain had his hands full with the management of the ship, assembled one evening in the dining saloon, and formed a committee of five for the protection of their interests, besides a committee of safety, twenty in number, for protection against plunder: of whom three were always on guard. This institution worked well.

In my opinion, few of the officers on board did their duty properly, with the exception of our doctor, who was indefatigable. About thirty fractures occurred; one lady broke her arm in her own cabin. Although offered payment for his services, the doctor refused. All the passengers were grateful to him and anxious to thank him, and hearing that he had broken his watch during the storm, we presented him with a handsome gold watch after our arrival in Queenstown.

On Tuesday, in the morning, we arrived off Cork harbour. Captain Seymour, the mayor of Queenstown and agent of one of the packet lines, on seeing our signals, came in his own steamer to meet us, together with some tugs. Some of the passengers wanted to go on shore in one of the tugs. Captain Walker resisted this proposal at first; but was at last compelled to acquiesce in it. A gentleman from New York, who had a family of nine on board, in-

sisted on going on shore. When I saw him standing there, surrounded by his family and some thirty trunks and packages, I tried to detain him, for it was by no means easy to descend from our ship to the tug; but he was resolved; and when his lady courageously insisted and beckoned me, saying, "Come with us!" I at once brought my things on deck. We arrived safely in Queenstown, where, in the Queen's Hotel, we soon forgot our hardships during our equinoctial trip in the Great Eastern.

THROUGH A DIFFICULT COUNTRY.

Roman models are a loquacious race, they will not pose to an artist who does not encourage them in full freedom of discourse, and it must be conceded that they talk well and readily. Their conversation is always amusing, often interesting and suggestive. Tales of brigand life, ancient legends, and—when the door is shut, and they think they are not overheard—many odd stories about the authorities too. They can also tell us much about ourselves that will be new to us. Antonio informs me that all English are mad; we have the fires of purgatory always burning within us. Don't the padre tell him so? This is why we roll about in a tub of water every morning to cool our burning vitals. His hearers know that it is an insult to an Italian to wash him. They only wash dead bodies, but it is well known that all English are mad. Then, Antonio continues, Englishmen keep horses and dogs as mad as themselves, and they ride out dressed in the very colour of the flames of purgatory, to run screaming and shouting after poor foxes over the Campagna, notwithstanding that the Holy Father has strictly forbidden that sort of insanity, and placed papal gendarmerie purposely to stop it; but who can stop mad men on mad horses? If they want foxes, he himself could catch them any number for a Paul or two; but they are all mad, and the dogs—it is well known how they became possessed—was not the Arch-fiend himself and a whole legion of his angels seen to enter them bodily? He would tell me how it was:

Antonio's story requires that I should digress a little, and say something by way of explanation about the Catacombs. For some years past the pursuit of a particular object of inquiry has led to my passing a considerable portion of my time in the Roman Catacombs. Not so much in those best known to visitors and tourists, such as St. Achili e Nereo in the Via Appia, or St. Agnese in the Via Nomentana, where the passages are cleared of rubbish and drained, and in which the custodier accompanies you with a taper, and shows you just as much or as little as may suit his inclination. I have passed a considerable time in these too, but more in those recently discovered and less known ones lying miles away from the Eternal City, where the only available entrance is by a tortuous chimney-like hole almost filled with rubbish, and so insignificant in appearance that it has remained concealed by a few bushes from the time it was last used, some fifteen centuries ago, until to-day.

To descend this aperture in an upright position is, from its size, simply impossible; but you may get down without much difficulty by lying on your chest, and with a lighted taper in one hand, and the other holding a rope that has been made fast to a tree outside, sliding down by degrees feet foremost. For the first few yards the passage is narrowed and choked by the rubbish, and is nearly perpendicular; a little lower down it opens wider, and is more oblique. Farther still, you may feel with your feet rough steps cut in the rock, but you may not trust to them, as the soft stone will crumble with your weight. After descending perhaps fifty or seventy feet with some bumping and a few excoriations, you are suddenly pulled up by the remains of an old stone doorway, and you are at the bottom.

Your position, however, seems hardly to be improved, for on passing through the doorway you will find yourself up to the knees in a black stagnant pool of water, through which you will have to pass some yards till you come to the low narrow opening on the farther side, so low as not to allow of your standing upright, and only wide enough to allow of one person walking abreast. Before entering, you instinctively stretch out your taper and take a preliminary peep: it is not reassuring; of its length the thick black darkness that closes over everything at a few yards distant prevents your forming any idea. The sides, however, you can see plainly enough, with their horizontal niches in tiers one above the other, and the very easily recognisable things lying in those niches.

Dismal grim places are these Roman Catacombs. Their black gloom, their depths, the mystery of their countless and impenetrable ramifications; the numberless skeletons lying by the path's side; the strange figures painted on the walls, with their great eyes that seem to watch and follow you as you pass; the certainty that at every breath you are inhaling draughts of deadly malaria, which, bad enough in the open air above, is infinitely intensified by the confined atmosphere, and the wet spongy rock below; and above all, the consciousness that you are by yourself, cut off from the rest of the world, some sixty or eighty feet underground, and that if you take a wrong turn out of the hundreds that present themselves, or if you let your light go out, you are likely to be irretrievably lost, as no one will come to look for you, and no sound that you can utter will reach the upper air. All these considerations operate at first to make a visit to one of the recently-opened catacombs absolutely appalling. I say at first, for a very slight degree of use soon begets quite an opposite sensation; and after two or three visits, especially if made alone and with some definite purpose, the feeling of terror becomes replaced by a peculiar fascination, and an almost unappeasable longing to penetrate farther and farther into the unknown depths. Then

the mortal remains lying so quietly in their several niches — martyrs many of them, and surrounded by the most expressive and touching symbols of the faith they died for—soon lose their repulsiveness; and the grim figures pictured on the walls, that have kept their watch there century after century, seem to include you in their protecting influence, while the continual repetition of the Christian hope of the resurrection, pictured and symbolised in every conceivable form and in every available space, imparts an air of sanctity to the place that soon dispels all vain fears and imaginings.

The distance under the Campagna to which these subterranean cemeteries extend has never yet been ascertained. Within the last few years many apparently distinct series of them have been discovered outlying the Eternal City in every direction; but whether they be really distinct, or whether they communicate with each other, is uncertain, as the ramifications are so countless —not only on one level, but in stories underlying one another—and so many of them are impenetrable on account of having fallen in, or of being filled with water, that no successful attempt has yet been made to follow them to their extremities.

These excavations were originally distinct from each other. It would appear to have been a custom, in the second century, amongst the earliest Christians in Italy, to celebrate their holidays by visiting the newly decorated and consecrated subterranean cemeteries. On one of these occasions, when a large crowd of persons had entered to celebrate a festival of the Church, it occurred to the ruling authorities that the opportunity might be advantageously used to lessen by so many the troublesome population of the new faith. Accordingly, a number of huge stones were brought, and the entrance built up and rigidly guarded till such time as it was impossible that any of the unfortunate prisoners could be still living.

To guard against a repetition of such an act, various apertures were made to afford secret means of escape. Many of these places of exit still exist, and are notified to the visitor by the faint ray of blue light which occasionally finds its way into the darkness beneath, and to the pedestrian in the Campagna above by the numberless doubtful-looking holes, for the most part filled with rubbish, that are sure to be met with in any direction within the compass of an ordinary walk. Often these secret passages were made to debouch in the private houses of some notable Christian, or into one of the buildings set apart for Christian worship. As in most instances these places have remained consecrated under some form till the present day, it is no uncommon thing to find in the crypts of churches or in the cellars of convents, doorways now walled up, but which once formed entrances to the subterranean labyrinths.

It is to one of these walled-up doorways that Antonio's story principally refers.

On the south-eastern skirts of the modern Roman city, nearly at the top of the Esquiline Hill, stands the church of St. Prassede. Few Christian edifices in Rome possess such interesting associations as this small and unpretending building. The saint to whom it is dedicated was one of the two daughters of a senator of the name of Pudens, mentioned by St. Paul as sending his greetings to Timothy. There is no reason to doubt that the present church is the very house once inhabited by the Christian family, as in the year 330, or thereabouts, the mother of Constantine caused the walls of the building, which, though still standing, was hastening to decay, to be encased in the more massive structure of the new church; consequently it is no stretch of probability to assume the truth of the tradition, that within these walls Paul, Timothy, and (if he were ever at Rome) Peter also, were frequent guests. We will found no theory on the relics shown in the sacristy—such as the handkerchief of one of the young ladies on which St. Peter drew the portrait of Our Lord, nor of the two molar teeth which, according to the sacristan, one of the apostles left behind him there. What we have more particularly to do with is the old walled-up doorway, with the huge cross on it, in the dark crypt under the high altar. This crypt was evidently at one time a cellar to the ancient house, into which debouched one of the secret entrances to the Catacombs, affording easy means of escape either from the city above during times of persecution or from the excavations below, as occasion might require. On the walls may still be seen monuments and inscriptions to persons who must have been buried there during the first three centuries of our era. At one extremity of the crypt will be seen the door in question, now strongly built up, and with a huge cross impressed in the superficial stucco.

For a long period the subterranean excavations behind the crypt had enjoyed the worst of reputations on account of the unearthly noises that were occasionally heard there. The racings, the scamperings, the moaning, and the yellings could (according to the highest and most venerable of the Roman authorities) proceed from no other source than the Evil One and his coadjutors. These noises were not a mere matter of legend. Scarcely a man, woman, or child in the vicinity but had heard them with their own veritable ears; and, according to Antonio, a special service of exorcism had been adopted in the ritual of the church above to meet the occasions as they might arise. Notwithstanding the cloud of witnesses that could testify to these supernatural sounds, the city contained some sceptics, and amongst them none more determined than the excellent Father S., the professor of the Roman College.

Father S. is a man with a European celebrity; it is not generally known that the observatory of the Roman College is one of the best in Europe, and the excellence of its apparatus is mainly owing to the mechanical genius of the worthy padre. One dark wet Wednesday in November, just at the conclusion of the last morning mass, strange sounds were heard behind the walls of the crypt, and more especially at the back of the

walled-up door. Gasps, scampering, yellings, then a cessation; and again a repetition of the same unearthly noises, with increased vehemence. Sometimes they would seem to die away gradually in the extreme distance, and then again come rushing close to the door, as if a whole legion of the enemy were keeping their jubilee there. The approach from the body of the church to the crypt is by an open passage down a wide flight of steps, immediately in front of the high altar, and is arranged so that the walled-up door, and indeed nearly the whole of the subterranean apartment, is visible from the top of the steps. The greater part of the congregation retired somewhat precipitately to the doors on first hearing the mysterious noises. Some, however, of the more venturesome (for the most part women from the Trastevere) might be seen leaning over the balusters, while the officiating priest and his attendant descended to perform the special service appointed for the occasion. At first the ceremony seemed to take effect, inasmuch as the noises certainly became less loud as it proceeded, and there is no knowing how far the enemy might have been pacified, had not an essential part of the service consisted of the rather violent ringing of an unfortunate bell, the sound of which had the immediate effect of increasing the demoniac uproar to such a degree, that the remaining portion of the service was got through as fast as might be, and priests, acolytes, bells and all, sought refuge with rather undignified speed in the sacristy; the greater part of the congregation locating themselves in places near the church doors, convenient for a start when the occasion might arise to resort to one.

In the course of the morning the tidings reached the ears of the sceptical padre of the Roman College, who, whatever doubts he might still entertain, thought, like a practical man, that in going to hear for himself he might as well take with him a crowbar, pickaxe, and two assistants. Arrived at the scene of the disturbance, he found that not a moment's doubt could exist as to the noises. The scramblings, the scamperings, and the yellings, were loud enough in all conscience. The sacristan from the body of the church above suggested another exorcism, but the padre preferred the crowbar and the pickaxe, and finding that the workmen he had brought with him had disappeared, he took off his cloak, tucked up his sleeves, and went to work manfully himself, making the vault reecho with his blows. This operation, while it had the effect of abating the mysterious noises behind, still further thinned the audience above as by far the greater part of those that had remained peering over the balusters improved their position by retreating to the doors. I say "to the doors," but the expression is not perhaps strictly accurate, as after a few moments' subsidence of the disturbance the assembly might be seen creeping cautiously, and by slow degrees, into the body of the church, till some sudden scream, or even a quick motion on the part of those on the top of the steps, would send them in an instant into the street.

The padre continued his blows with unabated energy, and in a few minutes the persons who still remained watching vociferated to the others that the very head and claws of the Evil One were actually to be seen protruding through an aperture in the door, and in one moment more these persons scampered away to the others, exclaiming that a whole troop of the enemy had dashed through the opening, tore the padre to pieces, and were at that moment in full career into the church. Immediately the entire assembly took to flight along the narrow streets of the adjacent suburra, uttering frantic shouts of "Un miracolo!" "Un miracolo!" "Il diavolo e gli suoi angeli!" and (according to Antonio's account) in full speed behind them, yelling and screaming, came tearing an entire swarm of the legionaries of Satan.

As the chase continued, the flying people became fewer and fewer by taking refuge in their several habitations, and in eight or ten minutes the "legionaries of Satan" had it all to themselves, continuing their career (according to the same unquestionable authority) till they arrived at the place where the English kept their hounds, and, with a tremendous yell, leaping over the gate, disappeared in the kennels.

Antonio's story leaving some physiological questions still unsolved in my dark Protestant mind, I inquired in a quarter likely to be informed of the matter by the padre himself.

I learnt that on the morning in question a party of English left the city by the Lateran gate on a hunting excursion in the Campagna. A fox was found about eight miles distant, but, after a sharp run of three miles, fox, dogs, and all disappeared down one of the numerous holes leading to the Catacombs. The occurrence not being an unusual one, the hunt waited for some time expecting them to reappear up some other aperture; but, after remaining the greater part of the day, they returned to the city, to find that the dogs (seven, at least, out of the thirteen that had disappeared) had found their way through the dark and unknown passages, guided solely by their instinct, to the door in the crypt, where they were liberated, as we have seen, by the sceptical ecclesiastic.

THE WITHERED DAISY.

My native hills, long unvisited, surround me, though I have not seen them yet, for the sun was gone down before the coach reached the entrance of the valley. But I feel them about me, no longer a mere dream, a flitting vision of memory, but a reality of God's universe, whose steep and narrow paths my own feet will tread to-morrow, and upon whose live repose my own eyes will rest in unmeasured content. Twice I have been out to peer into the thick night, until my aching eyeballs detected painfully the stern, dark profiles, without light or perspective, which cross the clouded horizon in single lines of unchanging, threatening, utter blackness. No faint gleam along the whole boundary; no trace

of the already forgotten day; only those obscure, sullen curves. They crush down the hope that brought me hither with Margaret. They extort from me sighs, and irrepressible tears.

Again, for the third time, I have been down to the gnarled and gloomy yew-tree, at the end of the garden walk, facing Elmeth, the hill where I was born. As I loitered there vainly gazing upward, the clouds rolled away for a little while, and the moon came up over the sharply defined outline of the great mountain beyond; she poured a stream of beams over the valley, and upon the peak of Elmeth; and at that moment a bright red light under it marked the very spot of the old homestead. My pulse quickened with the quickening light; but rapidly the heavy clouds gathered again, and rolling down the slopes of Wodenhill, engulfed Elmeth and its red home light in impenetrable darkness. Once more the invisible landscape lay before my straining eyes an awful and mysterious blank, like a winding-sheet spread smoothly over the dead limbs and features of one beloved.

We were both artists, my brother and I; and we loved our art earnestly. Only there was this difference: Godfrey possessed true genius, I had only the gift of appreciating it. We worked side by side in the same studio, under the same light, with the same pencils and colours. I was always ready for work, and painted uniformly; but he, with long intervals of silent abstraction, and with throes of agony and self-distrust, wrought out his conceptions. It was enough for me to glance once at his face, as he stood before his easel, to learn whether it was a moment of exultation in conscious power, which lacked no word or sign of mine to add to its strength, or a time of conflict with the doubting demon of depreciation, which must needs be exorcised by a few sharp words of work-a-day sense, or appeased by a cordial tribute of applause. Therefore, recognising the difference between us, I stood humbly on one side, to watch his inspired progress, or to uphold him with sisterly hands in his hours of reaction and depression.

I worked, with my commoner powers, in sketches of local scenery and studies of heads in crayon, which obtained some celebrity in the exhibitions of the country town where I pursued my vocation. Nor was there in my temperament, as there was in Godfrey's, any painful sensitiveness to prevent me becoming a teacher of our art. I could earn my living and his, while he studied in the Royal Academy, and advanced in the favour of the great artist who was his patron. Soon his genius, his success, his fame, would repay my toils a hundredfold.

For my pupil, Margaret Wilson, whom I called Daisy, I formed no common attachment. There was a subtle charm, even to me a woman, in her childlike, dimpled, rosy loveliness, and in the helpless, clinging tenderness of her manner. My love for her was curiously mingled with a sentiment of protection and pity; and when she sat at my feet, as she liked to do, fondling my hands and gazing up at me with liquid hazel eyes softened into the softest shade of reverence and affection, I felt towards her just that peculiar feeling of tender regard which we express in the word loving-kindness.

Of course Godfrey and Daisy loved one another. He came direct from the sole study of woman as revealed to him by the bold models of his life-schools, to the daily companionship of an innocent, childish girl, who treated him with coy and timid deference. I considered Daisy, my fair, fresh, simple-hearted Daisy, worthy even of my nobly-gifted brother, whose name would win a wide celebrity; and I almost felt a pang of jealousy, that whereas I, as only the sister of the successful artist, would soon be dropped out of all connexion with him, she, as the wife of Godfrey Lincoln, would share in his renown. We made no secret of the matter, for Daisy's father, a solicitor in the town, had a high appreciation of our art, and was already satisfied of Godfrey's eminent talents and his honourable and manly character. There had been no concealment from the first, and Mr. Wilson knew that when Godfrey left London he occupied my studio with me, where Daisy spent her leisure hours. So as I was particularly his favourite, they deputed me to communicate to him the deep true love that existed between them. He listened uninterruptedly to the end, a placid smile playing blandly about his mouth, and with many acquiescing gestures as I spoke fervently in Godfrey's praise, and hopefully of his brilliant future. Then he responded with a calm wisdom which recommended itself to my common sense, and talked of Daisy's youth and my brother's need of greater artistic advantages before he was encumbered with a wife and family. "We must not ruin our artist," he said; "let Godfrey go upon the Continent for two years or so—I will lend him the means, and you, my good industrious Emma, shall be his security—and let his genius develop into the maturity I anticipate by the study of the great masters. There must be no positive engagement, though neither he nor my child will be inconstant. But he must win her, Emma; he must paint a picture to be talked about." In this way it was settled.

Godfrey went abroad to work for the consummation of our hopes, mine as well as his. Daisy continued to be my pupil, clinging to me still more closely and winningly, and seeking my direction in everything; she would even grow uneasy when I left her to lean to her own understanding and decision. And because I knew that Godfrey's character possessed much of the natural despotism of man's nature, and he chose to have those he loved dependent upon him, I did not greatly care to correct her gentle timidity. I knew that I was training my brother's wife into harmony with his temperament.

I expected Daisy to be feeble where feebleness was a charm, and to be strong where strength was necessary. We were separated; for I was anxious to return Mr. Wilson's loan to Godfrey, that when he came home he might begin his career without being hampered with

debt; and when Mr. Wilson procured me a lucrative engagement for six months, I accepted it gratefully, but reluctantly; a reluctance which, by this time, another had taught himself to share.

Coming home when it was ended, I found the pliant, docile girl, who would yield to any strong influence exerted upon her, on the eve of marriage with her cousin, an officer in the Indian army, whose regiment was to sail immediately. He had a free, open, vehement, soldierly bearing, and was impassioned in his professions of attachment; while her father gently but firmly pushed the matter on, until, as Daisy told me, weeping in my arms, she could not help it—she wanted to be faithful and true, but it was too late; if I had never left her she would have had power to be constant. The girl's character was without stamina; and such supple tendrils will wind round the support nearest to them. After all, there is more sensuousness, more necessity of sight, in these weak natures, than in those that love more passionately. Once assured of the truth of a man's love, I could live a lifetime of unwavering faith in him. But Daisy needed to feel, day by day, that she was being cared for; and when Godfrey was so long absent, and John Wilson and her father urged her with reiterated entreaties, she sacrificed her first love, though not without a grievous suffering.

I did not dare to tell Godfrey of her falsehood, lest he should remain abroad, far away from me, who loved him so truly, and who could console him with living consolation. So, though Daisy was married, and had left England before the time of Godfrey's return, he came home in ignorance, bringing with him the painting by which he was to win her. He had been always of a reserved and reticent disposition, and we had often worked side by side for days with but few interchanges of words. But now, in the joy of coming home, he was voluble and excited, making my very heart ache by his expressions of delight. The packing-case containing his picture was carried up into my studio, and he stood before it, impatient to disclose to me the work, yet hesitating with a half-laughing air of shame-facedness. How was I to tell him of Daisy's perfidy?

"Emma," he said, "I wish Daisy could be the first to see it, even before you, to whom I owe everything—my perseverance and success, even my precious little wife. Don't think me an ungrateful scoundrel."

"I never shall, Godfrey," I answered; "but listen. Before you knew Daisy you set your mind upon becoming a true and noble artist, elevating the people by the teaching symbols and representations of our art, and you were willing to endure toil and difficulty, yes, and sorrow, so that your own soul might attain a pure excellence. What say you, brother, if you must relinquish Daisy or your art, which should it be?"

He leaned in deep thought against the case for a few minutes, looking down upon it fixedly, as if he saw through its panels the work of his own hands and brain. Then a deeper colour flushed under his sunburnt skin. "This is dear to me," he said; "it has given me anxiety and hope, dissatisfaction and content, and has played with every emotion of my nature, except my love. There only Daisy's touch rests, and I find that there are hidden depths that have been concealed even from myself. I feel a living, throbbing heart, and an immortal spirit knitted to mine for ever. Let art go rather than that I should stand alone again, divorced from this complement of myself. We shall honour marriage, Emma. We shall give truth for truth, love for love, life for life. It is an infinite happiness."

"Oh, Godfrey!" I cried, mournfully, "you can never have another sister. Do you not love me as well as Daisy?"

My brother sat down, and drew me to him; and I laid his head to rest upon my bosom, where I could not see the working of his face.

"Godfrey," I said, "do you not remember all these years that we have grown up together? Daisy could never know you as I do, because your life has been mine as well; all your pursuits and pleasures and troubles. She is very weak, brother; there is no dependence to be placed upon her. We have built upon the sand."

He loosened his hold, and moved restlessly, as if to free himself from my hands, which lay upon his head; but I pressed it closer down, lest I should see his face.

"My darling brother, my dearest, best Godfrey, she counted herself unworthy of you. She is married, and gone away out of the country."

Then I stopped and listened, but there was a voiceless hush in that room; and the common empty sounds that reached us from without, jarred and clashed upon my ears, while the beating temples under my fingers palpitated with fierce and feverish rapidity.

"O God!" he groaned at last, "it is impossible!"

Then I told him all, speaking in a whisper as if she were dead, without one word of anger against her, because I felt he could not endure it yet. But of Mr. Wilson's treachery and worldliness I spoke with poignant bitterness, for he had acted cruelly in feeding Godfrey's love and hope for these two years. I said, too, that I would be his comforter, and devote myself to him; and for this reason I had concealed the truth from him, until he could hear it thus.

While I was speaking, he to whom I had betrothed myself only three days before, and whom I had almost forgotten in the sight of Godfrey's misery, entered my studio with the assured step of one who had the freedom of it; and I instinctively at his coming, withdrew from that close embrace in which we, a brother and sister, clasped each other. It was as though I forsook him in the fiercest moment of the storm, that was beating down his hopes with a great fall, and slipped away into a safe and sunny refuge inaccessible to him. James Saville told him of our mutual love frankly and joyously; and Godfrey listened, gazing directly into our faces, with features set like a mask of iron.

Till then I did not know the cruelty and jealousy of man's nature. The next morning when I thought to take up again our broken thread of confidence, I found that Godfrey—my brother, in whom all my plans and hopes had centred all my life long, until this later and very different tie had been formed between James Saville and me; whom I loved no less because I loved another, nay, whom I loved more tenderly while this shadow of a separation was passing over us—had deserted me, had banished himself from his only remaining sanctuary of affection. Godfrey was gone, leaving a few poignant words of accusation, which charged me with wilfully deceiving him by the concealment of Daisy's infidelity, and my own betrothal.

Every effort of ours to track out my brother was fruitless; and after the lapse of some months I was married to James Saville, being alone with no one of my blood and kindred beside me, while he gathered me into the circle of his family. The autumn exhibitions were open in London, and to them he took his artist wife. Looking eagerly through the catalogue of the British Institution, I found the name I wanted, Godfrey Lincoln, the exhibition of two pictures that were praised highly; but the address appended to the name was that of a picture agent, and when I applied to him he could give me no information about my brother, except that his paintings were already sold at a high price.

Afterwards, for years, I frequented every gallery of pictures where Godfrey exhibited, reading in his works a record of his wanderings. Sometimes he was in Norway, among wild, tempest-scarred rocks, and storm-swept fiords; at others, in desert and volcanic Iceland; and again upon the pointed sierras of Spain. No eye saw the story in them, which made them pathetic to me; no one fathomed the deep melancholy of those stormy seas, and gloomy skies, and desolate mountains; no one detected, as I did, in scarcely perceptible under-tints, sometimes in the transparent texture of a cloud, in the crest of a wave, in the ripple of an inland lake, or in the profile of a mountain, the delicate lines of a woman's face, which seemed to haunt the artist's soul, and blend itself with every work of his imagination. Whether Godfrey knew it or not, there was always in some passage of his landscapes a shadowy, undefined suggestion of Daisy's features, though he never introduced a woman's form into one of them. This was all I could learn of my brother, save that from time to time he sent me munificent gifts of money, to repay, he said, my toils and privations for his sake in past years. Ah! This was not the compensation I looked forward to, when I laboured heartily for him at my poor, little, insignificant, water-colour sketches.

Daisy's father died poor, and was therefore soon forgotten in his town; and her memory was almost lost to every one but me, until the mutiny in India awoke a feeling of personal interest in our fair young townswoman, now recollected with something of anxiety by her former schoolfellows and old admirers. Vague reports were circulated now and then; rumours of awful massacre in which she was a victim, and of solitary death in the jungle; but the mutiny raged on, and we had no definite intelligence of her, and my resentment fading before the terrible peril of her position in that continent of bloodshed, I thought and prayed for Daisy as if she had been my sister.

So many years passed, that my children were making me forget the time when I was Emma Lincoln; though I talked to them often of their uncle Godfrey, and called one of my boys by his name; when I went, as was my custom, to an exhibition in Liverpool, where I could find again a clue to his recent life. His picture, well hung in a good light, arrested my eye in a moment; for before me I saw the peaked crag of Elmeth, our native hill, with the golden-green slopes of Wodenhill behind, darkening under the livid hues of a gathering thunder-cloud, just as we had often watched it in our childhood, holding tightly hand in hand, and bidding one another in frightened whispers not to be afraid. I gazed with my heart; and becoming a child again, wept childishly before my brother's picture of our birthplace.

I was yet standing there, with my veil drawn down to hide my tears, when a voice very low, and weak, and tremulous, addressed to me a question about the painting I seemed to scrutinise so closely. It was the shy and timid utterance I used to love in Daisy; and I saw that none other but Daisy herself, with sunken eyes where there dwelt a time-worn look of fear, and lips that trembled, and hands that grasped each other nervously, stood beside me, recognising—not me, but the work of Godfrey, whom she had betrayed.

I took Daisy home to my lodgings, and heard her story; one that was but a repetition of the horrors I had read shudderingly, and which I had read only for her sake. Enough that she was come back to England a widow, with but one child remaining of the three that had been born to her. She was poor, moreover, having no other provision than the pension allotted to her; and when I resumed my old authority over her, and bade her come home with me to my family, she resigned herself to my guidance with the implicit dependence of her girlhood.

Therefore, seeking Godfrey, I have brought Daisy here, under the crag of Elmeth, which is engulfed in mist and clouds. She does not know, this fragile, broken-hearted, hopeless woman, that she is lying, dreaming dreams of the Indian perils, at the very foot of the hill where Godfrey has fixed his solitary home, and dwells apart, crushing down his best and happiest nature. To-morrow, when the sun looks over the brow of Wodenhill, a new life dawns for both.

It was an October morning when Daisy and I quitted the quiet village street, carpeted with almost untrodden leaves, and went slowly up the cart-road leading over the table-land to the other mountain villages; a road that was only a narrow ledge cut into the steep hill-side, with

a sheer descent into a glen below on the one hand, and a precipitous acclivity rising far above us on the other. Down in the glen there was a brook breaking over a rocky course with a liquid, babbling murmur, which was the only sound that reached us as we ascended in the profound repose of an autumn day among the hills. On the other side of the glen lay another range of hills, more rugged and barren, bearing the tokens of storms that had rent their rocks, and strewn the surface with sharp fragments, among which only hardy foxglove plants and rough ling could find a place to live. Still farther off beyond rose the long, broad, curved brows of more mountains, whose deeper and colder tints told of the unseen valleys that interscected them. As our path led us upward, the sound of the stream ceased, and we saw it lying motionless through the whole length of the defined glen, with a shining cascade in the distance, resting upon a fissure in the rocks. We were come to softly undulating hollows, and extensive flats of level lands, where flocks of quiet sheep were pasturing amid dark green bosses of gorse, bushes, and brightly-bronzed patches of dying fern; and here and there were forests of fir-trees and solitary yews, touching the gorgeous scenery with a shade of gloom. Every line, every pointed crag, every soft curve and glowing colour was familiar to me, and yet possessed a new language, like the reading of a letter written to us long years since, and found again after we have been disciplined into deeper feeling. I regarded these hills as the type of the for-ever peaceful home, where the pleasant ties of love should strengthen continually, till they were as firm as these everlasting foundations.

Still as we ascended in mutual silence befitting the solemn beauty around us, I began to detect reluctantly a maturity in which there was more and more a suggestion of quick decay. The heath did not seem to spring again after our feet had passed over it; and glancing back upon the way we came, I could trace our steps across the turf by the trodden moss, no longer glistening in the dew. Where our shadows fell upon the echoless path the rooks rose languidly, with no other sound than the flutter of their ponderous wings, and flew slowly and with effort back to their colony in the fir-coppice behind Elmeth; the very air itself was listless, no longer caressing like a summer breeze, nor bracing like the wind of winter, and it brooded heavily, with a weight of mist upon the summit of the mountains; so silent, that the chirp of a bird in the hawthorn bushes which here and there still marked the ancient boundaries of our fields, made us start guiltily, and draw nearer to one another, we descended into the hollow of a cluster of hillocks, where my old home lay. Its walls of unhewn stones, built to defy the cold and storms of winter, stood as square and substantial as ever, though they looked naked and deserted; but the large wooden barn was falling into ruins, and showed great rifts of blackened timber; while the basin-shaped pool beside it, never stirred by the splashing hoofs of horses and the slowly-drinking muzzles of cattle, was stagnant, under a covering of yellow leaves. The garden, once stretching up the southern slope of a mound and sheltered by the fir-coppice, was no longer enclosed from the open hill, and its place was only indicated by the ranker growth upon its beds of the weeds and nettles, that scarcely flourished in the coarser mould of the mountains. Down the uneven walks I led Daisy to the door, through which Godfrey and I had passed, in our early orphanage, to face the world together; and across it from lintel to threshold hung unbroken threads of cobweb, sparkling in the dew and sunlight. I listened to the breathless stillness, and looked around upon the desolation of the homestead, till my hope nearly died away.

"O Daisy!" I cried, "you do not know this place. It is where we were born, Godfrey and I. These are our hills and meadows where we were children. When we came down yonder hill, and I remembered the days before we left home to live in your native town, and thought of all that might have been, and all that ought to have been, my spirit would have fainted, but for the hope that this is his place of hiding. If he be here now, Daisy, and the clergyman, to whom I wrote when we found his picture of Elmeth, says he has been living here a long while, I look to you to restore my brother to me. It was you who deprived me of him. You must go to him with me. Forget your miserable marriage, which was unconsecrated and unblessed, and seek him as if you were the simple girl he loved eight years ago. Give me back my brother."

For a moment, as I spoke, a flush of youth came back to Daisy's face, and a gleam of light kindled upon it; but again as she turned from me, and lifted up her eyes to the fair and peaceful hills surrounding us, their dark irides dilated with terror, as though, if I could see the images painted on their retina, I should find a far different vision there. Then the heavy lids closed over them, the nervous fingers were twined closely, and Daisy's lips moved in a whisper. She seemed to utter a sort of prayer:

"Thou knewest that I was insensible to every sorrow that did not come home to me, and touch my own self; therefore Thou hast caused me to pass through seas of suffering, until Thou hast pierced even to my soul. Come a little nearer to me, O my Father, that I may lean upon Thy strength, now that my eyes are to see, and my ears are to hear, this trouble which I alone have wrought."

On the other side of the house, which faced a sudden dip in the outline of the hill, overlooking the valley from whence I had seen the red light the evening before, there was a second entrance, through which Daisy and I found unobstructed access into the large kitchen. I noticed in a glance that with the impulse of habit the chief pieces of furniture were arranged in their accustomed places; but the stretchers covered with canvas, the half-finished pictures that were hung against the walls, and a bundle of pencils lying upon the deal table, gave me

certain assurance of Godfrey's residence, though the kitchen was untenanted. I could not tarry there, so near to the completion of my hopes, and leading Daisy quickly through, I ascended to the room where we, as children, had made our first essays at painting upon the white-washed walls. We heard the movements of some one within, deliberate footsteps passing hither and thither; and Daisy laid her hand upon the latch, and in a moment stood face to face with Godfrey.

The window in the southward gable was shrouded to the topmost panes, and the sun, low-lying at that season, though it was now noontide, did not rise above the lintel, and shone in a stream of condensed brightness upon Daisy, as she stood just within the door, beside the easel where Godfrey was painting. The rest of the room was in comparative obscurity, but my eyes, educated to a rapid observation of effect in light and shade, discovered the glimmering forms of white plaster casts, and burnished bronze models, and draped lay-figures scattered about, with elaborated pictures, not of still, inanimate landscapes, but of vivid human life and interest. I saw them without looking, for my attention was riveted upon my brother. On his face, whose likeness I had so often painted that I knew every line, I was reading anxiously the record, the indelible, authentic register of these past years; the broad forehead furrowed with austere gloom; the dark, deep-set eyes fixed upon Daisy in a gaze of concentrated intensity that never wavered into softness; the lips locked into morose reticence and disdain. He did not glance towards me, and for a minute or two we all stood motionless and speechless.

"You have been avenged," said Daisy, her eyes drooping before Godfrey's gaze; and she spoke in a calm, passionateless tone of suffering, as if she was resuming an interrupted confession which had been often repeated and learned with much labour. "You have been avenged sorely. I did not know myself, nor did you know me, or you would never have laid upon me the trial of a long separation. If I was not assured every day of love, it died out of my consciousness, and I turned elsewhere. Even my father I used to think little of when he was not present. The long weeks and months, and the distance of many miles between us, blotted out the reality of our engagement. It was only what I saw that I could feel; and when I never met your eyes looking on me, nor heard your voice calling me, nor felt your hand holding mine, I forgot you. And my cousin was there, always with me from morning till night, meeting me everywhere with some demonstration of his passionate love; and my father urged me, and Emma was gone away as well as you, so that I had no one to help me to be true to you. I was true to my nature, Godfrey; if you had understood me, you would not have trusted me to myself; at your side, and leaning upon you, I could have been faithful, but not alone as I was left. I did love you as I could love, and you have been avenged. Since I was false to you, I have been made to look upon all misery with wide-open eyes that could not close to shut it out; and now that I am here before you, never having seen your face since that day when you left me to be away for two long years, and I could die for very sorrow at your feet, I meet neither love nor pardon, but irreconcilable hatred."

"No, no, not hatred, Daisy," I exclaimed, advancing to her side, and encountering Godfrey's momentary glance.

"Yes, hatred!" she continued, looking up wistfully into his dark face; "your heart does not move towards me for an instant. If you had loved me less you could not hate me now. I come to you from visions of murder and massacre, from burning homes, and files of dying men, and the sufferings of women perishing by hunger, and thirst, and awful terror; from the cruel death of my husband and the unburied bodies of my children, seen, *seen* until the misery is burnt into my memory, and I cannot forget it even in my sleep. I come to you broken-hearted, with only a wretched remnant of life, in the hope of restoring you to yourself and to Emma, who has been constant to you with the fidelity of a true woman. Yet you are like a rock to me. I measure your first love by the implacable hatred which no one ever felt before for me; and it torments me. Godfrey, pity me; give me one morsel of consolation before I die."

"Margaret Wilson," he said, "you have spoken truly of your nature. You are a woman; the creature of the moment; swayed by any passion. Just now you imagine you could die at my feet in a paroxysm of penitence and sorrow, but before you could descend into yonder valley, you would be ready for another emotion as vehement and unreasoning. I cannot tell for what you have followed me. If you cannot bear to see any but fair scenes, why did you come up here to look upon the solitude of the life to which you doomed me? What did you hope for? What effect is this wild appeal to have upon me? Your tribulation has no charm for me; there is no balm to be extracted from the knowledge of your misery. I would not have had you crushed, poor fluttering creature, any more than I would exert my strength to crush a butterfly upon the moors. If this be all you came for, to expend the futile passion of an hour, you may return home. If it be aid you want, I have money for you, money that will satisfy you, for I am no longer a poor and unknown artist."

"Kill her at once, Godfrey," I cried, indignantly.

"Nay, Emma," he answered, "no words of mine can wound her, if she has passed alive through the troubles she speaks of. What, shall a woman, a delicate, tender-hearted woman, come from the murder of her husband and the death of her children, to be killed at last by the reproaches of a discarded lover? Why did you come to rob me of the peace I have gleaned painfully from these blighted harvests of hope

and love? Of women I have known only you two, and the models of the life-school; I have had little reason to seek your society. Here at least, away from you, I can think of you as I would have you to be. These are my visions of womanhood and home."

He drew aside the curtain, and let the sunlight in upon his pictures, upon groups of happy children, with a mother whose face was Daisy's as it might have been, developing from her lovely girlhood into a maturity of womanly and matronly beauty. Godfrey had ceased to look at her; but I, comparing the sweet and joyous features with her face as life had painted it, saw the hollow lines and grave mournful eyes in a new light, and with a sudden apprehension.

But I saw in a recess of the attic, which was still in deep shadow from a curtain falling over it, some strange object half visible, that made me think of the case in which Godfrey had brought home that first painting of his, and I moved towards it. Then for an instant he placed himself before Daisy, so as to intercept her view, but he drew back again with a half-smile of contempt.

"A boyish whim," he said, "executed in the first madness of disappointment. I am thoroughly ashamed of it, yet I keep it for the portrait."

A coffin, in which was painted his own face, as he had been eight years ago, only with closed eyes, and with the colourless and livid hues of death. I, his sister, felt a sudden chill and shivering, as though I had pressed my lips upon a marble forehead, and the cold contact had numbed my warm life-current; while Daisy, coming swiftly to my side at my start of fear, bent down and read the inscription on the plate. "Godfrey Lincoln. Died August 28th, 1850." It was the date of her own marriage; and muttering the words to herself, she fell helplessly to the ground.

Ah, Godfrey! There is no efficacy now in that tide of tenderness sweeping back from the dull, low ebb of hatred. Gather her in your strong arms, and wrap her to your breast, but she shall be conscious of no shelter or refuge there. Pierce her ears with words of repentance and self-accusation, call aloud upon her by your own old fond name of Daisy, there is no echo, no entrance to her tortured brain. It was given to you to bless her weary eyes with one more sight of forgiving love, and to sound one more note of harmony in her jarring life, and you would not. She is deaf and dumb and dead to you for ever now!

So I thought, not daring to interfere with Godfrey's distracted efforts to recal Daisy to consciousness; but she was not to leave us thus, hunted by hatred as well as terror into the mysterious life hereafter. We carried her to the bedroom where our mother died, bidding Godfrey and me to cleave to one another, and she lingered there long enough to rest a little from the troubles of the world—dwelling in an ante-chamber of repose and consolation—to recover some strength, before she went hence, and was no more seen. Godfrey and I were with her, and her little child, whom we sent for to the mother's dying-place among the autumnal hills, and Godfrey received the orphan into his heart of hearts, for her sake promising to quit his retreat, and dwell near to me, where she, the little Daisy, could find brothers and sisters among my children.

I sat with the child upon my lap, looking out upon the moonlit hills, and the fir-coppice, bearing aloft the homes of its colony of sleeping birds, and the dimly-seen village, lying in the valley like a fledgling in the shelter of a nest, and I was thinking sadly how we mothers never knew what path across the wide wilderness of life our little ones might have to tread. I did not care to turn my face towards the room, nor would I, by any word or movement, interrupt the communion, often silent for many minutes, which Godfrey and Daisy held together in low tones. Yet oh, how different to the love-like conversations of former days!

"You will be happy," said Daisy.

"I shall be happier," he answered.

We buried Daisy beside our mother, and Godfrey came home to live near me. But we keep up the old homestead; the hedges are planted again on their ancient boundaries; the garden is enclosed and cultivated; the front door is unfastened, and its threshold trodden by many footsteps, during every month of the summer-time, when Godfrey and I come down, with our children, to study and paint among the hills. Sometimes, when I have tried to discover what thoughts are hidden under Godfrey's grave face, for he is, and always will be, reserved and reticent now, I fancy he is thinking what I do—that if Daisy had come back to us, and found him a happy man, surrounded by children, even though he was altogether separated from and independent of her, we might have healed her broken spirit, and won her to a placid and even life of peace upon this troubled earth.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XL.

THE dead man's manuscript was gone. But how? A phantom might delude my eye, a human will, though exerted at a distance, might, if the tales of mesmerism be true, deprive me of movement and of consciousness; but neither phantom nor mesmeric will could surely remove from the table before me the material substance of the book that had vanished! Was I to seek explanation in the arts of sorcery ascribed to Louis Grayle in the narrative?—I would not pursue that conjecture. Against it my reason rose up half alarmed, half disdainful. Some one must have entered the room—some one have removed the manuscript. I looked round. The windows were closed, the curtains partially drawn over the shutters, as they were before my consciousness had left me: all seemed undisturbed. Snatching up one of the candles, fast dying out, I went into the adjoining library, the desolate state-rooms, into the entrance-hall and examined the outer door. Barred and locked! The robber had left no vestige of his stealthy presence.

I resolved to go at once to Strahan's room, and tell him of the loss sustained. A deposit had been confided to me, and I felt as if there were a slur on my honour every moment in which I kept its abstraction concealed from him to whom I was responsible for the trust. I hastily ascended the great staircase, grim with faded portraits, and found myself in a long corridor opening on my own bedroom; no doubt also on Strahan's. Which was his? I knew not. I opened rapidly door after door, peered into empty chambers, went blundering on, when, to the right, down a narrow passage, I recognised the signs of my host's whereabout—signs familiarly common-place and vulgar, signs by which the inmate of any chamber in lodging-house or inn makes himself known—a chair before a doorway, clothes negligently thrown on it, besidé it a pair of shoes. And so ludicrous did such testimony of common every-day life, of the habits which Strahan would necessarily have contracted in his desultory unluxurious bachelor's existence—so ludicrous, I say, did these homely details seem to me, so grotesquely at variance with the wonders of which I had been reading, with the wonders yet more incredible of which I myself had been witness and victim, that as I turned down the passage, I heard my own unconscious half-hysterical laugh; and, startled by the sound of that laugh as if it came from some one else, I paused, my hand on the door, and asked myself: "Do I dream? Am I awake? And if awake, what am I to say to the common-place mortal I am about to rouse? Speak to him of a phantom! Speak to him of some weird spell over this strong frame! Speak to him of a mystic trance in which has been stolen what he confided to me, without my knowledge! What will he say? What should I have said a week since to any man who told such a tale to me?" I did not wait to resolve these questions. I entered the room. There was Strahan sound asleep on his bed. I shook him roughly. He started up, rubbed his eyes—"You, Allen—you! What the deuce?—what's the matter?"

"Strahan, I have been robbed!—robbed of the manuscript you lent me. I could not rest till I had told you."

"Robbed, robbed! Are you serious!"

By this time Strahan had thrown off the bedclothes, and sat upright, staring at me.

And then those questions which my mind had suggested while I was standing at his door repeated themselves with double force. Tell this man, this unimaginative, hard-headed, raw-boned, sandy-haired, North-countryman—tell this man a story which the most credulous schoolgirl would have rejected as a fable! Impossible.

"I fell asleep," said I, colouring and stammering, for the slightest deviation from truth was painful to me, "and—and—when I woke—the manuscript was gone. Some one must have entered, and committed the theft——"

"Some one entered the house at this hour of the night, and then only steal a manuscript which could be of no value to him! Absurd! If thieves have come in, it must be for other objects—for plate, for money. I will dress; we will see!"

Strahan hurried on his clothes, muttering to himself, and avoiding my eye. He was embarrassed. He did not like to say to an old friend what was on his mind, but I saw at once that he suspected I had resolved to deprive him of the manuscript, and invented a wild tale in order to conceal my own dishonesty.

Nevertheless, he proceeded to search the house. I followed him in silence, oppressed with my own thoughts, and longing for solitude in my

own chamber. We found no one, no trace of any one, nothing to excite suspicion. There were but two female servants sleeping in the house—the old housekeeper, and a country girl who assisted her. It was not possible to suspect either of these persons, but in the course of our search we opened the doors of their rooms. We saw that they were both in bed, both seemingly asleep: it seemed idle to wake and question them. When the formality of our futile investigation was concluded, Strahan stopped at the door of my bedroom, and for the first time fixing his eyes on me steadily, said:

"Allen Fenwick, I would have given half the fortune I have come into rather than this had happened. The manuscript, as you know, was bequeathed to me as a sacred trust by a benefactor whose slightest wish it is my duty to observe religiously. If it contained aught valuable to a man of your knowledge and profession,—why, you were free to use its contents. Let me hope, Allen, that the book will reappear to-morrow."

He said no more, drew himself away from the hand I involuntarily extended, and walked quickly back towards his own room.

Alone once more, I sank on a seat, buried my face in my hands, and strove in vain to collect into some definite shape my own tumultuous and disordered thoughts. Could I attach serious credit to the marvellous narrative I had read? Were there, indeed, such powers given to man? such influences latent in the calm routine of Nature? I could not believe it; I must have some morbid affection of the brain; I must be under an hallucination. Hallucination? The phantom, yes—the trance, yes. But, still, how came the book gone? That, at least, was not hallucination.

I left my room the next morning with a vague hope that I should find the manuscript somewhere in the study; that, in my own trance, I might have secreted it, as sleep-walkers are said to secrete things, without remembrance of their acts in their waking state.

I searched minutely in every conceivable place. Strahan found me still employed in that hopeless task. He had breakfasted in his own room, and it was past eleven o'clock when he joined me. His manner was now hard, cold, and distant, and his suspicion so bluntly shown that my distress gave way to resentment.

"Is it possible," I cried, indignantly, "that you who have known me so well can suspect me of an act so base, and so gratuitously base? Purloin, conceal a book confided to me, with full power to copy from it whatever I might desire, use its contents in any way that might seem to me serviceable to science, or useful to me in my own calling!"

"I have not accused you," answered Strahan, sullenly. "But what are we to say to Mr. Jeeves; to all others who know that this manuscript existed? Will they believe what you tell me?"

"Mr. Jeeves," I said, "cannot suspect a fellow-townsman, whose character is as high as mine, of untruth and theft. And to whom else have you communicated the facts connected with a memoir and a request of so extraordinary a nature?"

"To young Margrave; I told you so!"

"True, true. We need not go further to find the thief. Margrave has been in this house more than once. He knows the position of the rooms. You have named the robber!"

"Tut! what on earth could a gay young fellow like Margrave want with a work of such dry and recondite nature as I presume my poor kinsman's memoir must be?"

I was about to answer, when the door was abruptly opened, and the servant girl entered, followed by two men, in whom I recognised the superintendent of the L—— police and the same subordinate who had found me by Sir Philip's corpse.

The superintendent came up to me with a grave face, and whispered in my ear. I did not at first comprehend him. "Come with you," I said, "and to Mr. Vigors, the magistrate? I thought my deposition was closed."

The superintendent shook his head. "I have the authority here, Dr. Fenwick."

"Well, I will come, of course. Has anything new transpired?"

The superintendent turned to the servant girl, who was standing with gaping mouth and staring eyes. "Show us Dr. Fenwick's room. You had better put up, sir, whatever things you have brought here. I will go up-stairs with you," he whispered again. "Come, Dr. Fenwick, I am in the discharge of my duty."

Something in the man's manner was so sinister and menacing that I felt, at once, that some new and strange calamity had befallen me. I turned towards Strahan. He was at the threshold, speaking in a low voice to the subordinate policeman, and there was an expression of amazement and horror in his countenance. As I came towards him he darted away without a word.

I went up the stairs, entered my bedroom, the superintendent close behind me. As I took up mechanically the few things I had brought with me, the police-officer drew them from me with an abruptness that appeared insolent, and deliberately searched the pockets of the coat which I had worn the evening before, then opened the drawers in the room, and even pried into the bed.

"What do you mean?" I asked, haughtily.

"Excuse me, sir. Duty. You are——"

"Well, I am what?"

"My prisoner; here is the warrant."

"Warrant! on what charge?"

"The murder of Sir Philip Derval."

"I—I! Murder!" I could say no more.

I must hurry over this awful passage in my marvellous record. It is torture to dwell on the details, and indeed I have so sought to chase them from my recollection, that they only come back to me in hideous fragments, like the broken, incoherent remains of a horrible dream.

All that I need state is as follows: Early on the very morning on which I had been arrested,

a man, a stranger in the town, had privately sought Mr. Vigors, and deposed that, on the night of the murder, he had been taking refuge from a sudden storm under shelter of the eaves and buttresses of a wall adjoining an old archway; that he had heard men talking within the archway; had heard one say to the other, "You still bear me a grudge." The other had replied, "I can forgive you on one condition." That he then lost much of the conversation that ensued, which was in a lower voice; but he gathered enough to know that the condition demanded by the one was the possession of a casket which the other carried about with him. That there seemed an altercation on this matter between the two men, which, to judge by the tones of voice, was angry on the part of the man demanding the casket; that, finally, this man said in a loud key, "Do you still refuse?" and on receiving the answer, which the witness did not overhear, exclaimed threateningly, "It is you who will repent;" and then stepped forth from the arch into the street. The rain had then ceased, but, by a broad flash of lightning, the witness saw distinctly the figure of the person thus quitting the shelter of the arch; a man of tall stature, powerful frame, erect carriage. A little time afterwards, witness saw a slighter and older man come forth from the arch, whom he could only examine by the flickering ray of the gas-lamp near the wall, the lightning having ceased, but whom he fully believed to be the person he afterwards discovered to be Sir Philip Derval.

He said that he himself had only arrived at the town a few hours before; a stranger to L——, and indeed to England; having come from the United States of America, where he had passed his life from childhood. He had journeyed on foot to L——, in the hope of finding there some distant relatives. He had put up at a small inn, after which he had strolled through the town, when the storm had driven him to seek shelter. He had then failed to find his way back to the inn, and after wandering about in vain, and seeing no one at that late hour of night of whom he could ask the way, he had crept under a portico and slept for two or three hours. Waking towards the dawn, he had then got up, and again sought to find his way to the inn, when he saw in a narrow street before him two men, one of whom he recognised as the taller of the two, to whose conversation he had listened under the arch, the other he did not recognise at the moment. The taller man seemed angry and agitated, and he heard him say, "The casket; I will have it." There then seemed a struggle between these two persons, when the taller one struck down the shorter, knelt on his breast, and he caught distinctly the gleam of some steel instrument. That he was so frightened that he could not stir from the place, and that though he cried out, he believed his voice was not heard. He then saw the taller man rise, the other resting on the pavement motionless, and a minute or so afterwards beheld policemen coming to the place, on which he, the witness, walked away. He did not know that a murder had been committed; it might be only an assault; it was no business of his, he was a stranger. He thought it best not to interfere, the policemen having cognisance of the affair. He found out his inn; for the next few days he was, however, absent from L—— in search of his relations, who had left the town, many years ago, to fix their residence in one of the neighbouring villages.

He was, however, disappointed, none of these relations now survived. He had returned to L——, heard of the murder, was in doubt what to do, might get himself into trouble if, a mere stranger, he gave an unsupported testimony. But, on the day before the evidence was volunteered, as he was lounging in the streets, he had seen a gentleman pass by on horseback, in whom he immediately recognised the man who, in his belief, was the murderer of Sir Philip Derval. He inquired of a bystander the name of the gentleman, the answer was 'Dr. Fenwick.' That, the rest of the day, he felt much disturbed in his mind, not liking to volunteer such a charge against a man of apparent respectability and station. But that his conscience would not let him sleep that night, and he had resolved at morning to go to the magistrate and make a clean breast of it.

This story was in itself so improbable that any other magistrate but Mr. Vigors would, perhaps, have dismissed it in contempt. But Mr. Vigors, already so bitterly prejudiced against me, and not sorry, perhaps, to subject me to the humiliation of so horrible a charge, immediately issued his warrant to search my house. I was absent at Derval Court; the house was searched. In the bureau in my favourite study, which was left unlocked, the steel casket was discovered, and a large case-knife, on the blade of which the stains of blood were still perceptible. On this discovery I was apprehended, and on these evidences, and on the deposition of this vagrant stranger, I was, not indeed committed to take my trial for murder, but placed in confinement; all bail for my appearance refused, and the examination adjourned to give time for further evidence and inquiries. I had requested the professional aid of Mr. Jeeves. To my surprise and dismay Mr. Jeeves begged me to excuse him. He said he was pre-engaged by Mr. Strahan to detect and prosecute the murderer of Sir P. Derval, and could not assist one accused of the murder. I gathered from the little he said that Strahan had already been to him that morning and told him of the missing manuscript—that Strahan had ceased to be my friend. I engaged another solicitor, a young man of ability, and who professed personal esteem for me. Mr. Stanton (such was the lawyer's name) believed in my innocence; but he warned me that appearances were grave, he implored me to be perfectly frank with him. Had I held conversation with Sir Philip under the archway as reported by the witness? Had I used such or similar words? Had the deceased said, "I had a grudge against him?"

Had I demanded the casket? Had I threatened Sir Philip that he would repent? And of what? His refusal?

I felt myself grow pale as I answered, "Yes, I thought such or similar expressions had occurred in my conversation with the deceased."

"What was the reason of the grudge? What was the nature of this casket, that I should so desire its possession?"

There, I became terribly embarrassed. What could I say to a keen, sensible, worldly man of law? Tell him of the powder and the fume, of the scene in the museum, of Sir Philip's tale, of the implied identity of the youthful Margrave with the aged Grayle, of the elixir of life, and of magic arts? I—I tell such a romance! I, the noted adversary of all pretended mysticism! I—I—a sceptical practitioner of medicine! Had that manuscript of Sir Philip's been available—a substantial record of marvellous events by a man of repute for intellect and learning—I might, perhaps, have ventured to startle the solicitor of L—— with my revelations. But the sole proof that all which the solicitor urged me to confide was not a monstrous fiction or an insane delusion, had disappeared; and its disappearance was a part of the terrible mystery that enveloped the whole. I answered, therefore, as composedly as I could, that "I could have no serious grudge against Sir Philip, whom I had never seen before that evening; that the words, which applied to my supposed grudge, were lightly said by Sir Philip in reference to a physiological dispute on matters connected with mesmerical phenomena; that the deceased had declared his casket, which he had shown me at the mayor's house, contained drugs of great potency in medicine; that I had asked permission to test those drugs myself; and that when I said he would repent of his refusal, I merely meant that he would repent of his reliance on drugs not warranted by the experiments of professional science.

My replies seemed to satisfy the lawyer so far, but "How could I account for the casket and the knife being found in my room?"

"In no way but this; the window of that room was a door-window opening on the lane, from which any one might enter it. I was in the habit, not only of going out myself that way, but of admitting through that door any more familiar private acquaintance."

"Whom, for instance?"

I hesitated a moment, and then said, with a significance I could not forbear, "Mr. Margrave! He would know the *locale* perfectly; he would know that the door was rarely bolted from within during the daytime; he could enter at all hours; he could place, or instruct any one to deposit, the knife and casket in my bureau, which he knew I never kept locked; it contained no secrets, no private correspondence—chiefly surgical implements, or such things as I might want for professional experiments."

"Mr. Margrave! But you cannot suspect him—a lively, charming young man, against whose character not a whisper was ever heard—of connivance with such a charge against you; a connivance that would implicate him in the murder itself, for if you are accused wrongfully, he who accuses you is either the criminal or the criminal's accomplice; his instigator or his tool."

"Mr. Stanton," I said firmly, after a moment's pause, "I do suspect Mr. Margrave of a hand in this crime. Sir Philip, on seeing him at the mayor's house, expressed a strong abhorrence of him, more than hinted at crimes he had committed; appointed me to come to Derval Court the day after that on which the murder was committed. Sir Philip had known something of this Margrave in the East—Margrave might dread exposure, revelations—of what I know not; but, strange as it may seem to you, it is my conviction that this young man, apparently so gay and so thoughtless, is the real criminal, and in some way, which I cannot conjecture, has employed this lying vagabond in the fabrication of a charge against myself. Reflect: of Mr. Margrave's antecedents we know nothing; of them nothing was known even by the young gentleman who first introduced him to the society of this town. If you would serve and save me, it is to that quarter that you will direct your vigilant and unrelaxing researches."

I had scarcely so said when I repented my candour; for I observed in the face of Mr. Stanton a sudden revulsion of feeling, an utter incredulity of the accusation I had thus hazarded, and for the first time a doubt of my own innocence. The fascination exercised by Margrave was universal; nor was it to be wondered at: for, besides the charm of his joyous presence, he seemed so singularly free from even the errors common enough with the young. So gay and boon a companion, yet a shunner of wine; so dazzling in aspect, so more than beautiful, so courted, so idolised by women, yet no tale of seduction, of profligacy, attached to his name! As to his antecedents, he had so frankly owned himself a natural son, a nobody, a traveller, an idler; his expenses, though lavish, were so unostentatious, so regularly defrayed. He was so wholly the reverse of the character assigned to criminals, that it seemed as absurd to bring a charge of homicide against a butterfly or a goldfinch as against this seemingly innocent and delightful favourite of humanity and nature.

However, Mr. Stanton said little or nothing, and shortly afterwards left me, with a dry expression of hope that my innocence would be cleared in spite of evidence that, he was bound to say, was of the most serious character.

I was exhausted. I fell into a profound sleep early that night; it might be a little after twelve when I woke, and woke as fully, as completely, as much restored to life and consciousness, as it was then my habit to be at the break of day. And, so waking, I saw, on the wall opposite my bed, the same luminous phantom I had seen in the wizard's study at Derval Court. I have read in Scandinavian legends of an apparition called the Scin-Læca, or shining corpse. It is supposed, in the northern superstition,

sometimes to haunt sepulchres, sometimes to foretel doom. It is the spectre of a human body seen in a phosphoric light. And so exactly did this phantom correspond to the description of such an apparition in Scandinavian fable that I know not how to give it a better name than that of Scin-Læca—the shining corpse.

There it was before me, corpse-like, yet not dead; there, as in the haunted study of the wizard Forman!—the form and the face of Margrave. Constitutionally, my nerves are strong, and my temper hardy, and now I was resolved to battle against any impression which my senses might receive from my own deluding fancies. Things that witnessed for the first time daunt us, witnessed for the second time lose their terror. I rose from my bed with a bold aspect, I approached the phantom with a firm step; but when within two paces of it, and my hand outstretched to touch it, my arm became fixed in air, my feet locked to the ground. I did not experience fear; I felt that my heart beat regularly, but an invincible something opposed itself to me. I stood as if turned to stone, and then from the lips of this phantom there came a voice, but a voice which seemed borne from a great distance—very low, muffled, and yet distinct: I could not even be sure that my ear heard it, or whether the sound was not conveyed to me by an inner sense.

"I, and I alone, can save and deliver you," said the voice. "I will do so, and the conditions I ask, in return, are simple and easy."

"Fiend or spectre, or mere delusion of my own brain," cried I, "there can be no compact between thee and me. I despise thy malice, I reject thy services; I accept no conditions to escape from the one or to obtain the other."

"You may give a different answer when I ask again."

The Scin-Læca slowly waned, and, fading first into a wan shadow, then vanished. I rejoiced at the reply I had given. Two days elapsed before Mr. Stanton again came to me; in the interval the Scin-Læca did not reappear. I had mustered all my courage, all my common sense, noted down all the weak points of the false evidence against me, and felt calm and supported by the strength of my innocence.

The first few words of the solicitor dashed all my courage to the ground. For I was anxious to hear news of Lilian, anxious to have some message from her that might cheer and strengthen me, and my first question was this:

"Mr. Stanton, you are aware that I am engaged in marriage to Miss Ashleigh. Your family are not unacquainted with her. What says, what thinks she of this monstrous charge against her betrothed?"

"I was for two hours at Mrs. Ashleigh's house last evening," replied the lawyer; "she was naturally anxious to see me as employed in your defence. Who do you think was there? Who, eager to defend you, to express his persuasion of your innocence, to declare his conviction that the real criminal would be soon discovered—who but that same Mr. Margrave, whom, pardon me my frankness, you so rashly and groundlessly suspected."

"Heavens! Do you say that he is received in that house? that he—*he* is familiarly admitted to *her* presence?"

"My good sir, why these unjust prepossessions against a true friend. It was as your friend that, as soon as the charge against you amazed and shocked the town of L——, Mr. Margrave called on Mrs. Ashleigh—presented to her by Miss Brabazon—and was so cheering and hopeful that——"

"Enough!" I exclaimed—"enough!"

I paced the room in a state of excitement and rage, which the lawyer in vain endeavoured to calm, until at length I halted abruptly: "Well,—and you saw Miss Ashleigh? What message does she send to me—her betrothed?"

Mr. Stanton looked confused. "Message! Consider, sir—Miss Ashleigh's situation—the delicacy—and—and——"

"I understand! no message, no word, from a young lady so respectable to a man accused of murder."

Mr. Stanton was silent for some moments; and then said quietly, "Let us change this subject; let us think of what more immediately presses. I see you have been making some notes; may I look at them——"

I composed myself and sat down. "This accuser! have inquiries really been made as to himself, and his statement of his own proceedings? He comes, he says, from America—in what ship? At what port did he land? Is there any evidence to corroborate his story of the relations he tried to discover—of the inn at which he first put up, and to which he could not find his way?"

"Your suggestions are sensible, Dr. Fenwick. I have forestalled them. It is true that the man lodged at a small inn—the Rising Sun—true that he made inquiries about some relations of the name of Walls, who formerly resided at L——, and afterwards removed to a village ten miles distant—two brothers—tradesmen of small means but respectable character. He at first refused to say at what seaport he landed, in what ship he sailed. I suspect that he has now told a falsehood as to these matters. I have sent my clerk to Southampton—for it is there he said that he was put on shore; we shall see—the man himself is detained in close custody. I hear that his manner is strange and excitable; but that he preserves silence as much as possible. It is generally believed that he is a bad character, perhaps a returned convict, and that this is the true reason why he so long delayed giving evidence, and has been since so reluctant to account for himself. But even if his testimony should be impugned, should break down, still we should have to account for the fact that the casket and the case-knife were found in your bureau. For, granting that a person could, in your absence, have entered your study and placed the articles in your bureau, it is clear that such a person must have been well acquainted with your house, and this stranger to

L—— could not have possessed that knowledge."

"Of course not—Mr. Margrave did possess it!"

"Mr. Margrave again!—oh, sir."

I arose and moved away, with an impatient gesture. I could not trust myself to speak. That night I did not sleep; I watched impatiently, gazing on the opposite wall, for the gleam of the Scin-Læca. But the night passed away, and the spectre did not appear.

THE DIVINE HEDGE.

What is the divinity that doth hedge a king? At one time it was almost impenetrable: a hedge woven thick and stiff with prejudice, assumption, arrogance, and that innate servility of the mean which makes slaves of races, courtiers of classes, and parasites of individuals. Think of what that hedge of royal divinity meant and where it led to! Think of Shakespeare and Raleigh fawning like spaniels at the feet of Queen Elizabeth! And think of the crowd of crowned ruffians swarming through every page of history, whom the upholders of the right-divine theory worshipped as gods, bringing them the sacrifice of their very manhood and self-respect! And then to know, as we do, that all this kow-towing was mainly due to upholstery; for, would a king in a fool's cap or a villein's russet jerkin, have been as divinely hedged about as when in a crimson and ermined mantle, and a crown blazing with jewels? The hedge grew flowers which the weaver and goldsmith originally planted, and which the life-blood of the people fed and watered. Yet the silly public thought them the spontaneous gift of a generous soil, and, like the Israelites of old, fell down and worshipped the gold lace and embroidery wrought by their own hands, as eagerly as if it had been a gift sent to them direct from Heaven. Depend upon it, kings and queens owe half their divinity to their finery.

Even in person, kings were held to be grander than other men; to be of nobler presence and of more commanding beauty. Not only their bodies but their souls were of a finer generation. Charles the Fourth, Emperor of Germany, declared that the souls of princes are better endowed by the Lord than those of common people; and Pope Alexander the Seventh preferred to promote men of noble birth to high ecclesiastical offices, "because he thought that, as princes of the earth like to be served by individuals of high families, it must be likewise pleasing to the King of kings to be served by priests already by their blood above the rest of men." If the souls and bodies of kings were superior to the souls and bodies of the common folk, what was, according to the old creeds, their office? Appointed by divine commission, and endued with peculiar blessings and power, it dated as far back as Adam. When all the meaner things of humanity were destroyed in the flood, the germ of future royal potentiality was saved with Noah and the elect, from which germ the whole earth was to be hereafter ruled and overspread. This was Filmer's notion, and Tillotson's, and that of many more as worthy men, keen scholars and acute thinkers. Because Adam was appointed ruler of all created things, said they, and was accountable to God alone, so was the king irresponsible and without sin towards man, since he held his commission from God through Adam and all eldest sons: monarchy by hereditary succession being the peculiar ordinance of Heaven. Hence, the king was free to govern his people ill or well, according to his fancy; if ill, he was not accountable to man for his actions; if well, it was by free grace, to be repaid with gratitude and increased devotion. The theory that power originated with the people—which, after the facts of the Commonwealth and that fatal scaffold at Whitehall, one would have imagined to be pretty firmly established here in England—was condemned as "an abominable tenet" by the Oxford Decree of 1683; just five years before the Declaration of Right carted down the questions of irresponsibility and divine right to the rubbish-heap appointed for human folly. For the nation had gone back temporarily to its old idolatry, forgetting the stern iconoclasm of Hampden and Milton, Cromwell and Eliot, and Martyn and Vane. A temporary idolatry, happily at an end here for ever.

This theory of divine right and royal irresponsibility was not reduced to anything very practical in England before the time of Filmer and the British Solomon. Bracton, Lord Chief Justice in the Third Henry's reign, said some very manly words on the matter: "The king ought not to be subject to man, but to God and to the law. For the law maketh the king. Let the king therefore render to the law what the law hath invested in him with regard to others: dominion and power; for he is not truly king where will and pleasure rule, and not the law." Sir John Fortescue, Lord of the Laws under Henry the Sixth (1442), said that "the king of England must rule his people according to the decrees of the laws thereof, insomuch that he is bound by an oath at his coronation to the observance and keeping of his own law." These were brave words; braver than those of the later generations, when the sycophancy of what men were pleased to call "loyalty" had eaten away the very fibres of the national manhood. But even that assuming old pedant, who prided himself on his kingcraft when he snubbed his parliaments, and told his son that he ought to thank God first for making him a man and not a beast, and then "for that he made you a little god to sitte on his throne and rule over men"—even he was obliged to draw a distinction between a king and a tyrant, with a point of reprobation superadded. But though Elizabeth has been worshipped and flattered with a zeal worthy of a better object; and Henry the Eighth had been kow-towed in a manner that would make any honest man blush for shame and outraged manhood; and though other kings had been outrageously arbitrary

and irresponsible; and our grand old Magna Charta was prefaced in something of an insolent style—"Henry, by the Grace of God; Know ye, that we of our meer and free will have given these liberties;" yet royal irresponsibility, the rights of parliament, and the power of the people, had never come into open collision, nor, indeed, had they been much discussed at all, until the ungainly son of beautiful Mary hobbled into the throne, and the person of royalty lost some of the glory which had been ever assumed as its inalienable possession.

The person might have lost, but the office still retained; and the rules and canons of royal life set forth by that most unroyal Stuart, came briefly to be these: that God loves hereditary monarchy, and hates every other system of human government; that primogeniture is a divine institution, established before either the Mosaic or the Christian dispensation, and no human power, nor length of adverse possession, not even to ten centuries, or twice ten, can deprive a legitimate sovereign of his rights, or give the usurper power as against him (only power as towards the miserable people—royal prey under all circumstances); that royal authority must necessarily be despotic, it depending on the king himself whether it shall be a benevolent or a tyrannical despotism—a choice with which his subjects have nothing to do, nor may they object, how cruel soever the alternative; that the laws which in England limit the royal prerogative have been granted by the king's own free grace, and may at any time be resumed; and that any treaty made by the king with the people is a declaration only of present intentions, and not a contract of which they can demand the performance; that the king, as the fountain of justice, may not be sued by a subject; and that when the Court of Chancery does justice, it is by royal grace, and not by right of the subject to be justified; that he himself, James the Sixth, had come to the throne by the divine appointment of inherited right; that he was the "supreme head of the realm in matters both civil and ecclesiastical, and consequently inferior to no man upon earth, dependent on no man, and accountable to no man;" that the king was as perfect as immortal, not to be attainted nor could his office cease (yet the "man Charles" at Whitehall, and the Protectorate, not so many years after?); that, as head of the Church, the infamy of Papists, Brownists, and all other of the non-orthodox, was done to *him* as their lawful guide and most sure sovereign, and was in no wise evil done against their own souls, seeing that they had no right over their own souls, which were bound to go as driven and directed. These were the chief points on which he insisted in his letters and pamphlets; adding thereto open insolence to the parliaments assembled during his reign; the establishment of the irresponsible, secret, and illegal Star Chamber; and the repeated assertion that kings were gods, and must sit upon their thrones judging their people like gods.

At all this the nation became uneasy; for the troublous times of dissent were coming on, and the rebound from servility to independence, from slavery to freedom, was beginning to make itself felt. Indeed, there had been a kind of first faint essay in the person of poor pitiful John Colville, whose "Palinod, wherein he doth penitently recant his former proud offences, specially that treasonable discourse latelie made by him against the vndoubted and indeniable title of his dread Soueraigne Lord King James the Sixt vnto the crowne of England, after the decease of her maiesty present"—printed at Edinburgh in sixteen hundred—is about as base and sickening a recantation as ever would-be rebel made. "For the Prince is the immediat Lord of our bodies," says the Palinodist, "and of all our worldlie fortunes, having power to dispose thereupon at his pleasure, whereof Samuel in the originall institution of a King has left to all posterities an indenyable testimonie. So Princes beeing as it were Gods of the earth, they are not answerable to earthly men, but to the supreme Godhead allanerlie; and we their vassals, doe as they list to us, can have no warrand to go further nor Samuel did go, viz. to pray for them till God forbid." It would be hard to find a lower baseness for human opinion to descend to.

Nearly a century later, in 1685, there was another poor crazy crawling creature called Augustus Frezer, a clergyman, who preached before the "Right Worshipful Fellowship of Merchants Adventurers of England," on the occasion of King Charles's death. Augustus Frezer begins by stating that he thinks he "could not do a more acceptable piece of service at this juncture of time to God, my Prince, and my native country, than by publishing a Discourse, how mean soever, concerning the Divine Authority of Kings, the dignity and soundness of their Persons, and the unconditional Obedience due to them from their Subjects;" three points "clear and plain to every vulgar understanding." Augustus then goes on to say, that "the death of Kings, who are not only the image of God after a more excellent manner than other men, but Gods themselves, does not happen but by an extraordinary appointment;" that "to remove the crown from one head to another is a Prerogative which God has assumed to himself;" and that "never a prince so cruel but his death has caused grief and loss to his subjects;" wherefore when good kings die it is such an awful calamity that it shows God to be deeply displeased with his people, else would he never have punished them so severely. Indeed it is a kind of puzzle to Augustus that kings should die at all: an ordinance of nature which somehow he cannot quite reconcile to himself, nor comprehend how it was ever allowed by the All Wise and All Good.

But Augustus Frezer was not alone in his baseness. "Unhappily, the Church had long taught the notion that hereditary monarchy alone, among our institutions, was divine and inviolable; that the right of the House of Commons to a share

in the legislative power was a right merely human, but that the right of the king to the obedience of his people was from above; that the Great Charter was a statute which might be repealed by those who had made it; but that the rule which called the princes of the blood royal to the throne in order of succession was of celestial origin, and that any act of parliament inconsistent with that rule was a nullity."*

Three years after Augustus Frezer had obeyed the traditions of his order, the people and the Commons took the matter once more in hand. "The king could do no wrong;" but James the Second "invaded the fundamental constitution of the realm;" so James the Second was politely told that he had abdicated, and the throne was declared vacant. Gracious majesty was "irresponsible," and the law of hereditary succession the divine appointment of God; but the Declaration of Right asserted the practical sovereignty of the people in asserting the "superiority of the laws above the king;" and, later, Blackstone ruled the English crown to be hereditary, not de jure divino, but by custom—a custom which parliament may change from time to time, as occasion serves. This was the good got out of the cold but clever Dutchman and his loving wife. The cannon which boomed over the Thames, announcing the coronation of William and Mary, announced also the end of the long battle between king and people, divine right and parliamentary power; and, although conducted with such rigid adherence to legal forms, and such a keen sense of loyalty to the office, it was yet the most subversive and revolutionary, as it was the most stable, of all the political changes of England.

That cannon gave life to Milton's noble words, and power and meaning to the Coronation Oath; it bound the monarch to the service of duty towards the nation; it recognised the so-called 'graces' of royalty as the inalienable rights of the people; it shattered the brazen idol which men had so long been content to worship, and levelled the temple of royal fetishism to the dust; it proclaimed the beginning of the reign of law and reason, and placed in the hands of the people a weapon of defence which can never be wrested from them; it did all that the French revolution did a hundred years later, but in a statelier, milder, and a more stable manner.

This, then, was the end of Colville's broken-backed Palinody, of Sir Robert Filmer's patriarchal theory, and Adam's transmitted divinity, of Tillotson's sad letter to Lord Russell in Newgate, lamenting his wrong-headedness in holding the faith that "resistance to authority was lawful," of Augustus Frezer's crawling sycophancy, of the vile despotism of the Star Chamber, and of all the nonsense which the British Solomon and his adherents had upheld as the essence of wisdom and the real meaning and object of kingcraft. "That mystery, the prerogative of kings, which is a point so tender as it will hardly bear mention," as noble Eliot wrote from the Tower, was now handled gravely, but firmly, by men determined to set the truth before themselves, cost what it might; and like many other superstitions, it was found to collapse and shrink into comparative nothingness when examined side by side with human rights and the majesty of reason.

This principle of interrupted succession according to popular choice, had been vindicated before now in the rough and bloody form of a victorious army—William Rufus, Henry the First, Stephen, John, Henrys Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth, Richard the Third, and Henry the Seventh, were all out, of course; while of Mary, the daughter of the royal Spaniard, and Elizabeth of the usurping "Gospel-eyed," both were doubtful, for both could not be legitimate. As for the Tudors, they were always tampering with the succession. Henry the Eighth, when he got parliament to pass a bill enabling him to leave the crown as he might desire—to the exclusion of the Stuarts, whom he hated; Edward the Sixth, when, unauthorised by parliament, he assumed the like power, for which he was much commended by certain eminent reformers; Elizabeth, when she got a decree from both Houses enacting that whoso would deny her right to appoint her successor, with the consent of the Estates, should suffer death as a traitor; in all of which acts the hereditary principle was thrust on one side, and the iconoclasts of royalty were the kings themselves.

Part of the divine hedge grew out of the mixing up of the sacred element with the secular—the anointing as well as crowning, by which both here and in other Christian countries, the king became priest as well as prince. For what else than consecration to the invisible priesthood was typified by the holy oil—the "ampoule" which angels carried to Saint Rémy for the sacred person of Clovis, and which is still used in the consecration of the kings of France? Yet few people know that the holy oil and the kingly crown had the same meaning originally, and that the emblem of secular sovereignty was once as much the emblem of the priesthood as is now the mitre and the cowl. But it was so. Crowns were originally sacred only to the gods. First there was the little band or bandelet, that fitted tight round the heads of the ancient gods; then two strings, or fillets; then leaves, and branches, and flowers; and finally the conventional crown or circlet, much as we have it at the present day. But soon the emblem of the divinities was transferred to men and victors and statesmen and lawgivers and kings and heroes of all sorts, even to a well-developed athlete, were duly crowned, until at last the proudest of the rulers adopted the rayed or spiked crown, which was the last form held peculiar to the gods. This was in those days of degeneracy when kings, pretending to be gods, forgot to be men. With the Jews the original crown was pointed, like horns—horns being the emblems of power and prowess with them; and

* Macaulay.

the first mention made of a crown in the Bible is when the Amalekites bring Saul's crown to David. According to a rabbainiel tradition, Nimrod—Kenaz, the hunter king—was the first to imagine a crown, and the first to be crowned. One day, as he was abroad hunting, he looked up to the sky and saw the figure of a crown in the heavens. He called to a craftsman and bade him copy the pattern—the crown remaining long enough to enable him to do so; and ever afterwards he wore that crown in obedience to the will of Heaven; and no one could look upon it without blindness. Pope Gregory the Seventh used to say, sneeringly, in allusion to this story, that the priesthood came direct from God, but imperial power, crowned, from Nimrod. The "mitre" of the Church is only the old Jewish horn-crown, in its turn copied from the Egyptian; while the Pope's tiara is the same mitre triply crowned, to mark him high priest, judge, and supreme legislator of the Christian world. So was the king of old time ever a twofold personage — high priest and chief magistrate in one; and it has been an endless struggle hitherto to simplify his pretensions. This, too, is one of the many creaking legacies left us by the Jews.

As the king was a mixed person, in part king and in part priest, according to the Hebrew theocratic doctrines, so were his titles also a medley. In Spain he was Catholic; in France, Most Christian; Pope Julius the Second called the English king Christianissimus, and Pope Leo the Tenth added Defender of the Faith; Henry the Fourth took the title of Grace; Henry the Eighth of Majesty. Before then the English king had been Lord, Highness, &c., and had also, until the reign of John, been content to be a singular pronoun, and to call himself I. Now he is We—like an editor. "Touching" for scrofula was also part of the divine and priestly power of kings, and began as early as the days of Edward the Confessor. For Edward was saint as well as king; so, of course, could heal all manner of evil. The first four kings of the Norman line did not touch, nor has it been in use since Anne's time. Dr. Johnson was touched, and the last case on record was in the year 1712. Once William the Third "touched" for complaisance, saying, "God give you better health and more sense;" for this was one of the royal fooleries which William the Third would not adopt. Monmouth "touched" in his day, and his marvellous cures were blazoned abroad as proofs of his royal blood, and rights.

One of the clearest assertions of popular will in the creation of kingly authority, is to be found in Michelet's* account of how the Dukes of Carinthia won their thrones. "The Duke of Carinthia was not allowed to sit upon his marble throne till he had given money. This donation was the coemptio—the purchase of his right. Nowhere does the sovereignty of the people (as a sleeping abstract annunciation) appear more haughtily declared than in this formality. It bears the seal of a remote antiquity, of an Homeric or biblical simplicity. The duke walked towards the marble throne in the dress of a peasant. But a real peasant already occupied it, attended by the sad and severe symbols of the labouring people—the black bull and the lean horse. Then commenced this rude dialogue: 'And who so proudly dares enter here?' said the peasant; 'is he a just judge? has he the good of the country at heart? is he born free, and a Christian?' 'He is, and he will,' answered the duke. 'I demand, then, by what right,' retorted the peasant 'he will force me to quit this place?' 'He will buy it of you,' was the answer, 'for sixty pennies, and the horse and the bull shall be yours,' &c. No less ancient or deeply significant was another part of the same ceremony. Whilst the duke brandished his sword towards the four winds, whilst he sat with his face to the sun and conferred fiefs, three families had a right to mow, to pillage, and to burn. The interregnum of the sovereign power was thus represented as the sleep of the law, and the people saw in this form that they must make haste to abdicate, and to give themselves a defender."

Many other usages in the coronations of the various European monarchs show the meaning and origin of the kingly office, and how it was in the beginning rather conferred by the people than assumed as of inherited right. When the German emperor had been elected by his seven chief princes, he showed himself to the people, and asked if they would have him? As soon as they had cried "Fiat! fiat! fiat!" he was crowned; but not till then. Yet a German king forgot the other day the lesson to be learnt in this good old custom of his predecessors, and, taking his crown from the altar, proclaimed himself "king by the grace of God," consecrated by God to his office, with all the powers and privileges ever given to the divine right of the condition. So here we have the "hedge" again, as thick and bristling as ever; and the noble victory of freedom and common sense, which other nations have gained, remains a dead letter in Prussia, whose king ignores the power of the people, and holds himself no more accountable than did our two Jameses, or the first Charles, or any other of the kingly "gods" whom we weighed in the balance against humanity, and found wanting. We might have reasonably expected more enlightenment from Prussia in this noonday of European life; but the tenacity with which certain minds cling to the superstitions of the past, and refuse to see the brighter truths of the present, is marvellous. With the history of her ally written in golden characters before her—golden still, if here and there blurred with tears and stained with blood—Prussia maintains a king who takes his own crown from the altar, then calls himself divinely chosen, and consecrate by God! The real king—the can-ning man, as Carlyle calls him—is always to be venerated; but the real king does not talk nonsense about his divine rights, nor refuse to recognise

* Origines du Droit Français, quoted by Lieber.

the power of the popular will, or the rights, diviner than his own, of national life and independence.

AMERICAN CEMETERIES.

If I wanted to show the indifference with which the loss of human life is regarded in America, whether in peace or war, I should certainly, if I had the opportunity, go first and take a walk in an American cemetery before I began to write and attune my mind to the subject.

The American cemetery expresses very well the feelings with which an American regards death. He considers it as a disagreeable interruption to business, as a sudden call from the oyster-cellar, the game at base-ball, from the 2.40 trotting-match, from the run with the fire-engine, from the "good time" with the target company, from the cotton-bales and the tobacco drying-racks, from the swift steamboat, and from the railway smoking-room. The perpetual influx of new emigrants, the urging onward to new frontiers, the perpetual looking forward to ideals instead of looking back to precedents, all prevent life from being thought of much value in the New World.

Death is not a King of Terror in America; but rather a mysterious muffled-up stranger, who quietly leads men from the bar-room and the cotton "levee" into an unknown country, where, perhaps, there are no cotton levees, and no bar-rooms nor cool drinks. That dreadful silent room with the blinds down, where even the buzz of a fly sounds so loud and so jarringly, has less terror in that busy country than here; even that terrible fixed face, like a mask of wax, prints itself less deeply on the mind in America than it does in England. New men in a new country have not the deep roots in the soil that men in the old country have, and those roots ramify over a narrow region. There are few old people either in America. Young men are less missed after the first throes of grief.

America, too, is a country of hot-bloods, of many nomade and turbulent spirits, whose hand is quick with the revolver and the bowie-knife, and who spill a man's blood as readily as they tip over an ice-water jug. In no country where men go armed, and single combat is frequent, can life be held dear. The hot feverish life of business, smoking, travelling, drams, and "general" fights, cannot afford much time for reflection. The intense ambition of individuality, of mental progress, that thoughtful men, however religious, not unfrequently exhibit in England, cannot be expected in America.

The frequent accidents on trains and steamboats also tend to lessen the regard for human life; as does, still more, the habitual influence of the climate. In a word, it is not heartlessness or irreligion, for the Americans are as tender-hearted and religious as ourselves; but it is the accident of a new country that makes individual life less regarded. The young scholar who dies at college in the moment of success, dies perhaps as truly mourned as the young scholar would be if he died at Oxford; yet the same man shot in a chance fight, or stabbed by a "Blood Tub" at Baltimore, or a "Dead Rabbit" of New York, would be regarded, except by his relatives, as only worthy of a newspaper paragraph.

Death falls like a sword on the neck of an American; but the survivors do not stop long lamenting round his corpse. The next hour they are as busy as ever round the bales, and in the jingling sledge, flirting at the Sulphur Springs, or at the Wide-Awake procession. There seems no time in the American's life to waste in grief or mourning. To-morrow there will be the following notice in the New York Herald:

"On the 13th of June, at No. 4, One Hundred and Twenty-two Street, much lamented, Mr. Elijah Specklebury. Friends and relatives intending to attend the funeral on the 20th will please take notice that the cars leave the Fulton Ferry for Greenwood Cemetery at 10.15 A.M., sharp!"

The mourners come, they chat in the cars, the stifling crape is donned; some one unnoticed, but real mourner, all but breaks his heart at the grave's edge. Everybody goes home congratulating himself at the affair being over, and Mr. Specklebury is forgotten but by one memory. The billiard-board, the euker-table, the political club, know him no more. Other men sit on the Specklebury office-stool; other mouths sip the Specklebury claret.

With us death is a solemn and irreparable fact. The oblong grave is dug, the bell tolled, the mutes with the crape fire-screens set. The dreary vault No. X. opens for the coroneted coffin. The shutters are up at the old shop, all faces gather blackness, the death is pondered on as a terrible certainty. The fact is not shirked nor forgotten, it is insisted on in sermons, and the grief of it creeps like a chilling miasma into many a house. Some are sorry for it, others take it as a warning at their own door. There is no black yew in a country churchyard but has shaken as a big hearse-plume in many a man's imagination; not a churchyard daisy growing on a child's grave but has seemed to many a word of hope rising to comfort the mourner. But the Americans treat death in a lively, business-like way, as a frequent, but disagreeable occurrence.

The cemetery has quite superseded the churchyard in America. That wonderful striped building, the great church, generally known to the too irreverent rowdies as "the Holy Zebra," has no real churchyard, at least no enclosure, I think, devoted to burials. The cemetery, conducted by a joint-stock company, is a truly business-like affair. The body can be forwarded by car, or train, or steamer, at a stated hour, with safety and with despatch. The distracted mourner knows just what he has to pay, and the ground he buys is inalienable. You get away from the noise of the city—the smoke in New York is immaterial—and you leave Mr. Elijah Specklebury quietly asleep among sun-flowers and Virginian creepers, in a

snug little railed-in garden, or in an Egyptian vaulted tomb. You go and take your family to see the place now and then on a Sunday, and if you like, you can have a key to the garden railing if you wish to plant everlasting flowers or other sentimentalities.

Let me take three representative cities, and describe the cemeteries in each of them. I will select New York, Philadelphia, and Savannah; the first the commercial capital of America, the second the Quaker city, the third a flourishing city of Georgia, with a population of sixteen thousand whites and twelve thousand blacks.

Let me begin with Greenwood Cemetery, at New York, the most fashionable of all the burying-places in that bustling city. It is situated in the south part of Brooklyn, about three miles from the New York and Brooklyn Ferries. This cemetery was incorporated in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, and contains two hundred and forty-two acres of land, about one-half of which is covered with wood of a natural growth. The admittance is free, except on Sundays, when only the owners of lots or the possessors of vaults are supposed to obtain admittance; but I generally found that twenty-five cents would go a great way towards obtaining you an entrance.

You reach the cemetery through dusty and rather desolate roads, past countless villas, raw gardens, new lots, new shops, and new cottages, all very new things. The neighbourhood here is rather famous for low fevers, and a more apt place for Death's garden could scarcely have been chosen. The ground was swampy, unused, therefore unwholesome and cheap. The ground undulates and runs up and down hills, from the top of which you have fine views of the sea, therefore it attracts visitors; who make a park and promenade of it, and go home with better relish to their green turtle soup and their other "fixings." The ground, too, was naturally wooded, and boasted of a small lake, that would do for inconsolable weeping-willows and rippling little fountains; "above all," said the proprietor, "it is not too far from New York city." It is a pleasure to think of resting in such a pretty place as Greenwood Cemetery.

But let me enter it properly. I pass under a great prosaic Greek gateway, after diplomacy with the porter. I descended to this gateway by a long flight of steps from the roadway above. I feel as if I were in a deserted zoological garden, or a parvenu's park, in which the trees were still sapling and parvenu too. Melancholy sallow people walk about in groups; nankeen-coloured ladies, over-dressed, in hideous caricature crinoline and strange French bonnets arching up over their heads—ladies who wear a look of true American contempt for the sturdier sex, and who wring service from men by whom it would be only too readily paid. The men carry ivory-knobbed canes of extreme size, and wear ill-fitting creasy black clothes; their hats are generally of the wide-awake species, which gives them a rustic and mechanic air to my prejudiced eye. The children are stiff little creatures, prematurely old and sallow, too self-confident and bold to please me, and dressed rather in the French manner.

A stranger would soon lose himself in two hundred and odd acres of winding walks, lawns, flower-beds, grassy hills, and iron paled gardens were it not for notices everywhere stuck up, indicating the direction of "the tour," or chief circuit, which leads you by all the principal tombs, graves, and points of view.

Some people have a horror of damp graves; others of city churchyards; others of deep-sea interment; others of lying unburied altogether on desert island or foreign shore; but there are few who would not, if they could choose, choose such a peaceful place as Greenwood Cemetery, where the great companionship of dead gives a sense of fellowship, sad but not painful. There is no jarring noise of life: no grind of wheel, recalling the pain and travail of existence; not even the murmur of the distant sea, or the low breathing of the distant city; its roar being softened here to a whisper. Sea and city are both too far away. The grog-shop, the railway station, the euker-table, Lime-street—all that troubled these sleepers when alive—are put away from them by Death, as the nurse puts away the toys from a fractious child.

Even the tomb has its conceits, its prides, and vanities. Look at these great Egyptian mausoleums, complete houses; the door sometimes half ajar, sometimes hermetically sealed, with now and then a fringe of everlasting flowers, an American eagle, or trite patriotism and sentiment that ape true feeling.

Death, too, can be vulgar. Look at this hideous batch of iron tombstones of the Twigg family, girt in with a rail of iron balls and spikes. Look, too, at the vulgar Twigg flower-beds—the great obtrusive sun-flowers, and big, staring, rhubarb-coloured dahlias. Presently I come to something worse than even the Twigg obelisk; a frightful statue of a New York pilot, carved in stone, in the costume in which he lived. The poor creature, Man, struggling to win fame, makes his last great effort in the churchyard, carving his name and epitaph, and lying down with it over him, like a thick stone blanket, to keep out the cold; then comes Time, the great enemy, and with an impatient sneer, rubs out the record, and the sleeper is henceforth forgotten, except by his good deeds, which still blossom over his dust, and bear fruit, and scatter their seed of gratitude and memory.

I sometimes fancy myself in a tea-garden labyrinth, as I occasionally lose my way and meet bands of laughing people who have lost their way also, and are seeking help from one of those curators with white wands, who wander about the death gardens like insane showmen, who have had their shows stolen. Now I am hushed and soothed into reverence by a train of mourners, with a clergyman at their head, entering one of the little gardens on that hill yonder—the rosiest of them, too—and a curator whispers to me that that is the funeral of

EPHRAIM PEPPERNET,

the infant son of the great toy-seller in Twenty-third-street. The Peppernets have had land here for twenty years, and many a Pepperne lies here.

But I have to visit Savannah and Philadelphia, so I must not tarry more than half a dozen lines longer in Greenwood Cemetery. I must leave its winding walks, its town of tombs, its ocean views, its peaceful colonies of dead, its willows and flower-beds, even its rude uncared-for burial-place for strangers and paupers, without tombstone or record even of name—unwept, uncared-for, unknelled, and perhaps unpitied.

Philadelphia is a city so different from New York that we might well expect its cemetery to be different too. The Quaker city has its streets intersecting each other at right angles. In New York, the streets are known by numbers, as One Hundred and Twenty-second-street, Fifth avenue, and so forth; in Philadelphia, they are known by the names of trees, as Chesnut-street, Sycamore-street, Vine-street. Through all of these the street railroad runs with admirable ease and success.

New York is a French Liverpool. Philadelphia has a sober Quaker splendour about it. It has not the fitful climate of New York, nor the brisk sea breeze, nor the fine sea views or splendid park of its restless rival; nor the gigantic marble hotels, nor the grand squares, but it still has some very beautiful features of its own. For instance, nearly all the houses, except the very humblest, have the basement story coated with purest white marble, which is washed every week, so that on Sunday the city appears as in a clean robe of dazzling whiteness. The architectural characteristic of Philadelphia is Greco-Dutch; as a French Liverpudlianism is of New York. The Babylonian rectangular streets, the old houses, the sombre squares, where the children feed the tame grey squirrels, all contribute to the quaint beauty of the old Quaker city.

The Laurel Hill cemetery is one of the most beautiful burial-places in the world. It is situated on the Ridge-road, three miles and a half north-west of the city. I went there by street railroad, along a suburban road, till I reached the steep wooded cliff overhanging the pretty river Schuylkill, over which the garden of death is laid out. I passed, on the outskirts of the city, that beautiful Grecian building of pure white marble, the Girard College, founded by a French gentleman, one Stephen Girard, who died in 1831. The Corinthian pillars of fluted marble have a grace about them and a tender beauty that any pure white marble in a spotless atmosphere could anywhere possess.

"Laurel Hill!" cries the conductor of the street railroad car, and I descended and entered Death's wenty acre garden. The lodge, shaded by trees and of a blank insipid sort of architecture, reminded me strongly of the lodge at a country gentleman's park gate in England. The raked gravel, with here and there pools of turbid orange-coloured water, the sun after the recent showers glittering on the wet brown and yellow sycamore leaves, all made me fancy myself in England on an autumn morning. The old lady, too, at the gate, was as neat, grave, and respectful as her prototype would have been in England. The first look at the cemetery was not favourable; a coarse and staring piece of sculpture in sandstone, "by the celebrated Thom," seemed to me painfully out of place. What have Sir Walter Scott and Old Mortality got to do with this solemn death garden? This is not an exhibition place, and we do not want mere sights obtruded on us. I left the vulgar sandstone figures, and pushed forward up the hilly walk, where the flowers bloomed thickest and the trees grew strongest. The tawdry Gothic chapel, with "its immense window of stained glass," may be very interesting to American visitors, but it had no charm to me, who have seen real cathedrals, and spent months and years under their very shadow. Yet I could not help reflecting that it is better to sleep in these flowery hills or in these wooded dells, than in sordid city graveyards, where sooty nettles choke the blanched tombstone, and mist scurfs the purgatorial railings."

Now I passed beautiful little plots of flowers, among which the autumn dahlia tosses its crimson bosses of blossom, or under plane-trees, whose red and yellow leaves are glorious even in their decay. Then I reached the highest ground in the cemetery, beyond the last iron-fenced tomb, the last garden plot. I was in Death's fallow ground, and natural woods rose beyond me. I should have been alone, but for two gardeners, who were rolling up turf into bundles. I looked over a low stone wall down upon the river and the fair hills of the Schuylkill.

The beauty of the morning was upon everything. The river gleamed and flashed as it flowed on. A train slid along the distant railway-bridge. Boys played on the opposite bank. The cottages below were like toy houses, yet real smoke rose from their chimneys, and real mothers played with real children at the doorways. Beautiful were the autumn trees, with their variegated plumes, like files of Indians in a war party. I forgot that I was in a cemetery. I felt inclined to whoop and halloa to the passing train, that noisily blurted its smoky breath as it glided silently far under me.

A long leap and I am in a Southern city, where the population is as nearly as possible half white and half black. I am, in fact, in Savannah, on the shores of an alligator-haunted river, in the largest city of Georgia, the region of rice-fields and Sea-Island cotton, and a special haunt of the yellow fever.

I have seen all the lions of the strange, gloomy, and silent city, whose streets are all avenues, and whose roadway returns no sound to foot or hoof; whose deserted squares were sombre with large China trees, and whose houses were dreary, quiet, and blinded. I am bound to the cemetery, not the lonely raw new one on the great sandy plain outside the city, where the pride-of-India trees trail over the graves, but the

famous cemetery of Bonaventure. It is on the banks of the Warsaw river, and was formerly an old estate of the Tatnall family. The Tatnall tomb, the first of this great army of tombs now to be seen, was shown to me by one of the curators. These broad avenues, ankle-deep in sand, that now I tread, were the avenues of the old estate ere Death had taken possession.

These avenues of huge live oaks, whose boughs mingle overhead, have great lateral arms that are weighed down by grey festoons of Spanish moss. In vast hoary beards, the moss trails on the ground. It is as if rows of primeval giants had been turned to mournful trees, and their beards only were left to show that they had once been human; amid these avenues crop up the tombstones, like so many leaves from the Book of Man's Life, plucked out by Death.

In the Cemetery of Bonaventure, we no more think of the New Country—of its garish novelties, its hasty wonders, its unfinished marvels; we feel that we are face to face in a solemn spot with the old enemy—we are fronting the old, dreadful, and incontrovertible fact. The same in every country, and with every race; we are here in the very presence-chamber of King Death.

AGRICULTURAL ENCAMPMENTS.

England affords the most remarkable examples in Europe of success in voluntary associations, which, without the assistance of the money, or the power, or the honorary rewards of government, do work which, in other countries, is considered the special department of official power. The most successful of these associations combine with some national object a little amusement and a good deal of business. We cannot get up the picturesque, enthusiastic, artistic festivals with which our German and Flemish neighbours celebrate historical or biographical events. The first Shakespeare jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon was a very artificial affair, and the attempts to make it periodical were as miserable failures as Covent Garden masquerades. Those rustic dancing festivals, which in France under the name of Ducasse and Rackrow, form the delight of every village, and a crowd of town visitors, are out of the question in England, and even dancing feasts in Ireland are, or were, usually based on a cattle fair, and worked out with whisky. Our London population, of late years, seems to be re-learning to amuse themselves, but that is more in a clubbable, personal manner than at regular times and seasons. The greatest metropolitan feast is that of a benefit society with a fancy name and fancy costumes to match, where life assurance, a sick and funeral funds, are the excuse for the pleasure.

Our Derby and Doncaster St. Leger days, and all our minor race-course gatherings, are no exceptions to the rule that mere amusement will not afford a solid axle for any great round of English excitement in England. Take away the money business of the turf, and the great wheel that sets the faces of thousands and tens of thousands at least once in the year towards Epsom Downs and Doncaster town, would soon stand still.

The Royal Agricultural Society of England is, perhaps, in this respect, as curious an example as any of the manners and customs of the English people; not the least like the Scotch, whose feudal tastes induce them to leave their great society to the management of titled amateurs and an imperial despotic secretary. Although called royal by virtue of its charter, royalty has had as little to do with the success of the Royal Agricultural Society as the government has to do with its management, a royal prince paying his subscription on the same terms as other subscribers, enters his live stock, and loses and wins in his turn in competition with breeders of every degree, from singing Somersetshire to broad Yorkshire—plain farmers, who measure every pound of oil-cake, and wealthy squires, whose prize-winning pigs munch rosy apples and breakfast off rum and milk. Cabinet ministers neither enact the society's rules, nor present medals from the national treasury; and lord-lieutenants and chairmen of quarter-sessions, unlike the awful and gracious préfets and sous-préfets on the other side the Channel, only appear in the society's public ceremonies in their quality as landowners, or as farmers, as hosts, or as guests.

Frenchmen and Germans, accustomed to see agricultural societies treated much as we treat harbours of refuge and lighthouses, for instance—directed by a minister of state, supported by government funds, and presided over at festivals and feasts by some high and mighty much-bestarred and be-ribboned official, a combination of a viceroy and a chief policeman—are as much puzzled as astonished when they come to examine the internal economy and management of the world-famous Royal Agricultural Society, which is founded on the principle of letting every one concerned have his own way as much as possible. Indeed, this society is full of anomalies, and strikingly illustrates the illogical character of a nation which, according to high French philosophical authority, has succeeded in the race of empire contrary to every rule of political philosophy. England, like the maid-servant fencing with her master in Molière's comedy, hits the mark, although she thrusts in carte when she ought to thrust in tierce.

According to the theory of the charter which makes it royal, the first object of the Society is "to promote the science and practice of agriculture," yet the most prominent members of its council, and the majority of its presidents, know as little of either as a man can who owns great estates and rides fox-hunting at some time of his life. For membership, the only qualification is an undertaking to pay the annual subscription. With an income of some ten thousand pounds a year, there is no museum, no library worthy of the name, and no expenditure on scientific investigations beyond a few hundred

pounds grudgingly devoted to the labour of a professor of chemistry, whose zeal fortunately is not measured by his official income. Out of six thousand members, five hundred have never been gathered together at one time, in one place. The prizes given during two-and-twenty annual shows on agricultural implements, have very often been either mistakes when awarded to novelties, or tardy endorsements of established agricultural experience—like Lord Chesterfield's patronage of Johnson's Dictionary—when allotted to practical utilities. The prizes for live stock have steadily encouraged the exhibition of animals too fat to breed, and too costly to eat—the admiration of the ignorant, and the despair of the purchasers.

In a word, the Council would have difficulty in showing that it has achieved any one of the more ambitious ideas set forth in its founders' prospectus and embodied in its charter; that it has ever originated any great improvement in cultivation, or in live stock, or any original invention in machinery. And yet, with all these negative drawbacks, in spite of the falling away from the grand plans set forth in its charter, although its scientific, and literary, and mechanical, and practical claims to the consideration of the agricultural world will scarcely bear investigation; although titled dummies and ignorant busybodies encumber its council; although it has grown into something quite unlike what the really great men who founded it proposed, the Royal Agricultural is one of the most useful societies in the country—a living, breathing, and eminently successful institution. For it has supplied a want—taken advantage of a tide—founded a great annual agricultural festival and fair, where profit and pleasure are combined, and the greatest amount of advertising and sale of live stock and implements—the greatest amount of eye-teaching that could be conceived—is packed into the space of about a week and five-and-twenty acres. For the week of the great show, the many acres filled with whole streets of animals and agricultural machines and tools, include the advantages of a great fair and pleasures of a gigantic conversazione. At these shows farmers exchange with friendly greetings their opinions and their experience while making bargains, and deliver unrehearsed unprinted essays on every point of agricultural interest suggested and illustrated by the objects of the show.

Thus, just at the time when George Stephenson's locomotive was about to reduce to a minimum the time and cost of the conveyance of the farmer, and all that he buys and sells, the Royal Agricultural Society provided a reason and excuse, a compound of business and pleasure—theory and practice—for drawing him from the perpetual round of the parish or the market, where he was either the oracle or the follower of some local oracle, for showing him cattle, and sheep, and pigs at least as good as his own, and of herds and tribes he had never dreamed of before; for exhibiting to him labour-saving implements and machinery, which no village blacksmith would devise, or could make if he had imagined, and there and then inducing him to graft his practical experience on the mechanical skill of agricultural engineers. So the thing thrived and thrives, and can bear an infinite deal of folly in its nominally governing body.

Three-and-twenty years have passed away since a party of noblemen breeders, like the Duke of Richmond, Earls Spencer and Ducie, and Lord Western; active farming squires, like Henry Handley, Philip Pusey, and Thomas Gisborne; and two agricultural authors, William Youatt and William Shaw, all dead now, associated with others, still living, who owed their prominent position to rank and acres, or to love of bustling notoriety, took up the happy idea of an English Agricultural Society, which should be an improvement on the annual and aristocratic Highland Society, over which no one of lower rank than a duke has ever presided, and the voluntary successor to that board of agriculture founded by Sir John Sinclair, worked by Arthur Young, and destroyed by Pitt's income-tax inquiries. An annual show of live stock, to be encouraged by prizes, formed the one leading feature of the original prospectus, which was carried out, and succeeded. The importance of the mechanical department, destined to fill two-thirds of five-and-twenty acres of show-yard in 1861, and of chemistry, destined to be the one distinguishing feature of the printed transactions, was so little known to the eminent men—learned and deep in all the mysteries of breeding—that in the list of ten "national objects of the society," the improvements of agricultural implements and the application of chemistry to the improvement of the soil are lumped in one paragraph with "the destruction of insects, the eradication of weeds, and the construction of farm buildings." The "weeds" and the insects, except so far as they have been disturbed by iron ploughs, harrows, hoes, drills, rollers, and artificial manures, have been untroubled by the society; farm buildings have only been the subject of contradictory prize essays; while the other objects, such as "correspondence with foreign societies," "experiments at the cost of the society in the cultivation of the soil," "the management of woods and ferns," "the improvement of the education of the farmer and labourer," and attempts to amend "the management of labourers' cottages and gardens," have remained for nearly a quarter of a century on the list of "good intentions," never to be carried into practice.

In fact, the leading feature of the Royal Agricultural Society is not in the direct encouragement of the art or science of agriculture or philanthropic efforts for the benefit of the labourer. The influence of the society in these directions has been infinitesimal, but it has opened a road, and travellers have thronged it and paid a good toll as their passage. It has every year built up a great bazaar, and breeders and manufacturers, and customers of both, have crowded there to sell and buy, and learn by the

education of the eye the value of the best live stock, and the best agricultural machinery. Not taught by the Council, but teaching each, the farmers of England have realised all that was practicable in the aims of the founders of the Royal Society. In a word, they have been enabled to do a good deal for themselves; and that, in England, is the spirit of our social as well as of our political institutions.

The first show of this great Agricultural Society was held at Oxford in 1839, and very curious it is to look back and compare that initiative exhibition with those which have taken place within the last five, or even ten years. Business had very little to do with the Oxford show; buying or selling, the principal feature, the sustaining power of modern shows, was a minor consideration. The crowds moved in an atmosphere of enthusiasm. Amateurs in agriculture and in stock-breeding dreamed of a time when the farmer's pursuit would be reduced to an exact science, to be learned from books and lectures. The real farmers, full of useful knowledge in their art, and also full of prejudices, stood a little aloof, chiefly interested in the fine show of high-bred live stock. The list of prizes distributed at Oxford is a curious record. In live stock, including horned cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs, there were only twelve classes, each of the cattle classes being for one breed, and obtaining five prizes. It is an example of the difference between the possible improvements in nature and in art, that, in 1861, at Leeds, the greater number of prizes to the short-horn classes were awarded to descendants from Bates's herd, which, in 1839, at Oxford, carried off four out of five prizes; and in the less important herds of Devons and Herefords, we can sometimes trace back prize winners to ancestors equally remote. While from the date of the Cambridge show, in 1840, Jonas Webb's South Down sheep have for twenty-one years maintained their position as the first of their race, by unanimous consent of the whole agricultural world; the revival of the taste for short-horn cattle, the most valuable breed of any in all countries, either as a pure breed or as a cross, may be dated from the Oxford meeting. Our agricultural shows produce live stock in greater numbers, of approved breeds, and, no doubt, the average merit is greater, but it may be doubted whether as good individual animals were not exhibited in each of the principal breeds in 1840 as in 1861. If there be an exception, it is sheep—a much more artificial production than horned stock. With respect to agricultural implements and machinery, the result of twenty-two years of commercial activity has been more distinct. Pedigree, one of the highest merits in an animal, has no part in the value of a machine. At Oxford, the arrival of sections of machinery and implements from a great Ipswich manufacturer, made a sensation and earned a gold medal. The collection was sent in waggons for the greater part of the distance by road. A long paragraph of the report is devoted to a description of a chaff-cutting-machine—a machine which at the present day is as common as a roasting-jack. Mention was made of the implements of manufacturers who have since attained an European reputation—Howard's ploughs, Garrett's drills, and Gardner's turnip slicer; but, curiously enough, of the four implements specially rewarded by silver medals, not one remains in use, and two, if not three, never came into commercial demand at all.

We shall presently contrast this accidental exhibition of implements with the last greatest display at Leeds in 1861.

For a few years the Royal Agricultural Society was a fashion, the names of nominal members—of whom a large number were content to dine at the annual show-dinner, and then be heard of no more—reached six thousand, until the time came when the society, so rich on paper, found itself scarcely able to pay its way. A resort to the lawyers was the consequence. Thoughtless subscribers were taught that silence to applications for subscriptions did not extinguish their liability. The law processes ended in recovering some much-needed money, and diminishing the list of subscribers to about four thousand. From that time the day of amateur enthusiasm was over, and after a time it became clear that the success of the society depended on the business that could be done at its shows. The exhibitors in each class of live stock found the show-yard a meat market not only for the animals shown, but for their blood relations at home; thus arose a claim for new classes and prizes for other sheep than the aristocracy of the sheepfold—the Leicester and the South Down—and numbers followed the classes. The catalogue of the live stock exhibited at the Liverpool show in 1841, fills twenty-four widely printed pages. In 1861, that of Leeds, eighty-five of very close print. But number can give but a faint idea of the improvement in average quality—in weight, in symmetry, in everything that makes live stock profitable—which has been distributed through the length and breadth of the land.

In the department of implements and machinery, the change, improvement, and increase, has been still more remarkable. But to give an idea of this, we must leave generalisation, and invite our readers to accompany us through all the stages by which the show-yard is reached, and then examine it in detail.

It has been the wholesome custom of the society to divide England into districts, and every year to pitch its camp and bring its army of improvers, living and mechanical, to some central town of each district; thus seeking to inoculate each in turn with the spirit of progress by eyesight and earsight. For the breeders and the manufacturers, the feeders and the users of implements, who formed the agricultural army, and could not help but exchange ideas in discussions under the open sky in the daytime, and over the social pipe and glass in the evenings, when the close cram of over-filled inns melted the chronic timidity of Englishmen so often mistaken for pride.

Every year the Council puts up its exhibition

to competition by open tender. The essential requirements are: a central situation well provided with railways, a suitable site of dry or drainable grass-land for the show, special railway accommodation in sidings provided for the occasion, and a subscription towards expenses and local prizes, which has for the last seven years been never under 1200*l.*, and sometimes exceeded 3000*l.*

Hot is the rivalry of these occasions for the honour and glory and profit of receiving the agricultural notabilities, who bring in their train thousands of visitors, who spend their money for the benefit of the favoured citizens. To this end great peers take the chair, great merchants and manufacturers display their liberality in the local subscription-list, and mayors of an agricultural town exhibit a degree of local patriotism which is not often thrown away. Deputations, headed by county and borough M.P.s, make pilgrimages to Hanover-square, and humbly invite the council to accept their money. The rival candidates for the favours of 1861 were Doncaster and Leeds. Doncaster urged its position in the midst of a splendid agricultural district, with its miles of railway platform, specially provided to accommodate the vast army of St. Leger visitors, with its long list of hotels and lodgings, trained to accommodate multitudes by its race-course demands; and offered subscriptions far from despicable. But Leeds could combine the strength of manufactures with agriculture. The men who made the cloth as well as those who grew the wool, great landlords, great farmers, and great manufacturers, could offer, if not luxurious hotels, such a town-hall as England cannot match, with a mayor ready to fill it with guests—a mayor who in the annals of the Royal Society will take rank with those shining lights of zeal and hospitality, the mayors of Salisbury and Chester, described by an eminent implement maker and horseman as worthy of the first prize as "the best mayors (mares) for agricultural purposes." So Leeds won the day, and provided twenty-six acres of land for the show, about two hundred and fifty for the trials, with branch railways for the machinery from the railway to the show-yard, and a fair share of private hospitality.

It must be confessed that there is a great family likeness in these agricultural shows; that the man who takes no special interest in live stock or machinery, who has no friends amongst that miscellaneous body the agricultural interest, and takes no particularpleasure in gazing on thousands of happy-looking country folks of all the classes, from the smock-frocked with his sweetheart to the squire with his thorough-bred family in pork-pies and knickerbockers, one show would be enough. But, fortunately, there is everywhere a large tribe of people easily amused, ready to take up a new study or a new hobby.

According to the usual precedent, the main streets and entrances to the town honoured by one of these agricultural encampments, are adorned with triumphal arches of laurel, holly, or even asparagus-leaves, bearing mottoes of the old-fashioned flavour: "Speed the Plough;" "Live and Let Live;" "God save the Queen;" "Welcome to the R. A. S.," &c. Flags and banners of forgotten elections are hung out from windows and unite opposite houses, much to the discomfiture of colts and heifers of a retiring disposition, whilst houses of entertainment make an immense display of royal standards and union jacks, and gorgeous placards in blue, red, and gold, addressed to the hungry and thirsty. At Salisbury the good people went further, and planted full-grown trees in the pretty square which forms the market-place of that pleasant central, clean-looking city, and for the time produced, with their Roman town-hall, a scene that carried one's recollection to the Boulevards and *Places* on the other side of the Channel, without the continental swells.

But great cities like Leeds do not condescend to such adornments; deep in real business, they are not excited like such deserted towns as Chelmsford, or Norwich, or Salisbury, or Canterbury. Mail-coaches and railroads have not robbed the dwellers on the Aire and the Calder of their great and prosperous dignity, nor of their ancient position as the metropolis of the Riding, and left them for two hundred and fifty days in the year silent and dreary.

The first business of a Royal Agricultural Show is the trial of implements and machinery for prizes. The trials of field implements take place before the show opens to the public, in fields provided and often cropped specially for the purpose. They cost a great deal of money, and to the judges a great deal of time and trouble. They are seldom seen by any considerable number of persons unless it be on the occasion of some extraordinary novelty, like steam cultivation. They seldom prove anything, and not being carried on at the right season or for sufficient time, they owe their principal interest to the reports of the newspaper press. The real interest of the show commences on the day when the live-stock judges, having made their awards the previous day, and the select five-shilling folks having had their rounds, the turnstiles are unlocked, and the week commences in earnest with the first half-crown day. The day at five shillings only admits a few hundred earnest purchasers in haste to get home, and a few of the upper ten thousand, to whom crowns are of no account.

The road to the show-yard, no matter where, is like the road to a fair or a race-course—alive with highly painted booths, wonderful pictures, cracked music, voluble cheap Johns, three throws for a penny, and Ethiopian singers. The show-yard in the course of twenty years has grown, in spite of attempts to weed out non-agricultural articles, to an enclosure of five or six-and-twenty acres. It is generally pitched in a picturesque situation, within sight of a railway. At Salisbury it lay under and between the chalk walls of Old Sarum and the famous cathedral, on a gorge of the downs that roll right away to Stonehenge. At Chester it stood on the Roodee—sacred to Mercury, the

god of thieves and race-horses—between the river and the city walls. At Leeds it was penned in by a green amphitheatre of hills on three sides, and looked almost rural. On the fourth was the smoke-stained stone viaduct of the railway, emblem of the pace of modern commerce. Leeds is one of the dingiest, ugliest towns in Europe, but the site of the show-yard was not only picturesque but appropriate. It was in sight of marks of the past and present generation.—fields and farm-houses and factories, the ancient river and the modern railway. A dozen turnstiles fill up the doors in the wooden walls, and give, by their continual clicking, signs of the eager multitude. A privileged entrance is reserved for members of the Royal Society. They pass in by a gate that seldom turns, for out of five thousand less than five hundred used it, during a week in which nearly two hundred thousand persons paid their entrance from one shilling to half-a-crown.

A division, which, until the live-stock judges made their awards, separated cattle, sheep, horses, and pigs from steam-engines, plough-harrows, drills, horse-hoes, rollers, carts, and all the long list of miscellaneous goods, had been removed the previous day, and, passing in, we stand before the many streets of the agricultural fair, bewildered by the far-spread uniformity of the long parallelograms. There is a main street running down the centre show, from it on each side branch minor streets, formed of sheds, under eighteen of which, right and left, are placed implements and machinery, and under twelve the animals; that is to say, there are thirty-six sheds, divided by the main streets, devoted to manufactures, and twenty-four to breeders. The mechanical department, which, on the original formation of the society, scarcely occupied a line in its prospectus and charter, which barely filled a dozen road-waggons, now spreads over two-thirds of the yard, pays the cost for all the space it requires, and makes, probably, ten times as much trade as all the rest, for it is easier to sell a dozen ploughs than a dozen bulls, rams, or boars, by sample. As a general rule, what is alive more interests the multitude than what is made, and therefore to the live stock on the half-crown day the majority first repair, to feast their eyes on their particular fancies, whether it be amongst the horses, or the horned stock, or the sheep, or the pigs.

On the cheaper days, when vans and excursion trains pour in their thousands on thousands, it is different, for the first rush is to those sheds where the implements afford the most convenient seats for unpacking the provision baskets and refreshing exhausted nature. Leeds certainly presented on the last morning of the show, say about nine o'clock, a specimen of an agricultural pic-nic on the largest scale ever seen. At least ten thousand souls were eating, and gazing, and talking what sounded very like German. Corks strewed the ground in bushels. Thirty thousand entered that day.

But to return to our muttons and beeves. The four-and-twenty live stock sheds presented a complete picture of the best specimens of all the best breeds of every kind of animal bred in England (not Scotland) and Ireland, with the one serious drawback, that in the ardour of competition, and under the influence of the universal prejudices of the judges, a considerable number of the choicest competitors had been so filled with corn and oil-cake, sugar, milk, and London porter, that, to say the least, they would require a long course of regimen and exercise before they could fulfil their manifest destiny, and become the progenitors of healthy successors.

Besides the animals sent by a numerous, yet select, list of noblemen, squires, and wealthy graziers, expressly to win prizes, the show is also, as has already been observed, largely and usefully used as a fair, where the best prices may be obtained for a good-looking animal with a respectable pedigree. Without pedigree, bulls and cows are as much out of place at a Royal Agricultural Show as a German cotton-spinner at the court of Prussia.

It is a curious fact that there are breeds highly esteemed by graziers in certain districts, and by butchers in the more fashionable markets, which are scarcely seen in the breeding or fat stock show-yards.

English graziers eagerly purchase lean, and sell at the best prices when fat, Highland and Scotch polled cattle and Welsh runts. Black-faced Highland and Cheviot sheep, for half the year at least, fill the butchers' shops of London with very choice legs and loins. In Lincolnshire and the adjoining counties you may see square miles of Lincoln sheep feeding down turnips, and thus protecting what was waste from returning to its original barrenness. But it is only by exception that these favourites of the butcher appear on the champ clos of the Royal Agricultural tournaments.

Norfolk and Suffolk have a breed of polled cattle which the dairy farmers of those counties highly esteem. There were just six specimens at Leeds, all sent by one locally patriotic nobleman. Sussex boasts and highly values a breed of large red long-horned cattle, bearing the county name, which seem like an enlarged bovine edition of Devons. Like the Devons, they are famous draught cattle, and are amongst the picturesque features of the Sussex strong clay valleys, as they slowly toil along before that inheritance from the Saxon, the huge wooden turnwrest plough. In the great metropolitan market—where, after years of toil, they come fat—they are not despised by the butcher who has to feed sailors and soldiers, for at least "they are sweet, and die well"—that is, look well in joints, and yield good prices and a fair share of internal fat.

At Leeds, five special prizes brought from the same herd two specimens of Sussex's pride—a bull and a heifer; while of the polled Angus, the special favourite of the meat merchants of London, the producers of the beef that always head the price currents of Newgate and Lea-

denhall carcase butchers, there was just one specimen, bred in Aberdeenshire and fed in Forfarshire. This is the kind of cattle that will bear the bell at the forthcoming Christmas Cattle Show.

STORIES OF THE BLACK MEN.

THERE is a wide truth no doubt in the old proverb, that every sort of wood cannot be shaped into a Mercury. It will be a capital thing to civilise Africa, and fetching out the black from the mind, if not from the skin, come at the negro Dante, or Shakespeare; the negro Raffaelle, or Beethoven; Luther, or Newton. If, however, the Africans south of the equator represent mankind in the same sort of block out of which Europeans have been cut, chiselled, and polished, search must be made for the hammers and chisels used in that successful operation; for existing tools are only broken on the lump that yet waits fashioning. A new volume—the first of a new series—of the Transactions of the Ethnological Society has just appeared, containing three lectures delivered on different evenings by three African travellers—Mr. du Chaillu, Captain Burton, and Mr. Hutchinson—wherein they compare notes and gossip pleasantly over the things they have seen. We proceed to pound down the three lectures into small talk.

As men whose talk is of the smallest generally set out with the largest pretension, we will begin as if we were proposing to set forth the whole history and geography of Africa. This vast continent is nearly five thousand miles in length, and above four thousand five hundred in breadth. Its area is estimated at thirteen millions four hundred and thirty thousand square miles, and it is inhabited by a hundred and fifty millions of people, chiefly Moors, Arabs, and Negroes, with, in these days, many mulattoes. The mixture of races is most evident among the Felatahs, who occupy ground extending from the deserts of Sahara, in the north, to the Kong mountains in the south; from the sea and the mouths of the Senegal and Gambia rivers, in the west, to the kingdoms of Bornu and Mandara in the east—a space equal to a fourth part of Europe, or a tenth of Africa. And here, thinks Mr. Hutchinson, we may fit fracture into fracture and see where a part of the European chip has not been joined to a part of the African block. For from the tribes of Felatahs in Central Africa he has brought iron spearheads with wooden shafts, heads of javelins, arrows, double-edged swords, knives, ornamental beads, pottery ware for the cook's uses—exactly similar in pattern to such articles dug up at Canterbury, and held to be relics of the pagan time in Britain. Their rude manufacture, with double-handed bellows and the handleless hammer, still yields an iron so tough that the best blades they see from Sheffield they call "rotten iron," because they will chip and break.

Africa contains civilised negroes. The language of all the negro races is, indeed, unwritten, but in Monrovia, capital of the negro republic Liberia, there are many natives who can read and write. To the commander of an English man-of-war, for example, when he entered the harbour, this letter was delivered by a boat that put off from shore expressly to bring it:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE MAN-OF-WAR,—I shall be happy to see you on shore. Mrs. H. sends her love, and will be happy to wash your clothes. I have the honour to be, gentlemen, yours affectionately, J. H., Colonel of the Liberian Militia." But, on the whole, this high degree of civilisation is not frequently attained. On some parts of the western coast it is believed (contact with white men having bred the story) that the Maker of the world—they have nowhere a distinct name for God—in dry regions the word that serves for it is often the word meaning rain—the Maker of the world created one pair of blacks and one of whites. To the blacks, being the favourites, choice was offered between two gifts—a closed box and a closed letter. Because it was bigger and heavier, they took the box and found in it only some old metals. To the whites was left the letter, and that told them everything, where to go and live, how to build ships, make cloth, and, above all, how to make those three chief glories of civilisation—guns, and powder, and rum.

After much Christian teaching and domestication among Christians, the native African wit acquires but shallow notions of religion. A clever Kruman servant of Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, at Fernando Po, being questioned as to his knowledge of sacred things, &c., said he knew God very well, that He was very good, and had made two very fine things: "Mammy, dem two ting be foine past what any man can make. One ting be shleep—foine, foine ting, mammy, no man fit to make dat; and t'other ting be Sunday, when no pusson have for work."

The notion of a Deity held by an African negro on his own soil is utterly rudimentary. It wants, as we have said, even a name. There is the Mulunga of some tribes, the Uhlunga of the Caffres, and the Utita of the Hottentots, for whom a house may be built and food set in a village. But the idea is of a vague ghost, without personality or character, and the name may mean also the firmament or the sun. With another tribe, as we said, God and rain are synonymous, and in another the word is the word for witchcraft. Of the suggestion of death there is everywhere extreme dread, though it may be blindly and fearlessly risked. "He is finished," say the East Africans of a dead relative. "All is done for ever," say the West African. In Bonny, European intercourse has suggested the phrase, "he is gone for devilly." Food is set by the grave, and, in the case of a chief, slaves are killed, for sustenance and companionship on the way to the spirit world; and for some weeks, perhaps a few years after a death, the place of burial is dreaded, because the ghost of the dead, always held to be vindictive, is supposed to haunt it. A village has

been broken up by the death of one whose ghost was an especial source of terror. But in a little time there is no more faith in such a ghost. There is in this matter, as in all others, no reflection, no reasoning out of conclusions. But the dead man is held to be altogether extinct. Ask the negro where is the spirit of his great-grandfather, he says that he does not know, "It is done." There is occasional particular belief as to a certain man's spirit, that it has gone, loup-garou fashion, into a bird or a gorilla; but attempt to get upon traces of a belief in transmigration generally, the answer is, No. It is beyond the ordinary power of the negro to reason much from the particular to the general.

Everywhere there is a belief in witchcraft. Witchcraft is commonly regarded as the cause of a death as of a recovery. There is still the utmost vagueness in the fetishism that ascribes a sort of divinity to serpents, birds, rocks, mountains, peaks, waterfalls, feathers, teeth, claws, skins and brains of animals, &c. In Eastern Africa they have some statuettes for idols. Only one tribe has been found in the West that has advanced so far as this, the Wanyika, and they say that their images came from the East. The tutelary deity of the Brass district is a boa-constrictor; of Bonny, it is the iguana; and these creatures are held in such reverence that they are allowed to come into the houses and eat any sort of chop that lies in their way. It is death to any man to injure one of these reptiles; and if one be found dead, it is rolled in a white cloth and tied in a mat for solemn burial, with military honours of gun-firing and rum-drinking. By the same people, a dead slave—and a slave represents the African currency, as a pound the English—is only sewn in matting, to be flung without ceremony to the crocodiles and sharks of the river.

The ju-ju king or priest is the authorised fountain of superstition. The people of New Calabar had special reverence for a spirit supposed to live beyond their own borders in the Oru, which they describe as the long ju-ju country. The ju-ju of that place is a woman, who knows everything, and lives in a valley set about with hills. When a great crime has been committed and the guilt of the accused is doubtful, accused and accuser are said to have been sent together to this oracle. Having reached the sacred ground, and arrived at a certain bush, at that bush the attendants are all left behind, while the accuser and the accused advance together. Accusation is then made in a loud voice, and a mysterious voice in the air asks the accused whether he be guilty. Denial, of course, follows, and the culprit is commanded by the strange voice to go back. If innocent, he can go home; but if guilty, his feet are glued to the ground, and while he struggles to retire, water springing up beside him, rises, rises, rises, till it covers his head. When he has been thus killed, the water sinks into the earth again, sucking his corpse in with it, as far as the neck, but leaving the head above ground.

At the Egbo meetings, in the Old Calabar district, suspected persons are accused and tried by the ordeal of the esere, or poison bean, which is supposed to kill only the guilty. It nearly killed Professor Christison, of Edinburgh, when he tried on his own person its properties, so that the risk of being found guilty and executed is much greater in this case than the trial trip to the long ju-ju country.

The negroes have no system of language, but make almost of each tribe a nation with a separate tongue. "The Tower of Babel," says Captain Adams, "might have been built in any of these districts;" yet in Western Equatorial Africa the tribes were found not sharply parted by landmarks from each other, but with their villages intermixed. Interior to the Cameroons, the Old Calabar and the Bonny districts are a people called Qua. But the Quas of the Cameroons can't understand the language of the Quas of Bonny. As we speak of Equatorial Africa, let it be noted that negroes living under the equator are not blacker than those farther from it. In a damp and moist country, especially when it is mountainous, the negroes are less black, though not less distinctly marked with negro features than in a dry climate. Damp also produces more hunger and "guamba," or longing desire for a meat diet. It tends, therefore, in Africa, to the support of cannibalism. Mr. Hutchinson, who seems to have lived rather near Borriobola Gha, says: "I have during the last year seen it stated in a Sierra Leone newspaper, on the authority of Mr. Priddy, a missionary of the Countess of Huntingdon's connexion in that colony, not that he had heard of, but that *he had seen* hampers of dried human flesh carried about on men's backs to be sold for eating, in the progress of a recent civil war between the Soosoo and Timney tribes." The statement was made at the sixty-seventh anniversary meeting of that missionary body, and refers to a colony in which eight millions of money have been spent for civilisation and liberation of the negro.

At Bonny, secretly, but within sight of our ships of commerce on the river, cannibal ceremonies are maintained. The horrors of one of which Mr. Hutchinson, concealed in a hut, saw unsuspected, and he says: "I can assure you of a fact in connexion with one of their reprisal executions for cannibal purposes, that occurred during the temporary stay of Mrs. Hutchinson and myself at Bonny. We were stopping on board a palm-oil hulk, when one morning there came to the vessel, for some trading object, the very ju-ju man whom I had seen at his bloody work some time previous. It seems that he had repeated this operation on the day before the visit now recorded; and on Captain Straw, who had charge of the hulk, asking him how he could dare to look in the face of a white lady, who had heard of his eating the head of a man the day before (for I must tell you that the head is a part claimed as a tit-bit by the executioner), he replied with the most imperturbable sang froid, expressive of profound contempt for all the culinary art in the world, 'I no eat him, for my cook done spoil him; he no put nuff pepper

on him,' meaning that the sauce had not been to his taste."

The cannibals are generally tall and well made. The Wabembe, says Captain Burton, on the north-west shore of Taganyaka Lake, have abandoned to wild growth the richest land; too lazy to fish or hunt, they devour all kinds of carrion, grubs, and insects, and like the Fans described by Mr. du Chaillu, will eat the bodies of men who have died of sickness. A tribe, living interior to Coriseo, is said to come down to the shore to catch people living near the sea, whose flesh they suppose to have a brinier and choicer flavour. On the other hand, the Pangwe tribe, interior to the Gaboon, as we hang venison or pheasant, bury the dead bodies of their enemies for a week, to give them a gamy flavour before they are eaten. The love of putrid meat, the want of salt and other necessaries, bring on leprosy, elephantiasis, virulent ulcers, and other diseases of the skin; scrofula abounds, especially among the tribes of the sea-shore. I have seen, says Mr. du Chaillu, but two or three bald-headed negroes. The Aspingi tribes, who feed chiefly on palm-oil nuts, have many more children than other tribes. Longevity is rare. Mr. du Chaillu saw but few old men and women. There are considerable differences in degree of intellect among the several negro tribes, and also among the people of the same tribe. Among the cannibal tribes, the sugar-loaf head, often with a very receding forehead, is most common. But they are skilful in making iron implements, and otherwise intelligent. The best heads, in every sense, as well as the smallest feet and the most delicate hands in Western Africa, appear to belong to the negroes who speak the Mpongwe language. Among the best, however, of these tribes of the interior—where they possess a loom and weave palm fibres into a good cloth—there is little achieved by mental labour or forethought.

There is imagination, with astute power of speech, sharp trading, and an ingenuity of lying and cheating, that cannot belong to a merely stupid people. Almost always, however, the lie betrays itself on the man's face. But wherever memory, or forethought, or a solid power of reflection is required, the best of these people fail; partly, perhaps, through laziness. Though often treacherous, they are hospitable, and have affectionate impulses. Their women show great tenderness of heart.

Polygamy is the rule, but it is accompanied with the most determined exclusion of blood marriages. The tribes are split into clans, almost always of the clan of the mother, and descendants of one mother in any definable generation, or the remotest ascertainable degree, are forbidden to marry among themselves, all such marriages being held abominable. But this is the only recognised bar. A son inherits at a father's death all his mothers-in-law as wives, who must be useful to him if they have ceased to be ornamental, the wife being bought, sold, and inherited, and her position being, in West Africa, a sort of slavery. In East Africa, however, Dr. Livingstone tells of a tribe in which it is a custom when a man marries a woman of a neighbouring village, that he should go to her house to live with his wife, and occupy himself in carrying home firewood for his mother-in-law. There, if a woman beats her husband, she is brought to the market-place to be tried in the Palaver House, and if found guilty is condemned to carry him home on her back. This is her triumph, because all the women along the road rush out of their huts to cheer her, and cry, "Give it him again! give it him again! give it him again!" On the whole, even where the virtual slavery of the woman is most certain, and she is liable to the domestic whip, her position is comparatively high. She has her way in the household, and seems to be the happier for the company of other wives. The husband being accounted by his wives and neighbours a bad man if he show partialities, the wives rarely disagree among themselves, although they and the women generally cause many wars and quarrels among the men.

Their power of talk goes far. In nothing does a negro so much resemble an Englishman as in his skill at making long empty speeches, and his patience in listening to hour-long outpourings of words. In Africa, as in England, the man is esteemed highly who can by his talk rivet attention for an hour without saying anything particular. But the "Hear, hear," of the negro audience is more frequent. Let us quote Captain Burton's account of the way in which a Somali entertains a group of grave and interested listeners, all seated about him with their eyes fixed on his face, to receive the information that he has been to the well. When everybody is settled for the palaver, signal is given by the inquiry, "What is the news?"

"It is good news, if Allah please!"

"Even so!" the listeners intone, or rather groan.

"I mounted mule this morning."

"Even so."

"I departed from you, riding."

"Even so."

"*There*" (with a scream, and pointing out the direction with his spear).

"Even so."

"*There* I went."

"Even so."

"I threaded the wood."

"Even so."

"I traversed the sands."

"Even so."

"I feared nothing."

"Even so."

"At last I came upon cattle tracks."

"Hoo! hoo!! hoo!!!"

A solemn pause follows this exclamation of astonishment.

"They were fresh.'

"Even so."

"So was the earth."

"Even so."

"I distinguished the feet of women."

"Even so."

"But there were no camels."

"Even so."
"At last I saw sticks!"
"Even so."
"Stones!"
"Even so."
"Water!!
"Even so."
"A well!!!"

Then follows the general palaver. In the ceremonious greetings of the Africans, also, there is a tediousness kindred to something that white men occasionally cultivate for purposes of ceremony. Two Sawahali have met, and thus they say How do you do? A. "The State?" B. "The State is good." A. "I seize the feet." B. "How hast thou eaten and slept?" A. "I have made my reverential bow." B. "The State?" A. "It is good." B. "Like unto gold?" A. "Like unto gold." B. "Like unto coral?" A. "Like unto coral." B. "Like unto pearl?" A. "Like unto pearl." B. "In happiness, farewell!" A. "In happiness let us meet, if Allah pleases!" B. "Hum!" A. "Hum!" (drawn out like the German's So—o—o).

These tedious ceremonies Mr. du Chaillu found also among his equatorial negroes. But in the personage to whom most ceremony is due —an African king—there is a special way of exciting relish for the reverence that is to come. Both Mr. du Chaillu and Captain Burton, writing of the west and of the east, met with occasion for describing it. Captain Burton, in the Land of the Moon, writes, that "the chief was travelling towards the coast as a porter in a caravan. When he heard of his father's death, he at once stacked his load and prepared to return home and rule. The rest of the gang, before allowing him to depart, beat him severely, exclaiming, partly in jest, partly in earnest, 'Ah! now thou art still our comrade, but presently thou wilt fine, flog, torture, and slay us!'" So when one of Mr. du Chaillu's negro friends, Njogoni, was voted king, some spat in his face, others beat him with their fists; some kicked him, others pelted him with abominations; whilst the unfortunates who could not join in this exercise, assiduously cursed him, his brothers and sisters, his parents, grand-parents, and his remotest ancestors. When an especially severe cuff or toeing was applied, the applicant exclaimed, "You are not our king yet; for a little while we will do what we please with you. By-and-by we shall have to do your will:" this being the authorised coronation ceremony of an absolute king.

THE LESURQUES ROMANCE.

Most romances end when the tomb encloses their heroes; but the interest of the Lesurques romance—partly described in number one hundred and thirty-three of this journal—was not abated even after dark Fortune had done her worst on the fair man. To his children was bequeathed shame, dishonour, and a name for ever tarnished, instead of their rightful inheritance forfeited by Lesurques's condemnation; but the justice of society was clearer-sighted than the justice of the law. Out of the rehabilitation which came from public opinion came a new romance. His friends thought so, and have never ceased working diligently to that end; from the day of his execution to the present day, "the suit from beyond the tomb," as the French call it—a very curious process—has been carried on ever since.

Lesurques had not been dead seven days, when M. Jarry, the magistrate at Besançon—he who arrested Dubosc—wrote earnestly to the citizen Siméon, saying: "Lesurques is innocent. Labour for the rehabilitation of his memory." But the citizen Siméon was not likely or willing to accept the task offered to him by M. Jarry; for it was through him that Lesurques's appeal to the Five Hundred had been rejected, and was it to be expected that he would be more just to the dead than he had been to the living? The success of the appeal would have brought discredit on the new-born institution of trial by jury, of which institution the citizen Siméon was the warm supporter; and in those days of men for ideas, and not ideas for men, it was thought better that a life should be sacrificed than that a political principle should be doubted. The citizen Siméon kept M. Jarry's letter secret, as well he might; and it was only discovered in 1833 by the then Minister of the Interior, M. le Comte de Montalivet, who delivered it up to the Keeper of the Seals. But even when trial by jury had been thoroughly established, and when M. le Comte Siméon could have borne lightly on his broad and venerated shoulders any mistakes which the young citizen commissioner might have committed, we find him hypocritically confessing to M. de Salgues, who had then taken up the affair, that Lesurques was innocent, and the next moment writing a secret order to the director of police to seize the documents which this same M. de Salgues had published; also commanding that he and the eldest daughter of Lesurques should be threatened with imprisonment if they were troublesome and importunate. So good old M. Jarry lost his time in appealing to the mercy or love of truth of the stern citizen deputy; and still the memory of Lesurques lay under the official ban, and the smallest of the stones was not rolled away from the tomb of the innocent dead.

In 1804, Beroldi, or Rossi, the last of the assassins of Excoffon, paid with his head the forfeit of his crimes. Two days before his execution he gave his confessor a written statement admitting his guilt, and emphatically declaring the innocence of Lesurques. This statement was not published for six months; but was then taken up by the widow, and a cousin of Lesurques, as one of the grounds for the "suit beyond the tomb" which they meditated. But to their demand for a copy of the various papers connected with the trial, the court, on the 9th Fructidor, year XII., made answer: "You are not a party to the process; you have no concern or interest in it. The principles of

our legislation in criminal matters do not authorise your demand for revision." Two years after, MM. Caille and Daubanton, addressing the Emperor, Napoleon the First, answered this decision by the argument, that, "The rehabilitation of an innocent man, condemned and executed, is a public right. If a law does not exist which regulates the modes by which this is obtained, such a law ought to be made." Napoleon was struck by these words; and ordered a report of the whole matter to be laid before him. Then it seemed for a moment as if the strange fate pursuing the family would be baffled. But, unfortunately, he appointed the Imperial Procureur, M. Giraudet, to draw up the report; and M. Giraudet, who had been the chief attorney in the trials of Vidal, Dubosc, and Rossi, had his forensic reputation also to protect; M. Giraudet denying that he had ever made a mistake in identity, counselled the "rejection of the demand for revision."

Again, in 1809, the Emperor ordered a new report from the then young and unknown magistrate M. de Belleyme; with what legal conclusions no one knows; but that Lesurques's innocence was held to be clearly established even then is proved by the fact that no honourable man, or body of men, would accept his confiscated lands; for the Legion of Honour refused them; so did the Senate; so did M. le Comte de Jacqueminot—whose answer was very noteworthy. He was offered these lands as a senatorial dotation, but he replied in his place: "I respect misfortune too much to receive property stained with innocent blood, and which ought to be restored to the family of the victim." Instead of this, it was confiscated to the Treasury, "which never piques itself on sensibility," says Henry d'Audigier, sarcastically.

The following year (1811), the eldest daughter of Lesurques, and her young brother, aged eighteen, went to the Tuileries to present a petition to the Emperor, then busied in reviewing his troops. "Good! my children. Return again in three days and I will answer you," said Napoleon, kindly. The young creatures left full of hope; and again the pale struggling star seemed as if it was about to break forth from the clouds; but when next they saw the Emperor, his mind had changed; he had seen into the matter, he said, and did not find their complaint just—he could not grant what they demanded. There was no help for it. The young girl simply expressed her belief that later his imperial majesty would see his mistake; the boy took service in his army, and perished, as has been said, in Russia. So time went on, until the abdication was signed at Fontainebleau; when, with a new government, came new hopes and new endeavours. M. Dambray, minister to Louis the Eighteenth, transferred the request of the family for a copy of the process to M. Legoux, procureur or attorney-general, who in his turn relegated it to the public attorney at Versailles. That attorney was M. Giraudet; and his answer was, "that the co-operation of Lesurques in the assassination of the Courier of Lyons was of the clearest evidence." So M. Legoux replied to M. Dambray "that there were too many objections to giving up the documents;" and all was said. When Louis the Eighteenth came back, after the fateful Hundred Days, the Duc de Berry, passing through Douai, received the magnates of the city in the old way of loyalty and supplication; and the magnates of Douai, among other things, prayed his royal highness to obtain the restoration to the widow and her orphans of the old family house of the Lesurques's, which no one would buy or inhabit. This little bit of kindness the duke faithfully performed: and behold, in 1817, just twenty-one years after the official murder of the poor "fair man," the first small stone rolled away from the tomb of his good name.

In 1821, M. de Salgues for the first time got hold of, and published, all the papers, reports, evidence, letters, &c., connected with this strange affair, referring to M. Siméon, as we have seen, and getting in reply the assertion of Lesurques's innocence, backed by the secret order to the police to seize his publication, and even arrest his person if he became too troublesome. The daughter, Mélanie, afterwards Madame Danjou, whose name often occurs in these wearisome proceedings, thought that perhaps she might soften their old enemy by a personal interview. She presented herself at his house, was received, and announced; but M. Siméon, who was standing leaning against the chimney-piece when the door was opened, made an insolent gesture of impatience and disrespect, and abruptly turning his back left the room as soon as her name was pronounced. Shall we do him justice if we say that his conscience troubled him? or was it that his heart was hardened, like a certain Pharaoh of old time, and "he would not let the children of Israel go?" In this same year the king's attorney, M. Doué d'Arc, reporting on the Lesurques affair, expressed "his sorrowful conviction that Lesurques had died the victim of a fatal error; and on the 14th of December, still in this same year of 1821, M. le Comte de Valence declared in the senate "that the verdict of the Year Four was sullied with a fatal error, and that the innocence of the condemned, acknowledged and proclaimed by the grand jury of public opinion, demanded the revision of the sentence, and official rehabilitation." The next day, M. le Comte de Floirac said, in the Chamber of Deputies, that "never had the innocence of an accused been better proved;" and he moved for the "solemn reparation" due to the memory of Lesurques. The Duc de Berry was to have carried a petition to the king to this effect, when that fatal folly of the fanatic Louvel once more threw the whole matter into doubt and delay. In 1822, M. de Salgues published his famous Memoir, addressed to the king; and in 1823, M. Louis Mé-quillet took up the cause, and consecrated his life to the task of obtaining recognition, justice, and restitution for the name and family of Lesurques.

For forty years this brave, humane, and in-

domitable advocate has battled with all sorts of obstacles, and withstood all sorts of evil influences. His first good deed was to obtain, through M de Villèle, the restoration of two hundred and twenty-four thousand francs—about nine thousand pounds—which, though utterly insufficient according to the amount of property confiscated, was yet a pleasant addition to people whose income was of the meagrest and most inadequate. But this grant had no sooner been made, than suddenly a claimant appeared in the person of the rich old Marquise de Folleville, who gave herself out as creditor for sixty-two thousand francs; and here was her notary, the sieur Coute, who would vouch for the same, holding as he did the deed of transfer and acknowledgment. The matter came to a trial, and the family was cast. Two appeals and two decrees completed their ruin. All their money went, their furniture was sold by auction, and once more the star which had shone so palely and for such a brief moment, sank back into the abyss, with the dark clouds rushing over it This process lasted six years; and when Madame de Folleville's advocate, M. Mauguin, showed the deed of the 22nd May, 1792, by which Joseph Lesurques acknowledged to have received twenty-one thousand six hundred livres from Madame de Folleville in part payment for an estate which he had never purchased, he cried out in court, "Family of assassins! family of thieves!" and no one felt that he was more harsh than true. Seven years after the beginning of this lawsuit, a very small and unimportant business affair took M. Méquillet to Valenciennes. The diligence stopped on the way to dine the passengers at the Hôtel du Grand Saint Martin, at Péronne, and while the rest of the seventeen travellers were placing themselves at table, M. Méquillet went into the "office" to wash his hands. When he returned, only one place was vacant—the chair nearest to the master of the hotel, M. Forget. The traveller and the master began to talk. "Does not the Marquise of Folleville live near here?" asked M. Méquillet.

"Yes, she lives in the beautiful château of Manancourt, and if you have any business with her I pity you," said the master of the hotel; going on to relate how, a fortnight before, she had sued a certain family of the name of Devaux for three hundred and fifty thousand francs, and was on the point of gaining her cause, when M. Coquart, the counsel for the defendants, discovered a forgery in the deed—got the case remanded to the next day—and received that same evening a hundred thousand francs for his clients on condition of stopping the affair at once.

On this hint, M. Méquillet put off his journey to Valenciennes, and went at once to M. Coquart, explaining who he was, and why any evidence of villany in Madame la Marquise, though villany connected with a family until now unheard of, was of singular interest and importance to him, the advocate, defender, and guardian of the Lesurques. M. Coquart asked to see a copy of the deed on which Madame de Folleville founded her claim. He looked at it, examined it attentively in all its bearings, then gravely gave as his opinion that there was falsehood and forgery somewhere; and advised M. Méquillet to go immediately to the house of M. Allard, notary at Amiens, in whose care would most probably be found the original document. M. Méquillet took his advice, and, provided with a letter of introduction, went straight to M. Allard, of whom he demanded to see and examine the original deed, in re Lesurques. The notary, doubting nothing, got down the box in which it was kept, and put it into M. Méquillet's hands. He had no soon glanced at it, than he uttered a cry of joy, and cried out, "A forgery! I discover a forgery!" M. Allard looked to where he pointed, and there, unnoticed hitherto, were evident traces of some chemical agent—and of writing effaced.

M. Méquillet returned at once to Paris, and M. Mérilhou—the Lesurques' advocate in this matter—beseeching him to lodge a charge of forgery against the marquise and her agents; but while the advocate hesitated, proposing a new journey to Amiens, and a more critical examination of the deed, in came M. Coquart, impelled by curiosity and professional zeal against his crafty old opponent; and both together went back to Amiens, where they found fourteen signs of falsification—enough to sink a whole Chancery of causes.

The lawsuit of eight years' standing had now entered into a new phase, and the several advocates and attorneys began a duel for life or death; but the age, wealth, and position of the marquise bore her up triumphantly, while the ill fortune of the Lesurques family and the terrible accusation of the past, sank them with scarce a hope of recovery. M. Haussmann, the chemist, lounging into the court while the trial was proceeding, heard the decision gravely pronounced that matters must remain as they were; the deed need not be reported on, for "it would be impossible to revive writing effaced by chemical agents." M. Haussmann knowing this to be an error—but lawyers are never very famous for scientific knowledge or accuracy—got hold of Darcet and Baron Thénard, and both agreed with him that effaced writing *could* be restored. On the strength of this declaration Gay-Lussac, Chevreul, and Chevallier were called in, and the deed, on which hung so much both of interest and importance, was submitted to modes of trial which seemed as though they would destroy not only all proofs of forgery but of everything else. Plunged into a jar of acid, it was rubbed and pulled and tested and tried—the representatives of the Lesurques standing there breathless and in agony, expecting every moment to see the only link between them and penury fade away altogether, writing, forgery, parchment, and all. But the experts knew their work. At first came faint lines of black; then odd broken-backed, interrupted letters; then whole words; and soon all the lost writing was restored. The old marquise was again unmasked and repulsed. But the plaintiffs did

not recover damages; the hand of fate lay too heavily on them for any scraps of supererogatory good fortune to slip through her fingers; yet if they might only recover their own, and conquer their rights, they scarcely asked for the extra grace of benefits.

During the last sittings of the court on this trial, M. Mérilhou spied out the notary Coute sitting by M. Mauguin, the advocate on the Folleville side. He had slunk in, keeping within the shade, but the quick eyes of the lawyer discovered him, and showing him to the judge, he cried aloud: "Behold him—the forger—forger by habit and profession!"

Coute started, and turned pale, then fell swooning to the ground.

"Take out that man," said the president.

In eight days' time Coute the forger was dead. Madame de Folleville did not long survive him.

Six years after this, on the 10th of May, 1834, the Chamber of Deputies, on the motion of M. Humann, voted the family a further sum of two hundred and fifty-two thousand one hundred francs; and in 1845, the deputies of the department of the Nord, in a letter signed also by two hundred and thirty-eight other deputies, demanded from the government the restitution of the whole property, and the return to peace and honour of the Lesurques family—the family of one "whose innocence has been mathematically demonstrated." A copy of this petition was sent to Louis Philippe by the hands of Marshal Soult; and M. Méquillet still preserves the original, with its two hundred and thirty precious autograph signatures: many of men long since dead and cold in their graves, and some of men whom after years have rendered world-famous and of immortal renown.

Once more they seemed to be near the goal. The Keeper of the Seals and M. Faustin Hélie took them warmly in hand; but a mere technical mistake—the substitution of "probable error" for "acknowledged error"—set the whole matter adrift, and undid all the work that had gone before. It was during this time of loss and annoyance, when M. Méquillet and Madame Danjou were working hard to get the mistake rectified, that M. Meilheurat said to Madame Danjou—the daughter who had been so constant and persevering throughout—"Madame, we are not sure that your father was innocent;" a speech both false and cruel, for of late years the innocence of Lesurques had been proved and acknowledged everywhere. It was too much for the overtaxed spirit, which had fought for justice so long and nobly, to bear. Something in it crushed her beyond her power of hope and endurance; and perhaps with the malady of her mother upon her, she flung herself into the Seine, and, true or false, the report goes, that her body floated to exactly opposite the Chamber of Deputies, where it was recovered and recognised.

But though the fine-natured woman was dead, M. Méquillet still remained; and in 1851 the matter was again brought before the public and the legislature. On the 25th of January, M. de Laboulie, reporter of the commission appointed to examine a petition from the family, declared that "the innocence of Lesurques is incontestable, that it is not enough to proclaim it, that the decree of 1796 must be quashed, and the rehabilitation proceeded with." Then a commission was named to revise the whole procedure, and propose terms of reparation; and on the 19th of March the Assembly took into consideration the proposition of two of its members, which proposition was "the modification of the article (443) in the Criminal Code, by which all retrospective interference is denied to his relatives." At the close of 1851 came the coup d'état, and the "affaire Lesurques" must needs give way before the more important and stirring public matters which then convulsed France and stirred Europe.

For six years M. Méquillet was absent from France, and the cannon of Sebastopol drowned the voices of a few private victims whose wrongs dated back more than sixty years; but now the brave old man has returned to his post; France is at peace—for the moment—and a supreme endeavour is being made both by the veteran and by other friends of the family—Henry d'Audigier and Jules Favre, as was said in our first report—to get the matter settled, and the last stones rolled away from the tomb of Lesurques. Perhaps the present emperor will perfect what so many have hitherto only half done, and reinstate the family of the wrongfully condemned. A law to this effect is the real point at issue. If it can be obtained, the "affaire Lesurques" is at an end; if rejected, it will be difficult to do for one exceptional case what is denied as of general right. Besides, the article 443 must first be abrogated before the "logic" of our neighbours will entertain the right of appeal in the family at all. But the battle has been a brave one, and M. Méquillet, now an old man of eighty, has earned for himself a reputation for courage and benevolence equal to any hitherto obtained by the most famous advocates of the innocent oppressed.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE lawyer came the next day, and almost with a smile on his lips. He brought me a few lines in pencil from Mrs. Ashleigh; they were kindly expressed, bade me be of good cheer; 'she never for a moment believed in my guilt; Lilian bore up wonderfully under so terrible a trial; it was an unspeakable comfort to both to receive the visits of a friend so attached to me, and so confident of a triumphant refutation of the hideous calumny —under which I now suffered—as Mr. Margrave!'

The lawyer had seen Margrave again—seen him in that house. Margrave seemed almost domiciled there!

I remained sullen and taciturn during this visit. I longed again for the night. Night came. I heard the distant clock strike twelve, when again the icy wind passed through my hair, and against the wall stood the Luminous Shadow.

"Have you considered?" whispered the voice, still as from afar. "I repeat it—I alone can save you."

"Is it among the conditions which you ask, in return, that I shall resign to you the woman I love?"

"No."

"Is it one of the conditions that I should commit some crime—a crime perhaps heinous as that of which I am accused?"

"No."

"With such reservations, I accept the conditions you may name, provided I, in my turn, may demand one condition from yourself."

"Name it."

"I ask you to quit this town. I ask you, meanwhile, to cease your visits to the house that holds the woman betrothed to me."

"I will cease those visits. And, before many days are over, I will quit this town."

"Now, then, say what you ask from me. I am prepared to concede it. And not from fear for myself, but because I fear for the pure and innocent being who is under the spell of your deadly fascination. This is your power over me. You command me through my love for another. Speak."

"My conditions are simple. You will pledge yourself to desist from all charge or insinuation against myself, of what nature soever. You will not, when you meet me in the flesh, refer to what you have known of my likeness in the Shadow. You will be invited to the house at which I may be also a guest; you will come; you will meet and converse with me as guest speaks with guest in the house of a host."

"Is that all?"

"It is all."

"Then I pledge you my faith; keep your own."

"Fear not; sleep secure in the certainty that you will soon be released from these walls."

The Shadow waned and faded. Darkness settled back, and a sleep, profound and calm, fell over me.

The next day Mr. Stanton again visited me. He had received that morning a note from Mr. Margrave, stating that he had left L—— to pursue, in person, an investigation which he had already commenced through another, affecting the man who had given evidence against me, and that, if his hope should prove well founded, he trusted to establish my innocence, and convict the real murderer of Sir Philip Derval. In the research he thus volunteered, he had asked for, and obtained, the assistance of the policeman Waby, who, grateful to me for saving the life of his sister, had expressed a strong desire to be employed in my service.

Meanwhile, my most cruel assailant was my old college friend, Richard Strahan. For Jeeves had spread abroad Strahan's charge of purloining the memoir which had been entrusted to me; and that accusation had done me great injury in public opinion, because it seemed to give probability to the only motive which ingenuity could ascribe to the foul deed imputed to me. That motive had been first suggested by Mr. Vigors. Cases are on record of men whose life had been previously blameless, who have committed a crime, which seemed to belie their nature, in the monomania of some intense desire. In Spain, a scholar reputed of austere morals, murdered and robbed a traveller for money in order to purchase books; books written, too, by

Fathers of his Church! He was intent on solving some problem of theological casuistry. In France, an antiquarian esteemed not more for his learning, than for amiable and gentle qualities, murdered his most intimate friend for the possession of a medal, without which his own collection was incomplete. These, and similar anecdotes, tending to prove how fatally any vehement desire, morbidly cherished, may suspend the normal operations of reason and conscience, were whispered about by Dr. Lloyd's vindictive partisan, and the inference drawn from them and applied to the assumptions against myself, was the more credulously received, because of that over-refining speculation on motive and act which the shallow accept, in their eagerness to show how readily they understand the profound.

I was known to be fond of scientific, especially of chemical experiments; to be eager in testing the truth of any novel invention. Strahan, catching hold of the magistrate's fantastic hypothesis, went about repeating anecdotes of the absorbing passion for analysis and discovery which had characterised me in youth as a medical student, and to which, indeed, I owed the precocious reputation I had acquired.

Sir Philip Derval, according not only to report, but according to the direct testimony of his servant, had acquired in his travels many secrets in natural science, especially as connected with the healing art—his servant had deposed to the remarkable cures he had effected by the medicinals stored in the stolen casket—doubtless Sir Philip, in boasting of these medicinals in the course of our conversation, had excited my curiosity, influenced my imagination, and thus, when I afterwards suddenly met him in a lone spot, a passionate impulse had acted on a brain heated into madness by curiosity and covetous desire.

All these suppositions, reduced into system, were corroborated by Strahan's charge that I had made away with the manuscript supposed to contain the explanations of the medical agencies employed by Sir Philip, and had sought to shelter my theft by a tale so improbable, that a man of my reputed talent could not have hazarded it if in his sound senses. I saw the web that had thus been spread around me by hostile prepossessions and ignorant gossip: how could the arts of Margrave scatter that web to the winds? I knew not, but I felt confidence in his promise and his power. Still, so great had been my alarm for Lilian, that the hope of clearing my own innocence was almost lost in my joy that Margrave, at least, was no longer in her presence, and that I had received his pledge to quit the town in which she lived.

Thus, hours rolled on hours, till, I think, on the third day from that night in which I had last beheld the mysterious Shadow, my door was hastily thrown open, a confused crowd presented itself at the threshold — the governor of the prison, the police superintendent, Mr. Stanton, and other familiar faces shut out from me since my imprisonment. I knew at the first glance that I was no longer an outlaw beyond the pale of human friendship. And proudly, sternly, as I had supported myself hitherto in solitude and anxiety, when I felt warm hands clasping mine, heard joyous voices proffering congratulations, saw in the eyes of all that my innocence had been cleared, the revulsion of emotion was too strong for me—the room reeled on my sight—I fainted. I pass, as quickly as I can, over the explanations that crowded on me when I recovered, and that were publicly given in evidence in Court next morning. I had owed all to Margrave. It seems that he had construed to my favour the very supposition which had been bruited abroad to my prejudice. "For," said he, "it is conjectured that Fenwick committed the crime of which he is accused on the impulse of a disordered reason. That conjecture is based upon the probability that a madman alone could have committed a crime without adequate motive. But it seems quite clear that the accused is not mad; and I see cause to suspect that the accuser is." Grounding this assumption on the current reports of the witness's manner and bearing since he had been placed under official surveillance, Margrave had commissioned the policeman, Waby, to make inquiries in the village to which the accuser asserted he had gone in quest of his relations, and Waby had, there, found persons who remembered to have heard that the two brothers named Walls lived less by the gains of the petty shop which they kept than by the proceeds of some property consigned to them as the nearest of kin to a lunatic who had once been tried for his life. Margrave had then examined the advertisements in the daily newspapers. One of them, warning the public against a dangerous maniac who had effected his escape from an asylum in the west of England, caught his attention. To that asylum he had repaired.

There he learned that the patient advertised was one whose propensity was homicide, consigned for life to the asylum on account of a murder, for which he had been tried. The description of this person exactly tallied with that of the pretended American. The medical superintendent of the asylum, hearing all particulars from Margrave, expressed a strong persuasion that the witness was his missing patient, and had himself committed the crime of which he had accused another. If so, the superintendent undertook to coax from him the full confession of all the circumstances. Like many other madmen, and not least those whose propensity is to crime, the fugitive maniac was exceedingly cunning, treacherous, secret, and habituated to trick and stratagem. More subtle than even the astute in possession of all their faculties, whether to achieve his purpose or to conceal it, and fabricate appearances against another. But, while, in ordinary conversation, he seemed rational enough to those who were not accustomed to study him, he had one hallucination which, when humoured, led him always, not only to betray

himself, but to glory in any crime proposed or committed. He was under the belief that he had made a bargain with Satan, who, in return for implicit obedience, would bear him harmless through all the consequences of such submission, and finally raise him to great power and authority. It is no unfrequent illusion of homicidal maniacs to suppose they are under the influence of the Evil One, or possessed by a Demon. Murderers have assigned as the only reason they themselves could give for their crime, that "the Devil got into them," and urged the deed. But the insane have, perhaps, no attribute more in common than that of superweening self-esteem. The maniac who has been removed from a garret, sticks straws in his hair and calls them a crown. So much does inordinate arrogance characterise mental aberration, that, in the course of my own practice, I have detected, in that infirmity, the certain symptom of insanity, especially moral insanity, long before the brain had made its disease manifest even to the most familiar kindred.

Morbid self-esteem accordingly pervaded the dreadful illusion by which the man I now speak of was possessed. He was proud to be the protected agent of the Fallen Angel. And if that self-esteem were artfully appealed to, he would exult superbly in the evil he held himself ordered to perform, as if a special prerogative, an official rank and privilege; then, he would be led on to boast gleefully of thoughts which the most cynical of criminals, in whom intelligence was not ruined, would shrink from owning. Then, he would reveal himself in all his deformity with as complacent and frank a self-glorying as some vain good man displays in parading his amiable sentiments and his beneficent deeds.

"If," said the superintendent, "this be the patient who has escaped from me, and if his propensity to homicide has been, in some way, directed towards the person who has been murdered, I shall not be with him a quarter of an hour before he will inform me how it happened, and detail the arts he employed in shifting his crime upon another—all will be told as minutely as a child tells the tale of some schoolboy exploit, in which he counts on your sympathy, and feels sure of your applause."

Margrave brought this gentleman back to L——, took him to the mayor, who was one of my warmest supporters; the mayor had sufficient influence to dictate and arrange the rest. The superintendent was introduced to the room in which the pretended American was lodged. At his own desire a select number of witnesses were admitted with him—Margrave excused himself; he said candidly that he was too intimate a friend of mine to be an impartial listener to aught that concerned me so nearly.

The superintendent proved right in his suspicions, and verified his promises. My false accuser was his missing patient; the man recognised Dr. * * * with no apparent terror, rather with an air of condescension, and in a very few minutes was led to tell his own tale, with a gloating complacency both at the agency by which he deemed himself exalted, and at the dexterous cunning with which he had acquitted himself of the task, that increased the horror of his narrative.

He spoke of the mode of his escape, which was extremely ingenious, but of which the details, long in themselves, did not interest me, and I understood them too imperfectly to repeat. He had encountered a seafaring traveller on the road, whom he had knocked down with a stone and robbed of his glazed hat and pea-jacket, as well as of a small sum in coin, which last enabled him to pay his fare in a railway that conveyed him eighty miles away from the asylum. Some trifling remnant of this money still in his pocket, he then travelled on foot along the high road till he came to a town about twenty miles distant from L——; there he had stayed a day or two, and there he said "that the Devil had told him to buy a case-knife, which he did." "He knew by that order that the Devil meant him to do something great." "His Master," as he called the fiend, then directed him the road he should take. He came to L——, put up, as he had correctly stated before, at a small inn, wandered at night about the town, was surprised by the sudden storm, took shelter under the convent arch, overheard somewhat more of my conversation with Sir Philip than he had previously deposed—heard enough to excite his curiosity as to the casket: "While he listened, his Master told him that he must get possession of that casket." Sir Philip had quitted the archway almost immediately after I had done so, and he would then have attacked him if he had not caught sight of a policeman going his rounds. He had followed Sir Philip to a house (Mr. Jeeves's). "His Master told him to wait and watch." He did so. When Sir Philip came forth, towards the dawn, he followed him, saw him enter a narrow street, came up to him, seized him by the arm, demanded all he had about him. Sir Philip tried to shake him off—struck at him. What follows, I spare the reader. The deed was done. He robbed the dead man, both of the casket and of the purse that he found in the pockets; had scarcely done so when he heard footsteps. He had just time to get behind the portico of a detached house at angles with the street, when I came up. He witnessed, from his hiding-place, the brief conference between myself and the policemen, and when they moved on, bearing the body, stole unobserved away. He was going back towards the inn, when it occurred to him that it would be safer if the casket and purse were not about his person; that he asked his Master to direct him how to dispose of them; that his Master guided him to an open yard (a stone-mason's), at a very little distance from the inn; that in this yard there stood an old wych-elm tree, from the gnarled roots of which the earth was worn away, leaving chinks and hollows, in one of which he placed the casket and purse, taking

from the latter only two sovereigns and some silver, and then heaping loose mould over the hiding-place. That he then repaired to his inn, and left it late in the morning, on the pretence of seeking for his relatives—persons, indeed, who really had been related to him, but of whose death years ago he was aware. He returned to L—— a few days afterwards, and, in the dead of the night, went to take up the casket and the money. He found the purse with its contents undisturbed; but the lid of the casket was unclosed. From the hasty glance he had taken of it before burying it, it had seemed to him firmly locked—he was alarmed lest some one had been to the spot. But his Master whispered to him not to mind, told him that he might now take the casket, and would be guided what to do with it; that he did so, and, opening the lid, found the casket empty; that he took the rest of the money out of the purse, but that he did not take the purse itself, for it had a crest and initials on it, which might lead to discovery of what had been done; that he therefore left it in the hollow amongst the roots, heaping the mould over it as before; that, in the course of the day, he heard the people at the inn talk of the murder, and that his own first impulse was to get out of the town immediately, but that his Master "made him too wise for that," and bade him stay; that passing through the streets, he saw me come out of the sash-window door, go to a stable-yard on the other side of the house, mount on horseback and ride away; that he observed the sash-door was left partially open; that he walked by it, and saw the room empty; there was only a dead wall opposite, the place was solitary, unobserved; that his Master directed him to lift up the sash gently, enter the room, and deposit the knife and the casket in a large walnut-tree bureau which stood unlocked near the window. All that followed—his visit to Mr. Vigors, his accusation against myself, his whole tale—was, he said, dictated by his Master, who was highly pleased with him, and promised to bring him safely through. And here he turned round with a hideous smile, as if for approbation of his notable cleverness and respect for his high employ.

Mr. Jeeves had the curiosity to request the keeper to inquire how, in what form, or in what manner, the Fiend appeared to the narrator, or conveyed his infernal dictates. The man at first refused to say; but it was gradually drawn from him that the Demon had no certain and invariable form; sometimes it appeared to him in the form of a rat; sometimes even of a leaf, or a fragment of wood, or a rusty nail; but, that his Master's voice always came to him distinct, whatever shape he appeared in; only, he said, with an air of great importance, his Master, this time, had graciously condescended, ever since he left the asylum, to communicate with him in a much more pleasing and imposing aspect than he had ever done before—in the form of a beautiful youth, or, rather, like a bright rose-coloured shadow, in which the features of a young man were visible, and that he had heard the voice more distinctly than usual, though in a milder tone, and seeming to come to him from a great distance.

After these revelations the man became suddenly disturbed. He shook from limb to limb, he seemed convulsed with terror; he cried out that he had betrayed the secret of his Master, who had warned him not to describe his appearance and mode of communication, or he would give his servant up to the tormentors. Then the maniac's terror gave way to fury; his more direful propensity made itself declared; he sprang into the midst of his frightened listeners, seized Mr. Vigors by the throat, and would have strangled him but for the prompt rush of the superintendent and his satellites. Foaming at the mouth, and horribly raving, he was then manacled, a strait-waistcoat thrust upon him, and the group so left him in charge of his captors. Inquiries were immediately directed towards such circumstantial evidence as might corroborate the details he had so minutely set forth. The purse, recognised as Sir Philip's, by the valet of the deceased, was found buried under the wych-elm. A policeman despatched, express, to the town in which the maniac declared the knife to have been purchased, brought back word that a cutler in the place remembered perfectly to have sold such a knife to a seafaring man, and identified the instrument when it was shown to him. From the chink of a door ajar, in the wall opposite my sash-window, a maid-servant, watching for her sweetheart (a journeyman carpenter, who habitually passed that way on going home to dine), had, though unobserved by the murderer, seen him come out of my window at a time that corresponded with the dates of his own story, though she had thought nothing of it at the moment. He might be a patient, or have called on business; she did not know that I was from home. The only point of importance not cleared up was that which related to the opening of the casket—the disappearance of the contents; the lock had been unquestionably forced. No one, however, could suppose that some third person had discovered the hiding-place and forced open the casket to abstract its contents and then rebury it. The only probable supposition was, that the man himself had forced it open, and, deeming the contents of no value, had thrown them away before he had hidden the casket and purse, and, in the chaos of his reason, had forgotten that he had so done. Who could expect that every link in a madman's tale would be found integral and perfect? In short, little importance was attached to this solitary doubt. Crowds accompanied me to my door, when I was set free, in open court, stainless;—it was a triumphal procession. The popularity I had previously enjoyed, superseded for a moment by so horrible a charge, came back to me tenfold, as with the reaction of generous repentance for a momentary doubt. One man shared the public favour—the young man whose acuteness had delivered me from the peril, and cleared the

truth from so awful a mystery; but Margrave had escaped from congratulation and compliment; he had gone on a visit to Strahan, at Derval Court.

Alone, at last, in the welcome sanctuary of my own home, what were my thoughts? Prominent amongst them all was that assertion of the madman, which had made me shudder when repeated to me: he had been guided to the murder and to all the subsequent proceedings by the luminous shadow of the beautiful youth—the Scin-Læca to which I had pledged myself. If Sir Philip Derval could be believed, Margrave was possessed of powers, derived from fragmentary recollections of a knowledge acquired in a former state of being, which would render his remorseless intelligence infinitely dire, and frustrate the endeavours of a reason, unassisted by similar powers, to thwart his designs or bring the law against his crimes. Had he then the arts that could thus influence the minds of others to serve his fell purposes, and achieve securely his own evil ends through agencies that could not be traced home to himself?

But for what conceivable purpose had I been subjected as a victim to influences as much beyond my control as the Fate or Demoniac Necessity of a Greek Myth? In the legends of the classic world some august sufferer is oppressed by Powers more than mortal, but with an ethical if gloomy vindication of his chastisement—he pays the penalty of crime committed by his ancestors or himself, or he has braved, by arrogating equality with the gods, the mysterious calamity which the gods alone can inflict. But I, no descendant of Pelops, no Œdipus, boastful of a wisdom which could interpret the enigmas of the Sphinx, while ignorant even of his own birth—what had I done to be singled out from the herd of men for trials and visitations from the Shadowland of ghosts and sorcerers? It would be ludicrously absurd to suppose that Dr. Lloyd's dying imprecation could have had a prophetic effect upon my destiny; to believe that the pretences of mesmerism were specially favoured by Providence, and that to question their assumptions was an offence of profanation to be punished by exposure to preternatural agencies. There was not even that congruity between cause and effect which fable seeks in excuse for its inventions. Of all men living, I, unimaginative disciple of austere science, should be the last to become the sport of that witchcraft which even imagination reluctantly allows to the machinery of poets, and science casts aside into the mouldy lumber-room of obsolete superstition.

Rousing my mind from enigmas impossible to solve—it was with intense and yet with most melancholy satisfaction that I turned to the image of Lilian, rejoicing, though with a thrill of awe, that the promise so mysteriously conveyed to my senses, had, here too, been already fulfilled—Margrave had left the town; Lilian was no longer subjected to his evil fascination. But an instinct told me that that fascination had already produced an effect adverse to all hope of happiness for me. Lilian's love for myself was gone. Impossible otherwise that she—in whose nature I had always admired that generous devotion which is, more or less, inseparable from the romance of youth—should have never conveyed to me one word of consolation in the hour of my agony and trial: that she who, till the last evening we had met, had ever been so docile, in the sweetness of a nature femininely submissive, to my slightest wish, should have disregarded my solemn injunction, in admitting Margrave to acquaintance, nay, to familiar intimacy; and at the very time when to disobey my injunctions was to embitter my ordeal, and add her own contempt to the degradation imposed upon my honour! No, her heart must be wholly gone from me; her very nature wholly warped. An union between us had become impossible. My love for her remained unshattered; the more tender, perhaps, for a sentiment of compassion. But my pride was shocked, my heart was wounded. My love was not mean and servile. Enough for me to think that she would be at least saved from Margrave. *Her* life associated with his!—contemplation, horrible and ghastly!—from that fate she was saved. Later, she would recover the effect of an influence happily so brief. She might form some new attachment—some new tie. But love once withdrawn is never to be restored—and her love was withdrawn from me. I had but to release her, with my own lips, from our engagement—she would welcome that release. Mournful but firm in these thoughts and these resolutions, I sought Mrs. Ashleigh's house.

CHAPTER XLII.

It was twilight when I entered, unannounced (as had been my wont in our familiar intercourse), the quiet sitting-room in which I expected to find mother and child. But Lilian was there alone, seated by the open window, her hands crossed and drooping on her knee, her eye fixed upon the darkening summer skies, in which the evening star had just stolen forth, bright and steadfast, near the pale sickle of a half-moon that was dimly visible, but gave as yet no light.

Let any lover imagine the reception he would expect to meet from his betrothed, coming into her presence after he had passed triumphant through a terrible peril to life and fame—and conceive what ice froze my blood, what anguish weighed down my heart, when Lilian, turning towards me, rose not, spoke not—gazed at me heedlessly as if at some indifferent stranger—and—and——But no matter! I cannot bear to recal it even now, at the distance of years! I sat down beside her, and took her hand, without pressing it; it rested languidly, passively in mine—one moment;—I dropped it then, with a bitter sigh.

"Lilian," I said, quietly, "you love me no longer. Is it not so?"

She raised her eyes to mine, looked at me

wistfully, and pressed her hand on her forehead, then said, in a strange voice, "Did I ever love you? What do you mean?"

"Lilian, Lilian, rouse yourself; are you not, while you speak, under some spell, some influence which you cannot describe nor account for?"

She paused a moment before she answered, calmly, "No! Again I ask, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Do you forget that we are betrothed? Do you forget how often, and how recently, our vows of affection and constancy have been exchanged?"

"No, I do not forget; but I must have deceived you and myself——"

"It is true, then, that you love me no more?"

"I suppose so."

"But, oh, Lilian, is it that your heart is only closed to me? or is it—oh, answer truthfully—is it given to another?—to him—to him—against whom I warned you, whom I implored you not to receive. Tell me, at least, that your love is not gone to Margrave——"

"To him—love to him! Oh no—no——"

"What, then, is your feeling towards him?"

Lilian's face grew visibly paler—even in that dim light. "I know not," she said, almost in a whisper; "but it is—partly awe—partly——"

"What?"

"Abhorrence!" she said, almost fiercely, and rose to her feet, with a wild, defying start.

"If that be so," I said gently, "you would not grieve were you never again to see him——"

"But I shall see him again," she murmured, in a tone of weary sadness, and sank back once more into her chair.

"I think not," said I, "and I hope not. And now hear me and heed me, Lilian. It is enough for me, no matter what your feelings towards another, to hear from yourself that the affection you once professed for me is gone. I release you from your troth. If folks ask why we two henceforth separate the lives we had agreed to join, you may say, if you please, that you could not give your hand to a man who had known the taint of a felon's prison, even on a false charge. If that seems to you an ungenerous reason, we will leave it to your mother to find a better. Farewell! For your own sake I can yet feel happiness—happiness to hear that you do not love the man against whom I warn you still more solemnly than before! Will you not give me your hand in parting—and have I not spoken your own wish?"

She turned away her face, and resigned her hand to me in silence. Silently I held it in mine, and my emotions nearly stifled me. One symptom of regret, of reluctance, on her part, and I should have fallen at her feet, and cried, "Do not let us break a tie which our vows should have made indissoluble; heed not my offers—wrung from a tortured heart. You cannot have ceased to love me!" But no such symptom of relenting showed itself in her, and with a groan I left the room.

WHAT WINE DOES FOR US.

In a learned and able dissertation on The Vine and its Products, by the late Dr. Arthaud, of Bordeaux, in which the subject is treated of under the scientific heads of "Ampelography" and "Ænology," terms derived from the Greek words for "the vine" and "wine," an inquiry is instituted as to what has been the real influence of a moderate use of wine on the physical and moral condition of nations, and the question asked if it be true that wine has always proved one of the most active agents of civilisation. Dr. Arthaud is of opinion that this influence has been highly beneficial, and that civilisation would be, so to speak, "nowhere," without the assistance of the juice of the grape. Being very much of the doctor's way of thinking, though not disposed to agree with him in everything he says, we propose to show how he endeavours to demonstrate his proposition.

Wherever the earth is not covered with ice and eternal snows, man has always been able to find the means of existence, and to make it out in one way or other, by the assistance of the plants and animals which he took away with him from the Garden of Eden. The dog, the horse, and corn, have followed him throughout the old world; but the vine, a plant which only prospers in temperate regions, abandoned him as soon as he established himself in high latitudes. It must, observes Dr. Arthaud, have been a cruel aggravation of the penalty inflicted on the posterity of Adam, thus to be obliged to separate from the joyous plant, whose fruit was able, in so great a degree, to mitigate the severity of man's punishment. Before the extension of commercial relations, when nations lived apart, it was easy to draw the line of demarcation which divided the people who enjoyed the privilege of growing wine from those who were by nature deprived of it. They formed two distinct races of the human species: one barbarous, the other civilised; one stationary in ignorance, the other progressive in the search of knowledge. In the eyes of Zoroaster, Plato Aristotle, and Cicero, the barbarian he was who inhabited the regions where wine was unknown; and such, in their day, were the Scythian, and the Sarmatian, and the very Gaul himself, while for civilisation they turned to the wine-producing countries of the East.

At this distance of time it does not much concern us to know who, amongst the many to whom the credit has been given, first taught mankind to drink wine. Bacchus may have planted the vine in India, Noah in Assyria, Osiris in Egypt, Saturn (always supposing there was such a gentleman) in Crete, and Geryon (of whose existence there are many doubts) in Spain; but whoever the first wine-grower may have been, he flourished in an eastern zone, outside

the northern tropic, and his teaching travelled westward. It is, indeed, a circumstance worthy of note, that civilisation and the vine have their origin alike in the north, and that neither are indigenous to the south. Also is it noticeable, that wherever the grape ripens, there flourish all the arts that chiefly tend to make life enjoyable. Dr. Arthaud expands this fact into a somewhat absolute system with a degree of modesty, truthfulness, and impartiality, which are wonderful even in a Frenchman.

"It may," he says, "be asserted with unrestricted truth, that civilisation is a flower which only grows spontaneously in the soil that produces the vine;" and he adds: "There are two kinds of civilisation: the one native, spontaneous, active, and lively; the other communicated, feeble, accidental, and reflected. A people animated by a native civilisation is like a luminous, burning star, which draws within its orbit a crowd of satellites, warmed by its heat, and enlightened by its rays; this people is a missionary of civilisation, and its initiator; upon it weighs the heavy responsibility of guiding the course of humanity all over the globe. In Europe, Athens, Rome, Florence, and Paris, are the dazzling points whence have proceeded at different periods all the laws which have regulated the moral world. England, Germany, and Russia, offer to observation classes more or less numerous of men excessively civilised, but the people in those countries are generally barbarous; while in Greece, in Italy, and throughout France, the whole people possess, or have possessed, the sovereignty of mind in all its plenitude!"

"But," continues the enthusiastic and appreciative doctor, "this supreme privilege of the pontificate of civilisation, granted to the essentially wine-growing population, is accompanied by cruel drawbacks; the palm of the martyr often crowns their apostolate. To them belong the agitations of the forum, the incessant struggle of liberty against slavery" (nothing of the kind was ever heard of in beer-drinking England!), "to them revolutions; to them that laborious fermentation of ideas whence issue human dignity and life, as the wine flows from the bubbling vat! The excessive development of light too often blinds and precipitates them into abysses unknown to those nations which receive civilisation ready-made, purified, and elaborated; as a plant receives the rays of the sun, as the helpless child drinks in the maternal milk. Saintly and dreamy Germany, commercial Holland and England, military Prussia and Russia, live at the present day entirely on the life of France. Under the influence of the same civilising breath, Spain and Italy seem also to desire to be born again." (This was written just before the little affair of Solferino.) "Amongst those peoples, so different in race, in manners, in religions, the upper classes, who all drink the paternal wines of France" (some of them also sipping Rhine wine, together with a little port and sherry), "have a tendency to draw nearer to her with sentiments of peace and sympathy; they imitate in their literature, their theatre" (this is a melancholy fact), "their language" (in England, we talk French "without a master," which is more than our neighbours can say), "their dress" (no! not their hats!), "their customs" (fortunately, not all of them), "the models which reach them from Paris; while the popular masses, whose character is harsh and sour, like the vulgar drinks with which they are impregnated" (compare a glass of mild ale or foaming stout with vin de Suresnes, or the vin bleu that stains the gutters), "feel nothing but jealousy of, and hatred against us. The miracle of Bacchus civilising nations and taming tigers, is reproduced in our own days!"

Having settled the fact that France is at the top of the tree of civilisation, the doctor proceeds to explain the cause. He scouts the idea that civilisation depends on climate, or race, or even on the ingenious theories of philosophers, economists, and socialists, and asks if, independently of these, there be not another agent whose power has hitherto been ignored, but which has a right to an eminent place in the domain of history. One of the most prominent aphorisms of Brillat-Savarin, the philosophical gastronome, is the following: "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are!" But Dr. Arthaud changes this form of speech. "The witty magistrate," he says, "approached the truth; but he would have shown her in all her beautiful nudity, had he written: 'Tell me what you drink, and I will tell you what you are!' If I demonstrate physiologically and historically that the use of good wine has been the most manifest cause of those great and luminous developments of the human mind, which, at different epochs, have attracted the world towards the regions of a higher civilisation, I shall, I think, have introduced into science a new element which will contribute its share towards solving the great problem of the courses of social progress."

Basing his opinion upon that of Descartes, Dr. Arthaud grows metaphysical, and lays down the proposition that the perfectioning of humanity upon earth depends principally on physiology and the science of health. In the terrestrial condition in which it has pleased God to place the soul, that divine and inalterable part of ourselves is, as it were, buried in the depths of our material organism. The senses, true observatories, are the means which the soul employs to place itself in relation with the rest of the creation. Whatever may be its own activity, it can only act on impressions transmitted by the senses, and the quality of its impressions influences the nature of its judgments. We can, therefore, readily understand how necessary it is that the senses, or the material instruments charged with the duty of placing the soul in communication with the external world, should be in conditions favourable to the clearness and energy of the sensations. The function of receiving impressions, or of placing the soul in communion with na-

ture, essentially devolves upon the nerves, and the nervous centres in which they terminate. In order that the nervous system should live and manifest its life by sensibility, it is necessary that it should constantly be in contact with a sanguineous current: as soon as the blood fails, or its circulating movement ceases, life is extinct. It suffices, then, to point out this grand physiological phenomena of life, manifesting itself by the contact of the nervous system with the blood, to let the influence be seen which such or such a constitution of the blood may exercise upon the energy and the quality of this manifestation. We may consider the sanguineous system as a vast reservoir into which are finally conveyed the substances absorbed by the digestive organs, the lungs, and the integuments: all drinks, all nutritive matters extracted from food or medicine, everything that passes into the blood, either to be incorporated in the organism, to influence it, or to be expelled from it. "Do you think," exclaims Dr. Arthaud, "that the blood when mixed with generous wine will act upon the nerves in the same manner as when in its weakened condition it is incorporated with toast-and-water? That is the fundamental point of our physiological question."

Every kind of drink, the doctor goes on to say, gives to the blood a peculiar modification; and so (but the doctor omits this consideration) does every kind of meat. It is upon his dictum alone that the doctrine of internal remedies is based. When a medical man prescribes a tisane, or draught of any kind, it is just as if he should say to the patient, "You will mingle such a substance with your blood, in order that the latter may cause its influence to be felt on the whole nervous system, or only on a particular part of it, according as to whether the medicine has a general or local action." Is it, then, surprising that different drinks mixed with the blood should act upon the nerves in various ways?

In reply to this question, Dr. Arthaud enters into a comparative examination of the different effects produced by wine, coffee, and tea, the liquids most in use. That which distinguishes wine from all other drinks, is its general action upon the human economy. Taken in moderate quantities, it increases the energy of all the faculties; the heart, the brain, the secretive organs, the muscular system, all gain by its use an increase of sensible vitality. Pliny tells us that by wine the blood and inward heat of man are nourished; Sheridan gave us his reason for drinking wine, that it made his thoughts flow freely, or rewarded them when they came; and we learn from Iago that "good wine is a good familiar creature, if well used." Wine associates itself generously with all our functions; it fortifies and harmoniously exerts them, while other fluids act like those medicines which only lend their activity to a single organ, and far from increasing the general harmony, they only trouble it. Coffee, like wine, excites vitality, but it only stimulates those portions of the brain in which are seated the mind, properly so called, and the powers of speech. Its special property, then, is to give birth to a clear, lively, and ready eloquence, which is never troubled by the emotions of passionate conviction; under the action of coffee the heart remains perfectly calm. It is a coffee-drinker himself who has said that, in order to express a sentiment correctly, it was absolutely necessary not to have felt it. Coffee is the drink that belongs exclusively to people who live only for themselves; it is the provocative agent of specious arguments, of cynical sneers, of sharp, cruel witticisms, of all that delights the elegant, used-up, heartless world of fashion. Tea, on the other hand, addresses itself neither to the heart nor to the head; it merely stimulates the liver and the kidneys. These properties explain why tea facilitates digestion in sluggish stomachs, and why tea-drinkers (these are Dr. Arthaud's own sentiments) are inclined to a melancholy seriousness, to coldness of manner, and little disposition to talk: the doctor does not even except old ladies. Tea produces in individuals, and in nations where it is in general use, a slight tendency to hypochondria; so that it is impossible for a tea-drinker to be a jolly good fellow. Respecting certain properties of tea, Dr. Arthaud adduces his own personal experience, and draws some conclusions which, at all events, have novelty to recommend them.

All the senses, he says, are flattered by wine. "In my youth, when I worked very hard, I used to drink a great deal of tea at breakfast, and, notwithstanding my passion for music, I detested morning concerts. Since I have analysed and experimented upon the cause of my sensations, I am satisfied that my melophobia was caused by the astringent action of the tea on my nervous system in general, and on my acoustic nerves in particular. The poverty in musical genius of great tea-drinkers, such as the Chinese and the English, arises, in my opinion, from no other cause. It is well known, on the other hand, that Bacchus has no more faithful disciples than musicians in general. In the province of Roussillon, where the wines are perfumed and full flavoured, to express the pleasure caused by a glass of good wine the people say, when they drink it, that they hear the angels sing! This saying tends to prove that wine flatters the sense of hearing, and makes it experience light and gentle hallucinations." Not musicians only, but actors have furnished martyrs to this species of "gentle hallucination."

Having considered wine as the exciting agent of the physical and moral activity of man, Dr. Arthaud proceeds to show that a strict geographical correlation exists between the culture of the vine and the intellectual development of humanity. In Asia, in Africa, and in Europe, the vine has never been cultivated with a view of converting its fruit into wine, outside the zone comprised between the thirtieth and the fiftieth degrees of north latitude, where also have flourished the civilisations of Japan, China,

Persia, Chaldæa, Judæa, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Spain, and France.

Of Japan, in illustration of his theory, Dr. Arthaud says that, although civilisation is evident in its beautiful manufactures of silk, porcelain, and lacquer-ware, it is almost stationary. The vine grows there, but it is only cultivated for its fruit, tea and saki, a kind of beer made with rice, being the only drink; but Dr. Arthaud thinks that wine may have been made in Japan by an earlier race of inhabitants than the present, and that civilisation stopped short where we find it, when the Japanese neglected the bequest of their predecessors.

That which is a doubt with respect to Japan is a certainty when we turn to China, wine having been made in great quantities, and preserved in vases buried in the sand, long before the Christian era; and the Chinese poets sang its praises in verse worthy of Anacreon, Horace, or Béranger. The provinces offered the wine of honour to their governors, and even to their supreme ruler, the latest instance of this presentation occurring in A.D. 1373, when the city of Taï-yuen paid its tribute to the Emperor Taittsou. A school of economists, however, arose, who, in view of an increased population, persuaded the emperors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to destroy the vines and plant corn in their stead; nor were these decrees revoked till 1787, when the vine was again introduced into some of the more temperate latitudes of China. It is to the destruction alluded to that Dr. Arthaud ascribes the declension in the national character which rendered the Chinese an easy prey to the invading Tartars.

On his way towards Persia, Dr. Arthaud incidentally adduces Cashmere as a vine-growing country, observing that its produce very much resembles Malmsey Madeira, and pointing to their shawls, to attest their civilisation. Persia, in respect of wine, is the Eastern rival of France, the provinces of Erivan, Azerbijan, Irak, and Farsistan producing vintages that rival the best growths of Europe; amongst them the wine of Shiraz, which, although a trifle below the latitude fixed by Dr. Arthaud, is of world-famed celebrity, and worthy of the verse of Hafiz. The best vineyards of Persia are situated in the mountainous districts that stretch from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea. Sixty-five kinds of grape are grown there, its cultivation being abandoned to the Ghebers, the Armenians, and the Jews; for, though the Mohammedan part of the population drink wine without scruple, they assert that the infringement of the law of Islam consists in making the wine, not in drinking it—a convenient conclusion, which satisfies their consciences, and enables them to gratify their inclinations. Pure wine, however, is not for the topers of Ispahan and Teheran, the Jewish and Armenian dealers ministering to that fondness for narcotics which tend so greatly to enervate the East, by mixing myrrh, incense, and the juice of the Indian hemp with the finest growths.

Egypt barely touches the vinous zone, the greater part of its territory belonging to regions condemned in ancient times to hieratic immobility. It was below the thirteenth degree that Thebes, Meroë, and Memphis adored Typhon, the god of night, and where the stupidity of the people caused them to fall prostrate before onions and crocodiles. Yet Egypt preserved one spark of life—but it was above the thirteenth degree—the wine of Antilla, grown near Alexandria, being the choicest seen at the banquets of Antony and Cleopatra. The civilisation of Egypt Dr. Arthaud despises: their architecture was heavy, and as to the Sphinx, what is it, he exclaims, but the perfect type of immobility, with its languishing attitude and its profound somnolence?

On the Attic shore, however, civilisation at once raised its throne, and the vineyards of Greece were coexistent and equally famous with her poets, her artists, her orators, her physicians, her statesmen! In such estimation was wine held amongst the Greeks, not only for its flavour but its vivifying properties, that Asclepiades, the highest medical authority of Greece, said of the drink which Homer had called "divine," that "wine, by its activity, was a power equal to that of the gods!" But the conquests of Alexander in the East were fatal to the moral superiority of the Greeks. The narcotics of the lands beyond the Himalaya, from the banks of the Indus to the far off isle of Taprobana, reacted upon the Peloponnesus. Bacchus gave up a part of his empire to incense, myrrh, nard, and opium, and with the introduction of these drugs, art, science, and literature declined, and the civilisation of Greece passed with the vine into Italy. On that volcanic soil, the Greek wine gained in "tannin" (its tonic principle) and strength what it lost in sweetness, delicacy, and perfume. After the conquests of Sylla and Cæsar, which opened new countries to Roman activity, commercial relations with Greece and the islands of the Archipelago were multiplied. The astringent wine of Latium, on the tables of the patricians, gave way to the Falernian of Campania, the light Omphacite of Lesbos, the Phanean of Chios, and the Saprian of Arvisia, whose perfume, Pliny tells us, embalmed the banquet halls. Tasus, Corcyra, Candia, Rhodes, and Scaros, furnished vast quantities of delicious wines, and under their influence the gloomy, political genius of the Romans was softened, and they became accessible to poetry and the arts. "Captive Greece," says Horace, "took captive her fierce conqueror, and introduced her arts into rude Latium." Athenian elegance penetrated into the language of Rome, into her manners and her decorations, and with the intellectual progress went hand in hand the cultivation of the vine. Wine, indeed, was always held in the highest esteem in Italy, and Horace has summed up its good qualities in these remarkable lines: "What does not plenty of wine incite to? It discloses secrets; compels the ratification of our hopes; urges on the coward to fight; removes care from troubled

minds; teaches the arts. Whom have not flowing cups made eloquent? Whom have they not made free and happy under pinching poverty?"

But if the vine was among the most active causes of Roman greatness, it became, at a later period, by the whirl of Fortune's wheel, the cause of its decay, exercising an invincible attraction on the people of the North, the Gauls, the Cimbri, the Lombards, the Suevi, the Goths, and all their hordes who marched to the conquest of the Italian vineyards. Happily for the rest of the world they did not destroy in this instance, but if they drank hard and paid no score, such of them as returned to their native lands—the Gauls and the Goths, for instance—took with them the civilising vine and planted it beside their pleasant ravines. Gaul, however, from the earliest period of its history, was no stranger to the vine, the Phocæan colony that founded Massilia (Marseilles) having planted it on the banks of the Rhône. But its cultivation did not extend far from the Mediterranean shore, and the warlike inhabitants of remoter Gaul scented the vineyards of Italy from afar, and poured through the passes of the Alps to gratify their desire. To this cause Livy directly ascribes their irruption. "Attracted by the savour of our fruits, and principally of our wine, which was for them a pleasure before unknown, they crossed the dividing mountains." When Cæsar conquered Gaul he found vineyards in various parts of the country, and has recorded it as his opinion that the wine of Narbonne (whence we get fictitious port) was inferior to some of the growths of either Greece or Italy. The vine, indeed, made such rapid progress in Gaul, that, under the pretext that there were too many, and that it hindered the production of corn, Domitian, the fly-killer, in one of his wayward fits, ordered all the vines in Gaul to be rooted up; a proof, if any were wanting, of the low degree of his intelligence, just able to comprehend the spirit of resistance to tyranny that abides in the juice of the grape. It was reserved for Probus, a man of genius and refinement, to restore, after two centuries, the desolation caused by Domitian, and once more the vine found its congenial home in Gaul. In A.D. 316, Saint Martin, the patron saint of Tours, introduced it, with the Gospel, into the valley of the Loire; and, in 330, the Emperor Julian caused it to be cultivated in the neighbourhood of Paris. But it had already taken root on the banks of the Gironde, for Ausonius, who wrote about the middle of the fourth century, praising the oysters left by the sea, on the shore of Médoc, says of them that they were "as much esteemed on the tables of the emperors as the excellent wines which they obtained from Bordeaux." "Thus, in the fourth century," says Dr. Arthaud, "the vine flourished, then as now, in the geological basins of the Rhone, the Garonne, the Loire, the Seine, and the Saône. The people prepared by the use of wine to understand the truth, became rapid converts to Christianity." The Franks, who next became masters of the soil, drawn thither by the irresistible attraction of the vine, neglected nothing towards its improvement. They carried their regard for it so far as to give to the enclosures in which it was cultivated the name of "vigne noble," whence by corruption came the word "vignoble" (vineyard); and the month of October was called in their language "the month of wine." "And no sooner," observes Dr. Arthaud, "had these conquerors raised the enchanted cup to their lips than they demanded baptism of the Church of Gaul."

Four elements, continues Doctor Arthaud, "govern the early history of France: the people, the Gallican Church, the kings of Frankish race, and wine. The people cast aside their resentment against the foreign princes whom their Church had, in some sort, nationalised by baptism, and who gave evidence of a lively sympathy in that species of cultivation which was most popular. Wine was the intermediate power between the other three, and for more than a thousand years these elements presided in union over the destinies of France. This union lasted till the year 1567, a fatal period, when that sickly prince, Charles the Ninth, sprung from a mésalliance between the noble race of France and the crafty house of Medicis, led astray by perfidious counsels, sought to extinguish the moral activity of the French, in order to favour the usurpations of the court of Rome to the detriment of the liberties of the Gallican Church, and of the rights of the people. This king of St. Bartholomew, who, like Domitian, massacred his own Christian subjects, issued an edict for the destruction of the largest vineyards in France, and limited the quantity of ground which every proprietor gave to the culture of the wine. Henry the Third, the king of the League, also issued letters patent, in 1578, 'for rooting up the vineyards in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux,' a decree which was ruthlessly carried into execution. Under Henry the Fourth and Louis the Thirteenth, and during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, until that monarch became the slave of Madame de Maintenon and the Jesuits, a better administration, which knew the value of the wine, left to each individual the right of cultivating the soil in the manner which, in his judgment, most conduced to his private interests." This liberality, however, was lost sight of when Louis the Fifteenth came of age. He signalised that event by a decree dated June 5th, 1731, condemning every proprietor to a fine of three thousand francs who planted vines without royal permission. "This act," says Dr. Arthaud, "sounded the death-knell of the French monarchy." Some other acts had their share in this catastrophe; but the good doctor is so much in earnest with his subject, that it would be cruel not to let him have it all his own way. Observe, then, what he concludes from the decadence of vine culture.

As long as wine was held in honour by all classes of society, the brilliant qualities of the French people rendered them the first of modern

times. A loyal and generous courage, gaiety and vivacity of mind, patriotism, eloquence, the exquisite sentiment of personal dignity allied to an excessive politeness, together with an irresistible tendency towards the charms of social life, were the principal features of the national character. But when coffee, tea, and tobacco successively occupied a place in their habits, each of these more or less deleterious agents imprinted a sensible alteration on these fine and noble attributes; and notwithstanding the continuous action of wine upon the French people, "who still possess the best blood in Europe," the close observer may remark deteriorating modifications in the clearness of their thought, the precision of their speech, and the frank and joyous expression of their aspect. Above all, literature, that sincere and elevated token of the genius of a nation, has received a fatal blow through the introduction of these morbid agents into the usual regimen. The encouragement given by Henry the Fourth, Richelieu, and Louis the Fourteenth, to the cultivation of the vine, speedily bore fruit. During those glorious reigns (for the cardinal was the king of his day), the very best sort of people frequented the taverns; and, under the influence of their association, arose that luminous literary constellation of which Corneille, Molière, La Fontaine, Pascal, Racine, Bossuet, and Fénélon, were the most brilliant stars. Under Louis the Fifteenth (what happened while that wine-bibber, the Regent Orleans, ruled, Dr. Arthaud does not say), the use of coffee having become general, men of letters no longer assembled round the bottle. Instead of meeting at the Croix de Lorraine, where Boileau composed his Chapelain Décoiffé, or at the Mouton Blanc, where Racine wrote Les Plaideurs; the wits of the eighteenth century gathered together at the Café Procope. To a literature full of vigour, warmth, and conviction, succeeded one that was polished but cold; witty, but without the sign of true genius; philosophical, but without religious vitality, mocking but uninformed by that spirit of lofty and wise criticism which attacks and overthrows vice. Who does not recognise the cerebral stimulus produced by coffee in the writings of Voltaire, of Diderot, of D'Alembert, of Grimm, of Beaumarchais, and of Frederick of Prussia? These men comprehended everything, spoke admirably of everything, laughed nearly at everything—but felt nothing.

The alternate influences of wine and coffee made themselves apparent in nearly equal degrees up to 1815. At this period the liberators of France left behind them a taste for tea amongst the higher orders, and, "perhaps," an inclination for beer amongst the people. These hypochondriac drinks restricted the use of wine, and from this epoch (observes Dr. Arthaud) dates that pale and melancholy literature in which lakes, fogs, the moon, convents, tombs, cathedrals, and saints of stone, played a principal part in delighting a pensive and ridiculous jeunesse. In 1830, the practice of smoking became universal. In imitation of their young princes, the French adopted the cigar as the necessary appendage to every face. Smoke invaded the public streets, the clubs, the cafés, and the towns of France resembled then (how much more now!) vast censers, "whence arose towards irritated heaven an odour of the foulest description." This pervading narcotism soon revealed its effects in social facts. Idleness took possession of the mind, the activity natural to youth gave place to a sceptical carelessness, the powerlessness of substituting acts for wishes led to grievous mistakes in the conduct of life, and wants remained superior to the necessary energy which should have satisfied them. Socialism, that great evidence of the helplessness of the individual, came forth all armed with the sophisms generated by smoking. The idle naturally desired to get rid of the task of looking for work and earning their bread, leaving to the State to support them, their sole creed being that which taught them to live at the expense of others.

These are Dr. Arthaud's inferences from even a partial substitution of "the weed" for the nobler plant; but he consoles himself with the idea that the French get rid of a bad habit as quickly as they contract one, and that, as soon as they become convinced that the narcotic herb enervates the will, lowers the tone of the nervous system, is with old men the cause of a host of paralytic affections—such as paralysis of the spinal marrow and premature weakening of the brain,—and with young men an infinity of *tics* and neuralgias, and, graver still, of idleness, which engenders indigence, the mother of every moral deviation,—then, he says, the French will abruptly abandon smoking, and in the "goddess bottle" (la dive bouteille) will recover the moral and physical health of their ancestors!

Dr. Arthaud would hardly be a Frenchman, and a lover of French wine, if he did not wind up with a parting dig at Beer, and the people who delight in it. He admits the excellence of Hungarian and Rhenish wines, and ascribes the highest qualities to the people amongst whom they are produced; observing that Prince Metternich, the most prominent amongst modern German statesmen, owed his superiority to the stimulating qualities of his own Johannisberg; and saying of the German people generally, that if they had multiplied their wine-stocks instead of their hops and pipes, they would long since have acquired a more commanding political position. But the doctor's study of the parallelism between wine and civilisation would, he says, be incomplete without casting a glance at the countries which lie beyond the vinous zone. "I cannot forbear to notice that the tendency of these countries is towards a state of immobility. Incapable of creating or improving anything by their own unassisted efforts, all their institutions have for their object the stability and preservation of the knowledge they have acquired. There are countries naturally deprived of wine that know how to procure it by means of commerce" (this is a great admission); "there are others, favoured by Heaven, who can-

not enjoy it by reason of despotism or ignorance; and others, again, consume wine in variable quantities, according to prevailing economical, or medical prejudices. But, however this may be, the social condition of these people confirms, everywhere, and without exception, the great law which decrees that the civilisation of a nation is always in proportion to the quality and quantity of the wine it drinks." And the converse of this proposition he asserts to be equally true. "Let it never be forgotten that the aristocracy which governs England drinks claret only; that the middle classes, who are its great support, absorb the generous wines of Portugal and Spain; and that beer and spirits are abandoned to the common people, who, in consequence, cannot possibly take any part in public affairs; for a brain impregnated with porter or gin, is utterly incapable of understanding them."

What the gentlemen who read the debates at the Red Lion and the Blue Anchor will say to this, is a question for them to settle with the shade of our Bordeaux doctor.

ROSEMARY FROM THE CAMALDOLI MONASTERY, NAPLES.

Not on the breast of the unconscious dead,
Breathe out thy life, O melancholy leaf!
But on a heart that tears of blood has shed
Lie, like a message, quaint and sweet and brief,
From Rest outliving Grief.

The hermit-hill o'er the voluptuous town,
None may forget that ever rested there;
God, who made beauty, can Thine eyes look down
On earthly vision wider and more fair
Than yonder gorgeous picture, spread by Thee,
For those Camaldoli?

The ocean laughs amid its storied isles,
Bathed in fresh rainbows by the evening shine.
The mountain burns, whose terrors, with the smiles
Of this warm region flushed with corn and wine,
Make harmony divine.

The spreading pine above the olive grey
His canopy of orient emerald flings;
The solemn oaks, whose leaves no frosts decay,
Like giant patriarchs murmur holy things;
Whispering, "Be mute, look forth, and bend the knee,
Ye blest Camaldoli!"

For here Devotion hath ordained a cell
Almost as still and narrow as the tomb;
Where worldly thought shall ne'er intrude to dwell—
Nor passion shall provoke, nor hope shall bloom,
So awful is the doom.

The speechless monk, beside his open grave
Must meditate his years on years away:
Let Kings be crowned, let mad rebellions rave,
Let new-found worlds their treasure-mines display:
What part hath he in all this change and care?—
Perchance, a change of prayer.

And why not gather to retreat like this,
Poor weary heart, that tears of blood hast shed?
Why not, worn brow, bend to the icy kiss
That seals another of the living dead?—
Thy book is well-nigh read—
The bell tolls "Angelus"—the song hath died;
The autumn glory faded off the hill;
With none to tend thee left, with all to chide,
Why struggle on, perplexed and pining still?—
They have a rest for even such as thee,
Those mute Camaldoli.

The breeze was in the ilex bough, and spoke
Clear to my heart, as oracle of old;
"And wherefore," said the Angel of the Oak,
"Shouldst *thou* in cerements of oblivion cold,
Thy waning life enfold?

"To some the harvest-field, whose reapers tire
Only from age;—to some the restless sea;
To others, pathway up increasing fire,
And steepest toward its close; be this for thee!
Life claims its lone ones to endure and dare,
Duped—stricken home—pressed hard by dull despair,
Who shall not fly from Care."

RUSSIAN TRAVEL.

FROST AFTER A DECEMBER THAW: RISK BY THE RIVER.

I have a journey from Moscow southward of eight hundred versts before me, and the sooner I am off the better, for have I not, for no fault of my own, been twice in the hands of the police, and has it not cost me in two days four pounds for bribery? A long land journey in Russia with one's wife and children, is a thing to flinch from: but I desired to see Russia to its innermost; I desired also, yet more, to fulfil my engagements, and having already come six hundred versts upon the way, I could not, as an Englishman, turn back. Having decided, therefore, on the "padaroshni" and the free post route, I hastened to the governor-general's office, but was told that a padaroshni was not needed for that road.

"Go to the free post-office, show your passport, and you will get horses and tarantasses as far as you may require on the main road."

At the office referred to, which was at the other end of Moscow, I opened a negotiation for six horses and two conveyances. They had a fixed price of four kopecks, or three-halfpence, per horse per verst (a verst being about two-thirds of a mile) as far as Tula, then of three kopecks to Orel, and after that to Kharkov, or Charkoff, two and a half kopecks, or rather less than a penny. For each of the tarantasses the charge was five roubles, or about fifteen and sixpence, to which had to be added ten roubles for road-money or tolls—in all the cost was of about two-and-twenty pounds. After travelling thus on the main road, I was to leave it and proceed as I best could for another one hundred and eighty versts, across the country, with roads or without. By adopting this plan I could travel at what rate I chose, as the conveyances were my own for the time being.

In the bottom then of two tarantasses we packed our trunks, portmanteaus, and carpet-bags as smoothly as possible, covered them first with straw, and then with feather-beds and many pillows, rugs and blankets, while bread, tea, sugar, sardines, brandy, wine, pistol-case, blunderbuss (belonging to our friend Harry), fur

coats, cloaks, felt boots, with legs reaching up to the hips, and a mass of small miscellaneous luggage for the younger travellers, filled up the corners, or were hung round the inside of the vehicles, and boxes were strapped on the outside with strong ropes.

We saw the last of Russian civilisation as we passed out by the gate at twelve A.M., and dashed on at full stretch, changing horses at every sixteen or eighteen versts. Station after station passed and no rest from the bumping and jostling, but the road here was first-rate, and the arrangements with the beds and pillows turned out famously. Let no man, still less woman or child, travel in a tarantass without such safety-breaks between the bones and the hard wood. We stopped at four o'clock, went into a station-house, asked for the urn, and dined on tea, sardines, and bread. Then off again at the same speed. Sundry bottles of milk-and-water, with more solid victual, served for our family supper, eaten as we ran. After this the children sang themselves to sleep, while Harry and I, fortified with brandy-and-water and pistols, mounted guard on separate boxes by the drivers, to be ready against mischance during the night. All went well during the small hours, except that watchful Harry fell from his box into a ditch. We had to stop and pick him out. Soon afterwards, he nodded his fur cap into the road, and when we were obliged to pull up and search for it, attacked the driver for having knocked it off.

At three o'clock, we lumbered into a town called Serpukov, passing, as we entered, a large cotton-mill lighted up with gas, and even at that hour in full work. Here occurred one of those unforeseen troubles which mar Russian travelling, and bring out the inventive money-making powers of the native. It was December. "The little winter" had brought ice and snow; thaw following, had melted these; then frost enough had set in again to harden the roads, without making the rivers safe for crossing. Now, it happens that the river Ova, which rises in the south country near Koursk, and falls into the Volga near Nishni Novgorod, running through or by this town of Serpukov, here lay across our path. But the pontoon bridge had been, as usual, removed for the winter; the river was enough frozen to prevent boats or barges from crossing, and so we were told that here we must wait two or three days, until the ice could be crossed safely by horses and carriages. More than a hundred travelling equipages, thus brought to a stand-still, were drawn up on the banks, and every hour more were arriving. All the inns and lodging-houses were filled by the grumblings of river and ice-bound travellers. Bread, tea, and all the necessaries of life, including lodgings, had risen in price four hundred per cent. Even a samovar, or urn of hot water, could not be had under a rouble. By six o'clock, we had managed to obtain one of these excellent articles, and got a capital breakfast out of our own stores, the breakfast-room being the two tarantasses placed together. We had come too late to find other shelter, and many about us were in a like position. The delay continued until ten o'clock, when the cold was becoming unendurable. Help then appeared in the person of a very well dressed, polite, and civil gentleman, a baron and landholder of the neighbourhood. He took a philanthropic interest in our condition, bewailed with us, and sympathised with us to our hearts' content, but he said, "It must be endured!"

"What!" I cried, "two or three days starving here in the cold with women and children?"

"Yes, here at Serpukov, the river won't bear for that time. Now, at my place, twenty versts down, the river is already quite firm all the way across. If you were all *there* you could get over easily, and then 'cross country a few versts to the main road."

"But this is much better than waiting here! And how are we to get to your place?"

"Ah!" he said, "if my time would permit, I should be happy to show the way; I have spoken to some others, and they are imploring me to go."

"Well, then, let me implore you also. But"—and I hesitated to ask the question of a baron and landowner—"how much will you expect for your trouble?"

"Oh," he said, "you insult me now by such a question! Am I a Moscovsky dog, or a Chinovnick, to take money for an act of kindness? A little for my men, who must assist, is all it will cost."

"Well, let us go, and with all my heart I thank you for delivering us out of this difficulty."

By the time a bargain had been made with the drivers for fresh horses, and another guinea paid for each conveyance (because my posting receipt did not include this deviation from the main road), I found more than a dozen other equipages ready to start with us. But they all took care to keep behind, and let us have the post of honour, since it might be also the post of danger. We were preceded, however, by our kind, disinterested baron, who was leading the way in a light car drawn by a good black horse. There was no road, nor semblance of a road. Our course lay through woods, fields, and ditches; over hills, and down into pathless valleys, for the most part as uncultivated as the prairies of America, but not so fertile. At length, after four hours of horrible jolting, and many hair-breadth escapes from overturning, our caravan arrived at the point indicated. We drew up on the bank of the river, and surveyed the scene. The river itself might be four hundred feet broad; the opposite shore was steep and precipitous. To within thirty feet of the banks the ice seemed to be strong and firm, but for these thirty feet it was entirely free of ice, and a black gulf of deep and rapid running water lay between. This must be bridged across. The baron gave a peculiar whistle, and soon about twenty men—his own serfs—

from the opposite bank, made their way across the ice, and where the open current at our feet prevented them from getting to us, they stopped and began jabbering, ordering, and crying, without any sign of an idea as to what should be done. But my handy friend Harry, taking an axe from the tarantass, made for the nearest wood, and began cutting down trees. Two of them we managed to drag to the river, and throw, with one end across to the solid ice, the other resting on the bank. The baron's men then came to land, and a bridge was soon made by them, under Harry's direction. Then the question was, who would venture cattle and conveyance first across the slender extemporised path. The Russians all positively refused to stir, so the Englishmen made the first passage, and succeeded in getting safely to the ice; thence we crawled very cautiously to the other side, and so got safely to land with all our traps. Not so some of the Russians.

It may easily be supposed that Harry's bridge was not as strong and durable as London-bridge, and he knew this, for he said to me, after we were fairly over, "Some of yon Rooshians had better mind their eyes with that bridge. Fifteen tarantasses and forty-five horses 'll try its mettle." And presently, indeed, the bridge did give way in the centre, leaving a few of the main trees at intervals, and with it down went a tarantass into deep water, dragging its three horses after it. The poor brutes struggled hard, but being tied with strong ropes to the vehicle, they fought in vain; down they were drawn farther and farther below the ice. The Russians looked on and crossed themselves. The driver of the struggling horses had sunk with them, and was entangled in the harness, a rope being twisted about one of his legs. He was making desperate efforts to free himself, and had got hold of one of the cross-trees forming part of the bridge, but the struggling of the sinking horses soon pulled him off. At this moment Harry slid along the tree, holding by his powerful arms, and with his body in the river. I saw a knife in his teeth, and in less time than I can tell, he swung himself round, holding on by one arm, and bending forward so that his face touched the water. Then drawing the knife from his teeth he severed the rope that bound the unlucky driver. The lad's strength was exhausted. He lost his hold on the tree and sunk; but as he rose the second time, perfectly helpless, Harry seized his long hair, and having dragged him by main strength out of the water, laid him across the tree, and gradually slid himself and his helpless burden to the bank.

I shouted to him to leave the man's recovery to the care of his countrymen, and come over instantly for brandy and dry clothes. He came across the same tree like a cat, and ran to the other side. Brandy was applied liberally, both inside and out, clothes were dragged from the trunk to replace the wet and frozen ones. The chafing, rubbing, undressing, dressing, and running about to keep up the circulation, consumed some time, during which the broken bridge had been repaired. All the quadrupeds, bipeds, wheeled conveyances, and their freights, had been safely got across, except the one we saw go down with its three horses, and the poor young driver. "Where is he," I asked a traveller.

"Oh," said he, with the shrug indifferent, "he lies yonder, where your friend left him. I think he's dead."

"Good God!" I cried, "among so many of you has nothing been done to bring back life! Did you suffer him to lie freezing to death?"

"Why, you see, he does not belong to any one here; besides, he might have been dead when he was brought out of the water, and if so we dare not touch him till the 'stanovog' comes."

"And when will the stanovog come?"

"God knows," he said (with the shrug doubtful); "to-morrow, or next day, or perhaps longer. The man is only a serf. God did it. What's to be done? Let him lie."

"What! God did it. Did not God help my friend to place him on the bank that you might save him. And you have let him perish for want of a little aid. Come Harry, you and I will see what we can do for him, if there be any life left. Bring the brandy and give me those rugs."

"Listen," said the same traveller in broken English, and speaking low, that none of the rest might hear. "I like the English, and I tell you, to let him go dead, you are getting much trouble if you touch him more. The baron will make you pay much money. Get gone directly. That is my advice, take it."

"Your advice be ——" cried Harry. The Russian gave the shrug conclusive, and left us to our fate.

When we got across the river again we found the poor fellow lying just where, and as, Harry had laid him down. All perceptible life was gone, and he was fast stiffening into a frozen lump. We did all that we could, but rubbing, pouring, chafing with brandy, were without effect, no one assisted us, no one even looked in our direction. Harry had no doubt that he was alive when he had left him, and might then easily have been recovered, but all efforts were now in vain. An hour had elapsed, and, forced to conclude that he was past saving, we reluctantly left him, and returned to our anxious and weary women and children.

All was soon ready for a start up the alps. The other travellers had settled accounts with the baron (for three roubles each conveyance; my son, who had seen them paying, told me), and they were struggling up the precipitous banks, assisted by the serfs with ropes and poles. It seemed a desperate undertaking, for the formidable precipices we had to encounter, rose shaft after shaft in a zigzag manner, and the slippery pathway was only about ten feet broad, with no ledges or parapets to save a vehicle from tumbling over, should the horses slip or run back; and the cattle were cold and tired, the roads were a mass of slippery ice. However, we determined to go with the rest. The women and children began the ascent on foot, and we

were about to make a dash up the first acclivity, when our worthy and disinterested baron stepped forward, all smiles and bows, and said I must pay him the small sum of thirty roubles (more than four pounds ten).

"Thirty roubles!" I said, "and pray what for?"

"For helping you across the river."

"Why you avaricious rascal, we have helped ourselves across. I shall give your men a little, but to you not a kopeck. You are no Moscovsky dog, nor Chinovnick, you know."

"It may be so," he said; "you should not have come. Now you are here what's to be done? You must pay, before you leave here, thirty roubles."

"Not a kopeck to you, but I shall give half a rouble to every one of your men who helps us to get safely up these hills."

"Not one of these men dares lift a hand to help unless I tell him. I am master here. You are now on my ground and in my power. Pay you must. Besides," and here a peculiar grin illuminated his monkey features, "am I not acting against law to let you go on any terms? Do you not know that you have drowned a moosheck, and must answer to the police? I have sent for the stanovog, and if you don't now pay me fifty roubles I shall detain you till he comes."

I became perfectly speechless at the rascal's cool effrontery, and as he advanced with some of his men to lay hands on me, lost, naturally enough, all thought of consequences, and struck him a straightforward blow which sent him staggering back a few yards. "Now we are in for it, Harry; strong measures and sharp. Catch him by the neck; punch his head when I tell you."

"All right. That's your style," cried Harry; and, catching him with one hand, with the other he administered one of his gentle taps on one side of the baron's face, which no doubt made the sparks fly in his eyes.

"Turn t'other side, my lord," cried Harry; and, shifting his hold, he repeated the blow on the other cheek. I cannot tell how long this would have continued, had I not begged Harry to desist. The serfs seemed to be perfectly paralysed at our audacity. Their baron, their tyrant, their cruel task-master was catching it in his turn. They did not seem to be in a violent hurry to help him. In fact, I could see a look of composed satisfaction and enjoyment on their faces. But this mood was not to be depended on, and two men are too few to cope with twenty.

"Pitch him into the tarantass, Harry, and see that he does not get out. That's it! Hand me the pistols. Now look here, you ruffian, who disgrace the name of a gentleman," and I pulled from under my vest a certain medal with the imperial ribbon attached to it. "See this, look well, I am under the imperial protection, and if——" But the moment his eye caught the well-known stripes, his cheeks, which had been crimsoned by the boxing of his ears, were blanched with visions of Siberia. He became, on the instant, as servile and crouching as he had before been insolent.

"Ah," he said, "I am in fault. Pardon me, my honourable sir. Let me out of this to repair my blunder. Dogs, pigs, why don't you help the gospodin! Ah, sir! why did you not tell me at first? Pardon! I did not know! God help me! I am lost."

"Remain where you are, and if my property and these conveyances go over any of these precipices, you shall go with them."

Harry danced round the fallen great man in perfect ecstasies, shaking his great fists in his face, and hardly to be restrained from giving him what he eulogised as "a jolly good thrashing."

The serfs now lent their aid with a will, under promise of a reward. So after a long time, and many narrow escapes, we reached the high ground, and were once more free to pursue the journey. The baron was liberated; the money was paid to the serfs, which might afterwards be taken from them; and off we drove, carrying one of them, as pilot, across the country, thirty-five versts, to gain the Tula road, which we did not reach until about two hours after midnight.

It may be noticed that since ten the previous morning we had had no regular meals, and I did not now think it safe to remain in this neighbourhood. Obtaining, therefore, fresh cattle, we set off again for Tula, which we ultimately reached at noon, very cold, very tired, and very hungry.

But for the difficulty in crossing the Serpukov river, we might have been in Tula twenty hours sooner, quite fresh and ready to proceed with the second division of our journey. But now, for the sake of the weaker portion of our freight, we stopped at an inn.

OFFICIALLY RESCUED.

The most serious part of our recent adventure, let me say as we pause, was not the craft and cupidity of the baron in keeping the ice at the side of the river open for days, and calculating on his levy of black mail, but that, after saving a man's life (which Harry most certainly did), and when the others had allowed the man to die for want of attention, even after our later efforts to restore him, we were liable to be arrested, lodged in prison, tried without jury, and condemned for murder. We could have been fairly condemned by Russian law, and the consequence of the adventure to us, had we not been protected, would have been a Siberia job, or a quashing of the affair by large compensation to the drowned man's master and the various police officials. The Russian law is terribly foolish and inhuman on this point. A dead body, or a person in jeopardy of life, must not be touched or helped except by the police. If any one interferes and the man dies, that interference brings after it a mass of trouble and expense past calculation, besides danger of punishment. A boat may be upset, its crew struggling in the water, and the banks lined with spectators. Yet if the men in the water cannot save themselves,

they must perish. No assistance is attempted. Everything is left to the police, unless the evidence be very strong that all danger is over. I saw three very respectable young men—two Germans and a Russian—drowned in the Neva, not a hundred yards from the shore. Their small pleasure-boat was capsized, in one of those sudden gusts peculiar to this climate; one sank at once, the other two got on the keel of the boat and shouted for help. But, although many looked on, and plenty of boats were at hand, no rescue was attempted. Another gust came, after a time; the boat was light and was again capsized, keel down. Then round it went a third time, keel up; but this time it was empty. The two young men never rose, their lives being lost when they might most easily have been saved if prompt help had been given. I have seen in a passage to Cronstadt from Petersburg (twenty miles) four dead bodies floating in the river. Although hundreds saw them as well as I, they scarcely turned their heads to look, and no remark was made. The bodies were allowed to float on down the river into the gulf, like logs of wood, and at the time of the ice breaking up this is a daily occurrence.

One morning my servant woke me at six o'clock, saying that a man had been murdered, and was lying nearly opposite my house on the road. I got up, and on proceeding to the spot, found a man lying in a pool of his own blood. His head and face seemed to be much smashed, but he was not dead. He implored help and water, but although there were many persons standing round about him, not one would venture to move hand or foot for his assistance. He had been attacked and thus bruised in a public-house, and thrown into the road three hours before I saw him. A woman had seen him thrown out and immediately informed the "stanovog;" but although the place was not a verst from his house, this worthy did not trouble himself to appear on the scene until four hours had elapsed, and he had been thrice summoned. There, meanwhile, the man had lain in the frost and snow untouched. I saw him carried to the hospital, and heard that he died an hour afterwards. This man also might have been recovered had he been taken in hand as soon as found.

As I was leaving my house one morning, I heard my assistant, Harry, shouting to me from the door of an outhouse for holding firewood. On entering the place, I found a dead peasant lying on the floor with a piece of rope round his neck, and from a beam the other end of the rope was dangling. To my inquiry, Harry replied that he had gone into the place for a piece of wood to make a handle to an axe, and found the man hanging by the neck. The first natural impulse caused him to open his knife and cut him down, and there he was lying. I found the man quite dead, as he had been for some time.

"Now," I said, "Harry, you have got yourself into a nice mess. The police will make you responsible for this death. What's to be done?"

"Done?" says Harry, "why, tie him up again."

This never would have occurred to me, but Harry was a practical man, and he was right. So we managed to hang the poor fellow over again, and left the spot, happily without being seen. The body was found during the day, and a "stan." sent for, who never suspected the part we had acted in the tragedy. If he had, I have no doubt it would have cost us many roubles to save Harry from being tried for murder.

COTTON-FIELDS.

The constant reader of the newspapers—especially of those journals which circulate in the districts of Great Britain devoted to the manufacture of cotton—has read, any time during the last thirty years, not a few reports of conversations at meetings of chambers of commerce and similar gatherings, upon the cotton supply; with comments upon these conversations by the regular leader-writers, and innumerable letters to the editor. These reports and comments embodied a prevailing presentiment, a prophetic warning of danger respecting the supply of the raw material, which employs the industry of about a couple of millions of our people. Sharp men of business, pluming themselves upon some special kind of knowledge, often sneer, in private circles, at the prognostications of public writers; forgetting that as man is the interpreter of nature, the writer is the interpreter of opinion. Of the wisdom pervading communities, and not of individuals merely, are public writers the penmen. For thirty years then, at least, the penmen of public opinion have been emitting warnings respecting the precariousness of the supplies of raw cotton. Eleven years ago—in eighteen hundred and fifty—writing urgently on the necessity of the English cotton interests looking farther for sources of supply than America, we said, "War with America, a hurricane in Georgia, a blight in Alabama, continued rain in New Orleans, are one and all death-cries to the mill-spinner, and power-loom weaver; for, when the cotton-fields of the Southern States yield less than their average quantity of cotton, the Manchester operative eats less than his average quantity of food. He flourishes or decays with the cotton-pod. Cheap bread is to him a less important question than cheap cotton. When his blood boils at the indignities and cruelties heaped upon the coloured race in 'the land of the free,' he does not always remember that, to the Slave States of America he owes his all, that it is to his advantage that these states should remain untroubled—that the negro should wear his chains in peace. It is for his gain that slavers dare the perils of slave-dealing, since his loom is furnished with the produce of the negroes' forced exertions. While one, and one only source exists for the support of his loom, he is dependent upon slavery."* The chief abettor, therefore, of the Slave Trade has

* Household Words, vol. ii. p. 225

been the Lancashire Cotton-dealer, because having insufficient thought for the future, he sought out no fresh fields whence to obtain his staple, and gave no encouragement to pastures new in other parts of the tropics.

Again, two years later, we wrote, "The lives of two millions of our countrymen are dependent upon the cotton crop of America; their destiny may be said, without any sort of hyperbole, to hang upon a thread. Should any dire calamity befal the land of cotton, a thousand of our merchant ships would rot idly in dock; ten thousand mills must stay their busy looms; two thousand, thousand mouths would starve for lack of work to feed them."* Warnings such as these, constantly repeated by other journalists, were, it now appears, less heeded than they ought to have been. No true blue Englishman will ever own to being an alarmist, as if the existence of anything alarming in the world were an inadmissible statement, a craven sentiment, which no man worthy of the name of man would own. There are always, moreover, a few loud-tongued men who are ready to display their courage by denying danger, and preventing precautions. They vaunt that they can see no cause for despair until the danger comes, and when the danger does approach, they are the very persons whom panic first seizes. Mill-horse advocates of this dangerous kind even affected to believe that the cotton supplies were in less danger than the supplies of wool, and could be increased or diminished at will, as if cotton plantations were as manageable as flocks of domestic animals, and the hairs of seeds could be as easily cleaned as the fleeces of sheep. Neither was the lessening of slavery (which their policy fostered) anything to them.

The alarmists were not sufficiently heeded. America, which supplied us with six hundred and sixty thousand two hundred and seventy-four hundred-weight of cotton in the month of August, 1860, sent us four hundred and forty-eight thousand and sixty-one in the same month of this year showing a falling off amounting to upwards of two hundred and twelve thousand two hundred hundred-weight. American cotton has recently been reshipped from Liverpool for America.

Such are some of the effects of the beginning of the war between North and South in America upon our cotton supplies, and the outlook is not improved by the taking of Fort Hatteras by the Federalists and the fleet which has recently set out, with a roving commission to stop every possible outlet for cargoes from a vast extent of the south-country seaboard. The deficiency in the supply, it is moreover worthy of note, comes from the cause which, of all others, was deemed the least likely to happen—a disruption war in the United States. There were, we are aware, among the public writers accused of creating unnecessary alarm, men who said the slavery question in the States might end in a war of separation, just as the question of the slave trade was at the bottom of the war of American independence. But the war which has actually broken out between men of one language and lineage was long deemed too horrible and fratricidal an occurrence to be entertained as a probability by sane imaginations; much less a war of tariffs, which the present war undoubtedly is; slavery as its cause being a false issue and a Northern pretext.

But other fears of failure or diminution were stated. European experiences of the ravages of the Oidium Tuckerii upon the vine, and of the Aphis devastator upon the potato, and of the Alucita upon the wheat plant, suggested to most of the alarmists the unanswerable argument that a caterpillar might, in any one season, cause a dearth of cotton, and ruin half Lancashire. An increase of threepence upon the pound of cotton makes an outgoing of twelve millions a year to the British manufacturers. The word "calamity" signifies, literally or philologically, a devastation by locusts or insects with cutting mandibles; and such a devastation in the plantations of Carolina and Georgia might at any time have destroyed, perhaps irreparably, the prosperity of the cotton manufacture. It is a proof that much of the improvidence of the savage still lurks in the blood of that fine specimen of the calculating, prudent, and civilised man, the cotton-spinner, that he never combined with his fellows to employ a series of scientific men to study the botany and zoology of the cotton-plant. When you know all about the structure of a plant, its life, its distribution, its culture, its uses, you do not as yet know it completely, because, for practical purposes, you must also know its animal enemies.

This is not the place to settle the question whether the word cotton comes from the Arabic word cootn, or from the process of weaving, or cottoning, or laying on side or coast (Gallicè, côte) wise, which the material undergoes, woven woollen stuffs having, it is said, been in former times called cotton. The words muslin, nankeen, and calico are derived from Asian cities, which obtained great renown in the middle ages, from the excellence of their cotton fabrics. The cotton-plant, or shrub (Gossypium), which is only acclimated in America, is indigenous in India. It has something of the size and appearance of a currant-bush. On the centre of each petal of the white flower there is a pretty crimson spot; when the flower withers away the pods appear; and when the ripening pods, which were about the size of an apple, bursts open, the downy threads or fibres of the seed-vessels hang down like long feathery flakes. The yellow blossoms, the crimson spotted petals, and the snowy tufts of the gossypium make the cotton-field a beautiful landscape. The tailor-bird of Hindostan sews together a few large leaves with cotten threads, making in this way a nest which swings from the shady boughs of the shrub. According as these snowy tufts or feathery flakes are short or long, the cotton is called short or long staple cotton. Long sta-

* Household Words, vol. v., p. 52.

ple cotton is fine and silky, presenting the delicate aërial elegance of appearance which is the characteristic, and the charm, of tropical vegetation. Usage, the legislator of language, always calls cotton the fibre of the plant, although it is well known to be the hair of the seed, for flax, from Linum usitatissimum, consists of woody fibres, or tubes, whose membranes have been thickened by successive layers of cellulose and sclerogen; and cotton is composed of the hairs or elongated cells surrounding the seeds of various kinds of Gossypium,—hairs which under the microscope seem peculiarly twisted.

Cotton was in former times cultivated to a large extent in India. In the Chagos group of islands in the Indian Ocean the most beautiful long staple cotton grows naturally. The Chagos cotton is equal in the delicacy of its appearance, to the eye at least, to the finest grown anywhere. The cotton shrub belongs to the mallow tribe of plants, one of those groups which increase as we approach the equator; and varieties of the gossypium species will, it has been ascertained, thrive anywhere within thirty-five degrees of the equator. The islands suitable for the cultivation of the cotton-plant situated within thirty-five degrees of the equator are innumerable. American seed no doubt runs too much into leaf in the rich and moist soils of Bengal, and insects have been there found to be very destructive; but the acclimated seed has been profitably cultivated for years at Coimbatore, Madras, on the Deccan Candeish, at Nagpore, Hyderabad, and in the Mahratta country in Central India. There resided for a few years at Dharwar, in the Southern Mahratta, an American planter, who successfully cultivated seven thousand acres where only six hundred had been previously cultivated. There is no better short staple cotton than the cotton of Central India when it has been properly cleaned. The acclimated seed thrives admirably on breezy undulating sweeps of country with a dry gravelly and poor rather than rich soil. Cotton has been grown at Singapore and at Visagapatam rivalling the best Sea Island cotton ever imported into Great Britain for fineness and flexibility of fibre. The muslins of Dakka were probably the finest ever woven or worn. When spread upon the grass whilst wet with dew, a piece of this exquisitely fine muslin became invisible. A lady's robe, consisting of several yards of this muslin, could be blown away with a breath. Indian cottons have been produced so fine that Lancashire manufacturers have mixed them with the finest Georgian to improve it; and after the mixture the Indian cotton has still been distinguishable under the microscope by the superior straightness and beauty of the fibres. The fact is, indeed, an established one, that nothing is needed but greater care in cultivation and skill in cleaning to make Indian cotton as fine in fibre and rich in quality as the best ever produced. In the presence of these facts, he would be a very hardy disputant who should deny that if British India does not supply an abundance of raw cotton, it must be the fault of the British people, whose business it is to obtain supplies—in fact, of the cotton interest themselves; for we will not echo the weak cant which blames the government, the East India Company, or the Indian administration, the British government being always, in fact, in the end, the government of the British people.

The geographical distribution of the cotton-shrub is vast. The American eagle, now dismembered of one of his wings, never has had sway over any such expanse of territory in which the cotton-plant is indigenous as still owns the peaceful rule of the British lion. British cotton planters have no need to covet any Cuba, nor to invent a dogma of manifest destiny to palliate covetous designs or rapacious annexations. To say nothing of the boundless resources of Africa, they have only to make a good use of their own continents and islands, some of the latter being not merely more suitable for cotton-fields, but also nearer than the sites of the plantations of the Carolinians and Georgians.

Somebody once computed that the British manufacturers paid annually to the American planters for raw cotton ten millions sterling more than the natural price. This was, of course, an enhancement of the value of slaves to a similar amount. The meaning of the calculation apparently is, that if Africa and India and the islands capable of growing cotton had been competing with Georgia and Carolina, as they ought to have been, the quantity of cotton bought in one year would have been obtained for ten millions less money.

The cotton-growers of the Southern States of America achieved their pre-eminence in the market by an amount of energy and enterprise, perseverance and intelligence, never surpassed in the history of humany industry. The cotton-shrub was acclimated in America by the negroes during the last century. Little more than threescore and ten years ago, when cotton from Virginia or Carolina first arrived in the port of Liverpool, it was seized by the officers of customs upon the plea that cotton was not a product of America. Not merely had the planters to compete with countries in which the plant was indigenous, they had to contend with a scarcity of labour. They had to surpass all rivals whilst cultivating an acclimated plant by the labour of enslaved and imported hands. In spite of a constitution declaring all men to be free and equal, and a religion teaching them to do as they would be done by, they obtained their supplies of labour by kidnapping it wherever they could catch it. At Aberdeen, for instance, on the north-east coast of Scotland, less than a hundred years ago, little boys were kidnapped with the connivance of the magistrates of the burgh, and sold into slavery in Virginia. No doctrine has been too wild or wicked for promulgation by these men in vindication of their pursuits; and they have found naturalists who have taught for them that all men are not of one species; philosophers, who have maintained that civilisation is based on cotton; and Chris-

tian divines who have upheld slavery with arguments from the New Testament! A minority in the United States, they, until the installation of President Lincoln, lorded it over the Union. Clearly enough, they surpassed all other cotton-growers in consequence of throwing more mind into their business. Slave labour is not cheap. The cost of the labour of a coolie in the West Indies is said to be only tenpence-halfpenny a day, and the cost of the labour of a slave in South America or Cuba is estimated at a dollar a day. But the slave of Carolina and Georgia is an unrivalled cotton-picker. Carolinian and Georgian cotton commands the best price, because it is the best cleaned cotton in the market. British capitalists who have grown cotton upon the coasts of Africa, complain that they cannot get their stupid negroes to pick their cotton properly. The American cotton-growers have beaten all the world in the difficult art of cotton-cleaning. The Indian cultivator sent his produce to England in a dirty state, and thus paid more freight for a longer voyage, and got a less price. But now that prices have improved, Indian cotton-cleaning has improved in proportion.

The difficulties of cotton-picking and cleaning have been the lions in the way of the cultivators and administrators of India, while the Americans triumphed over them by skilful manipulations and ingenious machinery. The Americans owe their great start to the invention of Whitney's saw-gin, which has been as beneficial to Georgia as Arkwright's spinning-jenny has been to Lancashire. But the saw-gin has, it is said, been found to be injurious to the staple of the Indian plant. Excessive heat making the leaves extremely brittle: they crumble and mix with the cotton inextricably, and the bractees are still more liable to foul the fibres in this way than the leaves. In fact, the knack of cotton-picking consists in dexterously snatching the hairs away from the seeds without allowing them to be defiled by the fragments of broken leaves or bractees. The negroes of South America, among whom the melodies sung by the Christy Minstrels and Buckley Serenaders have arisen, judging from their mirthful music and sarcastic humour, must be a sharp and shrewd race, with active brains, quick eyes, and nimble fingers, making them unrivalled in picking cotton fibres free from dust and dross.

The directors of the East India Company professed an anxious desire to promote the cultivation of cotton for the whole half of a century. They imported American seed and Whitney gins; and much ingenuity was expended in adapting the American gin and in improving the Indian churka to clean the Indian staples from their subtile defilements. At the last meeting of the British Association, a discussion took place in the section of mechanical science upon the cotton-cleaning machines, specimens of which were exhibited to the section. The Indian churka, the Whitney gin, the roller gin, the spike-roller gin, and Macarthey's gin, were discussed with their respective merits and defects. How important the question of cleaning machines is, may be inferred from the statement of a gentleman, who said he had seen cotton selling at sevenpence a pound, which, if properly cleaned by an improved roller-gin, would have sold for two shillings per pound. The Manchester Cotton Supply Association have had a large number of Macarthey gins made, and they are forwarding them to the cotton-producing districts of the world—dismally joking, meanwhile, about the cook who had an excellent cooking apparatus and nothing to cook withal. But if the difficulties of cotton-cleaning are conquered, the difficulties of cotton-growing need not alarm anybody.

The officials who formerly ruled India ascribed their failure in producing cotton not merely to old churkas, inextricable leaf-dust, hurtful saw-gins, and a too-variable climate, they accused the capitalists of India of a want of calculating foresight and the peasants or ryots of unmalleable habits. But a committee of the House of Commons reported, in 1848, that the natives of India, "when a security of reward is offered to them, will exert themselves, even to the abandonment of customs to which they were greatly attached." This security is now given in the sale of waste lands lately wisely decreed by the authorities.

One cause of the different results of cotton-growing in India and America has been that British India has been governed by officials, and the Southern States of America have been governed by industrials, the Indian planter being a nobody, and the American planter his own master in public affairs. Notwithstanding the neglect of precautionary measures for the evil day which has come, Indian cotton has of late years risen in value from being better prepared, and the quantity imported has notably increased. During the past year the quantity imported from the British East Indies has increased one hundred and seventy-eight thousand and twenty-two hundred-weight, for in August, 1860, the quantity was one hundred and seventeen thousand two hundred and seventy-six hundred-weight, and in the corresponding month of the present year it had reached two hundred and ninety-five thousand two hundred and ninety-eight hundred-weight. The machinery now in use in British cotton-mills is adapted for American cotton, but suggestions have been made to have it altered to suit the Indian material.

The energy which enabled the Carolinians, Virginians, and Georgians to win for themselves a virtual monopoly, based on a real superiority in the cultivation of a recently acclimated plant over rivals residing in countries in which it is indigenous, and where it had been cultivated for centuries, are now unhappily devoted to the prosecution of a miserable war. And the Americans' difficulty is not merely the opportunity of the Indian cultivator, it is the opportunity as well of the Egyptian, the Brazilian, the Algerine, and the African. Victor or vanquished upon the battle-field, the Confederate is certainly destined, if the war continues, to lose his monopoly or supremacy upon the cotton-field.

Whilst he fights for slavery the value of his slaves is dwindling down. Cotton being now actually reshipped from British to American ports, the Southern, when he presents himself once more in the markets of Great Britain, may find all the stall-room occupied. He may have lost the customer who bought five-sevenths of his produce. Ten or eleven years ago he boasted that by spinning and weaving his own cotton he could destroy the prosperity of British manufactures; and now he has lost already his monopoly of the government of his country, and, whether successful or defeated in the war he is waging, is apparently destined soon to lose, and perhaps irrecoverably, the monopoly of the cotton supply. This will also give to the slavery question its ultimate solution.

Not the least interesting of the American planters' rivals are the free blacks, who have set up a society for promoting the cultivation of cotton in Central Africa. Although the numbers of the slaves in the Southern States had increased from two and a half to four millions, and the price of an able-bodied slave risen during the last quarter of a century from nine hundred to fourteen hundred dollars, the planters could, in 1860, grow a pound of middling cotton for six cents, or threepence, and sell it for twenty cents, or tenpence, at Liverpool. After considering these facts, many free negroes of the United States felt desirous of going to Africa, and growing cotton where the plant is indigenous and perennial; and a party actually went there last year, and set themselves up in Yoruba, Central Africa. If this place be the Yoribah defied in the war song of the Amazons of Dahomey—

> The Yoribahs must have been drunk to say
> Dahomey feared them,
> They could conquer Dahomey

—the Yorubas who shall successfully set up cotton plantations in Africa will in the end conquer Dahomey. Let the Amazons sing what they may, the free negro planters will ere long put down slave hunts, by which thousands of youths are kidnapped and sold as slaves, and grand customs in which enough of human blood is shed to float canoes in honour of the ghosts of dead kings.

With regard to the cotton supply this much may be added: Asia and Africa and the climate in which the shrub is indigenous and perennial ought to supply cotton more cheaply and plentifully than a country in which it is only acclimated; the British race have, moreover, everything their own way in India, and have won the name of the friends of the blacks in Africa, it can only, therefore, be by their own fault should they be balked of abundant crops of cotton and multitudes of free and efficient hands to clean it. Through, then, the powder-clouds in America, and notwithstanding the stillness of the short-time mills at home, a hopeful spirit may discern the signs of better days in store for all men, and especially the varieties of mankind whose skins have been dyed black by the sun.

Thomas Clarkson, when a venerable, grey, and grand-looking octogenarian, addressed to a large meeting in London his advice, almost in dying, to put down slavery and the slave trade by growing free-labour cotton; and the course of events is apparently accomplishing his wishes, by compelling the cotton trade to seek their supplies from the resources and the soils of free labour.

KERLI'S PEAK.

Among the larches and pines of the tough ban forest, wherein never stroke of axe may break the barrier that keeps the gathering snows of the mountain peak from sliding ruin down over the fertile slopes below, there lived once an old man who had a quarrel with the world. He had been a spice-merchant, perhaps a magician, in some far, far away town, said the villagers to one another. There he had feasted emperors and kings in mid-winter under the apple-blossoms of his orchard, with an orchestra of birds, perched in a shrubbery of growing cinnamon, nutmegs, and cloves, to make the music. Also a carpet of sweet violets threaded with lilies of the valley, yielding perfumes to the summer wind that blew the porridge of his guests. These villagers knew little choice of food, and their imagination, left to its own working, set porridge on the table at a feast given to emperors by a man whom they found avoiding meat and wine. So we may suppose that they were helped by somebody, certainly not by the old man Kerli himself, for him they had never seen, to the tale of the birds and the winter blossoms.

Here, in fact, with a leathern bag on the floor by his side, sits the youth who helped them. Swarthy and vigorous, with a black down upon his chin, he sits among the fair-haired gossips at a table in the village inn. A knife and fork are laid on a clean napkin before him in that coziest of inns, The Heart's Content, which fronts the well-fenced road above the mountain torrent. The torrent far below roars round about great boulders, and flashes down abyss after abyss into the deepest, narrowest, and darkest hollow of the gorge.

"Behold, Ishmael, a flask of wine!" says Christopher, mine host. "Into the bag with it! Carry up no more water if you want to warm your master's heart."

"True for you, landlord," explains Martin the Farrier, who is the village doctor too. "For the heart lying over the stomach, if you pour cold water into the stomach you will chill that which is upon it. Also the heart is as a tub under the stomach, and when the cold water gets pumped into that bucket, you see, and mixes with the blood, whereby the body is rinsed inside with cold blood and water, up comes a chill and a shudder to the very tips of the nails."

"That is to say, doctor," adds the landlady, "when a man is not frozen all over the outside of his body, as Kerli must be up at the peak. I should guess that the ice was an inch thick all

over him, and so hard that you couldn't break it into a smile about his mouth without a pickaxe."

"He will drink no wine," said Ishmael.

"But why does he not eat Christian food?" asked Hans the Hunter. "Run there no savoury four-legged meats among us that he should sit at his grave's side eating pulse and grain? Is yonder leathern bag that you come down to market with a larder for a man, or a full nosebag for a mule?"

"It is certain that he will eat no meat," said Ishmael.

The landlord's wife set venison and wine before the lad, and he fell to with a stout relish. Greta, the landlord's pretty daughter, poured him out his wine, and her eyes sparkled more than the wine she held to him when he took the cup into his hand together with her horny little fingers. The villagers chattered and bantered one another, and the great fire of pine-logs blazed the more cheerily for the wail of wintry wind that came down the narrow valley. Ishmael's heart, opened by wine and meat and warmth and fellowship, rejoiced as his eye followed Greta, daughter and servant of the house. Ever afoot and astir, her eyes twinkled with a malicious satisfaction when she disappointed him by answering instantly some toper's summons, after she had flushed his cheek by sitting down for half a minute at his side. A splash of rain came with the bitter wind outside, and a pained cry as of a name came on its wail—"Ishmael! Ishmael!"

"That is Kerli's voice!" said the lad. "He does not see me on the mountain path, and already the shadow of the mountain falls on us. It will be sunset on the plains before I reach the hut."

"Nay, foolish lad," said Greta, "it was but the plash of the rain and the wail of the wind. Kerli's voice cannot be heard from yonder peak, three miles away."

"Ishmael! Ishmael!" came again the plaintive cry upon the wind. In another minute Ishmael was outside the door of The Heart's Content, staff in hand and leathern bag on shoulder, with his face set to the little bridge over the ravine between the high road and the steep rolling slopes at the foot of the Death's Head Mountain.

"'Tis a fine lad," said Christopher, when he was gone. "And 'tis a pot of money the old conjuror must have up there. Ishmael never comes down to market without a gold piece in his hand. 'Tis a fine lad, a fine lad, Greta, for a son-in-law."

"And 'tis a fine home to take a wife to," said the wife of Christopher. "Inside the very Death's Head up at Kerli's Peak!"

"But he will bring Kerli down to us, mother."

Every man's chair scraped the floor, all male eyes opened in horror, and every woman crossed herself at Greta's threat.

"He will bring the mountain itself down on us ere he do that," said Doctor Martin. "Never fear. He brought with him the darkest and stormiest night of the year when he passed by our houses while we were abed, three years ago, and went without stopping for bit or sup up yonder mountain. When the lad Ishmael came down the mountain to us the next day a gaunt limping boy, with great black eyes that frightened all the village, we thought he was a hill devil abroad by daylight."

"Well-a-day! well-a-day!" said Greta's mother. "But the evening is dark as night, and the rain has turned to hail, and, through the howls of the wind, is not that thunder rolling down from Kerli's Peak? Alas, dear lad! He has a weary climb to a chill home, God bless him!"

Greta put her arm about her mother's neck, and for a minute or two the guests of the inn silently hearkened to the rising storm.

Through the storm Ishmael was battling his way up by a familiar track. When he came into the oak wood, lightning blazed among the trees, and, after the flash, came through the darkness screams of the wind through rock clefts and among the leafless oaks. Ishmael, wet to the skin, struggled still upward across the boggy ground. Once when his foot slipped he seized a soft knoll of the earth before him, when in a lurid flash of lightning it looked like the head of a dark Jewess stretched horribly large in death across the mountain moor; it seemed to be the face of his dead mother that he had grasped by the mouth, and that distilled a black ooze as his fingers sunk into it. Ishmael climbed on, but, as he mounted, the storm seemed to wrap him round more closely. Terrible shapes and sounds were in the air that night. Kerli had never practised magic on the mountain. For Ishmael alone of all the world Kerli's heart remained warm. Not of his own battle with storm and terror Ishmael thought, but of Kerli, whom also they environed, against whom he vaguely feared that they were raised. But when he reached the ban forest the storm was rolling down the mountain sides, and twilight hues were in the clear upper sky. He cleaved his way between the pines and larches, and came out upon the bare rock, where, not far below the topmost snows of the mountain, rugged blocks of granite formed the shape of that which, seen from below, gave to the hill its name of Death's Head Mountain. In the cavern that from afar looked like a way between the open jaws of death, Ishmael sought his friend. Upon its floor there were the living embers of a fire, but the old man was gone. Ishmael calling his name aloud, climbed among all the hollows of the rock, and sought in vain for tracks on the hard upper snow. The fiercest fury of the storm was rolling down into the valley. The echoes of its thunder broke more faintly through the upper air. Was it delusion of the sense that made the boy stand with turned ear listening intently as a hunted deer? "Ishmael! Ishmael!" It was a faint wail among the echoes that might be the wailing of the wind for any ear but his. With an answering shout the youth turned in pursuit, eager to plunge again into the storm that was already beyond reach, that had passed over the village, and was now pouring through the gorge at the foot of the deep valley.

The crescent moon hung in a pale clear sky over the mountain tops when Ishmael reached the inn. Greta stood at the door, or he would have passed it—weary, eager, planless. But her voice of alarmed surprise drew him aside.

"My father is gone!" he said, "and I must find him or I die. I heard his cry in the storm."

"And may I never open my mouth again," said Martin the Farrier, who alone of the guests remained in the inn parlour—"may I never open my mouth again to take in this good liquor, if I did not see him open his mouth and see his beard shake in the wind. Hath he not curly white hair and a long grey beard—— ?"

"His hair truly is whiter than his beard," said Ishmael, eagerly.

"Wreaths of mist, eh, mistress?" said the triumphant Martin to the landlady. "Grey and white mist for you; grey and white hair for me. I tell you I saw his mouth open, and it was no black bit of cloud, but a dark hand seizing the beard, down yonder by the waterfall."

"Greta! Greta! do not hold me thus by the neck!"

The youth was gone, and madly breaking his way down into the gorge where none dared follow. The dark night soon closed over him, but in the inn there was the sound of Greta weeping and the mother's gentle coo of comfort over her.

Weeks went by and no Ishmael returned.

"There's a pot of money left up at the Peak, I'll be bound," said Christopher, sometimes. While other guests of the inn talked about that, Doctor Martin held his peace and made gulps in his throat, that caught the landlady's attention.

"Husband," she said, at last, after a day's work, "if the farrier dared he would go up to the Death's Head one night, and look for Kerli's money-pot. If there be treasure there it will be lifted ere long, and it behoves us to take care of it for the lad Ishmael's sake. He will come back if he live, for is not Greta here? And if the old man be dead, his wealth is Ishmael's inheritance."

"Ah, there's a pot of money, I'll be bound," said Christopher.

"Shall *we* lift it, and bring it hither, now to-night?" asked the dame. "Martin has brought a new lantern from town, and has had a thick bit of candle blessed by the priest to-day. I do misdoubt him."

"We could guard it here for the lad and his father, while we kept our secret," said Christopher. "But if what you say be true, we should meet Martin on the hill."

"Good so," said the landlady. "He is a man of faint heart, and I plucked three grey geese yesterday. We can put our heads through sacks, and make them terrible with feathers. Here is the red wool, too, that has been dyed for winter spinning. Let us hope we *may* meet neighbour Martin, and cure him of night wandering upon the Death's Head Mountain."

"But if we meet a worse than Martin——"

"Giant Glum himself? Good man, I don't believe in him, neither do you. Greta's abed and asleep. She will lie quiet till dawn. Whist! Fetch me quietly two sacks and lanterns from the stable."

Master and mistress of The Heart's Content were fearless mountaineers. They had good consciences and weak imaginations, that defied all princes and subjects of the powers of darkness. Martin the Farrier had a worse conscience and a livelier fancy. He *was* on the mountain with his holy candle. Christopher and his wife had not climbed far before they saw his light flitting through the oak wood. "Let us face him," they said, "before he gets upon the open bog, or he may see us climbing on." Martin was working his way up in solemn silence, when a horrible yell broke from the brushwood before him, and a feathered monster streaming blood at many pores was visible by a light from below, as well as by a light from his own lantern. Close at his side the yell was replied to by a piercing scream. Light shone from behind an oak stem. A dreadful figure behind him thrust a cold claw on the nape of his neck. In desperate fear he clapped his hands on his neck as he turned and fled, tearing the demon's claw away with him.

"Dear heart," said the dame to Christopher, "that is unlucky. What'll he think when he sees it's but a goose's foot?"

"That the foul fiend has something of a goose about him. Come along, wife."

Christopher and his wife climbed on, while Martin rushed back, claw in hand. Here were terrors! Here were triumphs! Here was news! Here was an urgent need of brandy that would justify the rousing of a thousand inns! In another hour he was hammering at the door of The Heart's Content, and, wakening Greta, called up to her that there was need of brandy for a person in extremity, who, he explained, when she opened the door, was himself. As maid of her mother's inn, Greta was always foremost in receipt of custom.

"Here," said the farrier—"here's a tussle. I've had with the Prince of Darkness. But I was the better wrestler. See his claw that I tore from him! Where's Christopher? Call Christopher!"

"Hush! Father works hard, and your knocking has not roused him. Here's the brandy, Martin. Drink it and go. To-morrow you can tell us all about the fiend."

Martin drank his glass of brandy, but did not go.

"You see I was on the Death's Head Mountain just now——"

"Ah!"

"The bad spirits came round me in a ring, hand joined to hand. I flew at the biggest, and when he said he would rather lose his claw than break the circle, for he'd got me now, see what came of his boasting!" Martin flourished the goose-claw before Greta's eyes.

"Why," she said, "that's——Wait a minute."

Greta had been alarmed at the silence in her mother's room. She knew a goose claw when she saw it, and suspected strongly the claw of one of her own geese that she had plucked and trussed but yesterday. She ran up to her mo-

ther's room. Nobody was there, but there was litter; there were scattered goose feathers, there was the other claw. Familiar with the course of household talk, she understood the situation, and coming back to Martin, who still stood in the room, holding the claw out at arm's length, said, "This is very wonderful. My father is not astir. But can you go home and go to bed, Martin, with that claw in your house? Might not the owner miss it, look for it, and come and fetch it?"

Martin dropped the goose-foot, and asked, trembling, for more brandy.

"This little glass," said Greta; "then go home. We have no fear, you know, at The Heart's Content. Leave claw here to-night."

"Well, yes," said Martin, "because Christopher could see it in the morning. The creature smelt so that he turned my stomach, and I fear I shall lie late to-morrow. But this bit of candle has been blessed by the priest. It will burn three hours yet, and by then it will be nearly dawn. See, I put the claw here and the blessed candle by the side of it. You have nothing to fear. Good night! How soundly Christopher sleeps. One doesn't hear so much as a snore in the house. See now, the moon is up. Good night!"

Night had for Greta no more terrors than day. With a clear sky and a full moon there were no dangers for her or hers upon the Death's Head Mountain; so she quietly put out her own light and the holy candle, and sat by the window, alone in the house, thinking of Ishmael, and looking out upon the moonlit road.

Two hours after midnight she saw two grotesque figures approaching, one of them loaded with a heavy sack. That was her father, who had really discovered Kerli's hoard of gold in the innermost throat of the Death's Head Cavern, under Kerli's Peak. Without taking out one gold piece, Christopher buried the treasure-bag under his hearth-stone. At dawn the household fires were lighted; the goose-claw was burnt, and there was a bonfire of goose feathers made on the brick floor of the inn parlour that caused it to smell horribly all day. Martin, eager to tell his story, was the first guest of the day at The Heart's Content, and being much sickened by the smell of the burnt feathers, and edified by the fact that his claw had disappeared in flames of fire, declared that he recognised distinctly the smell that had distressed him overnight. Every man then came from the village to turn his stomach, and drink brandy, and discuss for the next two months the remarkably tenacious and overpowering smell of the foul creature that Doctor Martin overcame. That was because the wicked landlady found for a while more profit in the feathers than in the flesh of her geese. By burning a few dozen of them whenever the inn parlour was empty she could fill it again with the gossips of the six adjoining parishes.

But, during the next twelve months, where was Ishmael? He had hurried in pursuit of the storm down and down over the face of sharp crag and loose stone, through bramble, and by tufts of grass that held only for half a minute the weight of the climber, forced to hang from them. He leapt down the water-course, and reaching a turn in the valley, heard the thunder of the storm-cloud as it rolled in a thick, black mist, lower yet towards a huge rift in a mountain base, and there seemed to have been swallowed down into the bowels of the earth. Ishmael had heard talk, in the inn parlour, of a wide and fearful gulf in the next valley, to the bottom of which no stone was ever heard to fall. The smooth and herbless walls of rock on either side, that sank, as it seemed, into the very bowels of the earth, were commonly known in those valleys as the Dumps, and, from far down in the Dumps, men said that they had heard wild cries and howlings, that reached even to the very mountain top. Beyond the inn parlour and the village market, Ishmael had never travelled since he lived with Kerli at the Peak. But this, surely, must be the gulf of which so many a wild tale was told; this, into which the storm-cloud, and with it, he believed, the giant of the mountain who held Kerli in his clutch, had swept. "I will go down singing," said the youth to himself. "A cheerful song may scare the gloom demon, if it be really Glum himself who has seized my dear master. He has often said that while I left him alone by the Peak, there were moments when the gloom fiend might have power over him. He has often asked me to scare with my songs that Giant Glum, and, rather than all others, with the cheerful song that ended ever at one place, broken with the weeping of us both; the place where it was broken, when——"

Ishmael was sobbing aloud at the mouth of the cavern. In his boyhood there had been no mother in his house. She was away, he knew not why, and he worshipped her only as the memory of a face that had been often eye to eye with him when he was but a little child. One day when he returned, as a lad, gaily singing to his father's house, he saw from afar something that lay still at its closed door. As he sang on, he saw one come and knock again and again, to whom the door remained closed. Then the man took that something up, and bore it stretched upon his arms away from the house. The lad was still in the midst of his carol when he met the stranger with his burden. He was a tottering black-bearded man, tenderly carrying a white load that faintly stirred—a dying woman with a beautiful dark face. Her eye turned upon Ishmael as he sang, and the song stopped. It was his mother. There was a quiver of pain on her face. The man fell upon one knee and fanned her with his hand, but she was dead. Ishmael laid his hot wet cheek upon hers, but the man did not part them. Presently he stroked the boy's hair, and said in a faint voice, "She was false to me, in years long gone; and false to him. But it is I who love her—and you. Be with me when I lay her in the tomb." He saw his mother to the grave, and for that act his father cursed him. Kerli, who once had been his father's friend, spoke to the winds on

his behalf. "It is a wicked, wicked world," at last said Kerli; "let us fly from it and dwell with rocks that are honest in their hardness, with eternal snows that are God's servants when they pinch us with their chill." The dead woman who was naught bound Kerli and the lad together. Kerli took treasure that they might not starve, and they fled far from their own land, until they climbed by night into their den upon the Death's Head Mountain.

"I will sing," thought the lad, "the cheerful song that was unfinished when we met, and has been never finished since, although begun a thousand times. The faintest echo of that, Kerli will know. If luck is bad, for once, I shall finish it."

Down, therefore, Ishmael climbed, singing lustily, and the song made the descent so easy that he sustained long falls unhurt, and swiftly passing between glimpses of caged men and women gnawing, heard presently again, but in a more joyous note, the cry of "Ishmael!" There was a fierce blast, as of wind from below, and the rush upward of the black Giant Glum, whom the song had unearthed. When he was gone, there was chattering and chirping in the dens, of which the cages were all torn open by that upward blast, and into which a ray or two of sunshine pierced. Far down in the Dumps, at the very foot of the gulf, sat Kerli smiling welcome to his friend.

"Now, Ishmael," he said, "is not this better than yon peak. It is warmer down here. And you need never leave me. That sharp air of the peak gave one an appetite for carrot; but down in the Dumps no man wants anything to eat while he can get a bite out of his finger-nails." And for a whole year the obstinate old man made Ishmael live with him upon finger-nail, refusing to come up out of the Dumps. It was pure obstinacy, for Giant Glum being gone and kept away by Ishmael's carolling, there was light enough in the pit to show an easy, circular stair to the top, by which anybody could walk up and get out if he chose. For a whole year Kerli did not choose. Everybody else in the pit had by that time given up complaints, shaken himself, and gone out, except one man, who had crept lower and lower down, taking possession always of the lowest empty den, and he, who seemed to be always listening when Ishmael sang, never so much as bit his nails, or took his two hands from before his face. He lived upon his sorrow. At last, when all others were gone, this man descended to Kerli and Ishmael with his hands not before his face, but stretched out to them, and Ishmael knew his father, Kerli his friend."

All three, of course, went up out of the Dumps together, and the two old men then desired nothing better than to go with Ishmael to The Heart's Content, and bless his marriage there with Greta.

The gaunt black-haired lad with the great eyes, followed by two aged, largely-bearded men, came into the inn parlour at noonday, when it should have been full; but it was empty, and outside the sign was taken down. Christopher, entering from the back, knew the lad instantly; guessed that, as Greta always said he would, he had brought Kerli home, but who was the other gentleman? and where was his dame? and what had become of Greta?

Trouble had come to The Heart's Content. The singed goose-feathers only improved business while there remained anybody who had not smelt them. Nobody cared to smell them twice, and all who had been to the house said that there must be evil wrought where the smell of the fiend had abided for so many weeks. Therefore, from being sought, the inn came suddenly to be avoided. The dame had been too clever, and had burnt away its good name with its goose-feathers. In despair, Christopher had taken the sign down, and sought other employment. Nobody would give him work. Furniture had been seized for rent. He had no bed for the guests or even for himself, and wanted food to put before them. Nobody present had any money.

"Well, yes, Ishmael," said the dame, when she came in with the apronful of firewood she had been abroad to glean, "there is a large purse of your friend's under the hearthstone, no thinner than when he left it at the Peak for thieves to quarry. We were not an hour too early in fetching it down."

"What," said Kerli, "you have been sleeping on rags and starving, with my great money-bag under your hearth! Up with it, and give it to Greta for her marriage-portion."

Kerli danced a fandango at the wedding. He was an immensely rich man in his own far country. So was Ishmael's father. But they gathered together their goods and came and made merry together for the rest of their days in a great stone house, built where the inn had stood. They made it glorious with gardens and spice-bowers, and still called it The Heart's Content. There Ishmael and Greta trained their children, and saw their children's children make holiday journeys up to Kerli's Peak, where they knew how to stir the echoes of the very Death's Head Cavern with their laughter.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.

I WAS just outside the garden-door, when I felt an arm thrown round me, my cheek kissed, and wetted with tears. Could it be Lilian? Alas, no! It was her mother's voice, that, between laughing and crying, exclaimed hysterically: "This is joy, to see you again, and on these thresholds. I have just come from your house; I went there on purpose to congratulate you, and to talk to you about Lilian. But you have seen her?"

"Yes; I have but this moment left her. Come this way." I drew Mrs. Ashleigh back into the garden, along the old winding walk, which the shrubs concealed from view of the house. We sat down on a rustic seat, where I had often sat with Lilian, midway between the house and the Monks' Well. I told the mother what had passed between me and her daughter; I made no complaint of Lilian's coldness and change; I did not hint at its cause. "Girls of her age will change," said I, "and all that now remains is for us two to agree on such a tale to our curious neighbours, as may rest the whole blame on me. Man's Name is of robust fibre; it could not push its way to a place in the world, if it could not bear, without sinking, the load idle tongues may lay on it. Not so Woman's Name—what is but gossip against Man, is scandal against Woman."

"Do not be rash, my dear Allen," said Mrs. Ashleigh, in great distress. "I feel for you, I understand you; in your case I might act as you do. I cannot blame you. Lilian is changed—changed unaccountably. Yet sure I am that the change is only on the surface, that her heart is really yours, as entirely and as faithfully as ever it was; and that later, when she recovers from the strange, dreamy kind of torpor which appears to have come over all her faculties and all her affections, she would awake with a despair which you cannot conjecture, to the knowledge that you had renounced her."

"I have not renounced her," said I, impatiently; "I did but restore her freedom of choice. But pass by this now, and explain to me more fully the change in your daughter, which I gather from your words is not confined to me."

"I wished to speak of it before you saw her, and for that reason came to your house. It was on the morning in which we left her aunt's to return hither that I first noticed something peculiar in her look and manner. She seemed absorbed and absent, so much so that I asked her several times to tell me what made her so grave, but I could only get from her that she had had a confused dream which she could not recal distinctly enough to relate, but that she was sure it boded evil. During the journey she became gradually more herself, and began to look forward with delight to the idea of seeing you again. Well, you came that evening. What passed between you and her you know best. You complained that she slighted your request to shun all acquaintance with Mr. Margrave. I was surprised that, whether your wish were reasonable or not, she could have hesitated to comply with it. I spoke to her about it after you had gone, and she wept bitterly at thinking she had displeased you."

"She wept! You amaze me. Yet the next day what a note she returned to mine!"

"The next day the change in her became very visible to me. She told me, in an excited manner, that she was convinced she ought not to marry you. Then came, the following day, the news of your committal. I heard of it, but dared not break it to her. I went to our friend the mayor, to consult with him what to say, what do; and to learn more distinctly than I had done from terrified, incoherent servants, the rights of so dreadful a story. When I returned, I found, to my amazement, a young stranger in the drawing-room; it was Mr. Margrave—Miss Brabazon had brought him at his request. Lilian was in the room, too, and my astonishment was increased when she said to me with a singular smile, vague but tranquil: 'I know all about Allen Fenwick; Mr. Margrave has told me all. He is a friend of Allen's. He says there is no cause for fear.' Mr. Margrave then apologised to me for his intrusion in a caressing, kindly manner, as if one of the family. He said he was so intimate with you that he felt that he could best break to Miss Ashleigh an information she might receive elsewhere, for that he was the only man in the town who treated the charge with ridicule. You know the wonderful charm of this young man's manner. I cannot explain to you how it was, but in a few moments I was as much at home with him as if he had been your brother. To be

brief, having once come, he came constantly. He had moved, two days before you went to Derval Court, from his hotel to apartments in Mr. ——'s house, just opposite. We could see him on his balcony from our terrace; he would smile to us and come across. I did wrong in slighting your injunction, and suffering Lilian to do so. I could not help it, he was such a comfort to me—to her, too—in our tribulation. He alone had no doleful words, wore no long face; he alone was invariably cheerful. 'Everything,' he said, 'would come right in a day or two.'"

"And Lilian could not but admire this young man, he is so beautiful."

"Beautiful? Well, perhaps. But if you have a jealous feeling you were never more mistaken. Lilian, I am convinced, does more than dislike him; he has inspired her with repugnance, with terror. And much as I own I like him, in his wild, joyous, careless, harmless way, do not think I flatter you if I say that Mr. Margrave is not the man to make any girl untrue to you—untrue to a lover with infinitely less advantages than you may pretend to. He would be an universal favourite, I grant; but there is a something in him, or a something wanting in him, which makes liking and admiration stop short of love. I know not why; perhaps, because, with all his good humour, he is so absorbed in himself, so intensely egotistical—so light; were he less clever, I should say so frivolous. He could not make love, he could not say in the serious tone of a man in earnest, 'I love you.' He owned as much to me, and owned, too, that he knew not even what love was. As to myself—Mr. Margrave appears rich; no whisper against his character or his honour ever reached me. Yet were you out of the question, and were there no stain on his birth, nay, were he as high in rank and wealth as he is favoured by Nature in personal advantages, I confess I could never consent to trust him with my daughter's fate. A voice at my heart would cry 'No!' It may be an unreasonable prejudice, but I could not bear to see him touch Lilian's hand!"

"Did she never, then—never suffer him even to take her hand?"

"Never. Do not think so meanly of her as to suppose that she could be caught by a fair face, a graceful manner. Reflect; just before, she had refused, for your sake, Ashleigh Sumner, whom Lady Haughton said 'no girl in her senses could refuse;' and this change in Lilian really began before we returned to L——; before she had even seen Mr. Margrave. I am convinced it is something in the reach of your skill as physician—it is on the nerves, the system. I will give you a proof of what I say, only do not betray me to her. It was during your imprisonment, the night before your release, that I was awakened by her coming to my bedside. She was sobbing as if her heart would break. 'Oh, mother, mother!' she cried, 'pity me, help me—I am so wretched.' 'What is the matter, darling?' 'I have been so cruel to Allen, and I know I shall be so again. I cannot help it. Don't question me; only if we are separated, if he cast me off, or I reject him, tell him some day—perhaps when I am in my grave—not to believe appearances; and that I, in my heart of hearts, never ceased to love him!'"

"She said that! You are not deceiving me?"

"Oh no; how can you think so?"

"There is hope still," I murmured; and I bowed my head upon my hands, hot tears forcing their way through the clasped fingers.

"One word more," said I; "you tell me that Lilian has a repugnance to this Margrave, and yet that she found comfort in his visits—a comfort that could not be wholly ascribed to cheering words he might say about myself, since it is all but certain that I was not, at that time, uppermost in her mind. Can you explain this apparent contradiction?"

"I cannot, otherwise than by a conjecture which you would ridicule."

"I can ridicule nothing now. What is your conjecture?"

"I know how much you disbelieve in the stories one hears of animal magnetism and electro-biology, otherwise——"

"You think that Margrave exercises some power of that kind over Lilian? Has he spoken of such a power?"

"Not exactly; but he said that he was sure Lilian possessed a faculty that he called by some hard name, not clairvoyance, but a faculty, which he said, when I asked him to explain, was akin to prevision—to second sight. Then he talked of the Priestesses who had administered the ancient oracles. Lilian, he said, reminded him of them, with her deep eyes and mysterious smile."

"And Lilian heard him? What said she?"

"Nothing; she seemed in fear while she listened."

"He did not offer to try any of those arts practised by professional mesmerists and other charlatans?"

"I thought he was about to do so, but I forestalled him; saying I never would consent to any experiment of that kind, either on myself or my daughter."

"And he replied——?"

"With his gay laugh, that I was very foolish; that a person possessed of such a faculty as he attributed to Lilian, would, if the faculty were developed, be an invaluable adviser. He would have said more, but I begged him to desist. Still I fancy at times—do not be angry—that he does some how or other bewitch her, unconsciously to herself; for she always knows when he is coming. Indeed, I am not sure that he does not bewitch myself, for I by no means justify my conduct in admitting him to an intimacy so familiar, and in spite of your wish; I have reproached myself, resolved to shut my door on him, or to show by my manner that his visits were unwelcome; yet when Lilian has said, in the drowsy lethargic tone which has come into her voice (her voice naturally earnest and impressive, though always low), 'Mother, he will be here in two minutes—I wish to leave

the room and cannot'—I, too, have felt as if something constrained me against my will; as if, in short, I were under that influence which Mr. Vigors—whom I will never forgive for his conduct to you—would ascribe to mesmerism. But will you not come in and see Lilian again?"

"No, not to-night; but watch and heed her, and if you see aught to make you honestly believe that she regrets the rupture of the old tie from which I have released her — why you know, Mrs. Ashleigh, that—that——" My voice failed—I wrung the good woman's hand, and went my way.

I had always till then considered Mrs. Ashleigh —if not as Mrs. Poyntz described her—'common-place weak'—still of an intelligence somewhat below mediocrity. I now regarded her with respect as well as grateful tenderness; her plain sense had divined what all my boasted knowledge had failed to detect in my earlier intimacy with Margrave—viz. that in him there was a something present, or a something wanting, which forbade love and excited fear. Young, beautiful, wealthy, seemingly blameless in life as he was, she would not have given her daughter's hand to him!

CHAPTER XLIV.

The next day my house was filled with visitors. I had no notion that I had so many friends. Mr. Vigors wrote me a generous and handsome letter, owning his prejudices against me on account of his sympathy with poor Dr. Lloyd, and begging my pardon for what he now felt to have been harshness, if not distorted justice. But what most moved me, was the entrance of Strahan, who rushed up to me with the heartiness of old college days. "Oh, my dear Allen, can you ever forgive me; that I should have disbelieved your word—should have suspected you of abstracting my poor cousin's memoir?"

"Is it found, then?"

"Oh yes; you must thank Margrave. He, clever fellow, you know, came to me on a visit yesterday. He put me at once on the right scent. Only guess; but you never can! It was that wretched old housekeeper who purloined the manuscript. You remember she came into the room while you were looking at the memoir. She heard us talk about it; her curiosity was roused; she longed to know the history of her old master, under his own hand; she could not sleep; she heard me go up to bed; she thought you might leave the book on the table when you, too, went to rest. She stole down stairs, peeped through the key-hole of the lobby, saw you asleep, the book lying before you, entered, took away the book softly, meant to glance at its contents and to return it. You were sleeping so soundly she thought you would not wake for an hour; she carried it into the library, leaving the door open, and there began to pore over it; she stumbled first on one of the passages in Latin; she hoped to find some part in plain English, turned over the leaves, putting her candle close to them, for the old woman's eyes were dim, when she heard you make some sound in your sleep. Alarmed, she looked round; you were moving uneasily in your seat, and muttering to yourself. From watching you she was soon diverted by the consequence of her own confounded curiosity and folly. In moving, she had unconsciously brought the poor manuscript close to the candle; the leaves caught the flame; her own cap and hand burning first made her aware of the mischief done. She threw down the book; her sleeve was in flames; she had first to tear off the sleeve, which was, luckily for her, not sewn to her dress. By the time she recovered presence of mind to attend to the book half its leaves were reduced to tinder. She did not dare then to replace what was left of the manuscript on your table; returned, with it, to her room, hid it, and resolved to keep her own secret. I should never have guessed it; I had never even spoken to her on the occurrence; but when I talked over the disappearance of the book to Margrave last night, and expressed my disbelief of your story, he said, in his merry way: 'But do you think Fenwick the only person curious about your cousin's odd ways and strange history? Why, every servant in the household would have been equally curious. You have examined your servants, of course?' 'No, I never thought of it.' 'Examine them now, then. Examine especially that old housekeeper. I observe a great change in her manner since I came here, weeks ago, to look over the house. She has something on her mind—I see it in her eyes.' Then it occurred to me, too, that the woman's manner had altered, and that she seemed always in a tremble and a fidget. I went at once to her room, and charged her with stealing the book. She fell on her knees, and told the whole story as I have told it to you, and as I shall take care to tell it to all to whom I have so foolishly blabbed my yet more foolish suspicions of yourself. But can you forgive me, old friend?"

"Heartily, heartily! And the book is burned?"

"See;" and he produced the mutilated manuscript. Strange, the part burned—reduced, indeed, to tinder—was the concluding part that related to Haroun—to Grayle; no vestige of that part left; the earlier portions were scorched and mutilated, but, in some places, still decipherable; but as my eye hastily ran over these places, I saw only mangled sentences of the experimental problems which the writer had so minutely elaborated.

"Will you keep the manuscript as it is, and as long as you like?" said Strahan.

"No, no; I will have nothing more to do with it. Consult some other man of science. And so this is the old woman's whole story? No accomplice—none? No one else shared her curiosity and her task?"

"No. Oddly enough, though, she made much the same excuse for her pitiful folly that the madman made for his terrible crime; she said 'the Devil put it into her head.' Of course he did, as he puts everything wrong into any one's head. That does not mend the matter."

"How! did she, too, say she saw a Shadow and heard a Voice?"

"No; not such a liar as that, and not mad enough for such a lie. But she said that when she was in bed, thinking over the book, something irresistible urged her to get up and go down into the study; swore she felt something lead her by the hand; swore, too, that when she first discovered the manuscript was not in English, something whispered in her ear to turn over the leaves and approach them to the candle. But I had no patience to listen to all this rubbish. I sent her out of the house, bag and baggage. But, alas! is this to be the end of all my wise cousin's grand discoveries?"

True, of labours that aspired to bring into the chart of science new worlds, of which even the traditionary rumour was but a voice from the land of fable—nought left but broken vestiges of a daring footstep! The hope of a name imperishable amidst the loftiest hierarchy of Nature's secret temple, with all the pomp of recorded experiment, that applied to the mysteries of Egypt and Chaldæa the inductions of Bacon, the tests of Liebig—was there nothing left of this but what, here and there, some puzzled student might extract, garbled, mutilated, perhaps unintelligible, from shreds of sentences, wrecks of problems? O mind of man, can the works, on which thou wouldst found immortality below, be annulled into smoke and tinder by an inch of candle in the hand of an old woman!

When Strahan left me, I went out, but not yet to visit patients. I stole through by-paths into the fields; I needed solitude to bring my thoughts into shape and order. What was delusion, and what not?—was I right or the public? Was Margrave really the most innocent and serviceable of human beings, kindly, affectionate, employing a wonderful acuteness for benignant ends? Was I, in truth, indebted to him for the greatest boon one man can bestow on another? For life rescued, for fair name justified? Or had he, by some demoniac sorcery, guided the hand of the murderer against the life of the person who alone could imperil his own? had he, by the same dark spells, urged the woman to the act that had destroyed the only record of his monstrous being—the only evidence that I was not the sport of an illusion in the horror with which he inspired me?

But if the latter supposition could be admissible, did he use his agents only to betray them afterwards to exposure, and that, without any possible clue to his own detection as the instigator? Then, there came over me confused recollections of tales of mediæval witchcraft, which I had read in boyhood. Were there not on judicial record attestation and evidence, solemn and circumstantial, of powers analogous to those now exercised by Margrave? Of sorcerers instigating to sin through influences ascribed to Demons—making their apparitions glide through guarded walls, their voices heard from afar in the solitude of dungeons or monastic cells? subjugating victims to their will, by means which no vigilance could have detected, if the victims themselves had not confessed the witchcraft that had ensnared—courting a sure and infamous death in that confession—preferring such death to a life so haunted? Were stories so gravely set forth in the pomp of judicial evidence, and in the history of times comparatively recent, indeed, to be massed—pell-mell together, as a *moles indigesta* of senseless superstition,—all the witnesses to be deemed liars? all the victims and tools of the sorcerers, lunatics? all the examiners or judges, with their solemn gradations—lay and clerical—from Commissions of Inquiry to Courts of Appeal,—to be despised for credulity, loathed for cruelty; or, amidst records so numerous, so imposingly attested,—were there the fragments of a terrible truth? And had our ancestors been so unwise in those laws we now deem so savage, by which the world was rid of scourges more awful and more potent than the felon with his candid dagger? Fell instigators of the evil in men's secret hearts—shaping into action the vague, half-formed desire, and guiding with agencies, impalpable, unseen, their spell-bound instruments of calamity and death.

Such were the gloomy questions that I—by repute, the sternest advocate of common sense against fantastic errors;—by profession, the searcher into flesh and blood, and tissue, and nerve, and sinew, for the causes of all that disease the mechanism of the universal human frame;—I, self-boasting physician, sceptic, philosopher, materialist—revolved, not amidst gloomy pines, under grim winter skies, but as I paced slow through laughing meadows, and by the banks of merry streams, in the ripeness of the golden August; the hum of insects in the fragrant grass, the flutter of birds amid the delicate green of boughs chequered by playful sunbeams and gentle shadows, and ever in sight of the resorts of busy work-day man. Walls, roof-tops, church-spires rising high. There, white and modern, the handwriting of our race, in this practical nineteenth century, on its square plain masonry and Doric shafts, the Town-Hall, central in the animated market-place. And I—I—prying into long-neglected corners and dust-holes of memory for what my reason had flung there as worthless rubbish; reviving the jargon of French law, in the *procès verbal*, against a Gille de Retz, or an Urbain Grandier, and sifting the equity of sentences on witchcraft!

Bursting the links of this ghastly soliloquy with a laugh at my own folly, I struck into a narrow path that led back towards the city, by a quiet and rural suburb: the path wound on through a wide and solitary churchyard, at the base of the Abbey-hill. Many of the former dwellers on that eminence now slept in the lowly burial-ground at its foot. And the place, mournfully decorated with the tombs which still jealously mark distinctions of rank amidst the levelling democracy of the grave, was kept trim with the care which comes half from piety, and half from pride.

I seated myself on a bench, placed between

the clipped yew-trees that bordered the path from the entrance to the church porch; deeming vaguely that my own perplexing thoughts might imbibe a quiet from the quiet of the place.

"And oh," I murmured to myself, "oh that I had one bosom friend to whom I might freely confide all these torturing riddles which I cannot solve—one who could read my heart, assured of its truthfulness, and wise enough to enlighten its troubles."

And as I so murmured, my eye fell upon the form of a kneeling child;—at the farthest end of the burial-ground, beside a grave with its new headstone gleaming white amidst the older moss-grown tombs, a female child, her head bowed, her hands clasped. I could see but the outline of her small form in its sable dress—an infant beside the dead.

My eye and my thoughts were turned from that silent figure, too absorbed in my own restless tumult of doubt and dread, for sympathy with the grief or the consolation of a kneeling child. And yet I should have remembered that tomb! Again I murmured with a fierce impatience, "Oh for a bosom friend in whom I could confide!"

I heard steps on the walks under the yews. And an old man came in sight, slightly bent, with long grey hair, but still with enough of vigour for years to come—in his tread, firm, though slow—in the unshrunken muscle of his limbs and the steady light of his clear blue eye. I started. Was it possible? That countenance, marked, indeed, with the lines of laborious thought, but sweet in the mildness of humanity, and serene in the peace of conscience!—I could not be mistaken. Julius Faber was before me. The profound pathologist, to whom my own proud self-esteem acknowledged inferiority, without humiliation; the generous benefactor to whom I owed my own smoothed entrance into the arduous road of fame and fortune. I had longed for a friend, a confidant; what I sought stood suddenly at my side.

CHAPTER XLV.

Explanation, on his part, was short and simple. The nephew whom he designed as the heir to his wealth, had largely outstripped the liberal allowance made to him—had incurred heavy debts; and, in order to extricate himself from the debts, had plunged into ruinous speculations. Faber had come back to England to save his heir from prison or outlawry, at the expense of more than three-fourths of the destined inheritance. To add to all, the young man had married a young lady without fortune; the uncle only heard of this marriage on arriving in England. The spendthrift was hiding from his creditors in the house of his father-in-law, in one of the western counties. Faber there sought him; and, on becoming acquainted with his wife, grew reconciled to the marriage, and formed hopes of his nephew's future redemption. He spoke, indeed, of the young wife with great affection. She was good and sensible; willing and anxious to encounter any privation by which her husband might retrieve the effects of his folly. "So," said Faber, "on consultation with this excellent creature—for my poor nephew is so broken down by repentance, that others must think for him how to exalt repentance into reform—my plans were determined. I shall remove my prodigal from all scenes of temptation. He has youth, strength, plenty of energy, hitherto misdirected. I shall take him from the Old World into the New. I have decided on Australia. The fortune still left to me, small here, will be ample capital there. It is not enough to maintain us separately, so we must all live together. Besides, I feel that, though I have neither the strength nor the experience which could best serve a young settler on a strange soil, still, under my eye, my poor boy will be at once more prudent and more persevering. We sail next week."

Faber spoke so cheerfully that I knew not how to express compassion; yet, at his age, after a career of such prolonged and distinguished labour, to resign the ease and comforts of the civilised state for the hardships and rudeness of an infant colony, seemed to me a dreary prospect; and, as delicately, as tenderly as I could to one whom I loved and honoured as a father, I placed at his disposal the fortune which, in great part, I owed to him,—pressing him at least to take from it enough to secure to himself, in his own country, a home suited to his years and worthy of his station. He rejected all my offers, however earnestly urged on him, with his usual modest and gentle dignity; and assuring me that he looked forward with great interest to a residence in lands new to his experience, and affording ample scope for the hardy enjoyments which had always most allured his tastes, he hastened to change the subject.

"And who, think you, is the admirable helpmate my scapegrace has had the saving good luck to find? A daughter of the worthy man who undertook the care of poor Dr. Lloyd's orphans—the orphans who owed so much to your generous exertions to secure a provision for them—and that child, now just risen from her father's grave, is my pet companion, my darling ewe-lamb—Dr. Lloyd's daughter, Amy."

Here the child joined us, quickening her pace as she recognised the old man, and nestling to his side as she glanced wistfully towards myself. A winning, candid, lovable child's face, somewhat melancholy, somewhat more thoughtful than is common to the face of childhood, but calm, intelligent, and ineffably mild. Presently she stole from the old man and put her hand in mine:

"Are you not the kind gentleman who came to see Him that night when he passed away from us, and who, they all say at home, was so good to my brothers and me? Yes, I recollect you now." And she put her pure face to mine, wooing me to kiss it.

I kind! I good! I—I! Alas! she little knew, little guessed, the wrathful imprecation her father had bequeathed to me that fatal night!

I did not dare to kiss Dr. Lloyd's orphan daughter, but my tears fell over her hand. She took them as signs of pity, and, in her infant thankfulness, silently kissed me.

"Oh, my friend!" I murmured to Faber, "I have much that I long to say to you—alone—alone—come to my house with me, be at least my guest as long as you stay in this town."

"Willingly," said Faber, looking at me more intently than he had done before, and, with the true eye of the practised Healer, at once soft and penetrating.

He rose, took my arm, and whispering a word in the ear of the little girl, she went on before us, turning her head, as she gained the gate, for another look at her father's grave. As we walked to my house, Julius Faber spoke to me much of this child. Her brothers were all at school; she was greatly attached to his nephew's wife; she had become yet more attached to Faber himself, though on so short an acquaintance; it had been settled that she was to accompany the emigrants to Australia.

"There," said he, "the sum, that some munificent, but unknown, friend of her father has settled on her, will provide her no mean dower for a colonist's wife, when the time comes for her to bring a blessing to some other hearth than ours." He went on to say that she had wished to accompany him to L——, in order to visit her father's grave before crossing the wide seas; "and she has taken such fond care of me all the way, that you might fancy I were the child of the two. I come back to this town, partly to dispose of a few poor houses in it which still belong to me, principally to bid you farewell before quitting the Old World, no doubt for ever. So, on arriving to-day, I left Amy by herself in the churchyard while I went to your house, but you were from home. And now I must congratulate you on the reputation you have so rapidly acquired, which has even surpassed my predictions."

"You are aware," said I, falteringly, "of the extraordinary charge from which that part of my reputation dearest to all men has just emerged?"

He had but seen a short account in a weekly journal, written after my release. He asked details, which I postponed.

Reaching my home, I busied myself to provide for the comfort of my two unexpected guests; strove to rally myself—to be cheerful. Not till night, when Julius Faber and I were alone together, did I touch on what was weighing at my heart. Then, drawing to his side, I told him all;—all of which the substance is herein written, from the death scene in Dr. Lloyd's chamber to the hour in which I had seen Dr. Lloyd's child at her father's grave. Some of the incidents and conversations which had most impressed me, I had already committed to writing, in the fear that, otherwise, my fancy might forge for its own thraldom the links of reminiscence which my memory might let fall from its chain. Faber listened with a silence only interrupted by short pertinent questions; and when I had done, he remained thoughtful for some moments; then the great physician replied thus:

"I take for granted your conviction of the reality of all you tell me, even of the Luminous Shadow, of the bodiless Voice; but, before admitting the reality itself, we must abide by the old maxim, not to accept as cause to effect those agencies which belong to the marvellous, when causes less improbable for the effect can be rationally conjectured. In this case are there not such causes? Certainly there are——"

"There are!"

"Listen; you are one of those men who attempt to stifle their own imagination. But in all completed intellect, imagination exists, and will force its way; deny it healthful vents, and it may stray into morbid channels. The death-room of Dr. Lloyd deeply impressed your heart, far more than your pride would own. This is clear, from the pains you took to exonerate your conscience, in your generosity to the orphans. As the heart was moved, so was the imagination stirred; and, unaware to yourself, prepared for much that subsequently appealed to it. Your sudden love, conceived in the very grounds of the house so associated with recollections in themselves strange and romantic; the peculiar temperament and nature of the girl to whom your love was attracted; her own visionary beliefs, and the keen anxiety which infused into your love a deeper poetry of sentiment,—all insensibly tended to induce the imagination to dwell on the Wonderful; and, in overstriving to reconcile each rarer phenomenon to the most positive laws of Nature, your very intellect could discover no solution but in the Preternatural.

"You visit a man who tells you he has seen Sir Philip Derval's ghost: on that very evening, you hear a strange story, in which Sir Philip's name is mixed up with a tale of murder, implicating two mysterious pretenders to magic—Louis Grayle, and the Sage of Aleppo. The tale so interests your fancy that even the glaring impossibility of a not unimportant part of it escapes your notice—viz. the account of a criminal trial (in which the circumstantial evidence was more easily attainable than in all the rest of the narrative, but) which could not legally have taken place as told. Thus it is whenever the mind begins, unconsciously, to admit the shadow of the Supernatural; the Obvious is lost to the eye that plunges its gaze into the Obscure. Almost immediately afterwards you become acquainted with a young stranger, whose traits of character interest and perplex, attract yet revolt you. All this time you are engaged in a physiological work that severely tasks the brain, and in which you examine the intricate question of soul distinct from mind.

"And, here, I can conceive a cause deep-hid amongst what metaphysicians would call latent associations, for a train of thought which disposed you to accept the fantastic impressions afterwards made on you by the scene in the Museum and the visionary talk of Sir Philip Derval.

Doubtless, when at college you first studied metaphysical speculation, you would have glanced over Beattie's Essay on Truth as one of the works written in opposition to your favourite, David Hume."

"Yes, I read the book, but I have long since forgotten its arguments."

"Well, in that essay, Beattie* cites the extraordinary instance of Simon Browne, a learned and pious clergyman, who seriously disbelieved the existence of his own soul; and imagined that, by interposition of Divine power, his soul was annulled, and nothing left but a principle of animal life, which he held in common with the brutes! When years ago, a thoughtful imaginative student, you came on that story, probably enough you would have paused, revolved in your own mind and fancy what kind of a creature a man might be, if, retaining human life and merely human understanding, he was deprived of the powers and properties which reasoners have ascribed to the existence of soul. Something in this young man, unconsciously to yourself, revives that forgotten train of meditative ideas. His dread of death as the final cessation of being, his brute-like want of sympathy with his kind, his incapacity to comprehend the motives which carry man on to scheme and to build for a future that extends beyond his grave, all start up before you at the very moment your reason is overtasked, your imagination fevered, in seeking the solution of problems which, to a philosophy based upon your system, must always remain insoluble. The young man's conversation not only thus excites your fancies, it disturbs your affections. He speaks not only of drugs that renew youth, but of charms that secure love. You tremble for your Lilian while you hear him! And the brain thus tasked, the imagination thus inflamed, the heart thus agitated, you are presented to Sir Philip Derval, whose ghost your patient had supposed he saw weeks ago.

"This person, a seeker after an occult philosophy, which had possibly acquainted him with some secrets in nature beyond the pale of our conventional experience, though, when analysed, they might prove to be quite reconcilable with sober science, startles you with an undefined mysterious charge against the young man who had previously seemed to you different from ordinary mortals. In a room stored with the dead things of the brute soulless world, your brain becomes intoxicated with the fumes of some vapour which produces effects not uncommon in the superstitious practices of the East; your brain thus excited, brings distinctly before you the vague impressions it had before received. Margrave becomes identified with the Louis Grayle of whom you had previously heard an obscure and legendary tale, and all the anomalies in his character are explained by his being that which you had contended, in your physiological work, it was quite possible for man to be—viz. mind and body without soul! You were startled by the monster which man would be were your own theory possible; and in order to reconcile the contradictions in this very monster, you account for knowledge and for powers that mind, without soul, could not have attained, by ascribing to this prodigy broken memories of a former existence, demon attributes from former proficiency in evil magic. My friend, there is nothing here which your own study of morbid idiosyncrasies should not suffice to solve."

"So then," said I, "you would reduce all that have affected my senses as realities into the deceit of illusions! But," I added, in a whisper, terrified by my own question, "do not physiologists agree in this: namely, that though illusory phantasms may haunt the sane as well as the insane, the sane know that they are only illusions, and the insane do not?"

"Such a distinction," answered Faber, "is far too arbitrary and rigid for more than a very general and qualified acceptance. Müller, indeed, who is, perhaps, the highest authority on such a subject, says, with prudent reserve, 'When a person who is not insane sees spectres and believes them to be real, his intellect must be imperfectly exercised.'* He would, indeed, be a bold physician who maintained that every man who believed he had really seen a ghost was of unsound mind. In Dr. Abercrombie's interesting account of spectral illusions, he tells us of a servant-girl who believed she saw, at the foot of her bed, the apparition of Curran, in a sailor's jacket and an immense pair of whiskers.† No doubt the spectre was an illusion, and Dr. Abercrombie very ingeniously suggests the association of ideas by which the apparition was conjured up with the grotesque adjuncts of the jacket and the whiskers; but the servant-girl, in believing the reality of the apparition, was certainly not insane. When I read in the American public journals‡ of 'spirit manifestation,' in which large numbers of persons of at least the average degree of education, declare that they have actually witnessed various phantasms, much more extraordinary than all which you have confided to me, and arrive, at once, at the conclusion that they are thus put into direct communication with departed souls, I must assume that they are under an illusion, but I should be utterly unwarranted in supposing that because they credited that illusion they were insane. I should only say with Müller, that in their reasoning on the phenomena presented to them, 'their intellect was imperfectly exercised.' And an impression made on the senses, being in itself sufficiently rare to excite our wonder, may be strengthened till it takes the

* Beattie's Essay on Truth, part i. c. ii. 3. The story of Simon Browne is to be found in The Adventurer.

* Müller's Physiology of the Senses, p. 394.

† Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, p. 281. (15th edition.)

‡ At the date of Faber's conversation with Allen Fenwick, the (so-called) spirit manifestations had not spread from America over Europe. But if they had, Faber's views would, no doubt, have remained the same.

form of a positive fact, by various coincidences which are accepted as corroborative testimony, yet which are, nevertheless, nothing more than coincidences found in every-day matters of business, but only emphatically noticed when we can exclaim, 'How astonishing!' In your case such coincidences have been, indeed, very signal, and might well aggravate the perplexities into which your reason was thrown. Sir Philip Derval's murder, the missing casket, the exciting nature of the manuscript, in which a superstitious interest is already enlisted by your expectation to find in it the key to the narrator's boasted powers, and his reasons for the astounding denunciation of the man whom you suspect to be his murderer; in all this there is much to confirm, nay, to cause, an illusion, and for that very reason, when examined by strict laws of evidence, in all this there is but additional proof that the illusion was—only illusion. Your affections contribute to strengthen your fancy in its war on your reason. The girl you so passionately love develops, to your disquietude and terror, the visionary temperament which, at her age, is ever liable to fantastic caprices. She hears Margrave's song, which, you say, has a wildness of charm that affects and thrills even you. Who does not know the power of music? and of all music, there is none so potential as that of the human voice. Thus, in some languages, charm and song are identical expressions; and even when a critic in our own sober newspapers extols a Malibran or a Grisi, you may be sure that he will call her 'enchantress.' Well, this lady, your betrothed, in whom the nervous system is extremely impressionable, hears a voice which, even to your ear, is strangely melodious, and sees a form and face which, even to your eye, are endowed with a singular character of beauty. Her fancy is impressed by what she thus hears and sees, and impressed the more because, by a coincidence not very uncommon, a face like that which she beholds, has before been presented to her in a dream or a reverie. In the nobleness of genuine, confiding, reverential love, rather than impute to your beloved a levity of sentiment that would seem to you a treason, you accept the chimera of 'magical fascination.' In this frame of mind you sit down to read the memoir of a mystical enthusiast. Do you begin now to account for the Luminous Shadow? A dream! And a dream no less because your eyes were open and you believed yourself awake. The diseased imagination resembles those mirrors which, being themselves distorted, represent distorted pictures as correct.

"And even this Memoir of Sir Philip Derval's; —can you be quite sure that you actually read the part which relates to Haroun and Louis Grayle? You say that, while perusing the manuscript, you saw the Luminous Shadow and became insensible. The old woman says you were fast asleep. May you not really have fallen into a slumber, and in that slumber have dreamed the parts of the tale that relate to Grayle? dreamed that you beheld the Shadow? Do you remember what is said so well by Dr. Abercrombie, to authorise the explanation I suggest to you: 'A person under the influence of some strong mental impression falls asleep for a few seconds, perhaps without being sensible of it: some scene or person appears in a dream, and he starts up under the conviction that it was a spectral appearance.'"*

"But," said I, "the apparition was seen by me again, and when I, certainly, was not sleeping."

"True; and who should know better than a physician so well read as yourself that a spectral illusion once beheld is *always apt to return again in the same form.* Thus, Goethe was long haunted by one image; the phantom of a flower unfolding itself, and developing new flowers.† Thus, one of our own most distinguished philosophers tells us of a lady known to himself, who would see her husband, hear him move and speak, when he was not even in the house.‡ But instances of the facility with which phantasms, once admitted, repeat themselves to the senses are numberless. Many are recorded by Hibbert and Abercrombie, and every physician in extensive practice can add largely, from his own experience, to the list. Intense self-concentration is, in itself, a mighty magician. The magicians of the East inculcate the necessity of fast, solitude, and meditation for the due development of their imaginary powers. And I have no doubt with effect; because fast, solitude, and meditation—in other words, thought or fancy intensely concentred, will both raise apparitions and produce the invoker's belief in them. Spinello, striving to conceive the image of Lucifer for his picture of the Fallen Angels, was at last actually haunted

* Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, p. 278. (15th edition.) This author, not more to be admired for his intelligence than his candour, and who is entitled to praise for a higher degree of original thought than that to which he modestly pretends, relates a curious anecdote illustrating 'the analogy between dreaming and spectral illusion, which he received from the gentleman to whom it occurred—an eminent medical friend:' "Having set up late one evening, under considerable anxiety for one of his children, who was ill, he fell asleep in his chair, and had a frightful dream, in which the prominent figure was an immense baboon. He awoke with the fright, got up instantly, and walked to a table which was in the middle of the room. He was then quite awake, and quite conscious of the articles around him; but close by the wall in the end of the apartment he distinctly saw the baboon making the same grimaces which he had seen in his dream; and this spectre continued visible for about half a minute." Now, a man who saw only a baboon would be quite ready to admit that it was but an optical illusion; but if, instead of a baboon, he had seen an intimate friend, and that friend, by some coincidence of time, had died about that date, he would be a very strong-minded man if he admitted, for the mystery of seeing his friend, the same natural solution which he would readily admit for seeing a baboon.

† See Müller's observations on this phenomenon, Physiology of the Senses, Baley's translation, p. 1395.

‡ Sir David Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic, p. 39.

by the Shadow of the fiend. Newton himself has been subjected to a phantom, though to him, Son of Light, the spectre presented was that of the sun! You remember the account that Newton gives to Locke of this visionary appearance. He says that 'though he had looked at the sun with his right eye only, and *not* with the left, yet his fancy began to make an impression upon his left eye as well as his right, for if he shut his right and looked upon the clouds, or a book, or any bright object with his left eye, he could see the sun almost as plain as with the right, if he did but *intend* his fancy a little while on it;' nay, 'for some months after, as often as he began to meditate on the phenomena, the spectrum of the sun began to return, even though he lay in bed at midnight, with his curtains drawn!' Seeing, then, how any vivid impression once made will recur, what wonder that you should behold in your prison the Shining Shadow that had first startled you in a wizard's chamber when poring over the records of a murdered visionary? The more minutely you analyse your own hallucinations—pardon me the word—the more they assume the usual characteristics of a dream; contradictory, illogical, even in the marvels they represent. Can any two persons be more totally unlike each other, not merely as to form and years, but as to all the elements of character, than the Grayle of whom you read, or believe you read, and the Margrave in whom you evidently think that Grayle is existent still? The one represented, you say, as gloomy, saturnine, with vehement passions, but with an original grandeur of thought and will, consumed by an internal remorse; the other you paint to me as a joyous and wayward darling of Nature, acute yet frivolous, free from even the ordinary passions of youth, taking delight in innocent amusements, incapable of continuous study, without a single pang of repentance for the crimes you so fancifully impute to him. And now, when your suspicions, so romantically conceived, are dispelled by positive facts, now, when it is clear that Margrave neither murdered Sir Philip Derval nor abstracted the memoir, you still, unconsciously to yourself, draw on your imagination in order to excuse the suspicion your pride of intellect declines to banish, and suppose that this youthful sorcerer tempted the madman to the murder, the woman to the theft——"

"But you forget the madman said 'that he was led on by the Luminous Shadow of a beautiful youth,' that the woman said also that she was impelled by some mysterious agency."

"I do not forget those coincidences; but how your learning would dismiss them as nugatory were your imagination not disposed to exaggerate them! When you read the authentic histories of any popular illusion, such as the spurious inspirations of the Jansenist Convulsionaries, the apparitions that invaded convents, as deposed to in the trial of Urbain Grandier, the confessions of witches and wizards in places the most remote from each other, or, at this day, the tales of 'spirit-manifestation' recorded in half the towns and villages of America—do not all the superstitious impressions of a particular time have a common family likeness? What one sees another sees, though there has been no communication between the two. I cannot tell you why these phantasms thus partake of the nature of an atmospheric epidemic; the fact remains incontestable. And, strange as may be the coincidence between your impressions of a mystic agency and those of some other brains not cognisant of the chimeras of your own, still, is it not simpler philosophy to say, 'They are coincidences of the same nature which made witches in the same epoch all tell much the same story of the broomsticks they rode and the *sabbats* at which they danced to the fiend's piping,' and there leave the matter, as in science we must leave many of the most elementary and familiar phenomena inexplicable as to their causes—is not this, I say, more philosophical than to insist upon an explanation which accepts the supernatural rather than leave the extraordinary unaccounted for?"

"As you speak," said I, resting my downcast face upon my hand, "I should speak to any patient who had confided to me the tale I have told to you."

"And yet the explanation does not wholly satisfy you? Very likely: to some phenomena there is, as yet, no explanation. Perhaps Newton himself could not explain quite to his own satisfaction why he was haunted at midnight by the spectrum of a sun; though I have no doubt that some later philosopher, whose ingenuity has been stimulated by Newton's account, has, by this time, suggested a rational solution of that enigma.* To return to your own case.

* Newton's explanation is as follows: "This story I tell you to let you understand, that in the observation related by Mr. Boyle, the man's fancy probably concurred with the impression made by the sun's light to produce that phantasm of the sun which he constantly saw in bright objects, and so your question about the cause of this phantasm *involves another about the power of the fancy, which I must confess is too hard a knot for me to untie.* To place this effect in a constant motion is hard, because the sun ought then to appear perpetually. It seems rather to consist in a disposition of the sensorium to move the imagination strongly, and to be easily moved both by the imagination and by the light as often as bright objects are looked upon."—*Letter from Sir I. Newton to Locke, Lord King's Life of Locke*, vol. i. pp. 405-8.

Dr. Roget (Animal and Vegetable Physiology Considered with reference to Natural Theology, Bridgewater Treatise, pp. 524, 525), thus refers to this phenomenon, which he states "all of us may experience:"

"When the impressions are very vivid" (Dr. Roget is speaking of visual impressions) "another phenomenon often takes place, namely, *their subsequent recurrence after a certain interval, during which they are not felt, and quite independently of any renewed application of the cause which had originally excited them.*" (I mark by italics the words which more precisely coincide with Julius Faber's explanations.) "If, for example, we look steadfastly at the sun for a second or two,

I have offered such interpretations of the mysteries that confound you, as appear to me authorised by physiological science. Should you adduce other facts which physiological science wants the data to resolve into phenomena always natural, however rare, still hold fast to that simple saying of Goethe's,—'Mysteries are not necessarily miracles.' And, if all which physiological science comprehends in its experience wholly fails us, I may then hazard certain conjectures which, by acknowledging ignorance, is compelled to recognise the marvellous—(for, as where knowledge enters the marvellous recedes, so where knowledge falters the marvellous advances)—yet still, even in those conjectures, I will distinguish the marvellous from the supernatural. But, for the present, I advise you to accept the guess that may best quiet the fevered imagination which any bolder guess would only yet more excite."

"You are right," said I, rising proudly to the full height of my stature, my head erect and my heart defying. "And so, let this subject be renewed no more between us. I will brood over it no more myself. I regain the unclouded realm of my human intelligence; and, in that intelligence, I mock the sorcerer and disdain the spectre."

and then immediately close our eyes, the image or spectrum of the sun remains for a long time present to the mind as if the light were still acting on the retina. It then gradually fades and disappears; but if we continue to keep the eyes shut, the *same impression will, after a certain time, recur and again vanish*: and this phenomenon will be repeated at intervals, the sensation becoming fainter at each renewal. It then gradually fades and disappears; but if we continue to keep the eyes shut, the same impression will after a time recur, and then vanish, and this phenomenon will be repeated at intervals, the sensation becoming fainter at each renewal. It is probable that these reappearances of the image, after the light which produced the original impression has been withdrawn, are occasioned by spontaneous affections of the retina itself which are conveyed to the sensorium. In other cases where the impressions are less strong, the physical changes producing these changes are perhaps confined to the sensorium."

It may be said that there is this difference between the spectrum of the sun and such a phantom as that which perplexed Allen Fenwick—viz. that the sun has been actually beheld before its visionary appearance can be reproduced, and that Allen Fenwick only imagines he has seen the apparition which repeats itself to his fancy. "But there are grounds for the suspicion" (says Dr. Hibbert, Philosophy of Apparitions, p. 250), "that *when ideas of vision are vivified to the height of sensation, a corresponding affection of the optic nerve accompanies the illusion.*" Müller (Physiology of the Senses, p. 1392, Baley's translation) states the same opinion still more strongly, and Sir David Brewster, quoted by Dr. Hibbert (p. 251), says: "In examining these mental impressions I have found that they follow the motions of the eyeball exactly like the spectral impressions of luminous objects, and that they resemble them also in their apparent immobility when the eye is displaced by an external force. If this result (which I state with much diffidence, from having only my own experience in its favour) shall be found generally true by others, it will follow that *the objects of mental contemplation may be seen as distinctly as external objects, and will occupy the same local position in the axis of vision, as if they had been formed by the agency of light.*" Hence the impression of an image once conveyed to the senses, no matter how, whether by actual or illusory vision, is liable to renewal, "independently of any renewed application of the cause which had originally excited it," and can be seen in that renewal "as distinctly as external objects," for indeed "the revival of the fantastic figure really does affect those points of the retina which had been previously impressed."

ENGLISH LIFE ABROAD.

How I wish somebody would write an honest faithful book, with the title Where to Live, and How to Live There. The most passing glance at any House of Commons' report on the salaries of officials abroad, will show that what was deemed once a fair competence, has now, by the increased cost of every article of daily use, become a mere pittance. Some five-and-twenty or thirty years back, the disproportion between living in England and living on the Continent was considerable. The operation of free trade, however, went very far towards diminishing this interval, and of late the cities of the Continent have gradually but steadily grown more costly as residences. I am a sorry political economist, and will not pretend to discuss how far the influx of gold from California and Australia have tended to this increased cost of life. As little am I tempted by the inquiry as to whether this result cannot be traced to an ever increasing prosperity, which has placed luxuries within the reach of a class hitherto denied their enjoyment. I am satisfied to state the fact, and leave its explanation to—what is not difficult to find—heads wiser and deeper than mine.

I have known the Continent for something more than a quarter of a century, have lived in many of its cities, and sojourned in some of its little visited tracts. I have learned, as any man may in that time, to form some estimate of the relative advantages and disadvantages of different countries—I mean for quiet English tastes and habits. Had any friend asked me, for instance—say in eighteen hundred and thirty-five or six—to select for him the city in which to reside with his family, with a little knowledge of his object in coming abroad, whether for economy, pleasure, educational facilities, or that wider range of view which new scenes, new people, and a new language unquestionably present, I could, without difficulty, have indicated to him the suitable locality. In the cities of France, Germany, and Italy, there was always a wide choice, and the greatest votary of amusement, the most zealous searcher after improvement, or the most eager in pursuit of economy, must have found somewhere what he sought for.

Directing myself in the present paper to one single category—that of those who are financially interested in the choice of a residence—I

pense and under the authority of the French Minister of Agriculture.

The brothers Collings brought into notice, if they did not create, the Short-horn a century ago; it has been handed down by names famous and sacred in the agricultural world—although strangely neglected by the compilers of biographical dictionaries and cyclopædias—Bates and Booth, Earl Spencer and Earl Ducie, and others not less famous but still alive.

Within this year three eminent breeders have gone to the expense of importing from the United States bulls descended from stock of the Bates's blood, purchased by a Mr. Thorne, a citizen of New York, at the late Earl Ducie's sale, at a magnificent price, two of the importers being plain practical farmers. At Leeds, the Bates's blood won nearly all the prizes in every Short-horn class. But, on the other hand, Booth has had a long career of victory, and has stout friends, foremost amongst whom must be reckoned Emily Lady Pigott, a lady who has distinguished herself in Short-horn history, not only by gaining prizes, but by publishing annual catalogues, on delicate pink and green paper, of a descriptive character quite new in agricultural literature. The preface is a gem of enthusiasm for Short-horns in general, and Booth in particular. My lady says: "I began in the winter of 1856 by purchasing Happiness" (fortunate lady!), "a heifer bred by Mr. Jonas Webb, giving two hundred and fifty guineas for her. She only brought a bull calf, and sank away out of condition soon after, and appeared in that plight at the Royal at Salisbury. Eventually she recovered her appearance, and went to Ireland to the Dublin Spring Show in 1858, where she took the first prize and silver medal, also the gold medal, as best cow. She came home, however, to die, having been literally bled to death by the farrier, for cold caught on the passage across. This purchase I made, not knowing one tribe from another, and having no purpose or aim in view. I lost in the first year above six hundred pounds from deaths and inexperience, but I was determined to persevere, and at Mr. Wetherell's sale, in 1859, I gave three hundred guineas for Stanley Rose, who won eight first prizes and two second ditto in her three years, and ended by winning a gold medal as best cow in the yard. After my purchase of Stanley Rose I began to question whether buying in this desultory way was the right course to pursue, and would it pay me? I went to Warlaby, and made extravagant offers for animals not to be bought. I wrote in the same strain to various people possessing pure-bred cattle of Mr. Booth's blood. Everywhere I was refused; and at last I saw that those who were lucky enough to possess these cows were quite determined not to part with them. My energy and perseverance, however, have at length been rewarded, as I have never allowed any hindrance to come between me and the purchase of particular tribes, and I have now succeeded in establishing a herd, the pedigrees of which are given in these pages; and I give it as my opinion that nothing pays the farmer half so well as stock, if properly kept. Nothing is so remunerative as pure Short-horn breeding to begin with; secondly, it is only by keeping one particular strain of blood, that a herd will succeed; and thirdly, I am sure that of all pure tribes, Mr. Booth's is the best to have."

We need not travel through other breeds exhibited, the principles of the Show are fully illustrated in the section of the cattle exhibition of that we have just described. All that competition can do, the Royal Society's Show does; it brings out the finest specimens, and helps to spoil them. When a bull or heifer is selected for competition, from its earliest years to full maturity, its daily supply of milk is only limited by its appetite. A coarse-bred cow as wet-nurse often assists a fashionable parent, who, like some fashionable ladies, has sacrificed her maternal qualities to appearances. Full-grown bulls, whether Short-horns, Herefords, or Devons, in the hands of prize-aiming breeders, may be heard bellowing for their mid-day pail. To this fat-making milk is added every kind of fattening food and drink. According to popular belief, a militia squire, one of the most successful prize-winners of the day, allows his competing animals an unlimited supply of London porter; but then he keeps his breeding herd on less tempting food and in less rotund condition. This is the shady side of agricultural live stock competition—just as bribery and corruption are the shady sides of constitutional freedom. On the other hand, Shows combine the advantages of a great school with a great fair. They teach the rising generation the true form of live stock, and attract and concentrate purchasers of the breed to one spot by the number and variety of the specimens. Year after year the eyes of breeders and feeders are educated at these Shows, and taught to distinguish and appreciate the symmetry that is profitable. To this education, which is equally applicable to every breed, must be attributed the great improvement that is annually taking place in the quality of our beef-growing animals. Farmers have learned that a large frame is only valuable when so formed as to be covered with meat at an early age. An ox fit to kill at thirty instead of seventy-two months old, practically doubles the feeding capacity of a farm. Agricultural Shows have converted the exception into the rule—the kind of cattle that brought a great price eighty years ago, because they were beautiful and rare, now bring a higher price because they are beautiful and profitable.

Sheep fill the next greatest Show space, and, occupying less attention from the mere spectators, are perhaps even more closely examined by the real farmers than the ox tribe. A man must have solid capital to become a breeder of pedigreed cattle, but moderate means will pay for the hire of a good ram or two, and rams of the right sort repay first in lambs, next in wool, and finally in mutton. The steady, constant,

continual increase in sheep-farming is one of the most marked features of modern agriculture. You see the effects of this increase in the Show-yard. At Leeds, there were three hundred and sixty pens of sheep; every pen of ewes contained five, and yet there were scarcely any representatives of animals which annually give tons of mutton to the greatest markets; but there were representatives of the breeds that have crossed and mended Lincolns, and Cheviots, and black-faced Highlanders. Bakewell's Leicesters stood first—not that any one cares to eat a Leicester sheep, or that any one cares to keep a pure flock for farm purposes, but because, like the Short-horn, the Leicester goes everywhere—from north to south, from France to Germany, to America, giving early maturity and broad backs, and valuable wool to every variety of the ovine species. It is a sure cross. Yorkshire is a stronghold of the Leicester blood, but the famous prize-winning breeders hail from Notts and Beds, one from Staffordshire, one from Leicestershire, and one from Devonshire. At one time, before reduction of duties on wool, succeeded by total repeal, opened our markets to the wool of every climate in the world, there were enthusiasts who dreamed of making England independent of continental Merino wool by cultivating the Southdown, and by infinite care excellent wool they got. That dream is past; but the Southdown, doubled in weight, rounded in form, early ready for the butcher, can afford to stand on its merits as mutton, while producing a wool only second in value to the best long-wool, and only second in value to the Leicester as an improving cross. The Southdown has also the merit peculiar to natural breeds, of being gladly eaten by the men who breed it. The Southdown thrives within a wide range of climates if the soil be dry and the grass sweet, or in default of natural grasses, on a full supply of roots. He is found colonised in Scotland, esteemed and thriving in the Northern States of the American republic, where he endures the freezing of his compact great-coat, and has been transplanted with great success to France, and many other continental states, happy upon any dry downs, and useful wherever succulent mutton and early lambs are required.

Wherever quantity is wanted the breeder takes an infusion of Cotswold. It is a sheep that does not bear transplanting so well as the Leicester and the various tribes of Down, but which is in great demand to produce the cross-bred sheep that have become such favourites with the butchers. The principal prizes of the Royal Society were, until recently, confined to the three breeds we have just named, which, intermingled in various proportions according to the pasture and the demand, produce sometimes white-faced and long-fleeced, and inclining to long wools, sometimes dark-faced and short-coated, and inclining to Down; the problem often attempted, never yet completely solved, being to put a heavy fleece on meat of Down quality.

It is one of the undeniable agricultural facts of the day, that amongst sheep-feeders, as contradistinguished from breeders, cross-bred sheep have, in every root-growing county, annually grown in favour. But this does not seem to diminish the value of pure-bred flocks; on the contrary, high-bred rams and ewes are in the greatest request, and thus the sheep-pens are not less frequented by anxious purchasers, examining, comparing, and selecting, than the cattle-stalls. Most districts have some local curiosities in sheep-breeds that neither increase nor diminish, but hold their own in certain favoured spots. At Leeds there were a few pens of the ancient Cumberland mountain breed—the Lonk sheep, a near relation, we should say, to those black-faced Highlanders, whose heads are valued for mulls, to be mounted in silver and set with cairngorms. There was a ram—the Mountain King—bred at "Hould Top," near Skipton, with vast spiral horns, a black speckle-faced, as beautiful and picturesque as any deer, as active as any goat.

The sheep section of Agricultural Shows has helped to break down local prejudices, and to make non-travelling farmers acquainted with the class of animals best suited to improve and supersede the ragged flocks of their ancestors.

Amongst the humbler classes, the excursionists who flock in on the shilling days, or the parties who come armed with wholesale tickets from the heads of great manufacturing firms, the pig section excites the warmest attention. Pigs black and pigs white, pigs longer than a North Devon ox and almost as heavy, pigs small and delicate enough for a drawing-room, pigs in the tenderest youth, and tusked boars of the maturest age allowed to the modern pig. Pigs from the north, south, east, and west, from every condition of life, from cottagers, from squires, from tenants, from farmers, from parsons, many specimens of the purest breed and highest price; from lords several, from ladies, including at least one countess, three or four pens, and, finally, pens of white pets from the royal farmer of Windsor. But on their divers merits it is needless to dwell, as they have been so fully set out in the article Pork* some time back.

Neither will we linger amidst the long streets, where, in fragile substitutes for horse-boxes, stand, each under the care of an anxious groom, select examples of all the breeds or tribes of horses in which England takes so much pride; for what new can be said about the horse? The prize horses attract the public, and perhaps the public learn something from seeing the finest, grandest, truest forms, but, examined closely, it would seem that the horsy public seldom follows lead of the prizes, and it is doubtful whether the last twenty years have seen any improvement in horses of any kind. Theoretically, the most important classes are those for agricultural horses; but, after more than twenty years of competition, there are no such clear divisions as those which distinguish the breeds of sheep and cattle, or even of pigs.

* Pork, All the Year Round, vol. ii. page 157.

The horse classes, however, afford the two most effective scenes of a Royal Show, though denied to a Smithfield Club Show. Each morning there is a cavalcade to and from the yard to the stables. Then successively pass along the long-maned, long-tailed, thick-necked, fat, and shining sires, pawing, whinnying, screaming, rearing, restrained by the sharp bit and chain and coaxing words of their attendant grooms; there are the huge dray-horses, elephantine in size, stately in gait, reminding one of the impossible chargers Rubens loved to paint as war-horses—horses that must have charged at a walk; then the brilliant red Suffolks, the most high-bred of all the cart breeds; the Clydesdales of many colours, mottled grey and rich brown prevailing, distinguished by their activity not less than their height; and then the commonalty of bays, and blacks, and greys, and roans, all as fat, as round, as sleek, as the utmost grooming and an unlimited supply of corn, sugar, and oil-cake can make them. The thorough-bred sires, the perfection of beauty, not leggy and wire-drawn as they appear on the turf, but plump, and sleek, and shining. The mares, equally fat and sleek, often with whinnying foals, but less proud and fractious, follow; and after them a series of hobbledehoy colts and fillies, ponies and hacks, and hunters sent in for local prizes. But at Leeds a new feature was added to the Show, and new interest to the horse department, by a daily march out into a prepared roped ring, where, before thousands of anxious critical spectators, each sire of quality was successively trotted round and round, his name being duly announced as he entered. Thus, at the same moment, a dozen thorough-bred stallions, succeeded by as many dray and cart sires, paraded triumphantly, and for more than two hours found an undiminished still excited ring of spectators.

MARKS OF GENIUS.

Some time ago, the author of this paper, having fallen into a very low state of mind in consequence of a perfectly futile attempt to comprehend one work on the History of Civilisation, and another on the Human Understanding, was sent away by his friends to a quiet place near the sea, and placed under the care of some relatives—most respectable persons for their station in life. Books were strictly forbidden; but the family library, not being of a dangerous character, was left unlocked. It consisted (exclusive of several Prayer-books and a green-baized, brass-clasped Bible) of a Murray's Grammar and Magnall's Questions, a Ready-reckoner, an odd volume of Harvey's Meditations, and a curious old biography. As the recluse did not want to learn arithmetic or grammar, and never yet could make out why people persist in writing down meditations, he fell back upon the biography, and, in the course of his reading, arrived at some facts which startled him. Whether they are new or not he does not pretend to say. He therefore offers them to the reader, in order that, if they are novelties, he may also enjoy the pleasure of being startled.

First of all, he made out that it is impossible to be a genius and a big man at the same time. The heaven-born spark, the divine afflatus, must not be lodged in too ample a tenement. It is not impossible to find great ability and energy established in a bulky habitation of flesh and blood, but then there are so often drawbacks attendant upon this. Thus, Ariosto, Johnson, and Scott were all three burly fellows. But then Johnson shook and rolled about like a huge jelly-fish, Scott was paralysed from childhood, and Ariosto was ill made. Caius Patroculus says that Cæsar exceeded his fellow-citizens in stature, but then he seems to have had no hair on his chin, and very little on his head. Alfred the Great was tall and stout, but weakly from his childhood to the close of his noble and eventful life. M. Guillard fixed the height of the illustrious Charlemagne, a very practical man, and no unworthy follower of Sigbert and Clovis, at six feet and a quarter of an inch. Columbus was tall and well formed. Cromwell was a big fellow; and Buffon and Boerhaave, quite as able men in their way, and perhaps much more useful, were tall, commanding, and powerful in their build.

But these are striking exceptions, and the utmost height even such favoured mortals attain to is about six feet, or the minimum size for the Guards. This is an exceedingly painful statement to make, as the imagination naturally connects great deeds with a lofty presence. The older writers clearly looked upon them as inseparable. It was ever the Achilles, the Hercules, the Theseus that charmed the mind. It was to no purpose that great Homer drew his portraits of the crafty Ulysses and spear-shaken Tydæus from nature; that he made the one a square, high-shouldered Greek, after true varmint build; the other,

> Whose little body lodged a mighty mind,

like our own Roebuck, or the renowned William the Testy, whose magnanimous spirit utterly consumed him. It was all in vain; the Greeks continued to lay as much stress upon height as at the Horse Guards, and fined a little general (Agesilaus) for marrying a little woman. The ridicule of Addison was powerless against the despotism of belief; the genius of Garrick had to bow to the influence of a long-cherished creed—the immortal little actor could not play Hamlet (who seems, after all, to have been a fat imbecile young man, of very moderate personal attractions) without an extra inch of leather on his heels; while Johnson felt himself almost bound to apologise for Milton not being "of the heroic stature."

And yet history tells us that the masters of the intellectual world at least, and very often of the material part of it too, were frequently enough insignificant, though respectable, looking persons. Alexander the Great was a wry-necked little monarch; others have rather extolled his beauty—not an uncommon attribute of great genius; Napoleon, certainly a very handsome

man, was, as is well known, short and squat—"le petit caporal." Wellington was a middle-sized man, and Nelson little bigger than a boy. These men stand confessedly at the very summit of fame in arms; but after them come a host of lesser names; heroes of all sizes except the right size, from the little weakly Agesilaus and Julian the Apostate, to the days of Condé and Suwarrow, with here and there a burly form like that of Cromwell towering above the crowd.

And when we come to great poets and mighty thinkers who heave up the world of thought as with a lever; men who, like Bacon, Hunter, and Newton, looked into the cloudy realms of times yet to come—the brilliant meteoric dreamers—we find the regulations growing still more stringent, especially on approaching ages that afford us certain knowledge. Thus Paracelsus, who, whatever his errors, was a most extraordinary man, was, to judge from his skull, not bigger than a boy; Harvey, the real discoverer of the circulation, was "very small in stature." Newton was a stout, compact man, much like Plato; but of Bacon's stature, the author is driven, by the absence of any accounts, to confess his entire ignorance. Voltaire was a thin, puny being; John Hunter, one of the greatest of men, who really foresaw, not only the germ, but almost the mature fruit of the sublime doctrines sketched out by Carus, Goethe, and St. Hilaire, "was a little sturdy fellow," like Hogarth; while his illustrious brother, Dr. William Hunter, was not only short but slender also. Milton was of the same low, compact build as Burns; Pope was a little weakly being, "so low in stature, that to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat;" and Moore was very like him, being "a little, a very little man;" Thomson, like Byron, was just above the common size, Byron being five feet eight and a half, with which we must close the list, not for want of matter, but of space.

Having thus arranged what size a man of genius is to be, it may be as well to furnish some instructions respecting his health, which Nature has made almost as stringent as those relating to height and thickness. Be it known, then, that a genius may have as many headaches, colds, and sore-throats as he likes. Gout, too, and heartburn are admissible, or he may have a fever if he prefer it, or fits of some kind, in moderation, but he must not meddle too much with real downright diseases such as cancer and aneurism, genius being, I suppose, the parent malady, that, like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. Johnson is a rare instance of a scrofulous poet, and Napoleon an equally rare example of cancer and genius united in the same person; a combination to which he perhaps owed the loss of his throne, as if he hadn't had such an irritable stomach, and hadn't eaten that messy garlic and mutton, he would not have been obliged to leave the field of battle, and therefore might not have lost the campaign in Saxony, the connexion between which and his final overthrow is too apparent to require any further remarks; unless, indeed, the reader prefer the theory of Mr. Lizars, that, like every other evil change in the fortunes of men, it all arose from some person or other being addicted to smoking.

Even that interesting disease, consumption, is quite out of his way. The few and very few who have been cut off by it, were simply young men of great abilities, very promising indeed, but never of the genuine metal. Men endowed with great genius are of better stuff, and though not always long-lived, scarcely ever die very young. A remarkable proof how tough they really are, is the fact that many of them—Addison, Voltaire, and Fontenelle among the number—were, in their infancy, such puny little mannikins, that no one thought they could live at all, yet they managed pretty well upon the whole. Voltaire and Fontenelle were both born almost in a dying condition, yet one died in his eighty-fifth year, and the other lived to within a few weeks of a hundred! The magnificent description, then, of

> The fiery soul that, working out its way,
> Tickled the pigmy body to decay, &c.,

is, though sublime, inapplicable here.

If genius be a malady, it is as truly epidemic as measles or scarlet fever. Every person has heard of the Augustan age—the age of Leo the Tenth, of Louis the Fourteenth, of Anne, &c., and there is more meaning in this phrase than we always find. The great Greek dramatists came so close together, that before the last of them went down into the grave, ere the mighty hand that drew Cassandra raving before the presence of Atrides, and the awful picture of Prometheus launched into the abyss amid the rending of the earthquake and the wild roar of the thunder, had crumbled into dust, the drama of Greece was gone to return no more. One age produced the comedies of Cratinus, Aristophanes, Eupolis, and Menandu. Horace and Virgil were born within five years of each other. Within eighty years came all the great historians of Rome, except Cato and Livy. One age produced most of the great painters of Italy; and one short cycle gave to the world Spencer, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Bacon, Napier (the mathematician), Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Vaita, and Galileo. Less than an age brought forth Milton, Butler, Molière, Boileau, and Dryden. Wellington and Napoleon were born in the same year, and the great age which has just passed away gave birth to the contemporaries of Scott and Byron, of Goethe and Burns.

While human passions remain the same as in the birth of our race, and while that element of the mind continues unchanged which recognises the demonstrations of physics, that which created the dignity of the Apollo Belvedere, or designed the wondrous glories of York and Lincoln cathedrals; which designed the picturesque dresses and rich colours of the mediæval times, seem gone. No clue to this problem, instances of which might be multiplied to an enormous extent, has been afforded as yet. Humboldt traced one branch of it so far as to work out the gradual introduction of nature pictures, the inroad of statuary into poetry, the heavens, and the field, and the

explanation has been sugggested that it is owing to the craving of some new field of distinction. It is, perhaps, due to some miraculous change; akin to that in the eye and mind which enable them to see beauty where it was not visible before—as after instruction; and it is not at all improbable that parts of the brain of man are undergoing some slow but constant mutation, like that which produced the destruction of so many races of animals—an immutable law of transformation and decay.

A man of genius must not on any account have eminent children. An illustrious house is quite allowable; a line of Vernets or Bayards, of Scipios or Plantagenets, but not of Newtons or Shakespeares. What seems strange is, that the very bent of mind which most distinguishes the sire is often least shown in the son. The race of Charlemagne, as of so many great soldiers and rulers, were little better than sots or fools. Richard Cromwell, the son of the lion-hearted, daring Protector, a simple-minded squire, contented to live as plain Mr. Clarke of Cheshunt; the darling child of Napoleon, born King of immortal Rome, satisfied with a colonelcy in the army of Austria, a country in all ages without the ambition of conquest or arts, the natural enemy of France and Italy; the daughter of the sturdy Milton, infirm and unlettered; the heir of Lord Eldon, mad; the son of the polished Chesterfield, an incurable booby.

But it is much more en règle that we should have no children at all, for if we be so far blessed they perish in an age or two, as surely as the spring flower that has bloomed too early will sink beneath the redoubled fury of the east wind. Of all the illustrious men who have adorned the last five centuries, I believe not one has left a family that survived through the fourth generation; very few, indeed, outlived the second or third, by far the greater number dying with the parent tree. To an overwhelming preponderance of great names there is no family at all, or, if there were, the biographers have forgotten to name it. Indeed, they generally think such matters below their notice. They can find plenty of time to decide some trumpery dispute about a text or date, which is the more sensible, as the next writer will reverse their judgment, and the reader cares nothing about the matter; but they seem to think it is sheer waste of labour to tell us even in a dozen lines how an author looked, dressed, and lived, which are just the very things most persons want to know.

There can be little doubt that this absence of family is the work of some immutable law. The result is far too uniform for mere chance. In whatever land we take up the thread of the story, however far we go back, even to the dim and grand old times when Homer drew Earth-shaken Poseidon pending a charge of the Greeks, or Jove reclining by streamy Ida; or, still farther, when Orpheus sang in Thrace of the great men of old, and Moses laid his hands upon Joshua, that the son of Nun might lead Israel into the land of promise, we find it at work, and so far as can be seen, it is destined to work so long as men shall achieve mighty deeds and be enrolled in the chronicles of fame. The life of Confucius and Zoroaster is the life of Aristotle and Socrates; of Bacon and Newton; the childless old age of Plato and Æsop is repeated in the histories of Voltaire and Gay. The same narrow circle bounds the family hearth of Sophocles and Shakespeare; of Milton and Dryden. Cæsar and Alexander leave their vast empires to the children of other men, as Napoleon and Nelson must have done, had the one dreamed of conquests and the other been able to retain them.

Not to weary the reader, let him take one solitary instance and run over the lives of a few of our poets. He will find that Shakespeare had three daughters, "of *which*," says the biographer quaintly, "two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quincy, by whom she had three sons who all died without children, and Susannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nashe, Esq., and afterwards to Sir John Barnard, of Abington, but died likewise without issue." Of Ben Jonson nothing is reported. Milton had children only by his first wife. They were *girls*, and the eldest, deformed and infirm, died a wife, while the next one died single. The youngest married a weaver in Spitalfields and had a family. Of Butler it is related that he was married, and that is all we are told. There is no mention of his having had any family; and Congreve, Pope, Gray, Johnson, Swift, Goldsmith, Otway, Savage, Thomson, and Shenstone, may, without further ceremony, be ranked under the same head. Dryden had three sons: Charles, who was usher of the palace to Pope Clement the Eleventh, and was drowned in an attempt to swim across the Thames at Windsor; John, who is said to have died obscurely at Rome; and Henry, who entered some religious order. Young, like Addison and Byron, had an only child. Moore outlived his family, and Scott's race is so completely extinct that the author believes not even a grandchild is now alive. Burns stands almost alone in having surviving sons. Of Wordsworth, Southey, and still more recent writers, it would not be proper to speak.

There is no need to go into statistics now. Were such results as these to ensue in a village, they would depopulate it within half a century, an event of which there is no need, except among races like the red Indian, doomed to decay. Of course war, famine, and pestilence unpeople whole realms, but that arises from entirely visible causes, and is therefore a different matter.

There has been many a sad chapter in the history of genius, but this is the saddest of all. A man of genius is perhaps in many respects more purely the child of destiny than people think him; in this part of his fate there is clearly more of destiny than choice. He reaps, indeed, the fame for which he has struggled, because there is no genius without that strength that

always wins in the end. Biography shows that all that neglect, stupidity, and even the fiendish malice of foes and critics could invent, while it never yet destroyed a line worth saving, really adds more lustre to his renown, as the blackness of the cloud lends beauty to the lightning and the rainbow. But the picture of his life is saddened with the decaying hues of autumn, the fame of his triumphs is borne to us on the hollow voice of the winter wind, and his glory is like the lone and mournful beauty of the evening star.

Perhaps, after all, it is better thus, for though not so inattentive to business as is generally supposed, men of genius seldom attain to such independence as to finish their labours in comfort and maintain a family at the same time. To their honour, be it said, that they are almost totally free from crime, a fact of itself sufficient to upset the abominable doctrine lately maintained, that out of a given number of people a certain number of criminals must arise; a most mischievous deduction; for nothing could be more likely to determine a hesitating scoundrel than to represent him as the victim of fate. It is true that we may here an there find an incurably perverse spendthrift like Savage; a free-handed insolvent like Steele, who, when asked to return money, could implore, flatter, complain, cajole, or anything else but pay it; a muddler like dear old Goldsmith; and a cowardly villain like Rousseau; but these are only scum on the mighty stream. Men of real genius are above such miserable folly, just as they are, as a class, above the debauchery and mischief so often vulgarly attributed to the character. The writer's creed is that true genius may give way to folly now and then, but that it will shake off all depravity, like "dewdrops from the lion's mane."

OUR LATEST EDEN.

Latest of our Utopias, and youngest of our earthly Edens, is Japan. It was a new sensation to us, in coaly, foggy, conventional England, to hear a long-known country newly described as a lovely scene, with a magnificent climate, where the men were gentle, proud, and brave, chivalrous in their ideas of honour, heroic in their self-respect; where the women were free and honoured, and the ties of home and family strictly kept; where the arts were cultivated, science understood, politeness studied, and all the outward forms of civilisation in rich allowance: a country, nevertheless, in which not a germ of Western culture had taken root, and religion, laws, literature, and language were all as different as if a second family of the human race had been saved in an independent ark of its own—a family not even on speaking terms with that of Noah. Everything in Japan was strange and foreign to our notions. Its double government of spiritual and temporal autocracy—its Mikado and Tycoon; its Harikari or Happy Despatch—the accepted form of paying debts, acknowledging errors, or getting out of a scrape; its public bathings, where men and women splashed together like so many Tritons and naiads, in sweet unconsciousness of shame; its paper pocket-handkerchiefs and two-sworded dignity; its isolation, pride, and contempt of foreign goods, both moral and commercial—all was so unlike anything to be found behind the starched neckcloth of European society, that people went wild with curiosity and the desire to hear more of this strange new land, which came always before us, like one of the fairy-tale countries of our childhood. Nothing would have surprised us as part of the natural life of Japan. Fiery dragons, salamanders whose habitat was a flaming furnace, birds that talked, and flowers that walked—we would have accepted them all as quite of possibility in the land which the Fusiyama shadows and the demi-god Mikado governs. As for the people—proud as Paladins, simple as Arcadians, and subtle as the subtlest rabbinical schoolmen—not Voltaire's Huron or Rousseau's Primitive Man would have created more excitement at a west-end soirée, than did the first announcements of what they were like, and how they lived and talked and transacted the ordinary business of life. It was the unveiling of the shyest and most reluctant of all the virgin nations; but, poor beautiful innocent Japan!—she was happier when her veil was drawn close around her from brow to foot than she will ever be again when free to every hand and revealed to every eye.

The latest of our Japanese interpreters is Mr. Consul Hodgson, who gives us, in a few hundred pages, his adventures during a year's consulship at Hakodate; his impressions concerning the treaty, how it has worked and how it will work; and some account of the country and islands neighbouring Hakodate; so far, that is, as he was allowed to visit them. Mr. Consul Hodgson might have done more for his hungry readers here in England; but, though it is provoking to be served with only a few half-ripe hedge-row fruits when a whole orchard full of the finest kinds hang within reach of plucking, yet we must be thankful for even Lenten fare, when otherwise we should go empty-handed.

Japan is both hotter and colder than England; at least, so much of Japan as is contained in the towns and districts of Nagasaki and Hakodate. It is frozen to its very heart when the north-west winds, blowing over the wide ice-plains of Siberia, bring their burden of frost and snow; but, when the warm south comes up from the Pacific, then Japan is all on fire, and only to be quenched by the deluges which pour down incessantly during the rainy months. Months by no means pleasant or satisfactory; for the heated earth steams up like a vapour-bath, rusting your metals, and mildewing your finery, and eating into your body and bones with rheumatism and all the other diseases to be found in a perpetual vapour-bath. Then the snakes and scorpions and rats swarm out in crowds; then centipedes hide in your shoes, and crawl up your wife's white muslin dress as she sits tranquilly in her drawing-room; and beetles bury themselves in your pockets; and serpents look in at your paper windows while you are

dozing off into blissful dreams of home and soft green midland lanes; mosquitoes sing their war-chant over your prostrate body; and the thousand-and-one noxious reptiles which love the rainy days of hot climates—those huge washing days of the tropics—come round you as familiar guests, and make you regret the biting east winds and brown fogs of your own native land. Add to which enjoyments bad water and little of it, if you are at Nagasaki (the best and plentiful at Hakodate), no milk, a scarcity of butcher's meat, not the ghost of a pat of butter, and a government spy at your elbow wherever you turn, and you have some of the more prominent drawbacks to our latest Eden—a few shaded spots, just to show off the brighter colours with more intensity.

All Japan is not so bad as this; but, unluckily, the places assigned to the foreigner—generally parts of temples—are low, damp, and unhealthy, and so situated that every disadvantage of climate and country is more keenly felt. Has this been a bit of Japanese policy—the policy which finds itself forced to yield to the moral force and superior knowledge of its six hundred foreign guests, but which yields unwillingly, and puts as many unboiled peas as may be into their shoes? If these are the dark spots, the bright are an enormous amount of unwrought mineral wealth, the richest natural beauty—such flowers! such birds and butterflies!—a delicious climate in the spring and autumn, a people friendly if rightly taken, and capabilities of commercial improvement beyond the most speculative hopes of the most sanguine adventurers.

Unfortunately, our traders tried to grasp too much at once. Fancy through what a commercial crisis those stately, quiet subjects of the Mikado must have passed, when, instead of the two Dutch galliots and the couple of Chinese junks which, for the last two centuries, were the sole foreign ships allowed to enter once a year into their ports, fourteen square-rigged vessels were in the Nagasaki harbour at once—fifteen thousand tons of shipping crying out with hoarse voices, "Trade, buy, pay." Such a monstrous demand as this could not create an adequate supply in a moment. Manufactures and commercial productions do not spring up like Jonah's gourd, in a night; and the fifteen thousand tons must knock about the Japanese seas yet a little while, before the wax and rice and tea and silk and wheat and oil, which they required could be put on board, and the hungry supercargoes sent away rejoicing.

Again, how could the Japanese treasury find in four months change in "itzabous" for millions of pounds sterling? This was about the amount asked for by the invading merchants, with immense displeasure and bullying when refused. No wonder that, with such fabulous desires from without, provisions and manufactures rising to famine price all over the country within, the sudden discovery that they had been parting with their sacred gold at one-third its real value, and selling their goods at a hundred per cent profit to the stranger, while at such infinite inconvenience to their own people, the Japanese officials were annoyed and terrified, and took to subtleties and delays—to the issuing of worthless paper "taels," which the stranger would not take, and then to the "foreigners' nichou," which the natives would not take. This last seemed to be an admirable stroke of policy, raising up an impenetrable but legal and unaggressive barrier between themselves and their voracious visitors. And so it would have been if the consuls had been men of delicate nerves, or weak wills; but they made such a furious fuss about the paper which was not good on 'Change, and the silver, which would not pass in Japan, that these two acute schemes were abandoned, and the puzzled officials at Yedo left to devise other plans to keep back the tide, or give themselves harikari if they failed. The Japanese really wished to keep the treaties, only the trading nations were too sudden, too impatient, and too excessive, and wanted to fill their barns before the grain had been sown or the ground even prepared. Then ensued quarrels and misunderstandings; and, to the impetuous Western temper, the endless delays consequent on sending to Yedo for permission to say or do what seemed as plain and inevitable as the sunshine, were inexpressibly trying; then the want of command over the language, and the lengthy forms and ceremonies, costing such hours of priceless time, and the subtle intellect always planning ways of legal but disappointing escape, and the ruined fortunes of men too hasty and too confident, all made the first days of the famous treaty days of turmoil and confusion. The strangers reviled the natives, and the natives reviled the strangers, and the beautiful gardens of the new Eden were found tenanted with the inevitable serpent—a serpent with its scales of gold and silver itzabous, its crest of paper taels, and its backbone an indefinitely prolonged and unwelcome commercial treaty. The trading strangers, too, not content with demanding an amount of money which no treasury in the world, and scarce half a dozen of the richest united, could supply, added a dash of the gent's peculiar humour to the transaction. Men owning, perhaps, a thousand dollars, if so much, put down their names for millions of itzabous—such names as Snooks, Jack Ketch, Walker, Nonsense, Brown Jones and Robinson, &c.; so that we can scarcely be surprised if, with greediness set off by insolence and vulgarity, the perplexed and outraged Japanese tried to turn their backs on their invaders, and wished to tear their treaty to ribbons. Unfortunately for them their invaders are the strongest, and the hand of fate and sorrow lies heavily on them. The very gods themselves pronounced against the treaty and the admission of the foreigner, and sent down messages of wrath in the cholera at Yedo, and the death of their king. These disasters sealed and consecrated the treaties. The Japanese understood those messages, they say; and know now that their ancient gods have forgotten to be gracious, and that their innovations are displeasing to Heaven. But, the treaties are

signed, and the square-rigged vessels persist in visiting the Japanese harbours.

One great difficulty with which the consuls and merchants have had to contend, is the excessive contempt felt in Japan for all "akindos" or traders. A native merchant may not ride on horseback, and our consuls and merchants had to obtain a special exemption from this civil disability. A native merchant is admitted only through the small side doors of the official residence—the great or centre gates being opened only to the daimios or grandees; but the Americans or Russians—Consul Hodgson does not know which, nor do we—insisted on a change in this, and kicked open the great centre gates for the consuls of all succeeding time, thus establishing another line of demarcation between themselves and the native akindos. The contempt for trade is as intense now in Japan as it ever was in our own days of Ivanhoe and the Knights Templars. These akindos, so despised and humiliated, are almost the only Japanese men who ever enter a place of worship. Save, indeed, for certain important public or private matters, which cannot be performed without priests and bonzes, the daimios, or two-sworded dignitaries, are never seen inside a temple; but women, children, akindos, and beggars, congregate there to pray, feast, or beg, according to their needs and nature. The temples, indeed, are the favourite pic-nic places; and whole families, laden with the Japanese version of the Ascot hamper, come up to them to pass a long day in alternate praying and feasting, if the bonzes are amiable and disengaged, and will perform the needful ceremonies. Sometimes they are disobliging, and say that the gods have all gone out to visit the Mikado at Miako, when the poor pic-nic-makers have to go home again, and eat their good things unexcitedly, behind their own straw mats and paper windows.

The Japanese are not very religious, nor yet very superstitious; a combination, however, to be found among their slit-eyed neighbours, the Chinese; and though the priests have great power, and the demi-godhead of Mikado is known and confessed by even the most enlightened of the daimios, yet the temporal government restrains the spiritual, and the highest bonze, like the meanest akindo, is absolutely subject to the power of the law. Those proud and independent daimios, who, like our own old feudal barons, are always warring against the encroachments of the Tycoon, and who will some day force a Japanese Magna Charta out of a Japanese King John, submit to the pretensions of their Pope at Miako—that State doll which is pulled by strings and moves as it is bid—more out of conservatism than respect, and because they dread the unknown more than they dislike the known.

Of the bonzes there are many sects and degrees. One sect being allowed to marry and eat meat; a second forbidden wives and meat, and confined to rice, vegetables, fish, and sweetmeats; a third bound to one particular spot, and so on; but all dressed alike in the half-womanly costume which priests have ever delighted in—long black gowns, falling to their feet, and loose hanging sleeves—black, if for every-day wear, but of the brightest and gayest colours when the grander services of the temple are to be performed. When they are in their finery they will not condescend to speak to a Christian or a foreigner; but, armed with crook and mosquito-whip, drive him away, as they have just been driving away the evil spirits from the neighbouring cemetery or temple. They teach the doctrine of one Supreme and ineffable Being, unapproachable by man save through the mediumship of many minor gods, each of whom has his special and peculiar province; one ruling the sea, another the air, a third the flowers, a fourth all manner of beasts, a fifth mankind, a sixth the sun, a seventh the corn, and so on; one for each separate circumstance or attribute of nature. To influence these gods, and obtain their blessings, the Japanese use the prayer-wheel, and grind out a certain length of written supplication by means of a handle and a cylinder. These prayer-wheels are in great request, and to be met with everywhere like the crosses in Roman Catholic countries; especially at every cemetery, where a good vigorous turn helps to release the poor suffering souls from the grasp of the evil spirit. The Japanese build their cemeteries by private subscription, and always choose some more than usually beautiful position—a grove, or the brow of a hill, or by the side of a running stream, or anywhere else that a poet and an artist would approve. They keep the temple and buildings attached scrupulously clean; and in the inner sanctuary, where they range the urns containing the dust of the dead, and the marble, jade, and soapstone tablets of loving record, a light is always burning, and the whole is placed under the special charge of a priest specially attached.

Death stalks through Japan accompanied by great pomp. First, just before the sick man dies, or immediately after, that subtle and mysterious powder, called "dosio," is dropped into his mouth and ears, whereby the body is rendered perfectly pliable after death, so that it can be bent into any position, and made to fit into a kind of square tube about three feet high, which answers the purpose of our more bulky coffin. This coffin is then placed in a sedan-chair or norimon, and carried by four men into the yard of the tera or cemetery temple, where the bonzes have arranged an avenue of straw or reed candlesticks decorated with white paper, each stick holding its real or imitation candle. Up this avenue the poor dead limp thing, enclosed in its square tube, is carried by the bearers, escorted by a few women dressed in their brightest robes, but wearing white crape veils over their heads, and by some officers of the police in full official costume—two swords, silk trousers, and stiff blue and white wings. Here, the procession is met by the chief bonze and his inferior priests, and then begins the most diabolical din and noise possible to imagine. Tomtoms beating, shrill voices screaming, and a big kind of bell,

used only at funerals, ringing out its brazen notes, confuse the evil spirit so that he cannot hear what the soul is about; while he is still further perplexed by the whole company scampering round and about before the inner porch of the temple—scampering about in such loud and noisy tumult that he cannot see the tube when they all rush frantically with it into the inner temple. By this clever device he does not know where the soul has gone to, so must grope about with his cruel paws empty until a less carefully guarded victim is brought within his power. Still the voices are howling, the tomtoms beating, and the big bell ringing, while they rush so frantically into the temple, where they find a little white shrine, something like a pagoda, all decked with white flowers and lighted tapers; under which they lay the square tube, while the bonzes read a few prayers, before delivering up the body to the burners. The body is then taken away to the proper place and burnt, and the ashes are gathered up into an urn which is placed in the most sacred part of the "tera," to be lighted up, watched over, and the soul belonging still kept from the power of the demons, if prayer-wheels are good for anything in the spiritual world. By the way, the burner is completely isolated from society. He may not enter a house or shop, and must even pick up his pay from the ground where the relatives have flung it, so strictly is the ban kept up. But he is not despised like our executioner. Perhaps his taboo is sacred, like some of the Otaheitan forms; but it is complete.

If not actively religious in their own way, the Japanese are yet singularly intolerant at any attempt at proselytising or converting. The massacre of the Portuguese at Papenberg was mainly on account of religious interference, and the Dutch have kept their favoured place only because they consented to creep and crawl under religious indignities which destroyed their power of converting. This is a hint to our own missionary societies and their emissaries, whose presence at this time in Japan would be like a match to a gunpowder barrel, and would blow the whole concern of commerce and treaty to the winds. Intolerant and tenacious, the Japanese is also the most aristocratic and punctilious, as he is the best bred man of his time. No vulgar republican levelling for him! No wild French revolution ideas of natural equality and the rights of man, of the reign of reason and the fraternisation of classes! Every one in the empire would revolt at such social impiety, and the very poor themselves would refuse so sinful a boon. For every one in the empire knows his exact place: the very spot where he ought to sit in the presence of his superior, and who, to the shadow of a hair, is his superior; the very words he ought to say; the compliments to return; the arms he may bear; the dresses he may prefer; where he may ride, and when, and how; with various other still smaller matters, reeled out and plumbed, and measured by instruments that never fail. There is no mingling together of noblemen and mechanics, and one class treading on the heels of another, as in our sad old country. There kings are kings, and lords are lords, and dirt is dirt. What a new lesson for the Japanese daimios to learn, that with God there is no respect of persons, and that every man has rights of which no society can lawfully deprive him!

When official visits are paid, or, indeed, any visits at all, the order of the whole proceedings is mapped out with curious exactness. The manner and matter of the introductory and complimentary speeches is as well known, and as much of course, as the introductory handshake and "how do you do" in England; the exact position of each visitor—always placed at your left hand—and where the seat must be an inch pulled forward, and where an inch thrust back, is also precisely known and arranged; and how the gates are to be opened, and which gates; and how the bows are to be made, and what bows; when the one-sworded servant must approach the two-sworded official, change his shoes for clean new sandals, unbutton his oiled-paper waterproof cloak, and relieve him of it, his hat, and his umbrella; at what precise moment in the conversation the longest sword is to be taken from its silken sash, and placed carefully against some solid piece of furniture; when the talk may begin, and in what order of speech and speaker; all is as clearly marked out as the lines on his sheet of paper—lines which may not be departed from under any condition whatsoever. Of the three gentlemen who always make official visits in company, one is the spokesman and mouthpiece, the other the referee, the third the acknowledged government spy, whose duty it is to note down every word as it is uttered:—when, woe to his two colleagues if they go a hair's breadth beyond the instructions received from Yedo, or assume as much freedom of action and irresponsibility as we would allow a common secretary! Every syllable is written down in the tablets which each man carries in the bosom of his robes, and in an incredibly short time—for the transmission of news and the exactness of report rank among the marvels of Japan—the whole conversation is sent to Yedo for the consideration of the executive. Then there is nothing for it but a grand feast, gay dresses, and the neat, elegant manner of performing the harikari, if either the mouthpiece or the referee has given too free a translation to his instructions and dared to speak out of his own heart and understanding. "Individuality" in an official is what the executive never forgives.

The harikari is sure to be self-administered well and properly, if the man has been properly brought up; for it is one of the earliest and most important of all the lessons given to youth, and how to cut himself open in the form of a cross, gracefully and neatly, and without wounding his bowels, an even more necessary part of a gentleman's education than how to hand a cup of tea with fitting form and gesture—which, perhaps, ranks as the lesson next in value and consideration.

One of the two swords always worn is specially devoted to harikari.

A Japanese carries his pocket in his bosom. Secure among the crossing folds of his gay-coloured robe is his paper pocket-handkerchief, his tablets, chopsticks, medicines, the sweetmeats which he gives to women and children, his pencils, compass, calendar, and a host of minor things. For this folded bosom is a more capacious omnium gatherum than even a schoolboy's favourite pocket, and does its owner better service. Who defined man as "an animal with pockets?" The definition holds good in Japan, where this one bosom bag does the work of half a dozen pockets, and vindicates the wisdom of the definer. Clean and careful, the Japanese never dishonour the interior of their houses by wearing in them the same shoes as they have used out of doors, but always put on clean sandals for the fine white mats and dainty neatness of the house. Indeed the whole expression of Japanese life is its scrupulous neatness, and the attention paid to outward things. Its bathings and scrubbings and changes of dress and polite handing of teacups and picturesque arrangement of gardens, its forms and ceremonies and bows and genuflexions, its police with stiff wings and silk trousers, its gentlemen with fluttering fans and its ladies with got-up faces—everything is cared for, and nothing left to nature or neglect. But if small observances are carried too far, and too great a fuss is made about trifles, the Japanese scrupulosity has a reasonable outgrowth sometimes. There is the institution of the Ottona, for instance, the governor of his hundred, the appointed guardian or watchman of his quarter, what a capital idea that is, and how admirable for cities like the Japanese! The Ottona is the officer in whose sole responsible charge is placed a certain small district or division of the city, and who, together with all his family, is accountable for any theft, robbery, violence, murder, or any other crime that may take place therein. At every hundred yards or so, you come to a gate, which is closed at a certain hour in the evening, with a huge paper lantern hung over it. The business of the Ottona is to learn the business of every passer by that gate, why he has invaded his district, what he means to do in it, and where he means to go; by such universal checks and spying, scarcely a mouse can creep in the Japanese cities without being challenged, watched, reported, and followed. Therefore, whenever a theft or any other crime is committed there is no hope of escape for the criminal; for the Ottona knows every one in his district, and can trace the footsteps of a stranger as accurately as if they had been made in snow. This Japanese office of the hundred is something like the old Saxon institution of the same name; but those provoking barriers at every few yards would ill suit with the restless, up-all-night population of London, or any of our great towns, and would soon raise up an army of Rebeccaites if tried across the streets.

Japan, like China, has its interminable past—a past of special excellence which the present cannot reach. It has its old lacquer, of which the secret seems to be now lost, for the best modern productions do not equal the ancient in beauty or value; and it has its old porcelain, against which the modern can set but very slender pretensions of merit. But then there is the future, when its vast coal-fields will be worked, and its lead-mine explored, and all the mineral wealth lying round the fiery Fusiyama brought into use; and perhaps the future resources will outweigh even old lacquer and antique porcelain, and bring something better to the country than harikari and the Mikado. The Japanese are very proud of their lacquer, and immensely tenacious of it; a gentleman holding pieces of it as dishonourable to part with it as an English nobleman does to part with his family plate or inherited pictures.

The Japanese ladies—who pluck out their eyebrows and blacken their teeth—hold a very fair position in society; but, something like the German "house-mother," are chiefly domestic and drudging. Still they are free, and not fettered, as in China, by any absurd custom of national mutilation. Though the family tie is held so strict, and married fidelity so proudly insisted on, yet the most public lapses before marriage is not the smallest barrier to a happy marriage and a respectable position, with the esteem, good will, and countenance of the most blameless matrons of the quarter. There is a very curious mixture of the tainted and the pure going on in all the tea establishments and other places of public resort; but the tainted are not despised, nor the pure considered to be contaminated, and any two-sworded grandee might wipe away the last remembrance of shame from the name of her whom he may choose to be his wife.

Our information as yet is very scanty and imperfect; and we must not accept too implicitly all that we are told, even by English consuls. We must wait yet awhile before we can speak as of knowledge; meanwhile let us hope that Eves are fair and serpents few in the groves and plains of our bright and distant Eastern Eden.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XLVI.

JULIUS FABER and Amy Lloyd stayed in my house three days, and in their presence I felt a healthful sense of security and peace. Amy wished to visit her father's house, and I asked Faber, in taking her there, to seize the occasion to see Lilian, that he might communicate to me his impression of a case so peculiar. I prepared Mrs. Ashleigh for this visit by a previous note. When the old man and the child came back, both brought me comfort. Amy was charmed with Lilian, who had received her with the sweetness natural to her real character, and I loved to hear Lilian's praise from those innocent lips.

Faber's report was still more calculated to console me:

"I have seen, I have conversed with her long and familiarly. You were quite right, there is no tendency to consumption in that exquisite, if delicate, organisation; nor do I see cause for the fear to which your statement had preinclined me. That head is too nobly formed for any constitutional cerebral infirmity. In its organisation, ideality, wonder, veneration are large, it is true, but they are balanced by other organs, now perhaps almost dormant, but which will come into play as life passes from romance into duty. Something at this moment evidently oppresses her mind. In conversing with her, I observe abstraction—listlessness; but I am so convinced of her truthfulness, that if she has once told you she returned your affection, and pledged to you her faith, I should, in your place, rest perfectly satisfied that whatever be the cloud that now rests on her imagination, and for the time obscures the idea of yourself, it will pass away."

Faber was a believer in the main divisions of phrenology, though he did not accept all the dogmas of Gall and Spurzheim; while, to my mind, the refutation of phrenology in its fundamental propositions had been triumphantly established by the lucid arguments of Sir W. Hamilton.* But when Faber rested on phrenological observations, assurances in honour of Lilian, I forgot Sir W. Hamilton, and believed in phrenology. As iron girders and pillars expand and contract with the mere variations of temperature, so will the strongest conviction on which the human intellect rests its judgment, vary with the changes of the human heart; and the building is only safe where these variations are foreseen and allowed for by a wisdom intent on self-knowledge.*

There was much in the affection that had sprung up between Julius Faber and Amy Lloyd which touched my heart and softened all its emotions. This man, unblessed, like myself, by conjugal and parental ties, had, in his solitary age, turned for solace to the love of a child, as I, in the prime of manhood, had turned to the love of woman. But his love was without fear, without jealousy, without trouble. My sunshine came to me, in a fitful ray, through clouds that had gathered over my noon; his sunshine covered all his landscape, hallowed and hallowing by the calm of declining day.

And Amy was no common child. She had no exuberant imagination; she was haunted by no whispers from Afar; she was a creature fitted for the earth, to accept its duties and to gladden its cares. Her tender observation, fine and tranquil, was alive to all the important household trifles, by which, at the earliest age, man's allotted soother asserts her privilege to tend and to comfort. It was pleasant to see her moving so noiselessly through the rooms I had devoted to her venerable protector, knowing all his simple wants, and providing for them as if by the mechanism of a heart exquisitely moulded to the loving uses of life. Sometimes when I saw her setting his chair by the window (knowing, as I did, how much he habitually loved to be near the light) and smoothing his papers (in which he was apt to be unmethodical), placing the mark in his book when he ceased to read, divining, almost without his glance, some wish passing through his mind, and then seating herself at his

* The summary of this distinguished lecturer's objections to phrenology is to be found in the Appendix to vol. i. of Lectures on Metaphysics, p. 404 et seq. Edition 1859.

* The change of length in iron girders caused by variation of temperature, has not unfrequently brought down the whole edifice into which they were admitted. Good engineers and architects allow for such changes produced by temperature. In the tubular bridge across the Menai Straits, a self-acting record of the daily amount of its contraction and expanse is ingeniously contrived.

feet, often with her work—which was always destined for him or for one of her absent brothers—now and then, with the one small book that she had carried with her, a selection of Bible stories compiled for children;—sometimes when I saw her thus, how I wished that Lilian, too, could have seen her, and have compared her own ideal phantasics with those young developments of the natural heavenly Woman!

But was there nothing in that sight from which I, proud of my arid reason even in its perplexities, might have taken lessons for myself?

On the second evening of Faber's visit I brought to him the draft of deeds for the sale of his property. He had never been a man of business out of his profession; he was impatient to sell his property, and disposed to accept an offer at half its value. I insisted on taking on myself the task of negotiator; perhaps, too, in this office I was egotistically anxious to prove to the great physician that that which he believed to be my "hallucination" had in no way obscured my common sense in the daily affairs of life. So I concluded, and in a few hours, terms for his property that were only just, but were infinitely more advantageous than had appeared to himself to be possible. But, as I approached him with the papers, he put his finger to his lips. Amy was standing by him with her little book in her hand, and his own Bible lay open on the table. He was reading to her from the Sacred Volume itself, and impressing on her the force and beauty of one of the Parables, the adaptation of which had perplexed her; when he had done, she kissed him, bade him good night, and went away to rest. Then said Faber thoughtfully, and as if to himself more than me,

"What a lovely bridge between old age and childhood is religion! How intuitively the child begins with prayer and worship on entering life, and how intuitively on quitting life the old man turns back to prayer and worship, putting himself again side by side with the infant!"

I made no answer, but, after a pause, spoke of fines and freeholds, title-deeds and money; and when the business on hand was concluded, asked my learned guest if, before he departed, he would deign to look over the pages of my ambitious Physiological Work. There were parts of it on which I much desired his opinion, touching on subjects in which his special studies made him an authority as high as our land possessed.

He made me bring him the manuscript, and devoted much of that night and the next day to its perusal.

When he gave it me back, which was not till the morning of his departure, he commenced with eulogies on the scope of its design and the manner of its execution, which flattered my vanity so much that I could not help exclaiming, "Then, at least, there is no trace of 'hallucination' here!"

"Alas, my poor Allen! here, perhaps, hallucination, or self-deception, is more apparent than in all the strange tales you confided to me. For here is the hallucination of the man seated on the shores of Nature, and who would say to its measureless sea, 'So far shalt thou go and no farther!'—here is the hallucination of the creature, who, not content with exploring the laws of the Creator, ends with submitting to his interpretation of some three or four laws, in the midst of a code of which all the rest are in language unknown to him—the powers and free-will of the Lawgiver himself; here is the hallucination by which Nature is left Godless—because Man is left soulless. What would matter all our speculations on a Deity who would cease to exist for us when we are in the grave? Why mete out, like Archytas, the earth and the sea, and number the sands on the shore that divides them, if the end of this wisdom be a handful of dust sprinkled over a skull!

'Nec quidquam tibi prodest
Aerias tentasse domos, *animoque* rotundum
Percurrisse polum *morituro*.'

Your book is a proof of the soul that you fail to discover. Without a soul, no man would work for a Future that begins for his fame when the breath is gone from his body. Do you remember how you saw that little child praying at the grave of her father? Shall I tell you that in her simple orisons she prayed for the benefactor—who had cared for the orphan; who had reared over dust that tomb which, in a Christian burial-ground, is a mute but perceptible memorial of Christian hopes; that the child prayed, haughty man, for you? And you sat by, knowing nought of this; sat by, amongst the graves, troubled and tortured with ghastly doubts—vain of a reason that was sceptical of eternity, and yet shaken like a reed by a moment's marvel. Shall I tell the child to pray for you no more?—that you disbelieve in a soul? If you do so, what is the efficacy of prayer? Speak, shall I tell her this? Shall the infant pray for you never more?"

I was silent; I was thrilled.

"Has it never occurred to you, who, in denying all innate perceptions as well as ideas, have passed on to deductions from which poor Locke, humble Christian that he was, would have shrunk in dismay; has it never occurred to you as a wonderful fact, that the easiest thing in the world to teach a child is that which seems to metaphysical schoolmen the abstrusest of all problems? Read all those philosophers wrangling about a First Cause, deciding on what *are* miracles, and then again deciding that such miracles cannot be; and when one has answered another, and left in the crucible of wisdom a *caput mortuum* of ignorance, then turn your eyes, and look at the infant praying to the invisible God at his mother's knees. This idea, so miraculously abstract, of a Power that the infant has never seen, that cannot be symbolled forth and explained to him by the most erudite sage,—a Power, nevertheless,

that watches over him, that hears him, that sees him, that will carry him across the grave, that will enable him to live on for ever;—this double mystery of a Divinity and of a Soul the infant learns with the most facile readiness, at the first glimpse of his reasoning faculty. Before you can teach him a rule in addition, before you can venture to drill him into his hornbook, he leaps, with one intuitive spring of all his ideas, to the comprehension of the truths which are only incomprehensible to blundering sages! And you, as you stand before me, *dare* not say, 'Let the child pray for me no more!' But will the Creator accept the child's prayer for the man who refuses prayer for himself? Take my advice —Pray! And in this counsel I do not overstep my province. I speak not as a preacher, but as a physician. For health is a word that comprehends our whole organisation, and a just equilibrium of all faculties and functions is the condition of health. As in your Lilian the equilibrium is deranged by the over-indulgence of a spiritual mysticism which withdraws from the nutriment of duty the essential pabulum of sober sense, so in you, the resolute negation of disciplined spiritual communion between Thought and Divinity robs imagination of its noblest and safest vent. Thus, from opposite extremes, you and your Lilian meet in the same region of mist and cloud, losing sight of each other and of the true ends of life, as her eyes only gaze on the stars and yours only bend to the earth. Were I advising *her*, I should say: 'Your Creator has placed the scene of your trial below, and not in the stars.' Advising *you*, I say: 'But in the trial below, man should recognise education for heaven.' In a word, I would draw somewhat more downward her fancy, raise somewhat more upward your reason. Take my advice then—Pray. Your mental system needs the support of prayer in order to preserve its balance. In the embarrassment and confusion of your senses, clearness of perception will come with habitual and tranquil confidence in Him who alike rules the universe and reads the heart. I only say here what has been said much better before by a reasoner in whom all students of Nature recognise a guide. I see on your table the very volume of Bacon which contains the passage I commend to your reflection. Here it is. Listen: 'Take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man who, to him, is instead of a God, or *melior natura*, which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature could not obtain.'* You are silent, but your gesture tells me your doubt—a doubt which your heart, so femininely tender, will not speak aloud lest you should rob the old man of a hope with which your strength of manhood dispenses—you doubt the efficacy of prayer! Pause and reflect, bold but candid inquirer into the laws of that guide you call Nature. If there were no efficacy in prayer—if prayer were as mere an illusion of superstitious phantasy as aught against which your reason now struggles—do you think that Nature herself would have made it amongst the most common and facile of all her dictates? Do you believe that if there really did not exist that tie between Man and his Maker—that link between life here and a life hereafter which is found in what we call Soul, alone—that wherever you look through the universe, you would behold a child at prayer? Nature inculcates nothing that is superfluous. Nature does not impel the leviathan, or the lion, the eagle or the moth, to pray; she impels only man. Why? Because man only has soul, and Soul seeks to commune with the Everlasting, as a fountain struggles up to its source. Burn your book. It would found you a reputation for learning and intellect and courage, I allow; but learning and intellect and courage wasted against a Truth—like spray against a rock! A Truth valuable to the world, the world will never part with. You will not injure the truth, but you will mislead and may destroy many, whose best security is in the Truth which you so eruditely insinuate to be a fable. Soul and Hereafter are the heritage of all men; the humblest journeyman in those streets, the pettiest trader behind those counters, have in those beliefs their prerogatives of royalty. You would dethrone and embrute the lords of the earth by your theories. For my part, having given the greater part of my life to the study and analysis of facts, I would rather be the author of the tritest homily, of the baldest poem, that inculcated that imperishable essence of the soul to which I have neither scalpel nor probe—than be the founder of the subtlest school, or the framer of the loftiest verse, that robbed my fellow-men of their faith in a spirit that eludes the dissecting-knife, in a being that escapes the gravedigger. Burn your book—Accept This Book instead; Read and Pray."

He placed his Bible in my hand, embraced me, and, an hour afterwards, the old man and the child left my hearth solitary once more.

* Bacon's Essay on Atheism. This quotation is made with admirable felicity and force by Dr. Whewell, page 378 of Bridgewater Treatise, on Astronomy and General Physics considered with Reference to Natural Theology.

CHAPTER XLVII.

That night as I sat in my study, very thoughtful and very mournful, I revolved all that Julius Faber had said, and the impression his words had produced became gradually weaker and weaker, as my reason, naturally combative, rose up with all the replies which my philosophy suggested. No! if my imagination had really seduced and betrayed me into monstrous credulities, it was clear that the best remedy to such morbid tendencies towards the Superstitious was in the severe exercise of the faculties most opposed to

Superstition; in the culture of pure reasoning; in the science of absolute fact. Accordingly, I placed before me the very book which Julius Faber had advised me to burn; I forced all my powers of mind to go again over the passages which contained the doctrines that his admonition had censured; and, before daybreak, I had stated the substance of his argument, and the logical reply to it, in an elaborate addition to my chapter on "Sentimental Philosophers." While thus rejecting the purport of his parting counsels, I embodied in another portion of my work his views on my own "illusions," and as here my common sense was in concord with his, I disposed of all my own previous doubts in an addition to my favourite chapter "On the Cheats of the Imagination." And when the pen dropped from my hand, and the day-star gleamed through the window, my heart escaped from the labour of my mind, and flew back to the image of Lilian. The pride of the philosopher died out of me, the sorrow of the man reigned supreme, and I shrank from the coming of the sun, despondent.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Not till the law had completed its proceedings and satisfied the public mind as to the murder of Sir Philip Derval, were the remains of the deceased consigned to the family mausoleum. The funeral was, as may be supposed, strictly private, and when it was over, the excitement caused by an event so tragical and singular, subsided. New topics engaged the public talk, and—in my presence, at least—the delicate consideration due to one whose name had been so painfully mixed up in the dismal story, forbore a topic which I could not be expected to hear without distressful emotion. Mrs. Ashleigh I saw frequently at my own house; she honestly confessed that Lilian had not shown that grief at the cancelling of our engagement which would alone justify Mrs. Ashleigh in asking me again to see her daughter, and retract my conclusions against our union. She said that Lilian was quiet, not uncheerful, never spoke of me nor of Margrave, but seemed absent and preoccupied as before, taking pleasure in nothing that had been wont to please her; not in music, nor books, nor that tranquil pastime which women call work, and in which they find excuse to meditate, in idleness, their own fancies. She rarely stirred out—even in the garden—when she did, her eyes seemed to avoid the house in which Margrave had lodged, and her steps the old favourite haunt by the Monks' Well. She would remain silent for long hours together, but the silence did not appear melancholy. For the rest, her health was more than usually good. Still, Mrs. Ashleigh persisted in her belief that, sooner or later, Lilian would return to her former self, her former sentiments for me, and she entreated me not as yet to let the world know that our engagement was broken off. "For if," said she, with good sense, "if it should prove not to be broken off, only suspended, and afterwards happily renewed, there will be two stories to tell when no story be needed. Besides, I should dread the effect on Lilian, if offensive gossips babbled to her on a matter that would excite so much curiosity as the rupture of a union in which our neighbours have taken so general an interest."

I had no reason to refuse acquiescence in Mrs. Ashleigh's request, but I did not share in her hopes; I felt that the fair prospects of my life were blasted; I could never love another, never wed another; I resigned myself to a solitary hearth, rejoiced, at least, that Margrave had not revisited at Mrs. Ashleigh's; had not, indeed, reappeared in the town. He was still staying with Strahan, who told me that his guest had ensconced himself in Forman's old study, and amused himself with reading—though not for long at a time—the curious old books and manuscripts found in the library, or climbing trees like a schoolboy, and familiarising himself with the deer and the cattle, which would group round him quite tame, and feed from his hand. Was this the description of a criminal? But if Sir Philip's assertion were really true; if the criminal were man without soul; if without soul, man would have no conscience, never be troubled by repentance, and the vague dread of a future world,—why, then, should not the criminal be gay despite his crimes, as the white bear gambols as friskily after his meal on human flesh? These questions would haunt me despite my determination to accept as the right solution of all marvels the construction put on my narrative by Julius Faber.

Days passed; I saw and heard nothing of Margrave! I began half to hope that, in the desultory and rapid changes of mood and mind which characterised his restless nature, he had forgotten my existence.

One morning I went out early on my rounds, when I met Strahan unexpectedly.

"I was in search of you," he said, "for more than one person has told me that you are looking ill and jaded. So you are! And the town now is hot and unhealthy. You must come to Derval Court for a week or so. You can ride into town every day to see your patients. Don't refuse. Margrave, who is still with me, sends all kind messages, and bade me say that *he* entreats you to come to the house at which he also is a guest!"

I started. What had the Scin-Læca required of me, and obtained to that condition my promise? "If you are asked to the house at which I also am a guest, you will come; you will meet and converse with me as guest speaks to guest in the house of a host!" Was this one of the coincidences which my reason was bound to accept as coincidences and nothing more? Tut, tut! Was I returning again to my "hallucinations?" Granting that Faber and common sense were in the right, what was this Margrave? A man to whose friendship, acuteness, and energy I was under the deepest obligations; to whom I was indebted for active services that had saved

my life from a serious danger, acquitted my honour of a horrible suspicion. "I thank you," I said to Strahan, "I will come; not, indeed, for a week, but, at all events, for a day or two."

"That's right; I will call for you in the carriage at six o'clock. You will have done your day's work by then?"

"Yes, I will so arrange."

On our way to Derval Court that evening, Strahan talked much about Margrave, of whom, nevertheless, he seemed to be growing weary.

"His high spirits are too much for one," said he; "and then so restless—so incapable of sustained quiet conversation. And, clever though he is, he can't help me in the least about the new house I shall build. He has no notion of construction. I don't think he could build a barn."

"I thought you did not like to demolish the old house, and would content yourself with pulling down the more ancient part of it?"

"True. At first it seemed a pity to destroy so handsome a mansion; but you see, since poor Sir Philip's manuscript, on which he set such store, has been too mutilated, I fear, to allow me to effect his wish with regard to it, I think I ought, at least, scrupulously to obey his other whims. And, besides—I don't know—there are odd noises about the old house. I don't believe in haunted houses, still there is something dreary in strange sounds at the dead of night, even if made by rats, or winds through decaying rafters. You, I remember at college, had a taste for architecture, and can draw plans. I wish to follow out Sir Philip's design, but on a smaller scale, and with more attention to comfort."

Thus he continued to run on, satisfied to find me a silent and attentive listener. We arrived at the mansion an hour before sunset, the westering light shining full against the many windows cased in mouldering pilasters, and making the general dilapidation of the whole place yet more mournfully evident.

It was but a few minutes to the dinner-hour. I went up at once to the room appropriated to me—not the one I had before occupied. Strahan had already got together a new establishment. I was glad to find in the servant who attended me an old acquaintance. He had been in my own employ when I first settled at L——, and left me to get married. He and his wife were now both in Strahan's service. He spoke warmly of his new master and his contentment with his situation, while he unpacked my carpet-bag and assisted me to change my dress. But the chief object of his talk and his praise was Mr. Margrave.

"Such a bright young gentleman, like the first fine day in May!"

When I entered the drawing-room, Margrave and Strahan were both there. The former was blithe and genial, as usual, in his welcome. At dinner, and during the whole evening till we retired severally to our own rooms, he was the principal talker; recounting incidents of travel, always very loosely strung together, jesting, good humouredly enough, at Strahan's sudden hobby for building, then putting questions to me about mutual acquaintances, but never waiting for an answer, and every now and then, as if at random, startling us with some brilliant aphorism or some suggestion drawn from abstract science or unfamiliar erudition. The whole effect was sparkling, but I could well understand, that if long continued, it would become oppressive. The soul has need of pauses of repose—intervals of escape not only from the flesh, but even from the mind. A man of the loftiest intellect will experience times when mere intellect not only fatigues him, but amidst its most original conceptions, amidst its proudest triumphs, has a something trite and common-place compared with one of those vague intimations of a spiritual destiny which are not within the ordinary domain of reason; and, gazing abstractedly into space, will leave suspended some problem of severest thought, or uncompleted some golden palace of imperial poetry, to indulge in hazy reveries that do not differ from those of an innocent quiet child! The soul has a long road to travel—from time through eternity. It demands its halting hours of contemplation. Contemplation is serene. But with such wants of an immortal immaterial spirit, Margrave had no fellowship, no sympathy; and for myself, I need scarcely add that the lines I have just traced I should not have written at the date at which my narrative has now arrived.

CHAPTER XLIX.

I HAD no case that necessitated my return to L—— the following day. The earlier hours of the forenoon I devoted to Strahan and his building plans. Margrave flitted in and out of the room fitfully as an April sunbeam, sometimes flinging himself on a sofa and reading for a few minutes one of the volumes of the ancient mystics, in which Sir Philip's library was so rich. I remember it was a volume of Proclus. He read that crabbed and difficult Greek with a fluency that surprised me. "I picked up the ancient Greek," said he, "years ago, in learning the modern." But the book soon tired him; then he would come and disturb us, archly enjoying Strahan's peevishness at interruption; then he would throw open the window and leap down, chanting one of his wild savage airs; and in another moment he was half hid under the drooping boughs of a broad lime-tree, amidst the antlers of deer that gathered fondly round him. In the afternoon my host was called away to attend some visitors of importance, and I found myself on the sward before the house, right in view of the mausoleum, and alone with Margrave.

I turned my eyes from that dumb House of Death wherein rested the corpse of the last lord of the soil, so strangely murdered, with a strong desire to speak out to Margrave the doubts respecting himself that tortured me. But, setting aside the promise to the contrary, which I had given, or dreamed I had given, to the Luminous

Shadow—to fulfil that desire would have been impossible—impossible to any one gazing on that radiant youthful face!—I think I see him now as I saw him then; a white doe, that even my presence could not scare away from him, clung lovingly to his side, looking up at him with her soft eyes. He stood there like the incarnate principle of mythological sensuous life. I have before applied to him that illustration; let the repetition be pardoned. Impossible, I repeat it, to say to that creature, face to face, "Art thou the master of demoniac arts and the instigator of secret murder?" As if from redundant happiness within himself, he was humming, or rather cooing, a strain of music, so sweet, so sweet, so wildly sweet, and so unlike the music one hears from tutored lips in crowded rooms! I passed my hand over my forehead in bewilderment and awe.

"Are there," I said, unconsciously—"are there, indeed, such prodigies in Nature?"

"Nature!" he cried, catching up the word; "talk to me of Nature! Talk of her, the wondrous blissful Mother! Mother I may well call her. I am her spoiled child, her darling—— But oh, to die, ever to die, ever to lose sight of Nature!—to rot, senseless, whether under these turfs or within those dead walls——"

I could not resist the answer:

"Like yon murdered man! murdered, and by whom?"

"By whom? I thought that was clearly proved!"

"The hand was proved; what influence moved the hand?"

"Tush! the poor wretch spoke of a Demon! Who can tell? Nature herself is a grand destroyer. See that pretty bird, in its beak a writhing worm! All Nature's children live to take life;* none, indeed, so lavishly as man. What hecatombs slaughtered, not to satisfy the irresistible sting of hunger, but for the wanton ostentation of a feast, which he may scarcely taste, or for the mere sport that he finds in destroying. We speak with dread of the beasts of prey: what beast of prey is so dire a ravager as man? So cruel and so treacherous? Look at yon flock of sheep, bred and fattened for the shambles; and this hind that I caress,—if I were the park-keeper, and her time for my bullet had come, would you think her life was the safer because, in my own idle whim, I had tamed her to trust to the hand raised to slay her?"

"It is true," said I, "a grim truth. Nature, on the surface so loving and so gentle, is full of terror in her deeps when our thought descends into their abyss!"

Strahan now joined us with a party of country visitors.

"Margrave is the man to show you the beauties of this park," said he. "Margrave knows every bosk and dingle, twisted old thorn-tree, or opening glade, in its intricate, undulating ground."

Margrave seemed delighted at this proposition, and as he led us through the park, though the way was long, though the sun was fierce, no one seemed fatigued. For the pleasure he felt in pointing out detached beauties which escaped an ordinary eye was contagious. He did not talk as talks the poet or the painter: but at some lovely effect of light amongst the tremulous leaves, some sudden glimpse of a sportive rivulet below, he would halt, point it out to us in silence, and with a kind of childlike ecstasy in his own bright face, that seemed to reflect the life and the bliss of the blithe summer-day itself.

Thus seen, all my doubts in his dark secret nature faded away; all my horror, all my hate; it was impossible to resist the charm that breathed round him, not to feel a tender, affectionate yearning towards him as to some fair happy child. Well might he call himself the Darling of Nature. Was he not the mysterious likeness of that awful Mother, beautiful as Apollo in one aspect, direful as Typhon in another?

CHAPTER L.

"WHAT a strange-looking cane you have, sir," said a little girl, who was one of the party, and who had entwined her arm round Margrave's. "Let me look at it."

"Yes," said Strahan; "that cane, or rather walking-staff, is worth looking at. Margrave bought it in Egypt, and declares that it is very ancient."

This staff seemed constructed from a reed; looked at, it seemed light, in the hand it felt heavy; it was of a pale, faded yellow, wrought with black rings at equal distances, and graven with half obliterated characters that seemed hieroglyphic. I remembered to have seen Margrave with it before, but I had never noticed it with any attention till now, when it was passed from hand to hand. At the head of the cane there was a large unpolished stone of a dark blue.

"Is this a pebble or a jewel?" asked one of the party.

"I cannot tell you its name or nature," said Margrave; "but it is said to cure the bite of serpents,* and has other supposed virtues—a talisman, in short."

* May I be pardoned, since Allen Fenwick does not confute, in his reply, the trite fallacy contained in Margrave's remarks on the destroying agency of Nature, if I earnestly commend to the general reader the careful perusal of chapter xiii., page 129, of Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise (Geology and Mineralogy) on the "Aggregate of animal enjoyment increased and that of pain diminished by the existence of carnivorous races." Nothing to my mind can surpass the terseness and simplicity with which the truth of that proposition is worked out to the vindication of the great drama of universal life.

* The following description of a stone at Corfu, celebrated as an antidote to the venom of the serpent's bite, was given to me by an eminent scholar and legal functionary in that island:

"DESCRIPTION OF THE BLUE STONE.—This stone is of an oval shape, $1\frac{2}{10}$ in. long, $\frac{7}{10}$ broad, $\frac{3}{10}$ thick,

He here placed the staff in my hands, and bade me look at it with care. Then he changed the conversation and renewed the way, leaving the staff with me, till, suddenly, I forced it back on him. I could not have explained why, but its touch, as it warmed in my clasp, seemed to send through my whole frame a singular thrill, and a sensation as if I no longer felt my own weight—as if I walked on air.

Our rambles came to a close; the visitors went away; I re-entered the house through the sash-window of Forman's study; Margrave threw his hat and staff on the table, and amused himself with examining minutely the tracery on the mantelpiece. Strahan and myself left him thus occupied, and going into the adjoining library, resumed our task of examining the plans for the new house. I continued to draw outlines and sketches of various alterations tending to simplify and contract Sir Philip's general design. Margrave soon joined us, and, this time, took his seat patiently beside our table, watching me use ruler and compass with unwonted attention.

"I wish I could draw," he said, "but I can do nothing useful."

"Rich men like you," said Strahan, peevishly, "can engage others, and are better employed in rewarding good artists than in making bad drawings themselves."

"Yes, I can employ others; and—Fenwick, when you have finished with Strahan, I will ask permission to employ you, though without reward; the task I would impose will not take you a minute."

He then threw himself back in his chair, and seemed to fall into a doze.

The dressing-bell rang; Strahan put away the plans—indeed, they were now pretty well finished and decided on.

Margrave woke up as our host left the room to dress, and drawing me towards another table in the room, placed before me one of his favourite mystic books, and, pointing to an old woodcut, said:

"I will ask you to copy this for me; it pretends to be a fac-simile of Solomon's famous seal. I have a whimsical desire to have a copy of it. You observe two triangles interlaced and inserted in a circle? The pentacle, in short. Yes, just so. You need not add the astrological characters, they are the senseless superfluous accessories of the dreamer who wrote the book. But the pentacle itself has an intelligible meaning; it belongs to the only universal language, the language of symbol, in which all races that think—around, and above, and below us—can establish communion of thought. If in the external universe any one constructive principle can be detected, it is the geometrical; and in every part of the world in which magic pretends to a written character, I find that its hieroglyphics are geometrical figures. Is it not laughable that the most positive of all the sciences should thus lend its angles and circles to the use of—what shall I call it?—the ignorance?—ay, that is the word—the ignorance of dealers in magic!"

He took up the paper on which I had hastily described the triangles and the circle, and went out of the room, chanting the serpent-charmer's song.

and, having been broken formerly, is now set in gold.

"When a person is bitten by a poisonous snake, the bite must be opened by a cut of a lancet or razor long ways, and the stone applied within twenty-four hours. The stone then attaches itself firmly on the wound, and when it has done its office falls off; the cure is then complete. The stone must then be thrown into milk, whereupon it vomits the poison it has absorbed, which remains green on the top of the milk, and the stone is then again fit for use.

"This stone has been from time immemorial in the family of Ventura, of Corfu, a house of Italian origin, and is notorious, so that peasants immediately apply for its aid. Its virtue has not been impaired by the fracture. Its nature or composition is unknown.

"In a case where two were stung at the same time by serpents, the stone was applied to one, who recovered, but the other, for whom it could not be used, died.

"It never failed but once, and then it was applied *after* the twenty-four hours.

"Its colour is so dark as not to be distinguished from black. "P. M. COLQUHOUN.

"Corfu, 7th Nov., 1860."

Sir Emerson Tennent, in his popular and excellent work on Ceylon, gives an account of "snake stones" apparently similar to the one at Corfu, except that they are "intensely black and highly polished," and which are applied, in much the same manner, to the wounds inflicted by the cobra capella.

Query—Might it not be worth while to ascertain the chemical properties of these stones, and, if they be efficacious in the extraction of venom conveyed by a bite, might they not be as successful if applied to the bite of a mad dog as to that of a cobra capella?

AMERICAN DISUNION.

With the heartiest good will for all transatlantic Englishmen wherever in America they may be settled, and with a hope that they who are now opposing sword to sword and will not be subdued one by the other, may suffer themselves to be subdued by the divine message of peace and good will among men that is now bidding us all to Christmas cheer, we speak of American disunion. Let it be permitted us, outside the heat of strife, to see what is for a short season hidden from the combatants, and let us not be thought unfriendly to our neighbours if the events that are happening recal to us the forebodings of their chosen guides, the founders of the Union now parting, as it seems, rather by advance of development than by an act of ruin, into two separate sovereignties. If any ruin come after fair acknowledgment of the division of character and interest between the Northern and the Southern States of the late Union, it will come, not of the natural partition, but of the unnatural and unavailing struggle to

prevent it, and perhaps even of the too reckless disposition that may drag more than the first combatants into the strife.

The founders of the American constitution doubted whether the Federation of no more than the thirteen original States was not too large to retain identity of interests and stay under one rule. "But let experience," said Washington, in one of his letters, "solve the question; to listen to speculation in such a case were criminal." Sixty years ago, Jefferson, who in some respects represents more than Washington the present mind of the republic, touched on the possible event that now has happened. In eighteen 'three, when some expected from the acquisition of Louisiana, future division of the Union into an Atlantic and a Mississippi Confederacy, he said—what a year ago there was no statesman in the North wise enough to repeat after him—"Let them part by all means if it is for their happiness to do so. It is but the elder and the younger son differing. God bless them both, and keep them in union if it be for their good, but separate them if better." And again, forty years ago, in eighteen 'twenty, the Missouri question produced from him these pregnant words: "Although I had laid down as a law to myself, never to write, talk, or even think of politics, to know nothing of public affairs, and therefore had ceased to read newspapers, yet this Missouri question aroused and filled me with alarm. The old schism of Federal and Republican threatened nothing, because it existed in every State, and united them together by the fraternism of party; but the coincidence of a marked principle, moral and political, with a geographical line, once conceived, I feared would never more be obliterated from the mind; that it would be recurring on every occasion, and renewing irritations until it would kindle such mutual and mortal hatred as to render separation preferable to eternal discord. I have ever been among the most sanguine in believing that our union would be of long duration; I now doubt it much, and see the event at no great distance. My only comfort and confidence is, that I shall not live to see this." What Jefferson expected, has occurred.

In 'twenty-six, upon a petty quarrel touching her dealings with the Indian tribes, Georgia threatened secession and a Southern Confederacy. In 'thirty-one, South Carolina nearly formed one in the course of resistance to a protective tariff, and she would then have seceded but for compromise. Tariffs and questions of Slave and Free States, that are simple questions of the balance of political power, have been throughout the great dividing questions, and the Potomac, on either side of which the North and South have arrayed their tens of thousands one against each other, represents fairly enough the line of geographical division.

The inevitable partition has been seen and foretold by more than one thoughtful traveller of late. De Tocqueville prophesied no undivided permanence for a republic so unwieldy. Mr. Colley Grattan, a few years ago, came home from America, and wrote that "the districts of South, North, and West, are joined like some wall of incongruous material, with a cement insufficient to secure perpetual cohesion. They will inevitably crumble into confusion, though no man may foretel the period of dissolution." So apparent was the coming change, that the Russian writer Ivan Golovin, after a visit to America, told us six years ago, "I do not give the Union six years to last." And Mr. Sterling, in his letter from the Slave States, published four years ago, described some of the elements of change, and said, "It appears to me, that amid so many elements of uncertainty in the future, both from the excited state of men's minds in the States themselves, and the complication of surrounding circumstances, no wise man would venture to fortel the probable issue of American affairs during the next four years." The four years have indeed now come to their close in civil war.

Not only were there conflicting interests of North and South, but they told forcibly upon conflicting characters. Colonisation of the North was by the sternest of the Puritans. That of the South was by the proudest and most reckless of the Cavaliers. The men who resisted excess of authority in religion and politics, settled where, as in England, there are sharp vicissitudes of climate, and where, therefore, by energy and active daily labour, wealth or livelihood had to be conquered. The men who delighted in ungoverned authority, settled among the luxuries of a tropical climate that invited them to ease, and where slave labour poured at their feet the wealth of a rich soil. Thus in ungoverned authority over their slaves, and in the ease of a luxurious land, the spirit of the Cavaliers became intensified, and in their scorn of hand-labour, or anything so mean as copper money, the lords of the South became a race contrasting more strongly than ever with the active, bustling, cent-getting, and authority-defying sons of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The American constitution was framed by slaveholders for a slaveholding republic. But the accidents of soil and climate, making slave labour comparatively useless north of a certain latitude, and apparently convenient south of it, joined with the ever widening difference of character in the two populations to clear of slavery the states of the North and concentrate it in the South.

Then came the political conflicts, in which participation of the best men was ever less and less active. "It is a well-authenticated fact," said De Tocqueville, "that at the present day the most talented men in the United States are very rarely placed at the head of affairs. The race of American statesmen has evidently dwindled most remarkably in the course of the last fifty years." When that was said, there were still Webster, Clay, and Calhoun to be named. Now we are among Tylers, Polks, and Pierces. Yet there has been no dwindling of American intellect. The evil is that the pursuit of politics has been degraded into a trade,

in which the conditions of American statesmanship enable hordes of needy and unprincipled adventurers to speculate. These men fill at a presidential contest the election committees, which name delegates for the convention that has to choose a party candidate. The members of the party convention come from sections of the country widely apart, and with diverse interests. Every man of ability has by his vigorous action on some question offended this or that section. Ballot follows ballot, and the lot falls at last on the man who is too insignificant to have made enemies. The work of a presidential election is thus done by two opposing packs of place-hunters, each in full cry, and the pack that runs down its game demands immediately after to be fed. The greed of office by the noisiest political adventurers, and the consequent insecurity of office in place-holders, confines the desire, and secures too commonly the rewards, of place to the least worthy, to hungry men eager, especially during their short tenure of official life, to thrive by the plunder that every honest statesman of the North has during the present year had loudly to deplore. In the Chicago manifesto, a creed of the Northern party, we read censure of "the reckless extravagance which pervades every department of the Federal government," of "the systematic plunder of the public treasury by favoured partisans," and of "the recent startling developments of fraud and corruption at the Federal capital." The lobbies of the legislative halls are thronged with agents who, by appeal to the self-interest of members, undertake to work private bills through congress. A needy political adventurer, who has become a paid legislator at three or four dollars a day, and is required to live at the present scale of social extravagance, is, as every American legislator knows, and as members are constantly reminded in the course of debate, open to the influence of what is called "lobbying." He goes to market with his duty to his country. And from a house so constituted, all the ministers are required to be absent. They are not there to inform the representatives of the people, or to be made answerable to them for their deeds. Against the will of the whole American public, and of both houses of Congress, an American ministry can, if it be of one mind with the President, remain in office and authority during the four years of his rule. There is much that is most true and admirable in the theory of the American constitution, but it is one that can only be worked successfully by honest men, and of late years the constitutional monarchy of England has fulfilled far more completely all the practical conditions of a republic than the Federal Union of America. And it would not, we think, be difficult to show that the very unwieldiness of the Union since it has advanced from its original dimensions to the measure of a continent, has been the cause of those defects in the machinery of government, out of which comes the weakness that rushed into civil war, for the prevention of a natural and wholesome and inevitable self-adjustment of the country. The faults of American politics —at any rate in the North—arise from point of character which are so far from being necessary motives to error that they would doubtless produce, within manageable bounds, one of the best and strongest governments under the sun. For want, however, of better statesmanship, the country is now pouring out some of its best life-blood in a war, of which the only good result conceivable is sharper and exacter marking of the natural line of demarcation between the opposing interests, and a more unquestionable establishment of the division of sovereignty than might have been the work of friendly understanding.

The Union first consisted of thirteen little societies on the Atlantic side of North America. It consists now of two great opposing powers, from which, after their accepted disruption, a great western region on the shores of the Pacific is again likely to fall off into quiet independence. The struggle between North and South has been of long duration. South having the lead in the federation, had fought some hard political battles to retain it, and had already been beaten on some vital points. But at the last presidential election, which was a trial of strength distinctly between South and North, the South considering itself finally subjected to the North within the federation, carried out its frequent threat and desire of secession.

Virginia was "the old dominion" once yielding so many statesmen to the Union that she was called "the Mother of Presidents." Washington, founder of the Union, lies in Virginian soil; the federal capital also was Virginian, and in the first days of the federal republic, the only one of the thirteen states entirely without slavery was Massachusetts. Meanwhile, there was a constant stream of labour from the old world to the new. White emigrants from Northern Europe poured into the North. Negroes were brought from Africa to the plantations of the South. The extinction of the slave trade and the clearing of slavery from the Northern States, as both unnecessary to the soil and climate, and repugnant to the temper of the Northern people, made the differences greater yet. There was no more flow of added population from without into the plantation lands. At the same time, over the North the tide of free immigration flowed with constantly increasing force. While the breach was becoming wider between social feeling and political interests of North and South, the old balance of population was being greatly changed. The North was rapidly outnumbering the South. Representation was by population. The number required to return a representative, at first thirty-three thousand, is now above one hundred and twenty thousand. Virginia used to return ten members, New York, six; at one time Virginia returned twenty-three, now she returns eleven members, New York thirty. South Carolina, when the constitution was established, stood for a thirtieth in the representation. Before the secession she stood only for a sixtieth. Long since, therefore, outnumbered in the House

of Representatives, where relative population was the basis of election, the South fought its battles in the senate, because there the balance of parties was proportioned to the relative number of the states.

It is this fact which gave all its political interest to the slave question. The numbers of the free and of the slave states being about equal, the question of free or slave, in admission of a new state or territory to the Union, was a question of political power between North and South, where, as we shall see presently, commercial interests of the two sides were opposed on many points of moment, and each sought power to make the laws in its own favour. This consideration alone gave its importance to the question that arose when Missouri applied for admission to the Union. The literal question of slave labour in Missouri hardly entered into any man's thought. The land in Missouri is not very suitable, and was not required, for more plantations; it was a question of balance of power between the men of two halves of a great continent who had strongly divided views of their own interests, but who were bound to submit to one code of commercial policy. Each half desired to have the making of that code, by getting possession of the legislative and executive. The South had lost the House of Representatives, but had on its side, by uncertain tenure, both the Senate and the President. When the question of Missouri arose, a new free state would have been fatal to the influence of the South in the senate, a new slave state was reassurance of its strength. Secession was then threatened. But by compromise Missouri was admitted as a slave state, with the understanding that the latitude 36 deg. 30 sec. should thenceforth be a boundary line as to this question between South and North. The discreditable annexation of Texas gave the South further assurance of power, but this again led to the Mexican war and extension of the Union along the Pacific shores. Thereupon the discovery of gold in California, as well as the Irish famine, produced a new energy of free white immigration.

The North, if it had not been divided into its own factions, would now have been irresistible. But use could be made of Northern faction in the Southern interests. What are called the Republicans of the North represent its Conservative and Protectionist party, which include whatever is reckoned as the aristocracy. These are opposed by the South, partly because they represent the strength of the free states, partly because they are protectionist where protection is not to the interest of Southern trade. Against the Republicans, therefore, the Southern party has fought, and has been able often to prevail, even in the House of Representatives, by coalition with the Northern democrats. But in the midst of all this painful balancing of interests there came the last presidential election. Every Northern state voted for Mr. Lincoln. Every Southern state voted against him. Jefferson had said long ago that "a geographical line, coinciding with a marked principle, moral and political, once conceived and held up to the angry passions of men, will never be obliterated, and every irritation will make it deeper and deeper." Here was the geographical line distinctly chosen for the demarcation of two rival interests. The Northern States had one hundred and eighty-three votes; the Southern one hundred and twenty. The North had shown that it could act in a mass and be irresistible as the stronger half in ill-assorted union. Then the South, feeling that within the Union the staff had finally gone from its hands, determined to withdraw from a federal compact that imposed on it a government hostile in spirit and adverse in policy to its commercial interest.

The North was not to blame for its triumph. It had become simply impossible that one government could satisfy both North and South. Had the South in these days of strongly marked antagonism dominated as completely over the North as the North had at last shown itself able to dominate over the South, there would have been still the opposed armies of the Potomac, the difference being that New York, and not New Orleans, would be the chief town in Secessia.

It has been the fault of living American statesmen that they could not see when it was living and large before their eyes, a political necessity foreseen by the great founders of their constitution as the probable issue of differences even much less extreme than those which have been created by the later sequence of events. How little the actual extension of slavery was concerned in the discussion whether a new territory should be free or slave, is shown in the case of New Mexico. This territory has been organised more than ten years. It lies at the extreme south, and adjoins a slave state; its soil as well as its climate are suitable for slave labour; it is open to slavery, which is protected there by the Supreme Court of the United States. Yet in ten years this region, four times as large as England, has acquired a population of but twenty-two slaves, and of these only twelve are domiciled. And, urges Mr. Spence (from whose excellent recent book on the American Union we draw much of our argument), in the cry against New Mexican slavery, are we to suppose that the conscience of the North is so framed that it grieves over this poor dozen, at the same time that it endures four millions close at home?" That it endures, we may add, more than three thousand in the district of Columbia itself, the capital district of the Union, lying unshielded by the constitution in the absolute control of congress. But we may go on to show more clearly that, hateful as all slavery is, and most desirable above all things as is the advent of the day when there shall be no more slaves, white or black, a high moral consideration of the evils of slavery on one side, and a highly immoral determination to prolong them on the other, is neither the root nor the fruit of the deplorable war now raging in America. We have dealt with the dry seeds of strife, let us ob-

serve next how they struck root and grew to be the deadly thing we see.

We are all of one mind, and of a right mind, in England as to the evil of slavery. It is an evil to the slave; it is an evil to the slaveholder himself. Where negro slaves work on the soil, the dignity of labour is denied; it is thought shame for a white man to live by the sweat of his own brow, and the whites not rich enough to possess blacks, upon whose industry they live, fall into a large, miserable, shiftless class, known as the "mean whites," and despised by the very negro. This poor, shiftless, despised middle class consists of the very men who are the strength and backbone of all free society. There is but one field of industry—the plantation—and industry is brought from without to occupy it. There could be no more fatal blow dealt to the South than this that comes of the working of its own "peculiar institution." But the North is really fighting not to destroy or confine, but to claim its right of continued participation in this institution. The Southern planter, holding his slave to be property, desires security in its possession, and that he had and can only have under the sort of union from which, on other accounts, he has withdrawn.

The constitution of the United States, framed by slaveowners, gave the whole might of the Union for suppression of slave insurrection. It provided also for the capture and restoration into bondage of any escaped slave. The capital of the Union that the North fights to maintain is a slave-holding city, and its Federal court decrees slavery to be a prison with walls wide as the country. Within the Union there was and there would be, were the Union restored, no place of lawful hope for the fugitive from a thraldrom which every man has a just right to throw off if he can. If, therefore, detestation of slavery were really the animating spirit of the North, it should rejoice at a division by which it is parted for ever from the unclean thing, and enabled, like England, to declare every man free whose foot touches its soil. But instead of rejoicing to be clear of the taint, instead of exulting at a change which confines the slave system to the slave-holding states, and not only absolves the North from the degrading duties of slave-catcher, but gives it a chance of strangling the whole system of slave labour with a girdle of freedom, the states of the North fight—if for anything at all in the way of slavery, for nothing but continuance of their participation in the wrong. The South, instead of seceding for the sake of slavery, secedes in spite of the fact that its separate maintenance will expose them, under that head, to risks and losses against which the Union would afford security. The Chicago manifesto of the Northern party, now supreme, adopts as its fourth article the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions, while the small party of thorough-going abolitionists, without political importance, though now hot with the Unionists, has been accustomed to claim "justice for the slave at any price," and to deprecate what its leaders sometimes called "the blood-stained Union." "This Union," said William Lloyd Garrison, one of their chief authorities, "this Union is a lie; the American Union is a sham, an imposture, a covenant with death, an agreement with hell." Mr. Lincoln, on the other hand, said most distinctly, in his inaugural address: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists; I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." He expressed in the same speech his willingness that the Fugitive Slave Law, as a provision of the constitution, "should be made express and irrevocable."

An addition was therefore actually made to the constitution on the third of last March to the effect "that no amendment shall be made to the constitution which will authorise or give congress power to abolish or interfere within any state with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labour or servitude by the laws of the said state." Slavery was thus on the eve of the present struggle, by the sole will and consent of the North, made irrevocable in the Union. Of whom, then, are we to believe, and with what shadow of truth can it be represented to us, that the fight of the North is against slavery, or that the secession of the South is for its preservation? Nobody doubts that the party use made of the slave question has embittered feeling between South and North. But the main party use of it has been for the raising of political capital on behalf of other interests than those of the slave. Even the separation of the South from these sources of irritation must be reckoned, with every more material consequence of its establishment as a separate republic, among the changes that all tend to clear away some of the difficulties in the way of a sound reconsideration of the slave system. The division of the Union into two adjacent republics, one slave-holding, the other free, would, in fact, bring us very many years nearer to the end of slavery than a continuance of the old system under a great Union pledged to support as a whole the evil that afflicts a half.

The Federalist cry of anti-slavery as a casus belli is not altogether a true issue. We have here shown what the cause of the disruption is not. We shall show next week what the cause of the disruption is.

Meanwhile, any one who desires to acquire a clear view of these all-important questions should read Mr. Spence's book. The work thoroughly vindicates its title: "The American Union, its effect on National Character and Policy, with an Inquiry into Secession as a Constitutional Right, and the Causes of the Disruption." Mr. Spence has assembled facts and authorities in masterly support of his reasoning, and has grouped them with a temperate and logical clearness that cannot fail to convince. He writes with the discretion of a judge who has all the evidence before him, strong and

honest in his own convictions. His work is published by Mr. Bentley, of New Burlington-street.

HURRAH FOR THE ROAD!

It was once laid down by a very eminent writer, that "man is the least transportable species of luggage." He cannot be tied up in a parcel, taken down to a booking-office, and sent wherever a carrier may choose to take him. Unless he is a Queen's messenger, a commercial traveller, a rural postman, or some such wandering officer, he picks his road, and if there is no road to pick, he stays at home. With every disposition to travel and see the world, he will only move from his fireside or his garden on certain conditions. In one age he demands a pack-horse, going at the rate of two miles an hour; in another he asks for a "flying-coach;" and in another he ventures his limbs in a four-horse mail. Travelling is an art, like ground and lofty tumbling, which can only be learnt by degrees. It is a question of confidence. From the handspring you go to the flip-flap, and from the flip-flap to the summersault. The traveller who once had his doubts about stage-coaches, leaps from them on to the luggage train, and from the luggage-train to the wild express. Like the traditional beggar on horseback, he is often a noisy upstart. He will hardly allow the poor iron-horse five minutes to take in water, and grumbles at the slow speed of fifty miles an hour.

As we look back a few years into the past, we are surprised to find how the world seems to have shrunk up. We walk distances, three or four times a day now, which our grandfathers used to regard as a long coach journey. We never rise early to catch a Paddington coach in these days, or are troubled about the hours at which the Bank stages start from Chelsea. We have come to regard Brighton as a place lying at our doors, and Margate as a sea-side village flourishing round the corner. Birmingham, Bristol, Dover, Southampton, and Norwich, all seem to have drawn nearer to town, and to have sunk into the character of London suburbs.

The genii who have brought about these changes in the relations of places are the hard-working road-makers. They have bridged over time and space, have trebled the life of man, when measured by what it can do, and have turned withered villages into thriving cities. They have given us channels as good as money, weights and measures, or any other contrivance for facilitating commerce. They have doubled the size of the poor man's loaf, and of the poor man's fire, and have clothed thousands who, but for them, would have gone naked. Every piece of sound, open, free road is a good Samaritan, that will not let the weary traveller perish by the wayside.

We have all heard a good deal about Roman roads, and some of us have felt the benefit arising from these ancient legacies; but many generations came and went before the great thoroughfare-makers were copied by our countrymen. The art of road-making in England is not much more than a century old, and this gives us many centuries of rough "bridle-paths" in the dark ages. If any devout believer in the good old times would wish to taste the pleasure of travelling like his forefathers, let him look about for what is called an "undedicated road" in the neighbourhood of London. He will find plenty in those outskirts where brick-fields and market-gardens are ceasing to make bricks and grow cabbages, and are turning their attention to the cultivation of detached villas. An undedicated road means a passage still retained by the owner of the land, and not handed over to the parish authorities as a public thoroughfare, It is undedicated to the local board of works, and defies the monthly reports of the district surveyor, but it is dedicated to all kinds of slush and rubbish. It is generally known as the "back-road" amongst neighbouring schools and families, and is the terror of all right-minded persons who have the care of young children. It is the place where Tommy loses one of his boots in the sucking clay, and hops home for nearly a mile in a fit of nervous excitement. It is the place where Dicky gets a black eye or a cracked head, because he will play at see-saw across an old bar-gate put at the end of the road to mark its private character. It is the place where Sarah Jane breaks the perambulator while pushing it over the uncovered hole of a new coal-cellar; where Master Edward spoils two suits of clothes in three weeks, to the great joy of the local tailor; and where costermongers play undisturbed chuck-farthing on a Sunday morning. The road is a row of soft muddy ridges, formed of brickdust and wet clay, looking like a potato-field; and here and there is a pool of thick fluid the colour of jalap. Some of the children, wishing to make a way into the depths of this wilderness, have planted brickbats in the slush, at easy distances from each other, like the stepping-stones of brooks, and on these they hop in defiance of the mud-billows on either side. Sometimes a foolish traveller, allured by the promise of a short cut, is tempted to try these stepping-stones in the undedicated road, but he generally sticks fast in the centre of the swamp, afraid to go on and hardly knowing how to turn back. Occasionally, during one or two of the dry winter and summer months, the undedicated road may be explored with safety, but for four-fifths of the year it is an impassable bog announced "to be let on building leases."

On some such roads as these, in the good old times, the English traveller made his weary pilgrimage. He trusted to nature, and soon became aware that nature only provides the raw material of roadways. The "merry greenwood," about which so many fancy romances have been written, must have been often as moist and untidy as a scavenger's yard, while outside the magic limits of the brave old oaks, the pathways must have been moats in the rainy season.

The first act of parliament in which a regular

provision is made for the formation and repair of roads in England, is the statute known as the twenty-eighth of Philip and Mary (about 1555). The preamble to this statute describes the roads as "tedious and noisome to travel on," and dangerous to passengers and carriages. Under its powers two surveyors of highways were to be chosen annually in every parish, and the inhabitants of all parishes were obliged, according to their respective ability, to provide labourers, carriages, tools, &c., for four days each year, to work upon the roads under the direction of the surveyors. Rude as this system was, it was considered very perfect even up to the reign of Charles the Second, when, owing to the increase of carriages, particularly about London, it became necessary to adopt a more effective plan, and the toll system, therefore, made its first appearance. This system, however, was not placed upon anything like a solid footing, any more than the roads were, until about 1767, when it was extended to the great roads in all parts of the country, while the contributions of labour, under the old act, were confined to the cross or country roads.

London was no better than the country in these days, although "good and true scavengers" were chosen annually in many of the parishes, and it may date all its improvements under foot to the Westminster Paving Act of 1762. The streets, at this time, were often ditches, obstructed with stalls, sheds, sign-posts, and various other projections. Each inhabitant paved the space in front of his own door, according to his fancy, or his means, and the result generally was to give the passengers a foot way of egg-shaped stones, such as we may now find in the outskirts of Birmingham, Leicester, or Nottingham. Those only who have walked a few miles on these half-buried globes in not over-thick boots, can realise the agony suffered by our unfortunate forefathers. Kerb-stones were unknown in London a century ago, and the carriage-way was undivided from the footway, except in a few of the principal streets, where chained posts or wooden railings were fixed at the side, as they are still fixed in some of the old suburbs. A constant struggle was made by the passengers to get the wall, as it was called, and so avoid a little of the slush thrown up from the gutter in the centre. The etiquette of the wall was even laid down in books, and fixed in that saying which gives that side to the weakest. "In the last age," said Dr. Johnson, "when my mother lived in London, there were two sets of people, those who gave the wall, and those who took it—the peaceable and the quarrelsome. Now, it is fixed that every man keeps to the right, or, if one is taking the wall, another yields it, and it is never a dispute." Since that time the rule has been changed, at least for drivers, as we may learn pleasantly from the following epigram:

> The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
> In driving your carriage along;
> If you go to the left you are sure to go right,
> If you go to the right you go wrong.

The plan for extending turnpike-roads from London to distant parts of the country met with the most violent protective opposition. A certain Blandford waggoner, handed down in the pages of anecdote, gave expression to the popular opinion. "Roads," he said, "on'y be good for wun thing—for waggon-drivin'. I on'y wunt vour-foot width in a leanc, an' arl the rest may goo to the devil. The gentry ought to steay at whoam, rot 'em, an' not run gossippin' oop and deown the coontry."

This intelligent native knew exactly what he was talking about, and was not out of tune with his age. The counties in the neighbourhood of London petitioned parliament against the extension of turnpike-roads, on the ground that the remoter counties would be able, from the comparative cheapness of labour in them, to sell their produce in London at a much lower rate than they could do. They complained that their rents would be reduced, and cultivation ruined by the new system. The new system, however, like many other reforms, was carried out in spite of this narrow-minded opposition, and the croakers woke up, in a few years afterwards, to find themselves richer than ever.

The improvement of roads, when once begun, proceeded rapidly enough, because good roads helped, more than anything, to increase our capital and population. It is a mistake to suppose that our forefathers were more benighted than we are, or that we have no men, like the Blandford waggoner, thriving amongst us. Mankind, we may feel pretty sure, always liked good roads, good lights, good police, and all the adjuncts of our well-advertised civilisation; but they could only get these things by the force of numbers. Roads, lights, and constables have to be paid for by something like a poll-tax, and the fewer the polls, the heavier the burden for each individual.

Even now we could double our police without feeling too secure in our "castles," but we are held back from indulging in this luxury by considering the rates. We often grumble that a policeman can never be found when he is wanted, by which we mean that these officers are not as numerous as lamp-posts, but we forget that the remedy is in our own hands, and that we can have any number of constables if we choose to pay for them.

It is almost impossible to take up any book which deals with the last century, without coming upon whole chapters describing the miseries of travelling. People who had any state appearance to keep up were the most unlucky of all, for walking on the side-path was better than riding on the rough flinty roads, and riding on horseback was better than travelling in a carriage. Dukes, lords, ambassadors, and persons of dignity, were in a position like that in which the Irishman found himself when the bottom of his sedan-chair came out, which made him think that he might as well walk, if it were not for the look of the thing. Goods of all kinds in Scotland were conveyed on horseback for speed and cheapness; even oatmeal, coals, turf, straw,

and hay, being carried in this way for short distances. A set of people known by the name of cadgers, who have given a word to our slang dictionaries, plied regularly between different places, selling salt, fish, poultry, eggs, and earthenware. These things were carried on pack-horses, in sacks or baskets suspended on each side of the animal. In carrying goods between distant places it was necessary to employ a cart, as all that a horse could carry on his back was not sufficient to pay for a long journey. These carriers, if we include delays, often went at the rate of a quarter of a mile an hour! Mr. J. R. McCulloch records it as a fact that the common carrier from Selkirk to Edinburgh, *thirty-eight* miles distant, required a *fortnight* for his journey between the two places, going and returning! The road, it must be said, was originally one of the most dangerous in the whole country, for a large part of it lay in the bottom of a district called Gala-water, from the name of the chief stream, the channel of the water being, when not flooded, the track chosen as the most level, and the easiest to travel in.

Between the largest cities, says the same authority, the means of travelling were very little better. In 1678, an agreement was made to run a coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of forty-four miles, which was to be drawn by *six* horses, and to perform the journey from Glasgow to Edinburgh and back in *six* days. Even a century later it took a day and a half for the stage-coach to travel from Edinburgh to Glasgow.

As late as 1763, there was but one stage-coach from Edinburgh to London, which set out once a month, taking from twelve to fourteen days to perform the journey. In 1830, six or seven coaches set out each day from both ends on the same road, and the time for executing the journey was reduced to about forty-eight hours. Now, it is almost needless to say, that by the Post-office limited mail express train, we may travel the same distance on a comfortable couch in ten hours and a half.

At this time the "franking" of letters was a valuable privilege conceded to members of parliament, and others in authority, and largely used for the accommodation of their friends. The Post-office managers complain very loudly of the strange articles at present sent through the post, but in those days their complaints were much louder. The "franking," which began with letters, gradually extended to small parcels; from small parcels it got to cover large ones, and at last the mail-carriers were very much shocked at seeing a huge feather-bed registered as a free letter. Inquiry, indignation, an improved system of mail-carrying, the extension of population and correspondence, and reduced charges for postage, at last put an end to the franking privilege.

While almost anybody could rob the post through this abused "free-list," the poor mails were just as ill-treated on the road. The most feeble thief of the day could rob a postboy, and rob him by the most feeble contrivance. The French mail was often stopped on its road to Dover by a piece of string stretched across the entrance of Kent-street, Borough. This caught the horse's legs, caused him to stumble, and throw the postboy off, who returned to the chief office, and coolly reported the loss of his mail-bags. Rural postmen were always ready to be robbed by any stranger who appeared on the road, and it was long before stage-coachmen, fed, as they were, with lying stories about the daring of fancy highwaymen, had courage not to stand and deliver at the first impudent summons. The feather-beds, so liberally franked at the expense of the country, were very often carried off into criminal bondage, and few taxpayers can help rejoicing at this punishment of their enemies.

Mr. Samuel Smiles, in his recent Lives of the Engineers, has collected from various sources a number of amusing details about English roads and road-travelling in the last century. In 1690, Lord Chancellor Cowper politely described Sussex as a "sink of about fourteen miles broad." People in some parts used to travel by swimming; and it was almost as difficult for old people to get to church in Sussex during winter as it was in the Lincoln Fens, where they rowed there in boats. Fuller once saw an old lady being drawn to church in her own coach by the aid of six oxen. The Sussex roads were so bad as to pass into a by-word. A contemporary says that in travelling through a slough of extraordinary miryness, it used to be called "the Sussex bit of the road;" and he satirically adds, that the reason why the Sussex girls were so long-limbed was because of the tenacity of the mud in that county; the practice of pulling the foot out of it by the strength of the ankle tending to stretch the muscle and lengthen the bone.

The roads in the neighbourhood of London were as bad as those in Sussex. Chertsey was a two days' journey from town; and Lord Hervey, writing from Kensington in 1736, says: "The road from this place to London is so infamously bad that we live here in the same solitude as we would do if cast upon a rock in the middle of the ocean; and all the Londoners tell us that there is between them and us an impassable gulf of mud." Royal carriages stuck fast in the mud for hours together, defying all efforts to remove them.

It was only a few of the main roads out of London that were in any way practicable for coaches. On the occasion of any state visits, labourers went before the royal train to mend the ways. Judges were thrown into bog-holes while going on circuit, and kept the juries waiting while they were being dug out. Sometimes they fell into sloughs, and had to be hauled out by plough-horses.

It was said, in 1752, that a Londoner would no more think of travelling into the west of England for pleasure, than of going to Nubia. "Of all the cursed roads," says Arthur Young in 1769, "that ever disgraced this kingdom in

the very ages of barbarism, none ever equalled that from Billericay to Tilbury. It is for near twelve miles so narrow that a mouse cannot pass by any carriage. I saw a fellow creep under his waggon to assist me to lift, if possible, my chaise over a hedge. To add to all the infamous circumstances which occur to plague a traveller, I must not forget the eternally meeting with chalk waggons, themselves frequently stuck fast, till a collection of them are in the same situation, and twenty or thirty horses may be tacked to each to draw them out, one by one." In Essex, generally, he found the roads full of ruts "of an incredible depth;" he found the turnpike-road between Bury and Sudbury, in Suffolk, as bad "as any unmended lane in Wales;" full of ponds of liquid dirt, and horse-laming flints. Between Titsworth and Oxford he found the turnpike-road, as it was called, abounding in loose stones, as large as a man's head, and full of holes, and deep ruts; from Gloucester to Newnham, a distance of twelve miles, he found another "cursed road," "infamously stony, with ruts all the way;" and from Newnham to Chepstow he describes the road as a series of hills, like "the roofs of houses joined."

Going to the north, a short time afterwards, this unfortunate but observant traveller found the roads no better in that quarter. Between Richmond and Darlington they were "like to dislocate his bones;" and when he has to speak of the roads in Lancashire, he foams with rage. He cautions us to avoid them as we would the Evil One, for he measured ruts in them four feet deep, that were full of floating mud.

The roads in the Midland Counties, and in Kent, were no better. When Mr. Rennie, the engineer, was engaged in surveying the Weald with a view to the cutting of a canal through it in 1802, he found the country almost destitute of practicable roads.

In Northamptonshire, the only way of getting along some of the main roads in rainy weather was by swimming. Even now it is no uncommon thing, as I can testify by personal observation, to find miles of the railway from Blisworth to Peterborough under water during the wet season. All over the country inland light-houses — land beacons — were humanely stationed to keep benighted travellers out of quagmires, ponds, and bogs. In Staffordshire, before the great network of canals was made, the roads were so bad, and so much like roads in every other part of the kingdom, that the carriage of earthenware in panniers was one shilling per ton per mile, or eight shillings for a journey of ten miles. This, too, was in the days of the great artist-manufacturer—Wedgwood.

Modes of travelling changed with the gradual improvement of the roads. The foot passengers occasionally took to horse, while ladies rode on pillions, or in horse-litters. Pack-horses gave way to carriers' carts and waggons, and the latter heavy rumbling vehicles, which did more to wear out good roads than any monsters ever framed by coach-builders, were largely supplanted by stage-coaches about 1650. The waggons crawled along, perhaps, at the rate of ten miles in twelve hours, but the stage-coaches, with much jolting, were able to reach four miles an hour. The waggons were solid, slow, and safe, while the coaches were high and unsafe, and their drivers were drunken bullies. No change in the mode of travelling was carried out without a noisy agitation against it. Class interests were as clamorous then as they are now, and as desirous that their particular business should be regarded as beyond improvement.

The condition of the road to York in the last century is never considered in the popular account of Dick Turpin's half-legendary ride. He is represented mounted on a fiery blood mare, leaping over carts and toll-bars, and flying along a hard, smooth ground granite road, like a jockey at Epsom. This is the fancy picture, and it is almost a pity to disturb it. The York road in most places was like those which made Arthur Young so savage; and bold Turpin's pace *may* have been a broken amble of four miles an hour.

In 1754 the first "flying coach" was established by a knot of Manchester men to run between that town and London. Their notion of "flying" was to do the journey in four days and a half, and yet this moderate speed was looked upon with distrust. Lord Campbell tells us that he was warned not to travel by Palmer's improved mail-coaches, the first vehicles that ventured upon eight miles an hour, towards the close of the last century. He was told of certain passengers who had come through by these coaches from Edinburgh to London, and had died of apoplexy from the rapidity of the motion. This eight miles an hour was afterwards increased to ten or twelve, with the improvement in the leading lines of road; and at the latter point the rate of fast travelling stopped, until the best road of all was made—the railroad.

The railway reports, just issued by the Board of Trade, give us a full statistical account of what our railroads now are. The miles opened in 1860 for regular traffic in the United Kingdom were nearly ten thousand five hundred. The travellers during the same year, also in the United Kingdom, were one hundred and sixty-three millions and a half, besides nearly fifty thousand holders of season tickets, who probably made many journeys. Altogether there must have been nearly six journeys in the year for each member of our population. The trains of all kinds travelled more than one hundred and two millions of miles, or more than four thousand times round the world. Three hundred and fifty-seven thousand and more dogs, and over a quarter of a million of horses, made railway journeys during the same period. The goods traffic represented the carriage of over twelve millions of cattle, sheep, and pigs, and nearly ninety millions of tons of minerals and general merchandise. The receipts of our railways, from all kinds of traffic, were nearly twenty-eight millions sterling (equal to the

interest on our national debt), a little less than one-half of which came from passengers and the mails, and the rest, or largest half, from goods. The expenditure of the companies was about forty-seven per cent of the gross receipts, leaving fourteen millions and a half sterling as the net receipts. The compensation paid for accidents and losses amounted to a little over one hundred and eighty-one thousand pounds. The rolling stock comprised five thousand eight hundred locomotives, over fifteen thousand passenger engines, and nearly one hundred and eighty-one thousand waggons for goods. Comparing 1860 with 1859, the passengers (or journeys) were increased nearly fourteen millions, the minerals nearly nine millions of tons, the receipts more than two millions sterling, and the miles travelled nearly nine millions. The trains run in the course of last year were upwards of ten thousand a day.

The inland roads of Great Britain, however, can never lose their importance as great feeding arteries of towns, even under any possible extension of railways. They have been chiefly made what they are by the greatest engineers, and some of the works of Rennie and Telford of this kind need not hide their heads by the side of the famous Alpine Simplon. Leaving the railway behind us, at any point, we may find much to be proud of amongst our monuments of road-making on the hills and in the valleys of our country. What we have got, however, should not blind us to what we have not got, and while six bridges, practically closed by a toll, are spanning the river Thames between Chelsea and Southwark, we ought not to consider our road-making thoroughly finished.

THE BLACK MILL.

In the highlands of Bavaria, shut out from the rest of the world by rocky crags and inaccessible hills, lies the dark and gloomy valley of the Sitte, a valley which, in olden times, was held to be haunted by evil spirits, and doomed to all forms of sinful sorrow, but which, to modern understanding, would only betoken disease and madness, and the crimes springing naturally from poverty, ignorance, and isolation. The inhabitants were, for the most part, of the very lowest class; for, save the priest and magistrate, not an educated man of good social condition lived in the shadow of those gloomy hills to give his better thoughts and a brighter example to the poorer and less instructed. Consequently, the people were rough and ignorant, sunk in superstition, narrow-minded and bigoted, holding to all the prejudices of a worn-out time, and making their very religion but the cause of strife and delusion. They had abandoned the more innocent and picturesque deceptions of the ancient church to adopt in their stead the wildest canons of the "devil-creed," and they mixed up the idea of sorcery and magic and witchcraft with everything unaccustomed in man or ungenial in nature. There were not half a dozen people in this lonely Bavarian valley who did not believe in man's direct dealings with the devil.

Excepting the two officials already spoken of, the chief man of the district was Frederic of the Black Mill, commonly called the Black Miller of Sittenthal. He was a man of some understanding and considerable property, but of the worst possible reputation. A bad son, a bad husband, and a bad father, unsocial as a neighbour, hard and tyrannical as a master, he had not fulfilled one of the relations of life with credit or esteem. Cruel to his dependents and insolent to his superiors, a man so fierce and arbitrary that none but the stoutest-hearted dare oppose him, he found himself master in a world of slaves—a master who had never known ruth or justice. His father, the old miller, had long lived in daily dread of some murderous violence from him; and even yet were to be seen the blood-stains on the oaken floor, and the deep dents on the wall, where once the Black Miller had struck the old man with an axe, and very nearly sent him to the world beyond the grave ere his time was come. And still remained on the massive doors the heavy bolts and bars, and locks and chains, by which the father had sought to protect himself against his son's madness and revenge. Indeed, there were not wanting witnesses to swear that when he lay sick and failing, his son had dragged him from his bed, and flung him down the stone steps in front of the mill; saying that he had lived long enough, and what room was there in the world for such a worn-out old wretch as he? So that when he died, a few days later, the ghastly shadow of parricide and murder had flitted through the house, but none were bold enough to seize that shadow, and give it the bodily form of accusation and evidence. The stern savage went on employing all his energies and invention in torturing the victims dependent on him.

The "house-mother," Barbara, a gentle, timid, weak-minded woman, patient and saintly enough, but without even a slave's faculty of self-assertion or defence, was his chief victim; and he did not spare her. He never spoke to her save by the most insulting names and epithets; he beat her daily, with or without provocation, and ever without intentional offence; and not only beat her, as any ill-tempered man might have beaten an unloved wife, but carried his violence to the very limits of murder. Indeed, he would have murdered her, and that more than once, had she not been defended by her sons, whose love for their poor down-trodden, broken-spirited mother was the most pathetic thing in all this mournful tragedy. Once he struck her so brutally on her head that she was rendered unconscious for many weeks, and indeed never quite recovered the use of her small brain; and once he broke her arm with a blow from the back of an axe: besides cutting and wounding her with knives, hatchets, sharp-pointed stones, or anything else dangerous and handy. And not content with this more active manner of ill usage, the Black Miller went into other and even more humiliating details.

He would absent himself for weeks, taking all the money with him, and locking up the family stores, so that the wife and children were nearly famished to death during his stay; a contingency that gave increased zest to his pleasures; and then he would come back empty-handed, miser as he was having spent all his money, frequently amounting to important sums, on the most abandoned women of the neighbouring towns; by some of whom—notably one woman named Hopfgärtner—he had large families publicly acknowledged and sumptuously supported. To the twelve children borne him by poor Barbara he had never been friend or father. Of those twelve only five now remained alive, and more than one person said that the Black Miller had murdered the others; while some said shudderingly, having devoted himself to the Devil, he had killed them according to the terms of his bond, and to save his own soul for yet a few years longer. He made his sons his day-labourers, but gave them only blows and curses for their wages; his daughters were his house servants—house servants in rags, shoeless and half-starved, beaten and ill-treated like their mother; to none of them was he even human, but more like a fierce wild beast.

The family consisted of two girls and two boys, the eldest of whom, Conrad, was eight-and-twenty, the youngest, Kunigunde, eighteen; a stable-lad of thirteen, who lived in the mill, but at a remote part of the house where he could hear very little; and Wagner, a day-labourer, who, with his wife, inhabited a small cottage, or lean-to, by the side. It was a lonely God-forgotten place altogether, that old Black Mill of Sittenthal; far removed from any other habitation, and still farther isolated by the evil reputation which it had gained both in the past and present. For common report said that it was haunted by ghosts and evil spirits, and still the belated traveller, passing near, might hear shrieks and groans and cries and the sobs of frightened women, and the shrill screams of young children borne on the dead night air in a very tumult of crime and despair commingled. Therefore, though the wife was known to be a good and pious woman, and the sons fine, industrious, honest lads, who remained in their present torture only because of their mother and that they might stand between her and their father's violence, yet the prejudices of the neighbours were too strong to be overcome, and weeks would pass without a soul of honest fame daring to venture within the shadow of that gloomy and accursed place.

On the 9th of August, 1817, the Black Miller suddenly disappeared. No one knew what had become of him, or whither he had gone; but his life was so evil and his habits so lawless that no one was astonished at anything he might do: and what if the devil, his father, had carried him off bodily at last? It was what the world of Sittenthal looked for, and it seemed as if they were not to be disappointed. The mill family kept quite quiet for some time, but on the 11th of October poor half-witted Barbara went to lodge her statement with the magistrate, two months after her husband's disappearance. She said how the miller had gone, taking with him all his ready money and bank bills, leaving them nothing to eat, and no money to buy food; leaving them, in fact, in such a position that without some assistance they must have starved, for they were unable to touch his rents, or sell his stores without legal authorisation. The magistrate heard the mill-wife's story, rubbed his chin, looked at her hard, and thought; then decided to give her letters of administration, and power to act until such time as the Black Miller chose to reappear. Barbara paid the gentleman heavily, and smiled as she returned to her home. Then she and her sons entered into the peaceful occupation of the Black Mill, its lands, and revenues, waiting for the time until the miller would return.

For more than a year they led the most contented and undisturbed life possible. From a very sink of enmity, strife, and discord, the old doomed house became a comparative heaven of ease, silence, and love. As Barbara and the sons had always been respected, the people were not sorry to be able to show them many kindly attentions, and thus to prove to them that their former repugnance had been to the father only, and in nowise connected with themselves. This one brief year was the most prosperous and contented, outwardly, that the family at the Black Mill had ever known.

It was the general opinion that the miller had been carried off bodily by the devil; indeed, many of the villagers swore that they had seen his tortured ghost, and heard his awful cries, as his former flatterer and friend had now become his unsparing torturer and master; but there were others, a few of trifle less besotted cast, who looked graver than even this belief would have made them, and who spoke on the subject below their breath, and mysteriously. Soon a low heavy murmur went round; a terrified whisper, that grew and gathered as it grew; a horrible suspicion; an awful word; for pale lips muttered MURDER—the murder of a father and a husband, wife and children all consenting. But all agreed that Wagner and his witch-wife knew more of the business than any one else, and that the inquiry and suspicion would begin with them.

This Wagner, who lived in the little cottage or house beside the mill, was a discharged soldier; a man of bad parentage and worse life. His wife was no better than himself, and had, moreover, the reputation of being a dangerous witch, whose very look could blight, and whose spoken charm or curse could kill; a woman so foul in person and so tainted in name, that not even the most disreputable would associate with her. But they were both much patronised at the Black Mill; almost fearfully so; for what but fear, and the possession of some dread power, could induce such women as Barbara and her daughters to hold constant friendly intercourse with anything so vile as Anna Wagner? and what but the knowledge of some awful

secret could give that desperate villain her husband, the discharged soldier, such influence over Conrad and young Frederic? Besides, Wagner had been heard to say, jeeringly, that if he told all he knew, the old place would crack asunder for very horror; and that, as for the mill family, they were indeed bound to be kind to him, and liberal, for if they held back, he could make them give him what money he would, and they might think themselves let off easily for any mere money payment he chose to demand. All these rumours and hints coming finally, and last of all, to the ears of the magistrate—he who had granted the letters of administration—a search was decided on, and the police entered the mill. But Barbara and the sons knew the weakness of the official. A blind of gold soon darkened his eyes, and neither he nor his gendarmes could discover a trace of foul play on which suspicion might rest. Yet the word once spoken never wholly died away; the suspicion, once awakened, never slept again; and though the family returned to their old peaceful way of life, and for three years longer forgot their former griefs; yet the cloud was always over them, and who knew when it might burst forth into tempest and despair?

In 1821, the magistrate of the Sittenthal district fell under the displeasure of his superiors. A commission was sent down to examine and report on his conduct; during which time he was suspended, and access to the registration office denied him. While the commission was going on, a fire suddenly broke out in the registration-office, where all the deeds and papers were kept; and before it could be extinguished the chief part of the records were destroyed. Thus, a crowd of witnesses was got rid of, which would have been as awkward as undeniable. But among the papers saved was one headed "Touching the appointment of a curator for the absent Black Miller," by which it appeared evident that more lay behind than had ever been made manifest to the public. The new commissioner was curious and energetic. He soon learnt the story of the Black Miller, and all the gossip connected with his strange and sudden disappearance; he learnt, too, that the magistrate had caused the mill to be searched in the most careless and unsatisfactory manner; that his "report" had been laughed at by every one in the place, and believed by all to have been bought by a bribe. In a word, the commissioner was set full and fair on the track, and it would be his own fault if he did not follow up the scent. He resolved at once on his course of action, and the grass did not grow under his feet before he translated that resolve into deeds. That very evening, in the mournful hours of the early darkness, while Barbara and her children were standing by the table saying grace before supper, he suddenly surrounded the mill with a band of soldiers; and, before the inmates had time to speak among themselves or arrange the order of their answers, placed every one of them under separate arrest.

And first were examined Barbara and her two sons; but without effect. They answered just as they had answered three years ago; and the commissioner thought he was going to have his labour for nothing, and be made a fool of into the bargain. But the next day Wagner was taken in hand, and proved himself the friend of justice and the new commissioner. It was not long before he smoothed away all difficulties, and knotted the halter for his own neck quite resignedly. Silently he led the soldiers over a waste bit of ground that lay near the mill; up to a steep ravine, where nothing but lizards and loathsome reptiles crept among the stones, and the hoarse black raven screamed over the deep rift.

"Here," said Wagner, "may the corpse of the Black Miller be found, for here the sons flung him after they had murdered him, piling upon him weeds and moss and heavy stones; yes, here is the Black Miller sure enough!"

The soldiers rushed down the ravine, and began to dig, Wagner directing. At last, after having removed many large and heavy boulders, they came to a heap of dead leaves and smaller stones; when the man cried out, "Now for the body!" and the next instant their picks struck upon a mass of mouldering cloth and linen —with the skeleton of a human being enclosed.

"Yes," cried Wagner, as they brought up the heap, "yes, that is the Black Miller! Four years ago, the sons, in my presence, carried him here and flung him into the hole, and then we covered him up with stones and moss. And look at his beautiful teeth! The Black Miller had grand teeth, just like the skeleton here!" As many of the bystanders remembered.

When the wife and children were brought to the place—as they were, suddenly, and without preparation—a most noticeable effect was produced on each, but different with each. "Yes," said the eldest son, Conrad, and without being questioned, "that is my father, but I am not the doer." Frederic, the second son, looked silently at the bones. When asked what they were, he answered, doggedly, "What should they be? They are bones; but whether they are the bones of a man or beast I do not know. I do not understand either men's bones nor beasts'." Kunigunde, the youngest daughter, cried out on the way, "I know nothing of it. I know certainly that that thing is my father, but of how he came yonder I know nothing. I am guiltless, quite guiltless." Margaret, the second daughter, also said, "Indeed I am innocent. I knew nothing of the matter until my father began to scream fearfully. It was too late then. I have not had a happy hour since. Oh God! what will become of us!"

All these passionate protestations were evidence enough. The new commissioner was not to be bought off like the friendly old magistrate: blood must be redeemed by blood, and the offended majesty of justice vindicated. The wife, her four children, and Wagner, the day-labourer, were all indicted for the murder of Frederic, the Black Miller, and matters looked

very doubtful for the entire group. Then the truth came out.

Things, always bad, had become unbearable at the Black Mill. The violence and cruelty of the Black Miller seemed as if they had reached their height; and when he threatened, as he did, to murder them all, one by one, the bravest or the most hopeful could not believe that threat a mere empty sound, meaning nothing. Then the degrading irregularities by which poor Barbara had been so long humiliated were now flaunted openly before her eyes, and the last remnant of home, honour, and respect, destroyed; for preparations were being made, without disguise, for turning wife and family out of the mill, to instal in their stead the woman Hopfgärtner and her unlawful children. In short, what with cruelty, vice, and meanness carried to the very verge of starvation, it had become a hand-to-hand struggle for life or death between the family and the father.

The day-labourer Wagner bore as little good will to the Black Miller as any other; and such service as he proposed to himself to offer the family, would bind the young sons to him for ever, unlock the family coffers, and make him master and independent for life. They were a poor, frightened, broken-necked race, only fitted to be the prey of a bolder spirit like himself. The sons fell into the snare, and at last were won over to consent—not to a murder, but to a blow in self-defence, for the protection of their beloved mother. But at first only by the milder means of sorcery and magic. The witch-wife Anna undertook this part of the business, and hung up a pair of the father's stockings in the chimney; by which, according to the laws of witchcraft, his life would have wasted away as the stockings shrivelled and consumed. But finding that these charms and conjurations had no effect, the matter was trusted to the man's surer hand. Steel might do what sorcery was incapable of, and Wagner must murder the old man before the old man had time to murder them. When they had consented to this, Wagner prepared for his part with as much indifference as if he had been bidden to slaughter a sheep or an ox, earning his hundred guldens for the job quite as tranquilly as by any other manner of labour possible to him. In the still and heavy darkness of that terrible August night—the whole family aware of what was taking place by the door of the miller's sleeping room—Wagner struck down their old tyrant in the midst of his sins, the sons aiding actively, the mother more passively, with her prayers. Then they carried the corpse to the saw-mill, where they buried it; but a year or so afterwards they dug it up again—after the mill had been "searched" by the friendly magistrate—and flung it down that rocky rift where the soldiers of the new commissioners found it.

Now that the thing was discovered and known, all evasion was at an end. Wagner confessed to every particular, with the same brutal indifference as had characterised him all along; and the wife and sons excused themselves as well as they could, on the plea of necessity and self-defence, for it was either his life or theirs. But justice has little inclination for psychology in any of its forms, and rarely enters into causes when it can deal with results. It took somewhat into consideration though the bad character of the man, and the tremendous provocation which the family had received, and assigned a lighter sentence than would otherwise have been awarded to parricide and assassination. Conrad and Wagner, as chief actors, were condemned to civil death, with solitary confinement for life, heavily chained and fettered, the "bullet" superadded; Frederic, as an accomplice of the first grade, to fifteen years' imprisonment; Barbara, as an accomplice of the second grade, to eight years' imprisonment; Anna Wagner to one year's confinement in the House of Correction; but Margaret and Kunigunde, the two daughters, were declared innocent, and left to their own misery and desolation.

The history of this crime is recorded in Hitzig's New Pitaval, and has served as occasion for much German philosophy and reasoning. Moralists and divines have been sadly puzzled where to draw the line between self-defence that is lawful, and self-defence that is criminal: whether a known aggression, planned and to come, may be evaded by the same action as would be recognised and allowed if the strife had really begun. It has also been made a question of the difference lying between public and private tyranny; and whether, what has been admired when directed against a public tyrant, may at any time be admitted when turned against a domestic despot.

THE IRON AGE OF AGRICULTURE.*

When the last bull has been handled, the last pony trotted out, the last aldermanic pig compelled to cease snoring, stand up, and show himself—when, in fact, the live-stock department has been examined to the best of the stranger's power—although he may not, perhaps, be able to equal the Australian colonist at Leeds, who thought he had *individualised* every horned animal in the yard—he will probably turn from nature and art in feeding and breeding to pure art in iron, steel, and wood, and proceed to the long streets of sheds filled with productions of the agricultural engineers; first surveying the outlying machinery at rest or in motion—steam engines and barn machinery, and strange, new, ponderous objects which, too lofty to go under cover, form an outer girdle along a considerable segment of the enclosing fence. This is the iron age of agriculture, and these are the results and the aids of what the French call the intensive system of cultivation; these are the produce of railroads, chemical manures, deep drainage, steam-driven factories; of an unlimited demand for meat and bread; and of free trade—for the late Protectionist farmer draws his stores of seed and cattle-food from every quarter of the

* See Agricultural Encampments in No. 136, and Show Cattle in No. 138.

world, and cannot move a step without his new friend, the agricultural engineer.

It is very difficult to give an idea, even to a visitor full of what he has seen at the Baker-street Show, of the effect of the streets between sheds filled with goods chiefly for the use of farmers and partly for the sight-seeing public who crowd these agricultural thoroughfares. There are the tools and machines for breaking up and stirring the ground, from the simple spade or steel fork to the plough and many-tined cultivator, from the horse-plough at five pounds to the steam-cultivator at from two hundred to seven hundred pounds; there are the machines for sowing seed, from the hand-dibble to the drill, in all its varieties, dry and with water, with chemical manure and without, in lines and broadcast, for the flat and the ridge, for plains and for steep hills; there are horse-hoes as well as hand-hoes, and every contrivance for extirpating weeds and ridging up earth round roots; there are sickles and scythes of new and old patterns, and a dozen different kinds of corn-reaping and grass-mowing machines; there are an endless variety of contrivances moved by hand, by horse-power, by steam, for thrashing out, collecting cleaning, and sorting every kind of seed crop.

Then follow the endless contrivances for feeding cattle and manufacturing meat: our modern demands for meat cannot be satisfied by mere grass and hay, or roots, or corn, or lentils in their natural state—they are sliced, pulped, and steamed in half a dozen different ways. Great is the noise of chaff-cutters, for horse, hand, and steam-power; working continually with a whizzing noise which would be unbearable in a more confined space. Other machines split beans, crush oats, grind corn, and in every possible manner profess to save the time, the teeth, and digestion of meat-making animals. At the same time, steam-engines, portable or fixed, painted in the gayest colours, send their driving wheels round, setting in motion elaborate machinery which works here only at straw but which is ready to take in sheaves of corn at one end and deliver it as grain in sacks, cleaned, weighed, and ready for market at the other. Carts and waggons, sufficient to supply a small army, are ranged side by side, with rollers of every form capable of reducing the most stubborn clods to dust, and of, for a time, solidifying the loosest soil; and then mixed up amongst these serious and costly utilities are scattered a thousand amusing and useful miscellanies, and not a few "notions," like Peter Pindar's "razors, made to sell," garden-chairs and iron network, sausage and washing machines, and at Leeds some machines "contrived a double debt to pay"—one day to make butter and the next to wash the butterman's shirt! and a thousand small knick-knacks to tempt the wives, the daughters, and the great folks who, with more zeal than knowledge, patronise the great show. From pony-carriages to nutmeg-graters, from side-saddles to bread-making machines, new grates, new gates, and machine-driven pestles and mortars for kitchen use.

Thirty years ago, before railroads opened up cheap conveyance, and trained skilled mechanics had developed the tools for making machinery, with rare exceptions the agricultural implements were made either on the farm or at the nearest blacksmith's shop. If the ploughshare was purchased, the wheelwright and the joiner did the work the jack-of-all-trades, shepherd or carter, could not do in the winter's evening. We are now passing through the iron age to which we arrived by the sheep-feeding age, and we are rapidly arriving at the steam age of agriculture. Dry as figures are generally considered, on this they are eloquent. At Cambridge, in 1840, there were thirty-six implements exhibited. Howard showed wooden ploughs, both wheel and swing. At the present, if you pass between the river and the railway, you see Howard's factory at Bedford—a magnificent quadrangle, dedicated to the manufacture of iron ploughs, harrows, and steam cultivators. Hundreds of mechanics are employed there, acres are covered with ploughs and harrows ready for despatch to every district of England, the colonies, and the chief agricultural countries of Europe. Lincoln, Boston, Leiston, Ipswich in truly rural Suffolk, and other towns too numerous to mention, also support factories, created by the demands of the iron age of agriculture. In 1841, at Liverpool, there were three hundred and twelve implements exhibited; the department was considered to have attained an impossible importance in five hundred implements at Derby. But at Leeds there were one hundred and three stands; three hundred and fifty-eight exhibitors, who brought to the ground five thousand five hundred articles to show and sell. At Derby, the catalogue was a thin pamphlet, in large type; at Leeds the catalogue filled four hundred closely-printed pages. But the difference in quality was even more remarkable than in quantity.

At Leeds stern business was the rule; the implements, with rare exceptions, had been tried and approved, and were to be had in any number, and at certain prices. At Derby, in the golden age of the Royal Society, new inventions were as plentiful as blackberries, and amateurs occurred on every leaf of the catalogue; in the first five pages the names of a peer, a squire, and an M.P., are found as inventors and exhibitors; at Leeds new implements were very rare, and amateurs rarely soared beyond a garden squirt or similar innocent toy. The chief novelty and greatest triumph was steam cultivation, which there conquered the prejudices of incredulous landlords; farmers had worked the system two years before. The amateurs have had their day, and very useful they were in their day. The success of the annual show now depends on the men who buy to earn a profit out of land from men who make to realise a profit, and on the sight-seers.

It is rather interesting to trace the sprouting of the certain valuable mechanical aids to agricul-

ture at the Royal Society's Shows. At Derby the first idea of universal pipe-drainage was suggested by Read's hand-made pipe. At the same show the doom of wooden-framed harrows was sealed, for the iron zigzag harrow there appeared. The judges reported that they could not decide on the comparative merit of steam-engines, but they were coming into use as a matter of business. Tuxford, of Boston, had made the first years before, but there were no means of sending such a bulky machine to any customer except by horse-teams.

A thrashing-machine, which attempted to do what machines in every village do now, was another curiosity in 1843. The following year, 1844, at Southampton, Crosskill's clod-crusher, which had for years been creeping into notice, took a gold medal and its position as a standard implement, and one of the Society's successes. At Shrewsbury, in 1845, appeared the horizontal tile-making machine, which satisfied all the demands of the founder of deep uniform agricultural drainage. The only machine or implement ever brought out by the Society's prizes. 1846, at Newcastle, was marked by the Society's doing a bit of deep-draining on the town moor, much against the grain of the commoners, and not without a large expenditure of beer by a patriotic Newcastle man. This converted the northern county to deep drainage. The following year, at Northampton, a complete set of steel-edged draining tools were, for the first time, exhibited.

At Norwich, in 1849, a trained mechanic became the company's engineer.

At Exeter, in 1850, was shown the germ of Fowler's steam plough, in an attempt to lay drain pipes of wood by machinery.

In 1851 the Society held no implement show, and the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park brought out, without a prize, the first reaping-machine (from America) that ever attracted serious notice in England; and Mr. Pusey, acting as agricultural commissioner, discovered two implements—Bentall's broadshare and Coleman's cultivator—which had escaped the attention of the Society's judges, although the farmers of England had long previously made them into standard implements. Since 1851 the Royal Agricultural Society have repeatedly tried, reported on, and awarded prizes to reaping-machines. There are three principles, or plans, on which reaping-machines have been made; all have been rewarded twice, and it is impossible to learn from the Society's decisions which is to be preferred. Reaping-machines and dearth of labour led to the importation of grass-mowing-machines, which also, without prizes, were brought out, and have been widely adopted by farmers.

At Lincoln, in 1854, swing-ploughs were signally defeated by wheel-ploughs, but that did not at the time produce much effect on the Lincolnshire prejudices in favour of the county swing-ploughs. Cotgreave's plough, produced at Lincoln, for performing three operations at once—ploughing, lifting, and subsoiling—came too soon. No horse team could work it. The inventor was fortunate enough to be able to wait for steam.

In 1856, at Chelmsford, a great change took place in the arrangements of the implement department. The vast increase in the number of articles sent induced the council to consent to divide the competition into three classes, one to be tried every third year. Even this was found too much for the judges, and the prize list is now spread over four years. Exhibitors at Chelmsford were also allowed to put the machinery in motion, and a very dull department from that year became alive and interesting to the unmechanical spectators. At an adjourned trial of the steam cultivator, in 1856, experienced farmers became convinced that it had left theory and reached the point of fact. But the Council declined to bestow the two hundred pounds, part of five hundred pounds recommended to be given as a reward for ingenuity by the judges. Since that year steam cultivation trials have taken place annually, but as we remarked in 1859, without the aid of prizes, the problem was being worked out in Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire.*

At Chester, in 1858, fifteen years after the week when the exhibition of a few portable steam-engines was looked upon as a novelty, one hundred and twelve were entered for competition. One Lincoln firm alone turns out as many a day as they proposed, when they founded their establishment, to turn out in a week. At Chester the steam ploughing prize of five hundred pounds was awarded. Since that date, and especially at Warwick, in 1859, and at Leeds in 1861, the annual shows have, as fairs, bazaars, and agricultural conversazione, been glorious, but as machinery rewarding agricultural mechanical merit, more and more contradictory and absurd.

Not to be forgotten, before we leave the show, are the agricultural seed-shops, which year after year have grown and grown again in extent and importance. On the arrangement and adornment of these shops for a sale of less than a week many hundred pounds must be expended. We stop opposite a one-storied pavilion of gaily-painted wood, with two wings connected by a long portico, fitted as a shop, where specimens of everything valuable and rare grown in the world and cultivated in Europe may be seen in one shape or another. The one wing is the sleeping apartment of the numerous army of assistants, the other is the office of the chief. Before each is a railed-in plot, planted with evergreens, quite as spacious as many London gardens. In the long alcove devoted to business, the advanced-guard is formed of sacks, open and full of the choicest varieties of every kind of agricultural seed and lentil, supported, as they should be, by accurately-coloured wax models of every kind of root that cattle feed on and men do not despise—mangolds of gigantic size, purple and golden yellow, round as bombs or conical as Whitworth missiles; specimen turnips,

* Farming by Steam. All the Year Round, May 14, 1859.

swedes, and hybrids, whose names and qualities fill one of the many learned volumes in Chiswick type, issued as trade circulars by the firm. Behind, roots, specimens of grain in the ear, wheat from every county and every country, where fine samples, red or white, are to be obtained; barley for beer, oats for horses and Scotchmen, and buckwheat, which peasants eat in France and pheasants in England. Grasses support the grains in brilliant bunches; the Italian rye-grass, a modern introduction, long esteemed in the cheese farms of Lombardy, which, properly watered with liquid manure, gives six famous crops every year; the gigantic Tussac grass from the wind-beaten Falkland Islands, which at one time was to have made the fortune of the cattle-feeders in the Orkney Islands and the Hebrides, but somehow failed; and the Pampas grass, and a dozen tall tufted pasturage grasses for ornamenting clumps on velvety lawns or quick covert for game. Then the long wall of the arcade is covered not only with specimens, but with water-colour drawings of rare and beautiful flowers and pictures of the pines—we beg pardon, the Coniferæ—in full growth, whose merits, qualities, and prices also form a volume at once learned and familiar. We may judge something of the quality of the visitors by the preparations made in this shop and museum. Of every valuable or rare and beautiful plant, shrub, or tree exhibited, there is an attempt to give the seed, the flower, the fruit, if any, in dried specimens, or in drawings or in models, and to each specimen is attached the scientific as well as the trade name. It is by degrees that the shop has grown into a museum, stimulating geographical as well as botanical knowledge, and showing our agricultural friends that commerce has laid the whole world under contribution for their mutual benefit.

Spain and Russia, Italy and France, India and China, Egypt and California, and all the rest of the lately United States, have been hunted over to supply grain, lentils, and oil-seeds, roots, shrubs, trees, and flowers for use and ornament for the farm, the garden, the park, the lawn, or the hill-side plantation. The labours of centuries are epitomised in this agricultural pavilion.

We must add a few words at parting on the financial results of the last great show. The prizes given at Oxford amounted to quite eight hundred pounds; at Leeds the amount was exactly three thousand two hundred and forty-two pounds. There was subscribed by the town and neighbourhood five thousand pounds. There entered in five days more than one hundred and forty-five thousand visitors, who paid the first day five shillings each, the second and third days two shillings and sixpence each, the fourth and fifth one shilling each, and altogether nine thousand nine hundred and fifteen pounds. There were sold of implement catalogues five thousand, live-stock catalogues seven thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, at one shilling each. Thus Leeds produced in payments and subscriptions, for one week's exhibition, fifteen thousand five hundred and fifty-eight pounds twelve shillings, while real business in sales of and orders for stock and implements must have been little under half a million—a very striking example of what private enterprise and public spirit, commerce and amusement, landlords and tenants, men of business and men of rank combined can do in this country to amuse themselves and advance the progress of agriculture. Therefore, Long live the Royal Agricultural Society Exhibition! May its shadow and its substance never be less."

AN ENGLISH-AMERICAN SEA DUEL.

In the year of grace 1813, the United States flag having been planted aboard several English prizes, there was immense self-laudation all through America, and the British lion, formerly so terrible on sea and land, was assumed to be now quite toothless and worn-out, and not worth the trouble of kicking. This sort of thing got to be unbearable to the officers and crews of the British blockading ships off Boston, and Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke, then commanding his Majesty's Shannon, determined to try what he could do to lower the arrogant tone of the Americans.

The Shannon and her consort, the Tenedos, had long been watching some American ships-of-war—namely, the President, the Congress, and the Chesapeake; but the first two managed to sail away in the darkness, leaving the Chesapeake fitting in new masts and bending new sails in Boston harbour. It was provoking that the others should have slipped from his clutches, thought Captain Philip Broke, but it would go hard with him if the Chesapeake escaped him too; for the gallant captain had it at heart to read the foe a lesson, and make him learn the difference between the past tense and the future. So he loitered and cruised about, and on the 1st of June, 1813, as the Chesapeake stood in the harbour with royal yards across and ready for sea, the Shannon appeared in the offing, and every one knew that before night some bloody work would be done, and that either America would have once more triumphed, or the British flag be once more in the ascendant. Seeing the Shannon all prepared, Captain Broke sent on board a certain Captain Slocum, an American prisoner, with a letter to Captain Lawrance (promoted from the victorious little United States Hornet to the Chesapeake not many days before), which letter began thus: "Sir,—As the Chesapeake appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the Shannon with her, ship to ship, to try the fortunes of our respective flags." He then went on to pledge his honour that no English ship should interfere. The Chesapeake was superior to the Shannon in size and crew. She carried forty-nine guns, and the Shannon forty-four; she had four hundred and forty men on board (certainly somewhat disaffected because of unpaid prize-money), the Shannon had but three

hundred and ten, made up with some of the crew of the Tenedos, and anything the captain could pick up round about; yet the contest was not unequal, according to his calculation; for were not British pluck and endurance worth more than mere numerical superiority?

On receiving the challenge the Chesapeake "took in her royals and top-gallant sails, hauled in her courses," and came out, slowly and majestically, all gay with flags and colours, bearing, besides her three ensigns, a large white flag at the fore with "Free-Trade and Sailors' Rights" emblazoned in broad bold letters upon it. The Shannon had only a rusty old blue ensign at her peak, though down below she had something better than strips of showy bunting to trust to, having wisely cared for discipline and temper rather more than for seaman's coquetry of ship's apparel. As the Chesapeake came out of the harbour on that bright calm sunny June day, the Shannon filled and stood under easy sail, running a little before the wind, till she got to somewhere about six leagues from Boston light-house, within sight of land, and at signal distance. This was about four o'clock. Up came the Chesapeake gaily, with characteristic insolence firing a gun at the Shannon, as if to bring her to, and to remind her there was to be no skulking that day, and that running easily before the wind was all very well as a display of the ship's paces, but would not do if carried too far. In answer to that iron word so boldly and sarcastically uttered, the Shannon hauled up, and reefed her topsails, "her foresail brailed up, and her main-topsail flat and shivering," so that the Chesapeake could overtake her; for the ships were now about seven miles apart, and the game was drawing to its culmination. At half-past five the Chesapeake "luffed up" to about half a pistol-shot of the Shannon; then laying herself yard-arm and yard-arm with her foe, poured in her opening broadside. The Shannon returned it with terrible effect. Through mast and sail and rigging and hull that broadside flew and tore, striking down men and officers by scores, doing such deadly work, and so suddenly, that the men faltered, and after a few more of the same kind, grew unsteady at their guns, and worked them wildly and weakly. Then Captain Broke, seeing the enemy, as he says in his despatch, "flinching at his guns," called up his boarders, and the whole living tide of resistless fury and wrath poured like a stream of fire on the deck.

The fight was desperate but short. In fifteen minutes from the time the Chesapeake had fired her first volley the whole thing was done. The thousands and thousands of spectators thronging the hill and lining the shores about Boston—some with watches in their hands, betting on the time it would take their ship to beat the Britisher's—made no question as to how the fight would turn. Their ship was the largest and the heaviest, their men the strongest and most numerous, their luck confirmed, their cause most righteous; the event was known already, according to the wording of their prophecies; when the smoke, clearing away, showed the Chesapeake, with her three gay ensigns down, and the Union Jack floating in their place. Seventy-seven officers and men lay dead on the Chesapeake deck—a hundred more were wounded; but the Shannon had lost only twenty-three, with only fifty-two wounded. Of these Captain Broke himself was one, but not badly hurt. His head had been laid open with a sabre-cut as he boarded, but he was able to go on with the fight and attend to his duty, while poor Captain Lawrance, of the Chesapeake, had been mortally wounded at an early part of the fray, and his untimely disablement had undoubtedly helped to dishearten his men and make them "flinch at their guns." Furthermore, it was stated by the officers, who survived the fight only to be tried by a court-martial when they got home, that Lawrance called for his boarding party to come forward before the English captain had given his order, but that, by some fatality, a negro bugler had been substituted for the appointed drummer: he, paralysed with terror, had hidden himself below, and when brought on deck and ordered to sound, was so frightened and undone that he could not get out a note. Lawrance then sent a verbal message, but without effect; and the moment after fell back on the deck, shot through the body. It was when he was carried below that the men faltered: and then Captain Broke headed his boarders, and the Chesapeake was his prize. Again, the same officers stated that the British fired a volley down the hatchways and into the cockpit, where the wounded and the vanquished had taken refuge; but this charge was met by a counter-statement that the Chesapeake men had fired up the hatchway after she had struck her flag, and was no longer free to defend herself. More than this, the English accused the Chesapeake of firing on them from the rigging, and of finding a huge barrel of lime standing on the forecastle with its head knocked off—for what purpose no one could tell, except to fling into the eyes of the enemy, which, if true, was fatal to all ideas of honour or nobleness in American warfare. Also, they said that the shot used was of a diabolical kind: angular jagged bits of iron, broken gunlocks, and copper nails, intended to fester in the body, and produce cruel and unnecessary torments. But it is only fair to the dead brave to state that Captain Broke's despatches say nothing of all this; nor did Wilson Croker in his official announcement in the House; and that the most positive notice we have of these crimes is in James's Naval History, a work so full of party-feeling and injustice to the other side as to be utterly unreliable. Be that as it may, however, the two ships were now under English colours, and sailed away together—Captain Philip Broke, for public thanks, a gold medal, and a baronetcy, and Captain John Lawrance, for a prisoner seaman's grave at Halifax. He died of his wounds on the sixth of June, and the British buried him with all due naval honours, every English captain in the harbour following him to

his grave. This historical fact sufficiently disposes of James's unsupported romance of lime barrels, and the rest. Indeed, Lawrance himself was incapable of a dastardly or dishonourable action. He was a brave and gallant gentleman, and deserved honour of the enemy and renown and gratitude of his country. And he got both.

Captain Broke, too, was a noble-hearted man and gallant officer. All through the American war he distinguished himself by the discipline and high moral tone of his ship. He fought, not for prize-money and personal gain, he used to say, but for glory and his country. Therefore, considering that it demoralised his men as well as weakened his crew to send them home in his prizes, he generally took what was portable and valuable out of the ships to share among his crew, and sunk the rest; preferring to pay the value of what he lost out of his own pocket, that his men should not be discontented and think themselves hardly used, than see them demoralised by the love of gain and pelf. So at least said Mr. John Wilson Croker in the House, and the Times of the 9th of July, 1813, echoes him. Of course there was considerable roaring of the British lion here in England when the despatches came. But on the 11th of September there was a fatal crow on Lake Erie, given by Commodore Perry over Captain Barclay, which had to remain unanswered and unavenged—until to-day.

There was one tragic disaster during the fight of the Shannon and the Chesapeake, worth recording because of its piteous fatality. Lieutenant Wall, of the Shannon, one of the boarding party, was told to haul down the American flags, and hoist instead the brave old bit of blue. By mistake he pulled the wrong halliards, and hoisted the American colours first, upon which the men left on board his own ship thought that the Chesapeake had rallied again, and fired in a broadside, which laid the poor lieutenant low for ever. Another curious circumstance was the explosion of an open cask of musket cartridges left standing on the Chesapeake's cabin. They caught fire and blew up, but did no injury to man or spar. Even the spanker-boom, directly in the way of the explosion, was barely singed; which unusual direction of natural forces was taken as a matter of special Providence in those days, and the Boston divines made the most of it. The names of the Chesapeake's guns, too, are curious. On the main-deck were Brother Jonathan, True Blue, Yankee Protection, Putnam, Raging Eagle, Viper, General Warren, Mad Anthony, America, Washington, Liberty for Ever, Dreadnought, Defiance, Liberty or Death; on the forecastle were the United Tars, Jumping Billy, Rattler; on the quarter-deck Bulldog, Spitfire, Nancy Dawson, Redcap, Bunker's Hill, Pocohontas, Towser, and Wilful Murder, each name engraved on a square plate of copper, and fastened on the gun-carriages. It would have been well for the Chesapeake if her guns had answered better to their names, and carried their metal a little more steadily and truly.

As everything connected with America is of interest at the present moment, when it seems as if our cousins want to force us into a hand-to-hand fight if we are to preserve our status among nations or our dignity as men, it perhaps will be pleasant to read of a fight when English courage and English pluck carried it over distinct odds, and to believe that the race has not quite died out yet, but has left a handful of representatives behind it. The other day, when the first intimation of an American captain's desire to speak with an English mail-steamer was by firing a round shot across her bows, and sending a shell to within a hundred yards of her, we have nothing of the gallant spirit which sent courteously-worded challenges, and gave a dead enemy burial with all the honours of war. Fancy the modern rowdies of the North giving any honour at all to the best spirits of the South! In the old war with us the Americans were rude and bragging enough, but they were sucking-doves compared with what they are now, when success in trade and invention has inflated the whole nation like a gigantic balloon, and every one is preparing for the shock of its collapse.

The fact is, the Americans are like a party of overbearing schoolboys, who want a sound thrashing and to be turned down to the lower forms before they can be said to be rebuked. Apparently they are exceedingly ambitious that we should hold the rod, when they may be sure we shall not spare the stripes. Meanwhile we cannot do better than call to mind the Shannon and the Chesapeake—how we fought at odds and beat, simply by superior discipline and pluck. "The mirror of the prophet hangs behind him," and round its border is the legend, "What has been may be again." It is not unlikely that the affair of the Trent and San Jacinto may have other and sterner outgrowths than what have appeared as yet above the earth—outgrowths which will bear the mark of England's shaping hand and the impress of her conquering foot; the thin gay flags, torn and soiled with blood, hauled down, and the Union Jack floating from the top.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER LI.

WHEN we separated for the night, which we did at eleven o'clock, Margrave said:

"Good night and good-by. I must leave you to-morrow, Strahan, and before your usual hour for rising. I took the liberty of requesting one of your men to order me a chaise from L——. Pardon my seeming abruptness, but I always avoid long leave-takings, and I had fixed the date of my departure almost as soon as I accepted your invitation."

"I have no right to complain. The place must be dull, indeed, to a gay young fellow like you. It is dull even to me. I am meditating flight already. Are you going back to L——?"

"Not even for such things as I left at my lodgings. When I settle somewhere, and can give an address, I shall direct them to be sent to me. There are, I hear, beautiful patches of scenery towards the north, only known to pedestrian tourists. I am a good walker; and you know, Fenwick, that I am also a child of Nature. Adieu to you both; and many thanks to you, Strahan, for your hospitality."

He left the room.

"I am not sorry he is going," said Strahan, after a pause, and with a quick breath as if of relief. "Do you not feel that he exhausts one? An excess of oxygen, as you would say in a lecture."

I was alone in my own chamber; I felt indisposed for bed and for sleep; the curious conversation I had held with Margrave weighed on me. In that conversation, we had indirectly touched upon the prodigies which I had not brought myself to speak of with frank courage, and certainly nothing in Margrave's manner had betrayed consciousness of my suspicions; on the contrary, the open frankness with which he evinced his predilection for mystic speculation, or uttered his more unamiable sentiments, rather tended to disarm than encourage belief in gloomy secrets or sinister powers. And he was about to quit the neighbourhood, he would not again see Lilian, not even enter the town of L——. Was I to ascribe this relief from his presence to the promise of the Shadow, or was I not rather right in battling firmly against any grotesque illusion and accepting his departure as a simple proof that my jealous fears had been amongst my other chimeras, and that as he had really only visited Lilian out of friendship to me, in my peril, so he might, with his characteristic acuteness, have guessed my jealousy, and ceased his visits from a kindly motive delicately concealed? And might not the same motive now have dictated the words which were intended to assure me that L—— contained no attractions to tempt him to return to it? Thus gradually soothed and cheered by the course to which my reflections led me, I continued to muse for hours. At length, looking at my watch, I was surprised to find it was the second hour after midnight. I was just about to rise from my chair to undress, and secure some hours of sleep, when the well-remembered cold wind passed through the room, stirring the roots of my hair, and before me stood, against the wall, the Luminous Shadow.

"Rise, and follow me," said the voice, sounding much nearer to me than it had ever done before.

And at those words I rose mechanically, and like a sleep-walker.

"Take up the light."

I took it.

The Scin-Læca glided along the wall towards the threshold, and motioned to me to open the door. I did so. The Shadow flitted on through the corridor. I followed, with hushed footsteps, down a small stair into Forman's study. In all my subsequent proceedings, about to be narrated, the Shadow guided me, sometimes by voice, sometimes by sign. I obeyed the guidance not only unresistingly, but without a desire to resist. I was unconscious either of curiosity or of awe—only of a calm and passive indifference, neither pleasurable nor painful. In this obedience, from which all will seemed extracted, I took into my hands the staff which I had examined the day before, and which lay on the table, just where Margrave had cast it on re-entering the house. I unclosed the shutter to the casement, lifted the sash, and, with the light in my left hand, the staff in my right, stepped forth into the garden. The night was still; the flame of the candle scarcely trembled in the air; the Shadow moved on before me towards the old pavilion described in an earlier part of this nar-

rative, and of which the mouldering doors stood wide open. I followed the Shadow into the pavilion, up the crazy stair to the room above, with its four great blank, unglazed windows, or rather arcades, north, south, east, and west. I halted on the middle of the floor: Right before my eyes, through the vista made by breathless boughs, stood out from the moonlit air the dreary mausoleum. Then, at the command conveyed to me, I placed the candle on a wooden settle, touched a spring in the handle of the staff, a lid flew back, and I drew from the hollow, first a lump of some dark bituminous substance, next a small slender wand of polished steel, of which the point was tipped with a translucent material which appeared to me like crystal. Bending down, still obedient to the direction conveyed to me, I described on the floor with the lump of bitumen (if I may so call it) the figure of the pentacle with the interlaced triangles, in a circle nine feet in diameter, just as I had drawn it for Margrave the evening before. The material used made the figure perceptible, in a dark colour of mingled black and red. I applied the flame of the candle to the circle, and immediately it became lambent with a low steady splendour that rose about an inch from the floor, and gradually from this light there emanated a soft grey transparent mist and a faint but exquisite odour. I stood in the midst of the circle, and within the circle also, close by my side, stood the Scin-Læca; no longer reflected on the wall, but apart from it, erect, rounded into more integral and distinct form, yet impalpable, and from it there breathed an icy air. Then lifting the wand the broader end of which rested in the palm of my hand, the two fore-fingers closing lightly over it in a line parallel with the point, I directed it towards the wide aperture before me, fronting the mausoleum. I repeated aloud some words whispered to me in a language I knew not: those words I would not trace on this paper could I remember them. As they came to a close, I heard a howl from the watch-dog in the yard—a dismal, lugubrious howl. Other dogs in the distant village caught up the sound, and bayed in a dirge-like chorus; and the howling went on louder and louder. Again strange words were whispered to me, and I repeated them in mechanical submission; and when they, too, were ended, I felt the ground tremble beneath me, and as my eyes looked straight forward down the vista, that, stretching from the casement, was bounded by the solitary mausoleum, vague formless shadows seemed to pass across the moonlight—below, along the sward—above, in the air; and then suddenly a terror, not before conceived, came upon me.

And a third time words were whispered; but though I knew no more of their meaning than I did of those that had preceded them, I felt a repugnance to utter them aloud. Mutely I turned towards the Scin-Læca,, and the expression of its face was menacing and terrible; my will became yet more compelled to the control imposed upon it, and my lips commenced the formula again whispered into my ear, when I heard distinctly a voice of warning and of anguish, that murmured "Hold!" I knew the voice; it was Lilian's. I paused—I turned towards the quarter from which the voice had come, and in the space afar I saw the features, the form of Lilian. Her arms were stretched towards me in supplication, her countenance was deadly pale and anxious with unutterable distress. The whole image seemed in unison with the voice;—the look, the attitude, the gesture, of one who sees another in deadly peril, and cries "Beware!"

This apparition vanished in a moment; but that moment sufficed to free my mind from the constraint which had before enslaved it. I dashed the wand to the ground, sprang from the circle, rushed from the place. How I got into my own room I can remember not—I know not; I have a vague reminiscence of some intervening wanderings, of giant trees, of shroud-like moonlight, of the Shining Shadow and its angry aspect, of the blind walls and iron door of the House of the Dead, of spectral images—a confused and dreary phantasmagoria. But all I can recal with distinctness is the sight of my own hueless face in the mirror in my own still room, by the light of the white moon through the window; and sinking down, I said to myself, "This at least, is, an hallucination or a dream!"

CHAPTER LII.

A HEAVY sleep came over me at daybreak, but I did not undress nor go to bed. The sun was high in the heavens when, on waking, I saw the servant, who had attended me, bustling about the room.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I am afraid I disturbed you; but I have been three times to see if you were not coming down, and found you so soundly asleep I did not like to wake you. Mr. Strahan has finished breakfast, and gone out riding; Mr. Margrave has left—left before six o'clock."

"Ah, he said he was going early."

"Yes, sir; and he seemed so cross when he went. I could never have supposed so pleasant a gentleman could put himself into such a passion!"

"What was the matter?"

"Why, his walking-stick could not be found; it was not in the hall. He said he had left it in the study; we could not find it there. At last he found it himself in the old summer-house, and said—I beg pardon, he said—'he was sure you had taken it there: that some one, at all events, had been meddling with it.' However, I am very glad it was found, since he seems to set such store on it."

"Did Mr. Margrave go himself into the summer-house to look for it?"

"Yes, sir; no one else would have thought of such a place; no one likes to go there even in the day-time."

"Why?"

"Why, sir, they say it is haunted since poor Sir Philip's death; and, indeed, there are strange noises in every part of the house. I am afraid you had a bad night, sir," continued the servant, with evident curiosity glancing towards the bed, which I had not pressed, and towards the evening-dress, which, while he spoke, I was rapidly changing for that which I habitually wore in the morning. "I hope you did not feel yourself ill?"

"No; but it seems I fell asleep in my chair."

"Did you hear, sir, how the dogs howled about two o'clock in the morning? They woke me. Very frightful!"

"The moon was at her full. Dogs will bay the moon."

I felt relieved to think that I should not find Strahan in the breakfast-room, and hastening through the ceremony of a meal which I scarcely touched, I went out into the park unobserved, and creeping round the copses and into the neglected garden, made my way to the pavilion. I mounted the stairs—I looked on the floor of the upper room; yes, there, still was the black figure of the pentacle—the circle. So, then, it was not a dream! Till then I had doubted. Or might it not still be so far a dream, that I had walked in my sleep, and, with an imagination preoccupied by my conversations with Margrave—by the hieroglyphics on the staff I had handled, by the very figure associated with superstitious practices which I had copied from some weird book at his request, by all the strange impressions previously stamped on my mind—might I not, in truth, have carried thither in sleep the staff, described the circle, and all the rest been but visionary delusion? Surely—surely, so common sense and so Julius Faber would interpret the riddles that perplexed me. Be that as it may, my first thought was to efface the marks on the floor. I found this easier than I had ventured to hope. I rubbed the circle and the pentacle away from the boards with the sole of my foot, leaving but an undistinguishable smudge behind. I know not why, but I felt the more nervously anxious to remove all such evidences of my nocturnal visit to that room, because Margrave had so openly gone thither to seek for the staff, and had so rudely named me to the servant as having meddled with it. Might he not awake some suspicion against me? Suspicion, what of? I knew not, but I feared!

The healthful air of day gradually nerved my spirits and relieved my thoughts. But the place had become hateful to me. I resolved not to wait for Strahan's return, but to walk back to L——, and leave a message for my host. It was sufficient excuse that I could not longer absent myself from my patients; accordingly, I gave directions to have the few things which I had brought with me sent to my house by any servant who might be going to L——, and was soon pleased to find myself outside the park gates and on the high road.

I had not gone a mile before I met Strahan on horseback. He received my apologies for not waiting his return to bid him farewell, without observation, and, dismounting, led his horse and walked beside me on my road. I saw that there was something on his mind; at last he said, looking down,

"Did you hear the dogs howl last night?"

"Yes! the full moon!"

"You were awake, then, at the time. Did you hear any other sound? Did you see anything?"

"What should I hear or see?"

Strahan was silent for some moments; then he said, with great seriousness,

"I could not sleep when I went to bed last night; I felt feverish and restless. Somehow or other, Margrave got into my head, mixed up, in some strange way, with Sir Philip Derval. I heard the dogs howl, and at the same time, or rather a few minutes later, I felt the whole house tremble, as a frail corner-house in London seems to tremble at night when a carriage is driven past it. The howling had then ceased, and ceased as suddenly as it had begun. I felt a vague superstitious alarm; I got up, and went to my window, which was unclosed (it is my habit to sleep with my windows open)—the moon was very bright—and I saw, I declare I saw, along the green alley that leads from the old part of the house to the mausoleum——No, I will not say what I saw or believed I saw—you would ridicule me, and justly. But, whatever it might be, on the earth without or in the fancy within my brain, I was so terrified, that I rushed back to my bed, and buried my face in my pillow. I would have come to you; but I did not dare to stir. I have been riding hard all the morning in order to recover my nerves. But I dread sleeping again under that roof, and now that you and Margrave leave me, I shall go this very day to London. I hope all that I have told you is no bad sign of any coming disease; blood to the head, eh?"

No; but imagination overstrained can produce wondrous effects. You do right to change the scene. Go to London at once, amuse yourself, and——"

"Not return till the old house is rased to the ground. That is my resolve. You approve? That's well. All success to you, Fenwick. I will canter back, and get my portmanteau ready and the carriage out in time for the five o'clock train."

So, then, he, too, had seen—what? I did not dare and I did not desire to ask him. But he, at least, was not walking in his sleep! Did we both dream, or neither?

CHAPTER LIII.

THERE is an instance of the absorbing tyranny of every-day life which must have struck all such of my readers as have ever experienced one of those portents which are so at variance with every-day life, that the ordinary epithet bestowed on them is "supernatural."

And be my readers few or many, there will be no small proportion of them to whom, once, at least, in the course of their existence, a something strange and *eirie* has occurred—a something which perplexed and baffled rational conjecture, and struck on those chords which vibrate to superstition. It may have been only a dream unaccountably verified, an undefinable presentiment or forewarning; but up from such slighter and vaguer tokens of the realm of marvel—up to the portents of ghostly apparitions or haunted chambers, I believe that the greater number of persons arrived at middle age, however instructed the class, however civilised the land, however sceptical the period, to which they belong, have either in themselves experienced, or heard recorded by intimate associates whose veracity they accept as indisputable in all ordinary transactions of life—phenomena which are not to be solved by the wit that mocks them, nor, perhaps, always and entirely, to the contentment of the reason or the philosophy that explains them away. Such phenomena, I say, are infinitely more numerous than would appear from the instances currently quoted and dismissed with a jest, for few of those who have witnessed them are disposed to own it, and they who only hear of them through others, however trustworthy, would not impugn their character for common sense by professing a belief to which common sense is a merciless persecutor. But he who reads my assertion in the quiet of his own room will, perhaps, pause, ransack his memory, and find there in some dark corner which he excludes from "the babbling and remorseless day" a pale recollection that proves the assertion not untrue.

And it is, I say, an instance of the absorbing tyranny of every-day life that whenever some such startling incident disturbs its regular tenor of thought and occupation, that same every-day life hastens to bury in its sands the object which has troubled its surface; the more unaccountable, the more prodigious has been the phenomenon which has scared and astounded us; the more, with involuntary effort, the mind seeks to rid itself of an enigma which might disease the reason that tries to solve it. We go about our mundane business with renewed avidity; we feel the necessity of proving to ourselves that we are still sober practical men, and refuse to be unfitted for the world which we know, by unsolicited visitations from worlds into which every glimpse is soon lost amid shadows. And it amazes us to think how soon such incidents, though not actually forgotten, though they can be recalled—and recalled too vividly for health—at our will, are, nevertheless, thrust, as it were, out of the mind's sight, as we cast into lumber-rooms the crutches and splints that remind us of a broken limb which has recovered its strength and tone. It is a felicitous peculiarity in our organisation, which all members of my profession will have noticed, how soon, when a bodily pain is once past, it becomes erased from the recollection, how soon and how invariably the mind refuses to linger over and recal it. No man freed an hour before from a raging tooth-ache, the rack of a neuralgia, seats himself in his arm-chair to recollect and ponder upon the anguish he has undergone. It is the same with certain afflictions of the mind—not with those that strike on our affections, or blast our fortunes, overshadowing our whole future with a sense of loss—but where a trouble or calamity has been an accident, an episode in our wonted life, where it affects ourselves alone, where it is attended with a sense of shame and humiliation, where the pain of recalling it seems idle, and if indulged would almost madden us; agonies of that kind we do not brood over as we do over the death or falsehood of beloved friends, or the train of events by which we are reduced from wealth to penury. No one, for instance, who has escaped from a shipwreck, from the brink of a precipice, from the jaws of a tiger, spends his days and nights in reviving his terrors past, re-imagining dangers not to occur again, or, if they do occur, from which the experience undergone can suggest no additional safeguards. The current of our life, indeed, like that of the rivers, is most rapid in the midmost channel, where all streams are alike, comparatively slow in the depth and along the shores in which each life, as each river, has a character peculiar to itself. And hence, those who would sail *with* the tide of the world, as those who sail with the tide of a river, hasten to take the middle of the stream, as those who sail *against* the tide are found clinging to the shore. I returned to my habitual duties and avocations with renewed energy; I did not suffer my thoughts to dwell on the dreary wonders that had haunted me, from the evening I first met Sir Philip Derval to the morning in which I had quitted the house of his heir; whether realities or hallucinations, no guess of mine could unravel such marvels, and no prudence of mine guard me against their repetition. But I had no fear that they would be repeated, any more than the man who has gone through shipwreck, or the hairbreadth escape from a fall down a glacier, fears again to be found in a similar peril. Margrave had departed, whither I knew not, and, with his departure, ceased all sense of his influence. A certain calm within me, a tranquillising feeling of relief, seemed to me like a pledge of permanent delivery.

But that which did accompany and haunt me through all my occupations and pursuits, was the melancholy remembrance of the love I had lost in Lilian. I heard from Mrs. Ashleigh, who still frequently visited me, that her daughter seemed much in the same quiet state of mind—perfectly reconciled to our separation—seldom mentioning my name—if mentioning it, with indifference; the only thing remarkable in her state was her aversion to all society, and a kind of lethargy that would come over her, often in the daytime. She would suddenly fall into sleep, and so remain for hours, but a sleep that seemed

very serene and tranquil, and from which she woke of herself. She kept much within her own room, and always retired to it when visitors were announced.

Mrs. Ashleigh began reluctantly to relinquish the persuasion she had so long and so obstinately maintained that this state of feeling towards myself—and, indeed, this general change in Lilian—was but temporary and abnormal; she began to allow that it was best to drop all thoughts of a renewed engagement—a future union. I proposed to see Lilian in her presence and in my professional capacity; perhaps some physical cause, especially for this lethargy, might be detected and removed. Mrs. Ashleigh owned to me that the idea had occurred to herself; she had sounded Lilian upon it; but her daughter had so resolutely opposed it; had said with so quiet a firmness "that all being over between us, a visit from me would be unwelcome and painful;" that Mrs. Ashleigh felt that an interview thus deprecated would only confirm estrangement. One day, in calling, she asked my advice whether it would not be better to try the effect of change of air and scene, and, in some other place, some other medical opinion might be taken? I approved of this suggestion with unspeakable sadness.

"And," said Mrs. Ashleigh, shedding tears, "if that experiment prove unsuccessful, I will write and let you know; and we must then consider what to say to the world as a reason why the marriage is broken off. I can render this more easy by staying away. I will not return to L—— till the matter has ceased to be the topic of talk, and at a distance any excuse will be less questioned and seem more natural. But still—still—let us hope still."

"Have you one ground for hope?"

"Perhaps so; but you will think it very frail and fallacious."

"Name it, and let me judge."

"One night—in which you were on a visit to Derval Court——"

"Ay, that night."

"Lilian woke me by a loud cry (she sleeps in the next room to me, and the door was left open); I hastened to her bedside in alarm; she was asleep, but appeared extremely agitated and convulsed. She kept calling on your name in a tone of passionate fondness, but as if in great terror. She cried, 'Do not go, Allen!—do not go!—you know not what you brave!—what you do!' Then she rose in her bed, clasping her hands. Her face was set and rigid: I tried to awake her, but could not. After a little time, she breathed a deep sigh, and murmured, 'Allen, Allen! dear love! did you not hear?—did you not see me? What could thus baffle matter and traverse space but love and soul? Can you still doubt me, Allen? Doubt that I love you now, shall love you evermore? Yonder, yonder, as here below?' She then sank back on her pillow, weeping, and then I woke her."

"And what did she say on waking?"

"She did not remember what she had dreamed, except that she had passed through some great terror—but added with a vague smile, 'It is over, and I feel happy now.' Then she turned round and fell asleep again, but quietly as a child, the tears dried, the smile resting."

"Go, my dear friend, go; take Lilian away from this place as soon as you can; divert her mind with fresh scenes. I hope!—I do hope! Let me know where you fix yourself. I will seize a holiday—I need one; I will arrange as to my patients—I will come to the same place; she need not know of it—but I must be by to watch, to hear your news of her. Heaven bless you for what you have said! I hope!—I do hope!"

CHAPTER LIV.

Some days after, I received a few lines from Mrs. Ashleigh. Her arrangements for departure were made. They were to start the next morning. She had fixed on going into the north of Devonshire, and staying some weeks either at Ilfracombe or Lynton, whichever place Lilian preferred. She would write as soon as they were settled.

I was up at my usual early hour the next morning. I resolved to go out towards Mrs. Ashleigh's house, and watch, unnoticed, where I might, perhaps, catch a glimpse of Lilian as the carriage that would convey her to the railway passed my hiding-place.

I was looking impatiently at the clock; it was yet two hours before the train by which Mrs. Ashleigh proposed to leave. A loud ring at my bell! I opened the door. Mrs. Ashleigh rushed in, falling on my breast.

"Lilian! Lilian!"

"Heavens! What has happed?"

"She has left—she is gone—gone away! Oh, Allen! how?—whither? Advise me. What is to be done?"

"Come in—compose yourself—tell me all—clearly, quickly. Lilian gone?—gone away? Impossible! She must be hid somewhere in the house—the garden; she, perhaps, did not like the journey. She may have crept away to some young friend's house. But *I* talk when you should talk: tell me all."

Little enough to tell! Lilian had seemed unusually cheerful the night before, and pleased at the thought of the excursion. Mother and daughter retired to rest early: Mrs. Ashleigh saw Lilian sleeping quietly before she herself went to bed. She woke betimes in the morning, dressed herself, went into the next room to call Lilian—Lilian was not there. No suspicion of flight occurred to her. Perhaps her daughter might be up already, and gone down stairs, remembering something she might wish to pack and take with her on the journey. Mrs. Ashleigh was confirmed in this idea when she noticed that her own room door was left open. She went down stairs, met a maid-servant in the hall, who told her, with alarm and surprise, that both the street and garden doors were found un-

closed. No one had seen Lilian. Mrs. Ashleigh now became seriously uneasy. On remounting to her daughter's room, she missed Lilian's bonnet and mantle. The house and garden were both searched in vain. There could be no doubt that Lilian had gone—must have stolen noiselessly at night through her mother's room, and let herself out of the house and through the garden.

"Do you think she could have received any letter, any message, any visitor unknown to you?"

"I cannot think it. Why do you ask? Oh, Allen, you do not believe there is any accomplice in this disappearance! No, you do not believe it. But my child's honour! What will the world think?"

Not for the world cared I at that moment. I could think only of Lilian, and without one suspicion that imputed blame to her.

"Be quiet, be silent; perhaps she has gone on some visit, and will return. Meanwhile, leave inquiry to me."

ALMANACS.

Almanacs? The world is afflicted with almanacs; society and the printers are mad about almanacs. Almanacs infest one's house like paper ghosts. Everybody publishes an almanac now-a-days, and everybody expects you to take what he publishes. My stationer round the corner is sure to send me in his unreadable little almanac with the first shilling packet of flimsy cream-laid that I may have been rash enough to order; my patent medicine vendor wraps up my box of pills in his special version of the yearly seasons; my perfumer generously gives me his, scented, with my bottle of British eau de Cologne; my illustrated newspaper has its illustrated almanac, which I am bound to buy; my comic periodical its comic almanac, which I am also bound to buy; my insurance office has a broadsheet, which I am forced to put up in my study; four rival prophets preach woe and desolation in my ears, and I am tempted by patriotic zeal to learn what is to be the fate of my beloved country, at a cost varying from a penny to half-a-crown; while my graceless young son brings me in a handful of French trash, of which I, as a British father, can make neither head nor tail, nor can I discern any point or humour in the whole batch. Humour? Sir, the French have no humour. That poor pitiful stuff of theirs called wit, is nothing but thin, sour, blue-coloured claret—a very different thing to the full, rich, port-wine-flavoured growth dear to Englishmen.

Here is a pile of them. I will draw them at hazard. The first on which my hand falls is Zadkiel's, with its mysterious "hieroglyphic of the Reign of Trouble."

I turn to that hieroglyphic of the reign of trouble, and see, first, a three-legged ram with a sword in its mouth. Why three-legged? Facing this meadow tripod are two little boys—twins, no doubt—with only a couple of fat legs between them, though they have four arms, two heads, and two bodies all complete, according to the laws regulating human form. Again, I ask, why this mutilation? Why should those innocent infants have each a leg less than their share? What does Zadkiel Tao Sze mean by his peculiar system of human structure? In the centre, Britannia in a fainting state, and holding a drooping banner in her hand, sinks down exhausted beneath the baleful influence of a blazing comet; a "darkey," with a sharp nose and white jean jacket, preaching to an arkite pigeon, and Pomona, or Ceres, or Flora, I do not know which, casting a fish into the sea—one on each side of the limp Britannia—make up the rest of these figured prophecies, in which the artist has been wise enough to leave himself sufficient margin for any possible after-interpretation. Of the same order is the letter-press. Sometimes mysteriously vague, at others charmingly definite. In January we are to have much public trouble, a great fire on the 25th, the sudden popularity of a young actress, and Spain, Turkey, and Hungary disturbed. February will see sorrow and perplexity to Francis Joseph, on account of women, perhaps the death of the empress his wife, with other European troubles, and all because Mars is rushing through the sign Sagittarius. The middle of March finds "Mars ingressing upon the 16th degree of Capricorn, where the sun has arrived in the nativity of Lord Palmerston," which remarkable conjunction, whatever it means in plain English, bespeaks to Zadkiel's apprehension a "sudden blow to that veteran statesman, for which he will do well to prepare." In April Louis Napoleon is to do some warlike action unexpectedly, and our parliament is to make a rash vote; May is vague and warlike, June vague and commercial, and all whose birthdays are on the 7th, are to beware of danger, both personal and pecuniary. July is to be highly evil to us, for "on the 5th of this month Mars enters the sign Aries, his domal dignity, and the ruling sign of old England," and does not pass out of it again till January, 1863; so then we are to expect a troublous time of it. Prince Alfred has to take care of himself in August, and not live too fast; Japanese, and Eastern trade generally, looks up in September; October is full of discontent and bloodshed, and bad times for poor Lord Palmerston again; the ninth of November will give us some serious misfortune; and December closes the year, still under martial and gloomy aspects. From all this I gather the reliable information, that 1862 is to be no dispenser of honey and sweetmeats, but a very ill-tempered, choleric, hot-blooded, and uncomfortable time, making every one excessively unhappy, and putting everything out of gear. Zadkiel is, of course, always right. He says that "the world waits in patient anticipation to see Zadkiel confounded—doubled up—and his almanacs confuted and hurled away from the hands of his readers

with contempt;" but, instead of that, Zadkiel's fame is increasing in ratio with his years. Unfortunately, his fame is yet confined to a very small circle. No one educated person in a thousand ever heard of Zadkiel.

What Zadkiel charged me sixpence for, I can get for a penny in Old Moore's "Vox Stellarum." There are two rival Old Moore's, with differing Star Voices, but I will take the one out of Crane-court first. Here a ghastly picture of two vultures fighting, and of dead men in various stages of decomposition, again indicate the presence of war for 1862. The Pope, lying dead, his tiara looking marvellously like a frilled cotton nightcap; a cloudy bear, making hideous faces at a reasonable-looking old lion, who is supposed to be guarding the "world's workshop;" a pitchfork and a few stones, apparently coming from the moon at the bear aforesaid, mean, I suppose, that England is to be safe from the war vultures down below; in which two out of my four prophets hold different views respecting the future. Moore is not nearly so explicit as our former friend; in fact, he is rather retrospective than prophetic, and gives us only the vaguest hints, which will serve for anything one likes; but he has pretty little vignettes, a sheet of the heads of nations, a monthly recommendation to all suffering mortals to take Parr's life-pills, with other indigestible and unnecessary information. The rival Old Moore, out of Holywell-street, is sufficiently terrifying in his hieroglyphic. A huge scaly serpent, vomiting forked lightnings and winged rifle-bullets; men killing each other in every possible manner and attitude; ships blowing up; a vulture pecking at a king; with a host of ugly fancies, very badly executed, make the sum of the rival Old Moore's prophecies. Clearly my batch of prophets do not become more kind as I go on; certainly not more assuring.

The most ambitious of the whole collection is "Raphael's Prophetic Messenger," with a fine coloured frontispiece, in the style of the dream and fortune-telling books, so dear to servant-maids and country girls—an inexplicable frontispiece, with Britannia wearing crape round her arm; an operatic Louis Napoleon, in very white buckskins and very black jackboots, treading on "the Press;" the Pope, as a lachrymose old woman, sitting disconsolate in his chair; two crowns covered with crape; a group of four—one of them a negro—dancing round the tree of monarchy; a fight between two regiments—nation and cause unknown; the star and stripes sundered; and Turkey, as a mild kind of pirate, looming up over the old Pope's chair. Raphael's liberal power of exposition is the best thing about the prophets of all time; for, when predictions mean anything or nothing it is always possible to make them seem to mean something. Raphael, like Zadkiel, deals with definite predictions for the months, whereby we are thrown into a delightful state of confusion, not knowing which to choose. On the 25th of January, Zadkiel prophesied a terrible conflagration, Raphael inclines to "some violent deed, probably towards a female." February sees "government in bad odour, for Saturn affects the ruling places," all sorts of commercial and political depression, a vast amount of crime, and poor King Otho in sad disrepute. In March the ministry are to resign; in April the royal household is to be disturbed; also, because Mars passes the moon's place on the 27th of March, Abraham Lincoln's birthday, we may look for news of "some rash inadvertency on his part." In May Earl Russell is to "feel the untoward influence of the transit of Mars;" the transits of Saturn and Jupiter are to affect Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, Francis Joseph, and the Pope; and because Mars and Saturn are ruling, fearful strife is to be stirred up and the American President again led to rash conduct. Poor President! the planets are always getting into some ill-natured position for him.

The sixth, seventh, and eighth of June next are evil, and betoken all sorts of nameless harm to persons born on those days; excursionists are to beware during the first week of this month, for Saturn and Jupiter continue in close proximity, and Venus rules the scheme, in the seventh being in her detriment. Wherefore we are to have fevers and epidemics, and all matters whatsoever are to be of bad and hurtful aspect. In July, there will be accidents, either at some place of amusement or on the railway—a pretty safe prediction for the time of year—and a fearful case of poisoning and murder. August is full of misery at home and evil influences abroad. September gives us a crop of theological perversions and schisms because Uranus is "exactly on the cusp of the ninth house;" much clerical jugglery resulting when "Saturn, Jupiter, and Uranus are within orbs of untoward aspect;" Mars reaching the opposition of Jupiter on the 13th of October, will cause fires, robberies, frauds, and murders; November has influences that portend evil to everybody; and in December "a gloom appears to overshadow all;" so that clearly, again, 1862 is not to be the year when swords are to be beaten into plough-shares, and the lion is to lie down with the lamb.

When my nerves are sufficiently recovered from the gloomy predictions of my English Jeremiahs, I turn to the French froth lying at my elbow, to see what can be made out of that. In the first place, will any one be kind enough to inform me why the Almanach Prophétique is called the Almanach Prophétique? What is there prophetic in it? Is a list of Saints' days prophecy? or of high tides? or a table of the eclipses of 1862? or a code of mourning? a political essay on the advantages of the commercial treaty? or a wild story about a gardener of Monaco who made blue roses, and grew oranges out of apple-trees, led a lion to be a mild milk-lapping lamb, and turned a lamb into a meat-eating, furious beast of prey? Or does a collection of "rural prophecies" concerning the weather give the right to the title of prophetic? Is a man a prophet because he tells us that "at Christmas on the balcony, at Easter by the fireside"—that "March winds and April showers

bring forward May flowers"—that "little rain in January makes the peasant rich"—with other of the common sayings of France respecting times, signs, and seasons—curious enough, no doubt, to strangers, but no more scientifically valuable than our own doggerels about "rainbows in the morning being the shepherd's warning;" or "rainbows at noon sending him home soon;" or "rainbows at night being the shepherd's delight?" If this is my French friend's idea of prophecy, the seer has an easy berth of it, and will never be stoned for predicting falsely.

There is another thing which I would thank any one to explain to me, and that is, why do all almanacs patronise quack medicines? All sorts of wretched nostrums are recommended—at the top of the page, at the foot of the page, and in the middle of the page, at the beginning and the end, and wherever there is a bit of "fat" to be filled in, or "printer wants more copy" written on the proof. What is the mysterious link between almanacs and pill-boxes? I do not know, but that there is a link is evident to the meanest understanding. Then one almanac gives me sage advice; another teaches me how to wash, and cook, clean marble, and scour out pans; all give the ages of the Royal Family and their birthdays twice repeated; and the eclipses of the coming year, which are very interesting to know of—only one, of the moon, pretending to be visible in England. Wages tables, rates of interest, and probate duties, all the fairs in the country, the Golden Number, and when the four seasons begin, a list of bankers, and how to manage with foreign bills of exchange, generally occur as the working staple of all alike. Poor Richard's Penny Almanack has a very complicated piece of arithmetical machinery on the off page, which I venture to believe but few of Poor Richard's horny-fisted purchasers ever attempt to use. But then there are heaps of moral maxims spread about, and they are pleasanter to read than stupid recommendations of bad quack medicines. Very funny are some of the "receipts" to be found in the commoner kind of almanacs; as this for rheumatism in the face or gums: "Bake a kidney potato till it is quite soft, then put it in a flannel bag, or in the foot of a worsted stocking (let us hope a clean one), and press it flat: put it to the face as hot as possible on going to bed." Why a kidney potato? Why not a fluke, a red, a William, or a Regent, a champion, or a Jersey blue? That a hot poultice should cure face-ache is very likely, but why it should be a poultice of baked kidney potato I own I do not understand. My guides do not always agree, even in their oddities. One gives me a recipe, say for warts: A strong solution of common washing soda, according to my friend on the right; my friend on the left counsels lunar caustic. What would either of them say if I told them that I had actually charmed away my little boy's wart with a notched stick of elder, and a few nonsense verses, gravely repeated in the conjuror's underbreath? Whether the charm lay in the elder, the verses, or my little boy's innocent faith, I do not know. I speak only of the fact, quite as positively as my two friends here of their soda and lunar caustic.

Another friend teaches me that green walnuts pickled with sugar are excellent substitutes for rhubarb and castor-oil; another, that love which has nothing but beauty to live on is short-lived and subject to shivering fits; another tells me, what I certainly have a little difficulty in believing, that Punch and Judy is the relic of an ancient mystery—"Pontius cum Judæis." It may be so: I am no antiquary: but, I mingle a teaspoonful of salt with the information, and swallow cautiously. Almost all tell me that I must pay a penny for a letter weighing less than half an ounce, and twopence for one weighing up to an ounce; that my child must be registered within six weeks after it is born, and vaccinated within three months. I also learn for the hundredth time when dividends are payable at the bank; and I have a universal reckoning table, by which I have never yet been able to calculate my butcher's book into anything like accordance with the received rules of arithmetic. Some give me a table of the kings and queens since the conquest, generally omitting all mention of the Commonwealth, or that we ever had so grand a king as plain Oliver Cromwell, Protector of the honour and well-being of the realm. One adds to his stock of information the legal form of a will, which I hope no reader will be rash enough to copy: most of them deal largely in advertisements—generally of the quack kind when even purely commercial: most, too, have woodcuts scattered through, not always of the highest style of art; and all of the ordinary kind are very cheap, which is a recommendation not to be despised;—is, indeed, the greatest recommendation of all.

For, though it is very well to laugh at their little harmless peculiarities and catchpenny vulgarisms, yet it is a marvellous thing when we think of it, how we are able to have such a mass of information, legibly printed, and, for the most part, scientifically correct, at such a charge as a penny. Although the information is of a stereotyped character which everyone knows and everyone can calculate, yet does it not show the wonderful spread and universality of our knowledge, and the wider sweep of that great fertilising river of civilisation, when things which only the wisest in Egypt knew, are now brought down to the humblest peasant whose little lassie goes to school? What ages of progressive science are embodied in those little sheets since the time when the phases of the moon or Measurer were noted down on notched sticks, or daubed in grotesque characters on the living rock—when the tides were mythic mysteries, and the course of the planets the conscious going of gods through the sky; when all unusual natural phenomena were direct interferences of one or other of the many divinities always at work to alter or destroy, and not a grass blade grew by law, or a morning dawned without the waking of a god! Truly, the least learned among us

have more cause of self-gratulation than the wisest stumbler through the long dark paths of ancient ignorance and error, and our modern civilisation, with all its faults, is one of the most glorious possessions which the world has ever had.

JUDGE LYNCH'S MERCY.

On one of the last days of the year 1858 I was disagreeably aroused from a pleasant morning dream by the report of a pistol close at hand, followed in a few minutes by a straggling volley of fire-arms, in which the crack of the rifle blended harmoniously with the deeper note of the shot-gun. Awakening to the consciousness that I was in a miners' camp, on the willowy bank of the Rio Gila, in the territory of Arizona, United States, and that, apparently, a little difficulty had occurred amongst my neighbours, I hastily pulled on my boots, and sallied forth from the wigwam of cane and brushwood that had sheltered my repose. All was quiet in our narrow clearing, the grey mist was gently rising from the river under the influence of the first rays of the sun, and upon the stump of a cotton-wood-tree near the fire sat my estimable, but rather eccentric, partner, Abe, smoking the pipe of contentment, and watching a pot of coffee through the boiling crisis.

"Somebody shot at last," he remarked, in a tone of grim satisfaction. "I reckon it's one or two of the crowd t'other side of the slue, and this child ain't sorry for it. Here's three months now we've been in these Gila diggings, and all the time there's been a heap of big talk goin' on, and a lot of six-shooters drawn, but *nery* man killed yet; *now* perhaps things will get better and the place be quieter."

It must be acknowledged that a long residence in California, and a severe course of training in the mines during the "good old days" of 1849-50, had rather obscured my friend Abe's ideas on the subject of homicide, which he was in the habit of regarding as a safe and effectual remedy for almost every species of social evil.

Leaving him, therefore, to prepare breakfast and to muse over stern schemes for the amelioration of society, I advanced cautiously towards the scene of the disturbance, congratulating myself upon the fact that I had never been addicted to the practice of early rising, which has such an evident tendency to sour the temper and to lead men into dangerous brawls.

In an open glade of the willow-brake, where a numerous party of "boys" had fixed their abode, a young Virginian, with whom I was slightly acquainted, lay on the ground severely wounded. Most of his companions had started in hot pursuit of the perpetrator of the act, who had taken to flight, without awaiting the storm which his pistol-shot had called forth. While I was dressing the wound of my unlucky friend, the other denizens of the camp returned from their unsuccessful chase, and related to me all the circumstances of the affair. It appeared that for some time one of their comrades had considered himself aggrieved upon a point connected with the division of labour in digging and "washing-out" the "dirt" from the claim, and that the slumbering quarrel had that morning been revived by some trivial circumstance. The man with the grievance had been indiscreet enough to address a very offensive remark to a peculiarly muscular son of New York, who thereupon knocked him down without further parley. Having picked himself up, the discomfited debater retired from the scene without uttering another word, and it was prematurely taken for granted that the row was at an end. In a few minutes, however, a pistol-ball whistled through the midst of the party gathered around the camp-fire, missing the individual whose breast had been aimed at, and striking an unfortunate youth who had taken no part in the dispute, but happened to be standing in the line of fire, his mind absorbed in the preparation of indigestible "slap-jacks."

The intending assassin had rather overrated his skill in the use of the revolver. As may be supposed, the deepest indignation was felt by every one present, and rumour having quickly carried a report of the occurrence to the remotest corner of the diggings, a general determination was expressed by the two or three hundred miners scattered up and down the valley, to arrest the fugitive and bring him for trial before that terrible high-priest of Nemesis, the ever-youthful and vigorous Judge Lynch. "His Honour" could not in this case be accused of usurping the functions of any more decorous magistrate; the wilderness of which we were the temporary inhabitants having been acquired only a short time before by the government of the United States, was totally unprovided with regular tribunals. A few ardent and public-spirited individuals eagerly volunteered to act as constables, and there was every probability that justice would be executed, although law was without a representative in the community.

Towards evening we heard that the criminal had voluntarily given himself up, and the entire population of the mines assembled soon after nightfall to "liquor" at the chief bar-room of Gila City, as, according to American custom, a score of tents and picket-houses were somewhat inappropriately designated, almost every free and independent citizen present being prepared to enunciate deep legal opinions from the stores of his Californian experience. The accused, who was rather a fine-looking man, and a dandy after the rough fashion of the mines, swaggered about with an air of unconcern, and was treated freely to drinks at the bar by his friends.

At length a grey-haired Texian farmer was proposed, and unanimously elected, for the office of judge, and there was no difficulty in finding twelve men willing to act as jurymen. The first choice was, perhaps, the most judicious that could have been made, the mantle of Mr. Justice Lynch having fallen upon an old man who had crossed the plains a few months before, driving his own team of oxen, and who had

since turned his hand to various professions, practising medicine, superintending extensive mining operations, preaching regularly on Sunday, and at the same time keeping a table d'hôte for the benefit of the residents in Gila City. The trial took place in a large tent generally used for the last-mentioned purpose, and all the proceedings were marked by a considerable amount of formality. Two young Californians, ambitious of forensic distinction, undertook to conduct the prosecution, and the prisoner was defended by three of the most loquacious members of the community, who were supposed to have volunteered for the office in order to have an opportunity of expending their eloquence with some probability of finding listeners. The audience was of a floating character, the tent being hardly sufficiently large to contain all the miners of the Gila, and the attractions of the neighbouring bar and monte-table being too powerful to permit a well-sustained attention to the pleadings of the rival orators. Within the hastily improvised court-house a few dim and flickering lanterns cast a gloomy and uncertain light on scores of bearded faces, wearing that expression of profound gravity which so generally marks the American of the Far West, and so soon acquired by all who have thrown themselves into the midst of that desperate fight for which is ceaselessly carried on in the suburbs of civilisation. Men were there who had obeyed the stern behests of the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, and assisted at the terrible task of the moral purification of California, while others had good reason to be thankful that in times past a not too stringent law had prevailed, and that they had enjoyed the impunity which, in the West, is much oftener the consequence of what is there called "order," than of the rough and ready justice of the people.

The prosecuting counsel were extremely vehement in their addresses to the jury, and showed a considerable amount of skill in their examination of witnesses. It was urged that an example ought to be made at once in order to check that proneness to the use of Colonel Colt's ingeniously constructed weapons which had been the bane of a neighbouring State, and which already threatened to convert the peaceful valley of the Gila into a mere shooting-gallery. Even admitting the rights of the prisoner, according to the frontier code of honour, to make a target of the man who had knocked him down, it was contended that he had shown a degree of recklessness in not waiting for a more favourable opportunity which deprived his conduct of the shadow of an excuse. In order to represent his character in the blackest light, the fact was brought forward that he had served an apprenticeship in homicide during the civil wars of Kansas, but the judge promptly checked those revelations on account of their tendency to influence in an improper manner the decision of the jury, the twelve enlightened citizens being chiefly Southerners, and one or two of them having taken part in the capture of Lawrence, while the accused was known to be a son of the "old Hoosier State" of Indiana. Every one felt immensely relieved when the eternal "nigger question" which for a moment had threatened to intrude itself upon the meeting was smothered by the good sense of the venerable judge.

The defence was magnificent. It must be confessed, indeed, that the leading counsel did not stick very closely to his brief, but his speech thrilled the hearts of the majority of the audience, and he had got himself up for the occasion by changing his personal appearance in a manner that was very impressive. His bushy black beard had been ruthlessly swept away, leaving a smooth blueness of visage which was supposed to indicate that the opposite side would find it utterly impossible to catch hold of him. The red shirt of the miner which he usually wore was replaced by a black coat of distinctly legal appearance dragged from the recesses of his kit, and it was evidently intended that this garment should produce a solemnising effect on the minds of the jury, and convince them at once that they had no ordinary man to deal with.

The exordium of his address was a swelling flood of stump eloquence which possessed the advantage of not having the slightest connexion with the matter in hand, while it gently soothed the ears and feelings of the crowd, which had been rather ruffled by the severe animadversion of the prosecutors upon a few of the most cherished practices of the great American people. He artfully accounted for the conduct of his client by tracing it to those chivalrous instincts of the race which cause a blow to be regarded as an insult only to be wiped in blood. He digressed boldly into the history of the Union, and alluded in a touching manner to that Bird of Freedom which is said to be in the habit of sitting upon the summit of the Rocky Mountains, quenching its thirst in the Atlantic while moistening the feathers of its tail in the Pacific. The Monroe doctrine, and the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon were also dragged in, for no earthly reason except that in America no speech on any subject can be complete without them. A parallel was drawn between the vigorous policy of the unfailing General Jackson and the decisive measures adopted by the prisoner to vindicate his wounded honour. Having thus shown his hearers that he himself was a fit person to be sent as delegate to Congress whenever the Territory of Arizona should be called on to elect such a representative, the orator at length condescended to discuss the arguments advanced by the counsel for the prosecution in favour of making an example of his much-injured client. He contended that the act of firing a revolver at the breast of an enemy was not only excusable but highly meritorious, and that as the bullet had failed to strike the object aimed at, it was absurd either to talk of injuries received or of punishment to be inflicted. Admitting that a young man had been wounded, he did not think that an unprejudiced jury would see anything in that circum-

stance to prevent the accused being immediately set at liberty. It was merely one of those accidents so apt to occur from the use of fire-arms, even when every possible precaution was taken. His client had injured a youthful comrade and deeply sympathised with his sufferings, and as there was no felonious intention, neither could there be any ground for serious complaint. Capital punishment was therefore out of the question. "What then," he inquired, "are you going to do about it? It's hanging or nothing. You can't send him to jail, for I'm happy to say there's no such buildin' in these diggings."

The usual compliments to the well-known moral and intellectual qualities of the jury followed this forcible argument on the side of mercy. He saw intelligence beaming in their eyes, he believed that the twelve noble-hearted men whom he saw before him were the most honourable, the most high-minded——Here the orator was interrupted by a slightly intoxicated juryman, who could not refrain from giving his assent to the panegyric by calling out, "You bet!" in an encouraging tone of voice. Another rather disconcerted the advocate by saying, "We know all that; cut it short, old Tight-wad." The effect of this rather mysterious appellation was to bring the peroration to an abrupt close. After a few observations had been made by the counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Justice Lynch summed up the evidence and the arguments on both sides in a very concise manner, telling the jury to return what verdict they thought proper, but reminding them that, according to universal experience in Texas and California, when the exciting amusement of suspending fellow-citizens by the neck was once begun, no man alive could tell where it would end. The twelve honest men retired by the light of the stars to a clearing in the cane-brake to meditate upon their verdict, and in the mean time bets were freely taken upon the result by the more speculative and impatient amongst the crowd. The prisoner and his legal advisers conversed in an undertone, and it was supposed that some arrangement was being made with regard to fees, "nothing for nothing" being the rule of conduct even in the remote corner of the territories of the United States. In about ten minutes the jury returned to the tent and pronounced a general verdict of Not Guilty, and the prisoner was briefly informed by the judge that he might "clear out" at once. An adjournment took place to the bar-room over the way, and all the assistants at the trial were soon engaged in the consumption of that seductive fluid known in the Far West as "lightning." The liberated Hoosier and his late antagonist glared at each other fiercely over their glasses of corn-whisky, but the sense of the company was decidedly opposed to a renewal of hostilities that night. Returning to camp towards the small hours, my friend Abe, who had been an attentive listener to the speeches on both sides, gave me his opinion in few words of the whole affair.

"Nobody shot and nobody hanged—that's not the way we used to go on in California. Fact is, my boy, there wasn't a man on the jury that didn't know that he deserved a rope himself."

The wounded man eventually recovered, as wounded men generally do when fortunate enough to breathe the free air of the wilderness instead of the close atmosphere of a hospital ward. The eloquent counsel for the defence never received a "red cent" from his ungrateful client, as he told me with much indignation a few months afterwards, when I saw him for the last time, and joined him in a farewell "smile" at the bar of the Gila City Hotel.

THE GOOD SERVANT: THE BAD MASTER.

The year which is now fast drawing to a close has been one characterised, among other things, by an inordinate number of accidents by fire. This good servant, but cruel and relentless master, has during the past twelve months appeared but too often in the last capacity, and, turning on his employer, has not only wrought fearful ravages with his property, but has on many occasions taken his life as well. It must be remembered that those who use the agency of mighty furnaces in their occupations are not the only members of the community who employ this dangerous but necessary servant. We call this slave to us whenever we order a fire to be kindled in a boudoir, or even when, with our own hands we strike the match into a flame, and light the candle which burns before our looking-glass. No one who does either of these things should forget that he enters into relations with an agency of terrific power, engages a servant who must be kept in his place, and one in his intercourse with whom we must never venture on a liberty or run a risk. He must be kept at a distance, literally ruled with a rod of iron, for with no instrument less cold and unimpressionable may this slave be approached or controlled.

Now with regard to the management of this same servant, whom we are all by-the-by obliged to take into our service, with regard to the best means of keeping him in his place, and rendering it impossible for him to rise into that position of master which he fills so badly—with regard to these matters we have a word or two to say, for which we entreat a patient audience from those whom they may concern. We choose this time for our lecture advisedly. Young ladies, for it is you whom we chiefly address, have the kindness to draw near and listen, divesting your minds previously of all idea that crinoline is to be the subject of the present discourse. Once for all, and most emphatically—it is not.

Christmas-time is at hand. Festivities of every kind are looking up in the market. In some classes of society every evening, and in all very frequently, there comes an hour when the sitting-rooms are deserted, and when lights flash in the upper stories of the house. "The young ladies are gone up-stairs to dress." We have no intention of intruding upon them. Let them

gossip round the fire in each other's rooms to their hearts' content. Let them avail themselves of every conceivable and inconceivable freak of fashion. Let them consult among themselves about such matters, and arrange their weapons of warfare, and may the list of slain in the marriage column of the daily newspapers be a long and distinguished one. We have nothing to object, we do not even, as we have said above, utter a single word on the subject of crinoline. Diatribes against that fashion are written by single men. We others know that it is useless to protest, we bow meekly before it, and, get out of its way as well as the bulbous nature of that fashion will permit.

On one subject, and on one only, do we wish to make our voices heard above the clang of the first dressing-bell. One word of warning we have to give. It is soon said; may it ring in many ears and scare them into a wholesome and a salutary fear:

BEWARE OF THE FIRE!

Young ladies, you have had a pleasant day of it. Your cousins are staying two doors off. You have been shopping in the morning all together, and together you have been in the afternoon to see the skating. Now in the darkness, full of anticipation of a pleasant evening—a little dance, or perhaps a great one, is coming off—you mount the stairs, still laughing and talking, to your rooms to dress. Heaven grant that those merry sounds may not be changed for screams of despair, and wailing useless cries for help.

BEWARE OF THE FIRE!

Other young ladies have gone to their rooms as gay and light-hearted as you, and presently the house has been raised by a dreadful cry for help. An accident happens so quickly. You are standing before the fire, and naturally enough at this time of year you approach it very closely. Presently you raise your hand to try some experiment with your coiffure. There is a glass over the chimney-piece, and in it you can see the effect of the rose, or the camellia, which you intend to wear. By this action of the arm you suddenly sway forward the steel petticoat, and so bring the whole mass of light material which is above it in contact with the bars. In a moment all is in a blaze.

The other day there was a wedding in a certain country-house. The great event of the day was over. The breakfast-table was deserted. The old shoe had been thrown. There was something more of festivity, however, contemplated in the evening, and the young ladies went to their rooms to prepare for it. One of them—she was dressed in white muslin—was stooping down to open a box, when her sleeve caught fire, and immediately the flame covered her from head to foot. Her screams must have sounded horribly in the ears of the wedding-guests. They hurried to her assistance, but before the flame could be stifled, it had done its work, and the house of rejoicing was a house of mourning that night.

About the same time, another young lady was staying in another country house, and at the close of the evening retired, as did the other guests, to her room. When she reached it she placed the candle upon the toilet-table, which was in the recess of the window, and stretched out her hand across the table to close the window-curtain. Her sleeve caught fire as she did so. She plucked at the carpet, intending to wrap herself in it, but it was nailed down, and then she rushed to the door and called for help. A gentleman in an adjoining room came at once to her assistance, and found her quite covered with flames. They were put out at last, but mortal injury is soon done by fire, and she died.

It would, unhappily, be only too easy to multiply such instances as these; but to what purpose would it be? There can exist in no reasonable mind any doubt that the accidents by fire in which women are the sufferers are disastrously common, and in frequency far beyond the average of what, when all is done, we must expect.

But all is *not* done that might be done to prevent them. There are two forms of precaution to be used against accidents to the person by fire. The first is to fence about this dangerous element with such barriers as shall render it almost impossible for inflammable objects to come in contact with it; the second is to render those objects, which are liable to be brought within its influence, incombustible. Neither of these precautions should be neglected. In the first place, when one comes to consider it, it does seem altogether wrong that the fires which burn in one's sitting and sleeping apartments should be left so utterly unguarded as they are. We fence about the machinery in our factories, because it is dangerous, why do we not fence about the fires on our hearths, which are dangerous too? As you read these words turn yourself about for a moment and look at the fire which is blazing in the grate at your side. If there is a lady in the room it is ten to one that she is sitting very near to the fire, and it is ten thousand to one that her dress bulges out towards it, urged by the expanding nature of the steel bands which lie concealed beneath its folds. As you look from these folds to the fire, and from the fire to the folds again, you are struck by the awfully short space between them, and you instinctively request your fair companion to move her apparel out of harm's way, upon which she pats her dress down once or twice, assuring you that it is all quite safe, but in truth there was reason for your apprehension. That two such dangerous companions as that combustible dress and that leaping roaring flame, should be so near together, with no sentinel to mount guard between them, is a legitimate reason for apprehension whatever may be said to the contrary.

What has become of the old-fashioned fender? It used to mount up almost waist high. The lower half of it was of perforated zinc, or iron painted green, and above this rose four or five perpendicular brass rods with a brass bar which they sustained placed transversely along the tops of them. This was a fender or de-fender

worthy of the name, and it may still be seen in our nurseries. But what has the fender in our sitting-rooms dwindled down to? It has got annually lower and lower, till now it is as nearly as may be flat and level with the hearth, a mere receptacle for the fire-irons and a sort of finish to the general effect of the stove-setting. A lady's dress sweeps over it and into the fire as easily as if there was nothing there at all. The thing happened only a short time since, as a lady was standing talking to an invalid who lay on a sofa drawn round to the fire.

Is there no way of getting back the old fender? or if the laws of fashion forbid this, why not have a guard perpetually over the fire? It need not be like the present fire-guard, which has an uncomfortable look, and has to be removed whenever the fire is poked. Four or five brass bars descending in a curve from the top of the grate-arch to the hearth would serve every purpose of fencing in the fire, and would neither be unsightly nor inconvenient. They would be so far apart that not only could the fire be poked between them, but the coal-scoop full of coals could be introduced without the removal of the guard.

But we have not done yet with the first clause of our precautionary measures against fire; there is yet another mode of fencing the dangerous element about, which might with propriety be made use of. Why should bedroom candles be used without a glass chimney over them? There is every reason why such a protection should always be placed about them. Independently of the tendency to "flare," which all good housewives deplore in bedroom candles, and which a glass shade would entirely do away with, the candlestick which has such a shade *looks* infinitely prettier than one without it, while the increased safety which such a guard would give cannot be doubted. It is possible that both the accidents quoted above, might have been prevented had the candles used by those two unfortunate ladies been furnished with glasses.

We now come to the second kind of precautionary measure to be used against fire, that of rendering the objects most likely to come in contact with it as far as may be insensible to its influence. It is time that public attention should be especially directed to this section of our subject. It is now established on excellent authority that it is perfectly possible, and, what is more, perfectly easy, to render all those light fabrics, from which the most danger is to be apprehended in connexion with fire, if not entirely incombustible, at any rate uninflammable. In other words, it is an established fact that there are certain chemical applications to whose influence these fabrics may be subjected which so far alter their condition that, though they may *smoulder* away when brought in contact with the fire, they will never burst into a flame. A dress so prepared may be partially or wholly destroyed by fire without the wearer's safety being compromised. Much very valuable evidence has been already elicited on this subject, and more would undoubtedly be forthcoming if a due and proper amount of inquiry were given to it. Speaking on this question, on the occasion of an inquest held in the course of the present year, Dr. Gull, of Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, said, "That he wished to say one word with respect to the getting up of these light dresses. If the laundress, in preparing these dresses, would put a small portion of sulphate of salt, or sulphate of soda into the starch, it would render them perfectly incombustible, at the cost of about one-tenth of a farthing per dress. He had seen the experiment tried on two pieces of linen, one prepared with the sulphate, and the other not. The piece that was prepared with the sulphate was held over a candle, and the flame had no effect at all upon it, the other when held over it was consumed."

Dr. Odling, of Guy's Hospital, treating of this same subject, says: "The various means proposed for rendering textile fabrics non-inflammable were carefully investigated a short time back by two well-known chemists, Messrs. Verdmann and Oppenheim. An account of their experiments was read at the Aberdeen Meeting of the British Association in 1859, and was afterwards published in the Journal of the Society of Arts, and in a separate form by Trübner and Co., of Paternoster-row. They showed that linen and cotton goods dried after immersion in a solution of one or other of several salts possessed the property of non-inflammability, and that the best results were obtained with a solution of sulphate of ammonia, or of tungstate of soda, neither of which liquids produced any injurious effect upon the tissue or colours of the fabric. The tungstate of soda solution was found most applicable to laundry purposes on account of its not interfering in any way with the process of ironing. Muslins, &c.," Dr. Odling continues, "steeped in a seven per cent solution of sulphate of ammonia, or a twenty per cent solution of tungstate of soda, and then dried, *may be held in the flame of a candle or gas-lamp without taking fire.* That portion of the stuff in contact with the light becomes charred and destroyed, but it does not inflame, and consequently the burning state does not spread to the rest of the material."

Still more recently, we read in the Times of November 21, in the present year:

"A French chemist has just discovered the mode of rendering muslin, lace, and all kinds of light stuff incombustible. Neither does he make any secret of his discovery. It is merely necessary to mix with the starch used in making them up half of its weight of carbonate of lime, commonly called Spanish chalk or Spanish white. The muslin or other stuff is then ironed as usual. The chalk thus added in no respect injures either the appearance, the quality, or the whiteness of the stuff."

Nothing can be more simple or more straightforward than these statements. They are easy to understand, easy to confute if they will not bear any amount of practical trial.

Christmas-time is at hand, we say once more, and cold as that season of the year generally is, it is yet a great time for muslins, lace, and all

sorts of light and airy fabrics. It is a time, too, when, by reason of the short days and the chilliness of the atmosphere, there is a greater use of candle-light and a greater consumption of coal than at other periods of the year. The danger of accidents by fire to the wearers of these thin and gauzy materials is more imminent than usual.

But, coupled with the remembrance that Christmas has now arrived, comes another thought intimately connected with the matter in hand. The Pantomimes are just now in active operation at all the theatres in London. A powder-magazine hardly contains more inflammable matter than is to be found at such times "behind the scenes." It positively makes one wince to think of the flaring gas, and of its near neighbourhood to the yards upon yards of muslin which are required for the clothing of even half a dozen of the sylphs and fairies who are brought into existence at this time of year. Muslin everywhere, and gas everywhere, but carbonate of lime and sulphate of ammonia—the mediators to keep the peace between these two implacable foes—nowhere!

Surely this would be a good time for our managers of theatres to exert all their influence and all their authority in enforcing the use of some one of these non-inflammable chemicals in the preparation of all light materials worn by the different members of their respective corps. The cost is little, the advantage enormous. The accident, when once it happens, is of so terrible a kind, why should we wait for another before acting in this matter? Why not do all we can to avert that accident, which is almost sure to come, sooner or later, instead of letting it occur and then wringing our hands in vain regret? Is there not ground for saying that this disaster will surely come, unless we do all we can to avert it. Have we forgotten the dreadful death of Miss Clara Webster? Have there been no similar accidents since? Are not the screams of those six dancers of the American theatre, whose dresses seemed almost to make but one sheet of flame—are they not yet ringing in our ears?

With what words shall we urge the importance of the cause we are now pleading? Are any words needed? Does not the cause rather speak strongly enough for itself? There is nothing against the adoption of this discovery, everything in its favour. The fabric subjected to the influence of these chemicals loses nothing of its beauty either of colour or texture. The cost is next to nothing. One of the authorities from whom we quote, estimates it at one-tenth of a farthing per dress. Will no one move in this matter? And if no one will, is it altogether an unfit subject for legislation? Why should not all laundresses be compelled to use one of the ingredients mentioned above in getting up all dresses of light and inflammable material? Alas! it is to no one's interest to push this discovery. Could it be made directly and at once profitable, we should have some one taking out a patent in connexion with it, and haply at a stall in the new Exhibition, a ball-dress, perfectly "got up" with the non-inflammable starch would be exhibited, and experiments made upon it every day to prove how incombustible it was.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

It is a stock theme with our newspapers in the dull season, when "the House" is up and town empty, to descant on the facility with which foreign swindlers succeed in entrapping English victims, especially if they be women. Our law courts have on the average four or five such suits each term, with a wonderful similarity in all the details. The betrayed one is a single lady—no longer young—but with those attractions which compensate for youth departed; her social station is respectable, and her income satisfactory. The betrayer is a refugee count, the especial object of hate of the Russian or Austrian Emperor. He has escaped from the mines of Siberia or the dungeons of Spielberg, not improbably bearing the marks of manacles on his wrist. Occasionally he is, or rather he was, a Neapolitan, of noble family, banished and disinherited for his love of liberty; and sometimes, again, he is a musician, or a painter, or a language-master; but not the less a scion of some distinguished house—a Hapsburg, with a guitar under his arm, or a Castel-Gandolfo, with a box of colours.

It is a very easy thing—nothing easier, indeed—for a smart essayist, in the columns of a popular paper, to ridicule those who are the victims of this class. They are held up as objects of derision and absurdity, so facile of deception, so ready to be ensnared, as really to exclude all claim to sympathy for their sorrows. The world is assured that it required an almost idiotic trustfulness—an insane credulity—on the part of the "unfortunate Miss Bailey," to have been deceived by Signor Castramucci—the man was suddenly this, that, and t'other—that any one at all conversant with his country and his countrymen would have immediately perceived this and detected that. The writer, by turns indignant and facetious, now scolds his countrywomen, now sneers at the foreigner, and the reader, carried away by a case of which he has only heard one side throws down the paper with a muttered "Serve her right!"—a something not exactly a benediction on all races born beyond the seas.

Now, I am not about to plead for the Count von Strogonitz or the Duke of Ischiabella. I have no peculiar liking for the class they pertain to; but I wish to protest, and protest strongly, against the rash judgments constantly pronounced upon those who are the victims of these people, and to declare that in the folly imputed to them there is often exaggeration, and occasionally great unfairness. No reasonably well-taught English man or woman has much difficulty in deciding to what rank of life to ascribe one of his own countrymen, when brought passingly into contact. There are innumerable marks and signs to guide the decision, and the

lacquey who should hope to pass for a gentleman would be detected not alone by one, but by every trait of his manner, language, and bearing. The fixed and well-defined gradations of rank in England have impressed each class, and even the sections of each class, with very distinctive marks; and one recognises the City men, the lawyers, the physicians, the clergymen, the squires, as easily as one pronounces on a provincialism.

This ready tact, however, fails us when we try to apply it to the foreigner. All these tests, applicable to ourselves, fail when we employ them towards him. He may be guilty of lapses in his parts of speech, like Mrs. Malaprop; he may violate every rule of grammar, and outrage every principle of language; yet how are we to detect him? Where is the Englishman, who has not passed years of life abroad, who could pronounce by the test of language on the status and rank of a foreigner? And yet so strangely diffused and disseminated throughout all gradations of the Continent are the ordinary conventionalities of life, that it is by language alone we are able to discriminate between the man of education and the pretender. Every one familiar with foreign life has had in his service a courier or a valet, whose air, manner, and general "get up" were an admirable fac-simile of the real article. All of us have seen fellows with the most imposing appearance, and what would be called a distinguished address, and yet to a discriminating eye as unquestionably stamped "flunkey" as any Private in the army of yellow plush. But how is the home-bred Englishman to know this? How is he to discover that these graces are the uniform and conventional usage of everybody abroad, and not more the prerogative of the duke than of the duke's gentleman?

My reader will, perhaps, ask at this moment whether I mean by this apology that the unfortunate Miss Bailey was perfectly justified in being deceived, and that, in fact, she had an undeniable right to be "taken" by the signor with the long name, and I reply as promptly, Nothing of the kind. I am just as severe in my condemnation of the lady's rashness as I should be of his who, without any knowledge of the subject, previous study, or preparation, would adventure to make costly purchases in matters of high art. Saving that in the one case it may be a life's happiness is on the venture, and in the other a sum of money—they are much alike—yet who is there in this very self-reliant age who would buy up a gallery of reputed Raphaels and Corregios, and merely on the faith of the name exchange his bank-notes for mock Rembrandts and forged Cuyps, impositions so gross as to be only laughable when subjected to the eye of real connoisseurship? This is precisely the error I would reprobate, not as the newspaper critic does, however, for want of knowledge, but for want of caution; not that the buyer purchased unwisely, but that he purchased at all. What I want to declare is that foreigners, like objects of art, medallions, majolica, Sèvres china, or Capo di Monte porcelain, are an especial study. They possess a certain lacquer of civilization common to all ranks, forms and observances of good breeding in very general use, and extremely likely to deceive those in our own country who ascribe such characteristics only to the highest ranks of society.

The cashier of a bank recognises the forged note by an instantaneous instinct; he has not to con over the engraving, and the secret symbol, and the water-mark; so, in the matter of a foreigner, he who has passed years in their intercourse attains that readiness in discrimination which saves many a blunder. But how is your untravelled Englishman to arrive at this? It is impossible; and what is the consequence? While the unfortunate Miss Bailey is the dupe at home, her brother Bob is the despot abroad. To him all foreigners are cheats, rogues, and blackguards. Confounding all ranks and conditions, he makes no more count of the man of station and eminence than of the lacquey that showed him the cathedral. Full of self-imputed superiority to the Frenchman or the German, he imagines that absurdity in dress and eccentricity in behaviour are essential to show how he despises public opinion, and thus two diametrically opposite faults—implicit credulity and insolent distrust—spring out of the self-same ignorance. Is it necessary to say that we make far too much of the "foreigner" in England, and hold him far too cheaply abroad; and bad as the former mistake is, the latter is infinitely more productive of mischief. No one who has not known the Continent long and well, could easily believe how much the character of England has suffered in foreign estimation by the bearing of our travellers, especially of the young-men order. In fact, if not leavened by the good breeding of our highest class, our manners and social usages would be deemed below all comment. Who has not witnessed the lounging swagger of the Tweed-clad Bull through churches where people were at prayer; his loudly uttered questions as to this or that; his cool invasion of the most sacred precincts; his irreverent examination of relics, or his scoffing impatience when directed to some object of special veneration? Who has not seen him at the promenade, where whatever the city owns of fashion is as observant of dress as in the drawing-room, strolling about in the costume of a broken-down player, mayhap with a felt-hat and knickerbockers, and, more ridiculous still, a courier's bag slung round him? Is the vulgarian aware that he might as well wear a hat with a cockade or a coat with a livery-button? At the restaurant, the café, the theatre, it is all the same, he is ever distinguishable by his dressing and by an aggressive manner; a something that seems to invite insult, an air assumed to outrage the "confounded foreigner," and show him "what stuff John Bull is made of." The Englishman's estimate of the foreigner and of all things foreign is that there is no bone in him; nothing solid, stable, and resisting; and he deems the morality, like the cookery, far too light to be nutritious.

He wants underdone beef, and what he calls sincerity, but the Frenchman calls one raw and the other rude. He deems the courtesy a falsehood because expressed in terms which, if translated, would imply an interest of actual affection, but he forgets it is not intended for translation. It is a light wine that won't bear a voyage; and he imagines the hospitality a sham because it has no forms to represent the same quality when practised at home. He is indignant at not being admitted at a foreign interior to see what may be called the family, but he forgets that in foreign usage this is a sanctuary closed to all but near relationship; and, lastly, he is disgusted with the dulness of mere "receptions," as well he may be, with a society whose whole resource is conversation, while he is a man in all likelihood no great proficient in any language but his own.

If anything were wanting to cap the little attractive graces of the travelling Englishman and render him positively odious abroad, Lord Palmerston hit upon it when he called him the "Civis Romanus." There never was a more mischievous piece of boastfulness, nor one more productive of trouble and misunderstanding. The first effect of it was to persuade the travelling Bull that, wherever he went or whatever he did, there was always waving over his head the protecting ægis of the English flag with an imaginary "Gare à qui le touche!" inscribed on it. The great insecurity which pervaded all Europe at the time this boast was uttered, served to swell and exaggerate its importance.

The attitude of England was imposing all the more that none knew to which side her influence would incline; there was consequently on all sides an amount of toleration extended towards Englishmen abroad, that is scarcely credible. Every absurdity was overlooked, every ridiculous infraction of public custom was permitted. There was extended to the "Islanders" a species of prescriptive right to bully landlords and waiters, insult gendarmes, and overbear authorities generally, of which to do them justice they were not slow to avail themselves.

It was during this saturnalia that an English traveller to the Bagni de Lucca having washed his hands, emptied the contents of his basin out of window, and, in doing so, deluged the late Grand-Duke of Tuscany, the sovereign of the country, who happened to be passing beneath. Horrified at his accidental rudeness, the Englishman rushed down stairs, and in the most eager manner protested his sorrow, and entreated pardon. His imperial highness, wiping his face, simply said:

"It can't be helped; only don't speak of it, or I shall have a correspondence with your government, and be smartly snubbed by your Foreign Secretary besides."

Such is the story that was put about, true or not true.

These lucubrations are not meant to take any political colouring, and so I abstain from tracing the course of those events which, down to the Lombard campaign, continuously served to elevate France and depress Great Britain in the eyes of foreigners. The Italian war, however, completed the question, if there indeed then remained a question, as to which nation the palm of pre-eminence belonged, and France once again stood forward as distinctly "la grande nation." Now, in my heart, I do not believe that we were ever, at any portion of our history, richer, greater, or more powerful than at this period—better able to protect our own, or in a stronger position to assail another's. No matter, the foreigner has decided that our navy was worth little and our army worth less, that we were loud talkers and little doers, very repressive at home and very liberty-giving abroad, eminently exclusive while we preached toleration, and, in a word, much nearer that "perfide Albion" the French called us, than they had hitherto imagined. Bull the traveller, however, knew nothing of all this. He had taken out his passport as "Civis Romanus." There was nothing to warn *him* of the changed feeling of the Continent to his nation. Foreign officials of every class were only too glad to pay off the long arrears of all the outrages they had—or fancied they had—endured from Bull; and hence we had those unhappy incidents at Bonn, and at Heidelberg, and other places—far more injurious to international esteem and good will, than really serious differences between cabinets.

A witty archbishop, who has a liking for ingenious analogies, when once defending the rights of majorities, asked, Why is it that white-faced sheep eat more than black-faced sheep? Because there are more of them.

In this way, we may assert that the reason of the existing prejudice against English travellers abroad is, that more of our countrymen travel than the people of any other country. Let France, with all her boasted civilisation—the other nations of Europe are out of the question—send forth swarms from every class of her bourgeoisie, from her smaller tradesfolk and petty shopkeepers and artisans—and of all of these I have seen British representatives on the Rhine—and perhaps, after all, with all our absurdities, we might not come out of the comparison disgracefully; that is, I am certain that as a set-off for short-comings on the score of courtesy, would be remembered many a kindly act, and many a manly and generous service.

Enough of warning; in my next I hope to have a pleasanter theme.

THE MORRILL TARIFF.

If it be not in slavery, where lies the partition of the interests that has led at last to actual separation of the Southern from the Northern States?* In the original constitution of the Union it was provided that "all duties, imposts, and excises, shall be uniform throughout the United States;" also that "no tax or

* See American Disunion, in our last number.

duty shall be laid upon articles exported from any state. No preference shall be given, by any regulation of commerce or revenue, to the ports of one state over those of another." A general export duty upon rice would have been levied substantially on South Carolina. If the duty had been levied on tobacco, Virginia would have had to pay it. Where the climate varied so much and the whole Union was, as it then was, agricultural, no export duty could have been borne evenly by all. But as there were then no manufactures, duties on imports affected all alike. These were then small, varying only from five to about seven and a half per cent. The war with this country in eighteen-'thirteen prevented the import of manufactures. An extension of manufacturing enterprise within the states themselves was the result, and in this the North not only took the lead by virtue of its climate, coal, free labour, water power, and, above all, its energetic and laborious spirit of enterprise, but its lead was so complete as to be virtually a monopoly. Thus, to the other points of contrast between North and South, it was added that one became manufacturing, the other remained agricultural. After the war manufactures were poured in from abroad, the young home trade suffered, protection was then an undetected fallacy, the very prosperity of English trade was commonly ascribed to it.

The United States, with the full assent and aid of those of the South, therefore set up a moderate protective tariff. Usual results followed. The protected interests clamoured for more and more assurance of the comfort of monopoly; and as political morality also declined, the moderate protective system decayed into corrupt political bargains between special interests, to impose for their own profit heavy taxes upon other interests. In the year 'twenty-three a large increase to many existing duties was proposed for the benefit of the manufacturers. The South felt then, that it was called on to pay tribute for the benefit of the North, and resisted the proposal. It was carried against them by a peculiar sort of political jobbery that secured a majority of five in the House of Representatives and four in the Senate. In 'twenty-eight there was another struggle of the same sort, in which the State of Pennsylvania took the lead, and on behalf chiefly of the textile fabrics of the North, a general bounty was, in fact, to be paid by the agricultural interest. In the debate in the House of Representatives, one of the chief speakers even then said, "If the union of these states shall ever be severed, and their liberty subverted, the historian who records those disasters will have to ascribe them to measures of this description. I do sincerely believe that neither this government nor any free government can exist for a quarter of a century under such a system of legislation." For a quarter of a century the system was persisted in; then shortly came the end that is before our eyes.

In 'thirty-two, the tariff came again under revision. Excessive duties had produced surplus of income; reductions were, therefore, to be made, and the manufacturing interest strove that there should be no reduction of the bounties upon manufactures. The agriculturists fought then for a fair share of the relief to be accorded, but without success. In vain had Mr. Hayes, of South Carolina, exclaimed in debate, "Remove, I earnestly beseech you, from among us, this never-failing source of contention. Dry up at its course this fountain of the waters of bitterness. It is in your power to do it this day, by doing equal justice to all. And be assured that he to whom the country shall be indebted for this blessing, will be considered as the second founder of the republic."

The injustice of the North caused the assemblage of a Convention, called by the people of South Carolina, which proceeded to declare the tariff null and void, on the ground that "Congress had exceeded its just powers under the constitution, which confers on it no authority to afford such protection, and had violated the true meaning and intent of the constitution, which provides for equality in imposing the burdens of taxation upon the several States." Jackson, a Southerner, himself opposed to the tariff, was then President. While he strongly condemned the revolt of South Carolina, he introduced a bill to remove the grievance. This lay dormant in the house till news arrived that South Carolina, ready to secede, was arming a militia, and preparing for extremities. Then Mr. Clay interposed as a mediator; and a measure of his, satisfactory to South Carolina, which provided for a large but gradual reduction of the duties upon manufactures—a reduction spread over ten years—was pushed through the house with unprecedented rapidity, by an evasion of the rules. At the end of the ten years, government expenses had so largely increased that the settlement was repudiated, and from that day to this, protection has enriched Northern manufacturers at the expense of the Southern agriculturists. Disguised often under the name of revenue, all American tariffs since the year 'sixteen have been protective, and the immense excess of this protection has been in favour of the manufacturing interest of the North. It is true that here and there a Southern interest has taken advantage on its own behalf of a system that it was found impossible to overthrow. The duty on sugar, for example, has been higher than it would have been but for consideration of the interests of Louisiana. But the profit of a few districts bears little or no relation to the loss of the whole South by a system that compelled it to pay a heavy fine into the pockets of the Northern manufacturers as the price of its equal participation in the privileges of the constitution. The price is heavier than that. While the cost is raised of what it buys, the value of what it sells is lowered, because the American tariff is a check on the convenient, and to each side profitable, way of payment, by exchange of commodities. The South was sending to this country alone agricultural produce to the value of thirty millions a year, and

its whole trade was fettered for the benefit of other interests within the Union that it has now cast off as a hopeless clog upon its progress.

The last grievance of the South was the Morrill tariff, passed as an election bribe to the State of Pennsylvania, imposing, among other things, a duty of no less than fifty per cent. on the importation of pig iron, in which that State is especially interested. As the freight of Glasgow iron to New York itself adds another fifty per cent. to its price in America, the protection is no less than a hundred per cent. in favour of the Pennsylvanians. Protection in its most extravagant form is the characteristic of this tariff. On the same article there will be both a specific and an ad valorem duty. We will illustrate by a few sentences from Mr. SPENCE's account of the Morrill tariff the ridiculous complexity arising from the selfishness of this impediment to trade:

"As the Morrill tariff illustrates, in a striking manner, many of the views expressed, and has hardly been analysed as its merits deserve, it may be well to look a little closely into this latest specimen of American legislation. The effect of doing so will be astonishment that such a law could be passed, at the present day. The outrageous amount of the duties imposed on articles of prime importance, at a time when all other civilised countries are reducing duties and removing impediments to trade, will not excite more surprise than the blunders, the petty favouritism, the absence of all rule or system, the want of all legislative capacity, which it displays. It would be difficult to contrive more ingenious machinery for dealing injustice, restricting commerce, perplexing merchants, creating disputes, inviting chicanery, or driving officers of the customs to despair.

"A specific duty has the advantage of being definite, simple, and free from risk of fraud; but as prices fluctuate, it may become much more light or onerous, in relation to the cost of the article, than it was designed to be. An ad valorem duty escapes this evil, but is without those advantages. To attach to one article two duties, one on the specific, and the other on the ad valorem principle, is a contrivance by which to obtain the evils of both, with the advantages of neither. It is incredible that any one reflecting on the subject could fail to see the impolicy of imposing the two on the same article; yet the Morrill tariff does this, not in a few instances, but generally throughout the range of manufactured goods."

If a measure like this were passed by collusion of interests — which the American legislator familiarly recognises as "log-rolling"—"You help to roll my log, and I'll help to roll yours"—if it were so passed and its doubtful fate secured by delay, lobbying, and a final rush, so much the more was it disgraceful to the Union, so much the more might it disgust those to whom it was the crowning injury in a long course of injurious legislation. Congress has met again and added to the measure, making it more, not less, protective and restrictive. That it disgusts the best half of the North we heartily hope; we see also that it has severed the last threads which bound the North and South together. The severance, already far advanced, needed but one little stroke more along the whole line of division.

In each year since 1837, the North has taken at least eight million of pounds, for the avowed purpose of protecting its own manufactures and shipping. Every year, for some years back, this or that Southern state has declared that it would submit to this extortion only while it had not strength for resistance. When the day of resistance came, the dishonest compromise attributed to Mr. Seward is a suggestion to the Southerners of Mexico and Cuba for themselves, and Canada for the North. The secession, for six months after it was complete, was unresisted by the North, and the departure of South Carolina from the compact was not as the departure of an English county from its loyalty, but of a sovereign state with its own legislature, laws and law courts, its own civil and military organisations. Whether secession be a constitutional right it is not worth while to discuss by refinements of interpretation. The whole argument turns on a nice distinction between fact and law. What question is this where every feeling and interest of one side calls for political partition, and every pocket interest calls on the other side for union, with violence enough to breed a civil war, horrible almost beyond precedent? The conflict is between semi-independent communities, differing in many cases as widely as possible in manners, laws, and interests, and all jealous of their freedom.

Each state has been the country of its citizens, a country not seldom larger in itself than France or Germany. Of all these countries, over a vast region, the people declare the Union is no longer advantageous to them. And all this, as the Oxford professor of international law has well observed, "in a country which has treasured the right of revolt as the charter of its own freedom, and regarded the exercise of it as restrained only by motives of prudence, and needing no public justification except out of 'a decent respect for the opinions of mankind;' a country—the only one in the world—which has made the theory of a social compact the basis of its institutions; which was the first to promulgate formally the doctrine that 'all just governments derive their power from the consent of the governed,' and has never ceased to applaud every application of that doctrine abroad, nor to teach and proclaim it at home." So the case stands, and under all the passion of parties and the cries of battle lie the two chief moving causes of the struggle. Union means so many millions a year lost to the South; secession means the loss of the same millions to the North. The love of money is the root of this as of many many other evils.

While these pages are passing through the press, a new proof has arrived from the States that the quarrel between North and South is, as it stands, solely a fiscal quarrel. In the political heart of the North itself a separate secession is threatened by the Abolitionists. The standard they have raised, as if it were a new one, other than that under which the South is

being fought, is Emancipation of the Slaves. Against abolition, the government, following up the policy distinctly indicated by its dismissal of Fremont, rage quite as fiercely as they rage against the Southern Confederates.

Freedom in almost any form never appeals for sympathy in vain; and a direct issue in that form, even with the slenderest hopes of practical realization, would win back those European sympathies the denial of which the North so bitterly complains of. But unfortunately the Abolitionists add the *arming* of the slaves to their programme or "platform." This the government profess to be too horrible a measure to be entertained without a shudder. Such a servile war would indeed, if successfully instigated, be too dreadful to be deliberately thought of. It would be an awful risk to try such a proof of fidelity which the South attributes to its slaves: if the slaves love and respect their masters as much as the masters say they do, arms, if put into their hands, might possibly be turned against their loved and respected proprietors, in a way little short of extermination.

A PRODIGY HUNTER.

Somewhere about the beginning of the reign of George the Second, there dwelt in Port-street, Soho,—a place you may now look for in vain,—a humble individual with a remarkable name, who, amongst other vicissitudes of his life, had once been in the service of the celebrated Mr. Samuel Pepys. He was by birth a Frenchman, a native of that fertile district called Le Gâtinois,—famous for partridges, as Pithiviers, its little capital, is for lark-pies and almond cakes,—and his name was James Paris Du Plessis; but whether he claimed consanguinity with the family of which the great Cardinal de Richelieu was a member, or sank his ancestral dignity when he put on an English livery, is more than I can take upon myself to determine. Being a plain simple-minded man, he probably cared little about genealogy; but what he refused to pride of birth he evidently gave to its accidents, there being nothing strange or monstrous, coming within his ken, that he did not make a note of. He was, from circumstances, more naturally disposed to this pursuit than most people, a cousin of his own having been born with two heads, and his subsequent career placing him in the extraordinary position of brother-in-law to a lobster! How these things came about, James Paris Du Plessis has himself related, in a very singular volume which forms part of the Sloane collection of manuscripts in the British Museum (No. 5246), and bears the following title: "A short History of Human Prodigious and Monstrous Births of Dwarfs, Sleepers, Giants, Strong men, Hermaphrodites, Numerous Births, and extreme Old Age, &c."

Service, as the proverb tells us, is no inheritance, and whatever may have been the gains of James Paris Du Plessis, while in attendance on Mr. Samuel Pepys and others of less mark, in England and on the Continent—for he appears to have been a considerable traveller—his savings only sufficed to lodge him in a garret at seventy years of age, after an unsuccessful attempt to drive a small trade in certain rare books and odds-and-ends of curiosities which he had managed, from time to time, to pick up. In this strait, with failing health, and duns at his door, he cast about in his mind to find some generous patron, whose tastes were likely to be gratified by such wares as he had to offer; and, after mature reflection, came to the conclusion that there was no better man for his purpose than Sir Hans Sloane, the wealthy and benevolent physician, who had lately succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as President of the Royal Society. To him, therefore, James Paris Du Plessis addressed the following letter:—

"Honoured Sr. I most humbley Present them 2 Books to your Honour, to peruse and if you like them, to be so charitable as to give me the most that you shal thinck them worth. If you dont like them to bestow some of your charity upon me. It is a collection I made wilst I was a servant to my most honorable masters Mr. Samuel Pepys in Yorck buildings, and Mr. Laud Doyley in the Strand, of most honorable memory, And in my travels into several contries of europe with Mr. John Jackson, in the Jubily year, and several others. being aged of 70 years, I being sickly and not able to serve any longer and having about a thousand volumes of Books I had collected in my younger dayes, with a considerable colection of prints, medals, curiosities, I took a little shop, and exposed my said goods to sale, but it not pleasing God not to bless my undertaking, and spending in it all the money I had, I have been oblidged to leave off shopkeeping, and take a garret to lodge myself and goods, and being quite money less, mi goods being in danger of having my goods seased for Rent, and having no money to bear my little nessesary charges I most humbly crave your charity. Either, to by some of my goods of me; or to bestow some charity gratuist. and I shal for ever as long as I live pray God, for your health and prosperity, and Respectfully acknowlege your Goodness and charity to me. Your most humble and most obedient Petitioner and servant J. Paris du Plessis.

I have a catalogue of all my books but it is yet imparfect and not finished. If your Honour desires to see it I shall bring it to you. I lodge at the Hat —a Hatter and miliner port Street, over against Rider's Court Soho."

The writer's expectation was not disappointed, the proof of Sir Hans Sloane's compliance with his request being manifest in the fact that the Du Plessis MS. is where we now see it. It is, certainly, a remarkable production. I have only to regret that these columns cannot be made the vehicle for exhibiting the skill of James Paris Du Plessis as an artist; but, as far as my feeble words can describe what he has painted with so much care, the effort shall be made. The medium which he has employed for the purpose is a substantial body-colour, and he has laid it on with an earnest desire to heighten the vigour of his narrative.

The first subject of the illustrated series, which extends through thirty-six paintings, represents a naked child with two heads (the cousin

aforesaid) lying on a sort of crimson sofa, covered with flowing blue drapery, and bears the following legend, in which a peculiarity of spelling seems to heighten the prodigious character of the painted prodigy,—"A Mounstrous child with two heads." Then comes the description:—"This mounstrous child was born att Pluviers or Pithiviers in Gastinois in France in the Maternal House of James Paris, Rue de Gastinois, he had (as the Figure represents him) two heads, and a Round Excresence of a Sponge Flech between the two Heads, he was born dead, and the Mother was Delivered by the Sieur Martel, Famous Doctor of Phisick, and Surgeon in the said Town, and in our House, he Having Married one of my Aunts. The Occasion of this Monstrous Birth was thus. About the year 1680 or 81, there was an Almanak (as most of the French Almanacks are) full of Stories, with Pictures, and Amongst them the History of Such a Birth of a Child, of the very same form and Figure, with the Picture of it: The Mother was a Gentleman's wife, whose name was Mr. De Souville, who lived at a village called Souville of which he was Lord, about a League or two from Pluviers. this Gentlewoman at the time of her Conception Grew very fond Admirer of this Figure, her Husband the sieur De Souville taking notice of it, took the Almanack from her, and burnt it, but she Procured herself another, and so a third, which he also took from her, this lasted till her Longing was over and the Mischief was don. when she was very big and near the time of her Delivery she Desired my Mother, Charlotte du Plessis Paris, to lett her have an appartment in our House, for her Lying in. Which was readily granted, for the convenience of being near the Midwife, Minister, and Surgeon, the two last living in our House, she There, was Delivered of this Child, who was born dead and was a Male Child. this Accident was kept very Secret, and the Child being a Monster and not having been Cristend, was wrapped in a Clean Linnen Cloth and put in a littel woodden Box and Buried very Privately, in a part of our Garden which I cal'd my Garden, being a bit of ground that was given to me, to play the Gardiner in, that I shuld not wast, the other parts. All this was kept very Secret from me, Though I was very Inquisitive and Whatchfull but having Received a Great Slap on the Face" (in the margin is added "From my Mother") "I was foarsed to leve off my Curiosity. A Few Dayes After being Buisy a Digging in my Little Garden, I Discovered a little Box, in which I found this Little Mounster, which I Buried Again, and by it I Discovered part of the Mistery which I also keept a Secret. A Little while after I found Dr. Martel's Closet open, and I found in it the foresaid Almanack, with the Rélation as I give it here. In Manuscript. I have seen such another Child in all Respects, Excepting that had not the Round Excresence between the two Heads; att Marybone near London, he was born dead and was Shown for Mony. Seen by James Paris Duplessis aged then about 15 years.—Finis." (The last word is attached to every narration.)

This early-awakened curiosity was, doubtless, the stimulus which led to all that follows. The next picture is announced as "The Effigies of a Monstrous Tartar taken in Hungary February 1664. This Tartar was taken Prisoner by Count Sarini. A creature of extraordinary Strength and Valour, who having spent all his Arrows in fight against y^e^ Christians, was taken alive and so continues, being carefully kept in those parts." Of this "Mounster," there are two representatives. The first is an engraving, the second a painting. The engraving, besides the title and description, has on it: "Are to be sould at y^e^ Globe in the Ould Bailye,"—and "with allowance May 23 1664. Roger Lestrange." "This Tartar" (whom certainly one *would* like to catch) is represented in all respects like a man, with the exception of a long thick curling neck like a camel, about one-third of his whole length, a long flowing mane and horses' ears; his face is human and his beard and moustaches very like what one meets with every day. The expression of his countenance is excessively mild and amiable—as that of many monsters is. He is attired in a simple tunic which reaches to his knees; his legs and feet are bare. In the engraving he holds a bow in one hand and an arrow in the other, and his quiver is full. The painting, adhering more closely to the description, exhibits an empty quiver.

Number Three is "A Man with a Mounstrous Goiter," and is thus described: "This man Grew to the age of about forty years, being Born with An Excresence like the Entrils of a Young Lamb, which grew as the boy Grew in bigness and age, he being born of poor Parents, was forced to begg his Bread about London Streets, to the Shame and Scandal of the Church Wardens, and over Seers of the poor of his Parish. I, James Paris saw him begg about the streets att the age of about forty years. His Excresence was something like the largest Goyters of the Peasants of the Mountains of Savoy but much bigger than the Biggest I Ever saw. it Reached from one Ear to the other round about his Chin and Contracted his mouth so as to make him Grinn horribly. I saw him many years togather, and he Dyed about the year 1690."

Number Five bears this peculiar title: "A Mounstrous Hary and moldy Woman.—This Mounstrous Woman was about Thirty Years old when I James Paris saw her in London she had a very handsom Face Black Hair on her Head her body was mi-parted all her Right Side was from the Shoulder to the Knee all Harry the Leg and hand of a fine Smooth white Colour without Hair the other Half side of her was a pure White Soft Smooth and White skin but all over Bestrewed with Molds of a Reddish Collour, with a few hairs upon Each of them from the Shoulder Down to the Knee her hand and foot as them on the Other Side, and so behind alike as before." This lady's hair curls gracefully over her shoulders, and for her greater adornment she wears crimson stockings,

fastened below the knees, and very neat little boots with high heels which might have been made at Paterson's. A purple cloth cinctures her waist. She is tall and slim,—and but for the hair and "molds" might, let us say, have married well;—as well as Miss Biffin. But perhaps she did.

Number Six is "A Spotted Negro Prince," whose history is thus briefly told: "A Negro Prince Son of Hanjason Caper, King of Yelhoeomia; in Guiney. He was taken by the Pirates, at the age of 8 Years old and Made his Escape From them Upon the Coast of Virginia; where he was Entertain'd by Colonel Taylor, and there Learn't to Speak pritty Good English. Whose Body is of a Jet Black Intermixt with a Clear and Beautifull White, Spotted all Over. He was Sold in London and Show'd Publickly at the age of 10 years in 1690. Seen there by James Paris and Again in the year 1725." Colonel Taylor seems to have made the Prince pay for the entertainment he gave him. It was not a very hospitable act to sell the little fellow, but if he really resembled the painting, there is some excuse for his host, the piebald quality of the luckless young African being so very vividly delineated.

In every age, I suppose, there has been a pig-faced lady. Such a personage used to be the stock-in-trade of nearly every showman, no fair was complete without one, and a searcher after the marvellous, like James Paris Du Plessis, would not be long without encountering a lusus of that description. Accordingly Picture Number Seven exhibits "A Woman with a Hog's face," and this is her story: "This Mounster was a Gentlewoman of a Good family and fortune, very tall and well proportioned of a very fine fair white Skin, Black Hair on her head and Eyebrows, but her face Perfectly Shaped like that of a Hog or Sow, Except it was not Hairry when she went abroad she Covered her face with a Large Black Velvet Mask. She had a Grountling Voise like that of a Hog, very Disagreable, but Spoke very Distinctly, she Lived in St. Andrew's Parish in Holborn, London." Her dress is a very gay one: an under garment of crimson satin, over which flows a blue silk train; her crimson sleeves are lined with blue; her bodice is black with zigzag embroidery. She wears lace ruffles, and a blue ribbon, curiously plaited, is on her head, of an embattled form, with crimson knots and long lace streamers or lappets. A saffron-coloured apron falls from her very slender waist. She holds a mask in one hand and a fan in the other, and, but for her unmistakable snout, would be good-looking.

Number Eight introduces us to the brother-in-law of James Paris Du Plessis, described as "A Child in the form of a Lobster," and how this resemblance came to pass is thus set forth: "This Monster was born of a Woman near Moorfields the Mother of it was named Mary Rosel wife of James De Senne a french Protestant of Deep in Normandy one of whose Daughters I Married. The occasion of this Monstrous birth was Caused by her Loosing her Longing, for a very Large Lobster which she had Seen in Leadenhall Market for which she had been Asked an Exorbitant Price, when she Came Home she was Taken very ill her Husband being Acquainted with the Subject Run Himself to the Said Market bought the same Lobster and Brought it to her. At the Sight of which she fainted, and when Recovered she could not endure the Sight of it, the Meschief was done when her Time of being Delivered she Brought forth this Monster which was in all Respects like a Lobster Boyld and Red Excepting that instead of a Hard Shell or crust it was a Deep Red Flech with all its Claws and Jonts it Died as soon as Born I James Paris her Son-in-Law had this Picture Drawn according to her Direction. N.B. This Monster was att his Birth almost as Big as a New Born Child, when I had this Figure Painted I Showed it to her, and she Approved of it, and said it was very much like it." The painting represents as genuine a lobster as ever flapped tail upon marble.

Number Four has been omitted from its proper place in the list, on account of its presenting nothing more remarkable than the effigy of a very fat female child from the waist downwards. Number Nine is also a female "mounster" of juvenile pinguidity, a relation of one Hannah Taylor, "born in Crouched Fryers, June the 12th, 1682." No end to its disagreeable attributes are detailed in the next, but nothing of this sorts deterred "J. P.," who, affixing those initials to the account, says he was "very intimately acquainted with her and her mother, who lived in St. Martin's-lane, and sold chocolate when the girl dyed." Number Ten is a female dwarf, Ann Rouse by name, "Borne near the City of Norwich y^e^ 24th of June 1690 aged 27 years." (That is to say, not twenty-seven when she was born, but when J. P. saw her.) "Being but 2 Foot 2 Inches high, very well shaped, well Proportion'd and very Strait" This being is dressed like the Pig-faced lady, and, minus the snout, looks very like her cut down. Eleven is the lively portraiture of a very truculent-looking character, "John Worrenbergh of Houtshousen in Swisserland 2 foot 7 inches high, at Thirty 9 years old, seen by me James Paris, in the year 1689 in London, was drowned in the year 1695 att Rotterdam in Holland, by Accident, being Carried in his Box Over a Plank from the Key on Bord of a Ship, the Plank Braking the Porter and he fell in the River Mease, and he being in Closed in his Box was Drowned he was as big in all his Members as any full-grown man, and as strong." This worthy is attired in the full costume of the period, very splendid and warlike, but extremely puffy, and seemingly quite overwhelmed with a sense of his own importance—a condition of mind common to dwarfs. Number Eleven represents "The least man, woman and horse, that ever were seen Together a Live." The party consist of "A Black Prince, his wife, a Fairy Queen, and a little Turkey horse," which is a horse and not a turkey.

Number Twelve carries us back to the in-

tensely prodigious. It is "A Man with a Head Growing out of his Belly," of whom we learn as follows: "This man was a Tall and well Shaped man, att his Navel came out of his Body a Head and neck down to the Breast, the face Perfectly well Shaped with Eyes nose mouth chin forehead and Ears all well shaped and a Live but could not Speak Eat nor Drink nor open its Eyes though it had two Eyes and Showed no Sign of Life it had a good Colour and two Long Locks of Hair on its head, of a Black Colour, and a Downny Beard it had Teeth wee could not see if it had a Toung for it did not Speake. Its Brother was Born so and in all other Respects a perfect man of Good Sense and Understanding Healthi and Strong. Eat and Drank very Hartily, Spoke and Rit Several Languages as Latin, French, Italian, High Dutch, and Pritty good English. He was born about the year 1678, near Ratisbonn in Germany and was seen by me James Paris in London in the year 1698, in the mounth of December." This gentleman wears a full-flowing periwig, a scarlet coat, with gold buttons, blue velvet breeches, stockings turned over at the knees (which are very feeble), and rather hoofish boots. His shirt is open, in order to display his little brother, who issues from his centre, apparently asleep.

In Number Thirteen we have "Two Brothers Born Conjoyned." "This man," says J. P., "was born as the Figure Represents him a Perfect man from Head to foot well Proportioned, from his Right Side Issued a Little above the hip a Body of a man from the Middle upwards Perfectly well Shaped with Hands Arms and Head very much like his Brothers it was a Male Child as was supposed after he was Cum to the age of man by its Beard which was of the same Colour and Thickness as his Brothers he could Eat and Drink with a Good Apitite had a very good Sight, and could speak as distinctly as his Brother I James Paris Asked him if he could feel weather he had Thighs and Leggs in his Brothers Body but he said he felt nun nor his Brother felt Nothing of any motion in his Body Neather did it apear by the form of his Belly that was as flat as that of another Man of the Same age and Bigness the Whole man Held the other up with his Right Hand. N.B. I have seen these two Brothers thus Conjoyned the 10 of June 1716 they was aged about 23 years as they said J. P." The "whole man" looks like a mild prize-fighter stripped to the waist, with highlows, white stockings, and blue velvet shorts.

We come next, in Number Fourteen, to "Nicholas Hart the Sleeping Man," whose biography is as follows: "Nicholas Hart was born at Layden in Holland the 5 of August 1684, his Mother had Been 48 hours a Sleep when she was Delivered of him, yet it did not Disturb her, for she Continued her Sleep 48 Hours after he was Born, he was Thought to be Born ded, Being fast a' Sleep, and so Remained till after his Mother Awak'd and every Year he has Slept since the first Day of his Birth, Somptimes longer and sumtimes Shorter. He says he slept in Holland when he was 10 years of Age, for 7 Weeks Together, the 5 of August his the Time of his falling a' Sleep, he as Sleept thus 22 years as did his Mother before him the same Number of Dayes and Nights I James Paris saw him in his Sleep the 10 of August 1713 he could not be Waked neither by Shaking pinching Pricking nor Holding Strong Spirets to his Nose Docter Woodward put some of the Strongest Spirets into his nose none of them had any Effect but a few Grains of Sal Ammoniack being put deep into his Nostrills made him Cough but did not wake him. N.B. many Docters of Phisick Members of the Royal Society Watched by him Night and Day, to see that he was not an imposter, and they Declared that he was no Cheat." Nicholas Hart is represented sleeping in a neat bed,—very like what is advertised as "an Arabian bedstead," half tester with green curtains,—he wears a scarlet nightcap in which, possibly, may abide some soporific virtue. The history of William Foxley, another remarkable sleeper, of the time of Henry the Eighth, follows this account of Nicholas Hart, but his history is told in Stow's Survey of London.

Numbers Fifteen and Sixteen, exhibit opposite views of two fair sisters,—"mounstrous girls" J. P. calls them,—who were born "conjoyned" at Szony in Hungary, A.D. 1701. Their names were Helen and Judith, and they are described as very handsome and accomplished, speaking three languages, "Hungarian or High Dutch, Low Dutch, and French," and when J. P. saw them in London, in 1710, they were learning English. They died two years afterwards in France,—"one Dyed 3 Dayes after other in very Great Pains." Number Seventeen is "A Mounstrous Youth," without legs, seated on a cushion, and looking very like one of those objects who say, on a placard, that they have "lost their precious limbs;" formerly it used to be "in battle," now "by a railroad accident." Instead of full-grown limbs this young gentleman has stumpy thighs terminating in "two Breasts, in all points like a Woman, on which he Stands and Walks, he Climes and Leaps from the Ground upon a Table, and sits on a Corner of it, but Three Quarters of an Inch Broad, Leaps, Dances and shews more Artfull Tricks Than any other Person Can do with Thighs and Leggs, he speaks Different Languages, as High Dutch" (this seems to be a general accomplishment with these prodigies) "Sclavonian, French and English, he as been Seen with General Satisfaction by the Emperour, Emperess of Germany, Prince Eugene of Savoy, as alsoe by the Kings, Queens and Courts of Poland, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark and England." Number Eighteen is the portrait of a lively little Irish girl named "Johanna Megrines" (probably Magenis), born at Waterford in 1702, without arms or legs. She, too, can "dance, skip, and Lip very nimbly,—take up from the Ground any piese of money" (no doubt of it) "be it ever so Small, pinns Needles, Nails, &c., with Her Stumps." In

Number Nineteen figures "An Ingenious Man born Without Hands," —and, indeed, with nothing at all, from the seapula, which, when his cocked-hat, periwig, and crimson breeches are taken into consideration, give him very much the air of Captain Macheath, pinioned for execution. It is with his feet that this individual (who was a German, named John Valerius) performs all the extraordinary feats ascribed to him, which, after a long enumeration of them, are such, says J. P., as "it his Impossible to Express."

Number Twenty is "A Wild Mounstrous Hairy Man," who was "Taken Naked in the Black Forest in Germany, he was Six Foot and Nine Inches High, his Ears were like them of a Hair but Longer and Wider and very Peeked and Stiff and" (a blot here) "of a Reddish Brown Complection he was Thick sett with Long Black Hair the Hairs of his Head and Beard were also Black but Longer than those that Covered his Body all over from Head to toe, Exsepting the Inside of his Hands and the Soles of his feet where their was no Hairs at all, he Spoke High Dutch, very Unperfectly, and with a Rude and Disagreable acscent, he had no manner of Education" (where should he have got it?) "he Eat Roots, Herbs and fruits, very Greedily, and also Raw flech, he Slept better upon Boards than upon a Soft Feather bed, he was never Baptized, having no manner of Religion, he knew Nither Father nor Mother nor the Place of his Nativity." Pliny tells a curious story of a man with a hairy heart, who would have delighted J. P. He says: "It is reported of some men that they have hearts all hairy: and those are held to be exceeding strong and valorous. Such was Aristomenes the Messenian, who slewe with his owne hands 300 Lacedæmonians." How it came to be discovered that the heart of Aristomenes was hairy, was after this fashion: "Himselfe being sore wounded and taken prisoner, saved his own life once, and made an escape out of the cave of a stone quarrie, where he was kept as in a prison; for he got forth by narrow fox-holes under the ground. Being caught a second time, whiles his keepers were fast asleep, he rolled himself to the .fire, bound as he was, and so, without regard of his own bodie, burnt in sunder the bonds wherewith he was tied. And at the third taking, the Lacedæmonians caused his breast to be cut and opened, because they would see what kind of Heart he had; and there they found it all overgrown with hair." J. P. speaks, in the margin, of having seen two other hairy men, and he also tells the story of Peter the wild boy, who "was in all Respects like the a foard Said man (John Valerius), Excepting his Long Ears and Hariness." Numbers Twenty-one and Twenty-two present nothing more remarkable than the pictures of a young man seven feet five inches and a woman seven feet high: the first wears a long scarlet coat, reaching to his knees, and the second is bedizened like the Queen of Sheba. It suits the nature of the female giantess, who is not generally a strong-minded woman, to wear fine clothes. I remember to have seen a French lady on the Boulevard du Temple, in Paris, some years ago, who, besides being nearly seven feet high, had a beard like a Sapeur. On my leaving the room in which she was exhibited, her showman presented his hat with the request of "Quelque chose pour entretenir la parure de Madame," gladly accepting coppers.

Number Twenty-three is called "A Second Samson,"—a man, "born in the Dukedom of Wirtemberg in the Year 1690, and was to be Seen Publicly in London in 1720 being aged 30 years he was the Stronghest" (a good way of signifying strength, spelling it so) "man that Ever I have Seen." Then follows an enumeration of all the things he could do, which is the more marvellous when one looks upon the miserable knock knees and shambling legs of the strong man's effigy.—Number Twenty-four I pass over, the subject being fitter for Sir Hans Sloane's collection than its description for insertion here.—Number Twenty-five represents a child "born dead in St. Thomas is Parish in Southwark, with a pair of Horns on its Head like the Horns of a Young Lamb, of Three Months old and Much of the Same Substance." —Number Twenty-six exhibits "Two Children born United Together," and Number Twenty-six "A Child with a Frogs Face," that feature being, by J. P., pronounced "Perfect." Unfortunately no story—not even the legend of Latona—is attached to the picture of this prodigy, which was preserved in the cabinet of curiosities of Mr. Claudius Du Puy.—Number Twenty-seven is "A Child with But one finger to Each Hand and but one Toe to Each foot," —born in 1714 and "still alive in 1731, begging its bread about the Streets of London." In Number Twenty-eight we have the portrait of Hannah Warton, of Leeds, who, at twenty years of age, was "but 2 foot 5 Inches High, very Stright and well Shaped, she Could Sing, Dance, and Play with the Castanets Exelently well,"—and her attitude betokens the liveliness of her disposition. Number Twenty-nine is "A Mounstrous Child" which—like some of the figures of whom Sir John Maundevile gives pictures, "was born with no Nose and but one Eye,"—which was "Directly over his Mouth," and—to make assurance of description double-sure,—"no other Eye but that one Eye." This party also came from the cabinet of Mr. Claudius Du Puy, whose tastes appear to have been congenial with those of James Paris Du Plessis. In Number Thirty we have "Four Children born at a Birth," the offspring of "Phillis the Wife of George Rockow a Tayler in Blackmoor Street near Drury Lane, and were baptis'd by the Rev. Mr. Spavan then Curate of St. Clement Danes on the thirteenth Day of February 1714 by the following names, viz., George, Thomas, Christian, Wilhelmina-Caroline" (an eye here to a royal present; as in our own time), 'and are now to be seen preserv'd in Spirits in Blackmoor Street afores at Mr. Rockow's House, who together with his Wife is still living and have had several Children since, the last of which was born in the present Year, 1731. Seen there by me James Paris." To this ac-

count is attached, without pictures, a variety of examples of numerous births, the memorable one of the lady who had 365 children at once being, of course, not omitted. "A Famous Fire-eater" comes next (in Illustration Number Thirty One), with a very difficult name to pronounce when once the difficulty of writing it is overcome: it is that of Mr. "De Hightrehight, who was born in the Valley of Aunici in Savoy (French, now) Amongst the Alps that Devides Italy from Switzerland." This gentleman "Eats burning Coals of Fire" (he is doing it in the picture, helping himself with a spoon, and seems, in defiance of the text, to have burnt his mouth) "he shews flaming Brimstone and Swallows it, licks a Red Hot Heater then hoalds it in his Mouth Between his Teeth and puts it into a Box of Iron then Takes it out again into his Mouth with his Teeth and then Dashes it out into the Chimney, he puts a Coal into his Mouth and Kindles it upon his Tongue, then Broils a Little Piece of Beef or other Flech upon it, as it Lies in his Mouth, and while the Meat is Broiling he suffers the Coal to be Blown with a pair of Bellows." Other fire-eating exploits are also recorded which he exhibited before countless Kings and Princes. This Swiss with the hard name was "Twice in the Inquisition in Italy for a Wizzard once in Piedmont, and then at Bologna;" but how he got out of the Inquisitor's hands is not stated. Perhaps the sons of St. Dominick thought that in the attempt to burn such a salamander they should have their labour for their pains.

Number Thirty-Two, described as "A Man Without Hands or Leggs," is the portrait of the celebrated Matthew Buckinger, whose history I have read elsewhere, more to his disadvantage than J. P. relates it. He was a German, "who had Married two Wives, one after the Other" (therefore no bigamist) "he got a Great deal of Mony, but his Last Wife was a very Perverse Woman, who Would Spend all his Mony very Prodigally and Luxuriously, in Nice Eating, Drinking and Clothes; and would not Permit him to Eat nor Drink as she did, and did Beat him Cruelly, which he had Bore very Patiently but one Day, she having Beat him before Company that so Provoked him that he flew at her with such force that he Threw her down; and did so Beat her with His Stumps that he almost Killed her, Threatening to treat her in the Same Manner if she Ever did so Any More; and she Became Ever after a very Dutifull and Loving Wife." Matthew Buckinger was full of accomplishments. "He did with his Stumps what Many Could not doe with their Hands and Feet, so well as he, as Playing at Cards, Dice, Ninepins Shuffel Board, Rollypolly, &c., he Plade of Several Musikal Instruments, as the Trumpet, Hautbois, Flute, Flageolet, Drum, Kettle-drum, &c."—which et cætera probably means "lute, harp, dulcimer, sackbut," and all the instruments which constituted the private band of King Nebuchadnezzar. Matthew Buckinger did "many other strange things," and though he was said to have died at Cork in 1722, he was seen by J. P. in London in 1731.

Number Thirty-three is "A Man with very Flat Leggs," who begged about London streets. These lower limbs of his were "as flat as an Inch Board all the Calf of his Leggs Joyned together in the Manner of a Taylor's Leggs and foalded under him but could not be parted nor Extended." It is a comfort, however, to think that the flat-legged worthy, who is called "a very poor man," but is dressed like a courtier,—had the benefit of "a Good Education." Number Thirty-Four is "A Skeleton Born of a Woman." As a recompense for the Woman's extraordinary sufferings, the parents "Got a Hansom Lively Hood by it,"—the only lively attribute pertaining to the prodigy. Number Thirty-Five is "A Wild and Hairy Irishman," whose hirsute proportions, pictorially represented, far exceed those of John Valerius. The last on the list of the illustrated series is "A Woman with a Horn on her Head," whose name was Elizabeth French, born at Tenterden "in the Wild of Kent."

I close here my description of the volume of James Paris Du Plesiss—not at all for lack of matter but rather because of its excess—for the next two hundred pages the prodigious record treating not of what the author himself saw, but rather of what he had read of. Such, for instance, as the old who became young,—vampyres,—"prolifix" women,—women with "vast grey beards,"—enormous eaters,—people of extreme old age,—children with inscriptions in their eyes,—and Dutch women who sang French perfectly "and understood it not." One example of what is told here may suffice. It is the account of "A Mounstrous Devil of a Woman," of whom J. P. tells us that "In the Anatomy School in the University of Oxford, Among other Curiosities, they Show you the Skeleton of a Woman who had Ten Husbands Successively, and was Hanged at 36 Years of Age, for the Murder of Four of them." This lady certainly made good use of her time. As appears by a memorandum on the fly-leaf of this volume, the price set upon it by the author was one guinea. Here the inscription is: "J. Paris Du Plessis 1730 £1. 1. 0. Colector of these Boock, Anno 1733."

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER LV.

It seemed incredible that Lilian could wander far without being observed. I soon ascertained that she had not gone away by the railway—by any public conveyance—had hired no carriage; she must, therefore, be still in the town, or have left it on foot. The greater part of the day was consumed in unsuccessful inquiries, and faint hopes that she would return; meanwhile, the news of her disappearance had spread: how could such news fail to do so?

An acquaintance of mine met me under the archway of Monks' Gate. He wrung my hand, and looked at me with great compassion.

"I fear," said he, "that we were all deceived in that young Margrave. He seemed so well conducted, in spite of his lively manners. But——"

"But what?"

"Mrs. Ashleigh was, perhaps, imprudent to admit him into her house so familiarly. He was certainly very handsome. Young ladies will be romantic."

"How dare you, sir!" I cried, choked with rage. "And without any colouring to so calumnious a suggestion! Margrave has not been in the town for many days. No one knows even where he is."

"Oh yes, it is known where he is. He wrote to order the effects which he had left here to be sent to Penrith."

"When?"

"The letter arrived the day before yesterday. I happened to be calling at the house where he last lodged when at L——, the house opposite Mrs. Ashleigh's garden. No doubt the servants in both houses gossip with each other. Miss Ashleigh could scarcely fail to hear of Mr. Margrave's address from her maid; and since servants will exchange gossip, they may also convey letters. Pardon me, you know I am your friend."

"Not from the moment you breathe a word against my betrothed wife," said I, fiercely.

I wrenched myself from the clasp of the man's hand, but his words still rang in my ears. I mounted my horse; I rode into the adjoining suburbs, the neighbouring villages; there, however, I learned nothing till, just at nightfall, in a hamlet, about ten miles from L——, a labourer declared he had seen a young lady dressed as I described, who passed by him in a path through the fields a little before noon; that he was surprised to see one so young, so well dressed, and a stranger to the neighbourhood (for he knew by sight the ladies of the few families scattered round) walking alone; that as he stepped out of the path to make way for her, he looked hard into her face, and she did not heed him—seemed to gaze, right before, into space. If her expression had been less quiet and gentle, he should have thought, he could scarcely say why, that she was not quite right in her mind—there was a strange unconscious stare in her eyes, as if she were walking in her sleep. Her pace was very steady—neither quick nor slow. He had watched her till she passed out of sight, amidst a wood through which the path wound its way to a village at some distance.

I followed up this clue. I arrived at the village to which my informant directed me, but night had set in. Most of the houses were closed, so I could glean no further information from the cottages or at the inn. But the police superintendent of the district lived in the village, and to him I gave instructions which I had not given, and indeed would have been disinclined to give, to the police at L——. He was intelligent and kindly: he promised to communicate at once with the different police-stations for miles round, and with all delicacy and privacy. It was not probable that Lilian could have wandered in one day much farther than the place at which I then was; it was scarcely to be conceived that she could baffle my pursuit and the practised skill of the police. I rested but a few hours, at a small public-house, and was on horseback again at dawn. A little after sunrise, I again heard of the wanderer. At a lonely cottage, by a brick-kiln, in the midst of a wide common, she had stopped the previous evening, and asked for a draught of milk. The woman who gave it to her inquired if she had lost her way? She said, "No;" and only tarrying a few minutes, had gone across the common; and the woman supposed she was a visitor at a gentleman's house which was at the further end of the waste, for the path she took led to no town, no

village. It occurred to me, then, that Lilian avoided all highroads, all places, even the humblest, where men congregated together. But where could she have passed the night? Not to fatigue the reader with the fruitless result of frequent inquiries, I will but say that at the end of the second day I had succeeded in ascertaining that I was still on her track; and though I had ridden to and fro nearly double the distance—coming back again to places I had left behind—it was at the distance of forty miles from L—— that I last heard of her that second day. She had been seen sitting alone by a little brook only an hour before. I was led to the very spot by a woodman,—it was at the hour of twilight when he beheld her—she was leaning her face on her hand, and seemed weary. He spoke to her; she did not answer, but rose, and resumed her way along the banks of the streamlet. That night I put up at no inn: I followed the course of the brook for miles, then struck into every path that I could conceive her to have taken—in vain. Thus I consumed the night on foot, tying my horse to a tree, for he was tired out, and returning to him at sunrise. At noon, the third day, I again heard of her, and in a remote savage part of the country. The features of the landscape were changed; there was little foliage and little culture, but the ground was broken into mounds and hollows, and covered with patches of heath and stunted brushwood. She had been seen by a shepherd, and he made the same observation as the first who had guided me on her track, she looked to him "like some one walking in her sleep." An hour or two later, in a dell, amongst the furze-bushes, I chanced on a knot of ribbon. I recognised the colour Lilian habitually wore; I felt certain that the ribbon was hers. Calculating the utmost speed I could ascribe to her, she could not be far off, yet still I failed to discover. The scene now was as solitary as a desert; I met no one on my way. At length, a little after sunset, I found myself in view of the sea. A small town nestled below the cliffs, on which I was guiding my weary horse. I entered the town and while my horse was baiting went in search of the resident policeman. The information I had directed to be sent round the country had reached him; he had acted on it, but without result. I was surprised to hear him address me by name, and looking at him more narrowly I recognised him for the policeman Waby. This young man had always expressed so grateful a sense of my attendance on his sister, and had, indeed, so notably evinced his gratitude in prosecuting with Margrave the inquiries which terminated in the discovery of Sir Philip Derval's murderer, that I confided to him the name of the wanderer of which he had not been previously informed; but which it would be, indeed, impossible to conceal from him should the search in which his aid was asked prove successful,—as he knew Miss Ashleigh by sight. His face immediately became thoughtful. He paused a minute or two, and then said:

"I think I have it, but I do not like to say; I may pain you, sir."

"Not by confidence; you pain me by concealment."

The man hesitated still; I encouraged him, and then he spoke out frankly.

"Sir, did you never think it strange that Mr. Margrave should move from his handsome rooms in the hotel to a somewhat uncomfortable lodging, from the window of which he could look down on Mrs. Ashleigh's garden? I have seen him at night in the balcony of that window, and when I noticed him going so frequently into Mrs. Ashleigh's house during your unjust detention, I own, sir, I felt for you——"

"Nonsense; Mr. Margrave went to Mrs. Ashleigh's house as my friend. He has left L—— weeks ago. What has all this to do with——"

"Patience, sir; hear me out. I was sent from L—— to this station (on promotion, sir), a fortnight since last Friday—for there has been a good deal of crime hereabouts, it is a bad neighbourhood, and full of smugglers;—some days ago, in watching quietly near a lonely house, of which the owner is a suspicious character, down in my books, I saw, to my amazement, Mr. Margrave come out of that house—come out of a private door in it, which belongs to a part of the building not inhabited by the owner, but which used formerly, when the house was a sort of inn, to be let to night lodgers of the humblest description. I followed him; he went down to the sea-shore, walked about, singing to himself, then returned to the house, and re-entered by the same door. I soon learned that he lodged in the house, had lodged there for several days. The next morning, a fine yacht arrived at a tolerably convenient creek about a mile from the house, and there anchored. Sailors came ashore, rambling down to this town. The yacht belonged to Mr. Margrave, he had purchased it by commission in London. It is stored for a long voyage. He had directed it to come to him in this out-of-the-way place, where no gentleman's yacht ever put in before, though the creek, or bay, is handy enough for such craft. Well, sir, is it not strange that a rich young gentleman should come to this unfrequented sea-shore, put up with accommodation that must be of the rudest kind in the house of a man known as a desperate smuggler, suspected to be worse? Order a yacht to meet him here; is not all this strange? But would it be strange if he were waiting for a young lady? And if a young lady has fled at night from her home, and has come secretly along by-paths, which must have been very fully explained to her beforehand, and is now near that young gentleman's lodging, if not actually in it, if this be so, why, the affair is not so very strange after all. And now do you forgive me, sir?"

"Where is this house? Lead me to it."

"You can hardly get to it except on foot; rough walking, sir, and about seven miles off by the shortest cut."

"Come, and at once; come, quickly. We must be there before—before——"

"Before the young lady can get to the place. Well, from what you say of the spot in which she was last seen, I think, on reflection, we may easily do that. I am at your service, sir. But I should warn you that the owners of the house, man and wife, are both of villanous character—would do anything for money. Mr. Margrave, no doubt, has money enough, and if the young lady chooses to go away with Mr. Margrave, you know, I have no power to help it."

"Leave all that to me; all I ask of you is to show me the house."

We were soon out of the town; the night had closed in; it was very dark in spite of a few stars; the path was rugged and precipitous, sometimes skirting the very brink of perilous cliffs; sometimes delving down to the sea-shore—there stopped by rock or wave—and painfully rewinding up the ascent.

"It is an ugly path, sir, but it saves four miles; and anyhow the road is a bad one."

We came, at last, to a few wretched fishermen's huts. The moon had now risen, and revealed the squalor of poverty-stricken ruinous hovels; a couple of boats moored to the shore; a moaning, fretful sea; and, at a distance, a vessel, with lights on board, lying perfectly still at anchor in a sheltered curve of the bold rude shore. The policeman pointed to the vessel:

"The yacht, sir; the wind will be in her favour if she sails to-night."

We quickened our pace as well as the nature of the path would permit, left the huts behind us, and, about a mile farther on, came to a solitary house, larger than from the policeman's description of Margrave's lodgment, I should have presupposed: a house that in the wilder parts of Scotland might be almost a laird's; but even in the moonlight it looked very dilapidated and desolate. Most of the windows were closed, some with panes broken, stuffed with wisps of straw; there were the remains of a wall round the house: it was broken in some parts (only its foundation left). On approaching the house, I observed two doors, one on the side fronting the sea, one on the other side facing a patch of broken ground that might once have been a garden, and lay waste within the enclosure of the ruined wall, encumbered with various litter—heaps of rubbish, a ruined shed, the carcase of a worn-out boat. This latter door stood wide open—the other was closed. The house was still and dark, as if either deserted or all within it retired to rest.

"I think that open door leads at once to the rooms Mr. Margrave hires; he can go in and out without disturbing the other inmates. They used to keep, on the side which they inhabit, a beer-house, but the magistrates shut it up; still it is a resort for bad characters. Now, sir, what shall we do?"

"Watch separately. You wait within the enclosure of the wall, hid by those heaps of rubbish, near the door; none can enter but what you will observe them. If you see her, you will accost and stop her, and call aloud for me; I shall be in hearing. I will go back to the high part of the ground yonder, it seems to me that she must pass that way; and I would desire, if possible, to save her from the humiliation, the—the shame of coming within the precincts of that man's abode. I feel I may trust you now and hereafter. It is a great thing for the happiness and honour of this poor young lady and her mother, that I may be able to declare that I did not take her from that man, from any man—from that house, from any house. You comprehend me, and will obey? I speak to you as a confidant—a friend."

"I thank you with my whole heart, sir, for so doing. You saved my sister's life, and the least I can do is to keep secret all that would pain your life if blabbed abroad. I know what mischief folks' tongues can make. I will wait by the door, never fear, and will rather lose my place than not strain all the legal power I possess to keep the young lady back from sorrow."

This dialogue was interchanged in close hurried whisper behind the broken wall, and out of all hearing. Waby now crept through a wide gap into the enclosure, and nestled himself silently amidst the wrecks of the broken boat, not six feet from the open door, and close to the wall of the house itself. I went back some thirty yards up the road, to the rising ground which I had pointed out to him. According to the best calculation I could make—considering the pace at which I had cleared the precipitous pathway, and reckoning from the place and time at which Lilian had been last seen, she could not possibly have yet entered that house—I might presume it would be more than half an hour before she could arrive; I was in hopes that, during the interval, Margrave might show himself, perhaps at the door, or from the windows, or I might even by some light from the latter be guided to the room in which to find him. If, after waiting a reasonable time, Lilian should fail to appear, I had formed my own plan of action; but it was important for the success of that plan that I should not lose myself in the strange house, nor bring its owners to Margrave's aid—that I should surprise him alone and unawares. Half an hour, three quarters, a whole hour thus passed—no sign of my poor wanderer; but signs there were of the enemy, from whom I resolved, at whatever risk, to free and to save her. A window on the ground floor to the left of the door, which had long fixed my attention because I had seen light through the chinks of the shutters, slowly unclosed, the shutters fell back, the casement opened, and I beheld Margrave distinctly; he held something in his hand that gleamed in the moonlight, directed not towards the mound on which I stood, nor towards the path I had taken, but towards an open space beyond the ruined wall, to the right. Hid by a cluster of stunted shrubs, I watched him with a heart that beat with rage, not with

terror. He seemed so intent in his own gaze, as to be inattentive or unconscious of all else. I stole round from my post, and still, under, cover, sometimes of the broken wall, sometimes of the shaggy ridges that skirted the path crept on, on till I reached the side of the house itself; then, there secure from his eyes, should he turn them, I stepped over the ruined wall, scarcely two feet high in that place, on—on towards the door. I passed the spot on which the policeman had shrouded himself: he was seated, his back against the ribs of the broken boat. I put my hand to his mouth that he might not cry out in surprise, and whispered in his ear; he stirred not. I shook him by the arm; still he stirred not. A ray of the moon fell on his face. I saw that he was in a profound slumber. Persuaded that it was no natural sleep, and that he had become useless to me, I passed him by. I was at the threshold of the open door; the light from the window close by falling on the ground; I was in the passage; a glimmer came through the chinks of a door to the left; I turned the handle noiselessly, and, the next moment, Margrave was locked in my grasp.

"Call out," I hissed into his ear, "and I strangle you before any one can come to your help!"

He did not call out; his eye, fixed on mine as he writhed round, saw, perhaps, his peril if he did. His countenance betrayed fear, but as I tightened my grasp that expression gave way to one of wrath and fierceness; and as, in turn, I felt the gripe of his hand, I knew that the struggle between us would be that of two strong men, each equally bent on the mastery of the other.

I was, as I have said before, endowed with an unusual degree of physical power, disciplined, in early youth, by athletic exercise and contest. In height and in muscle I had greatly the advantage over my antagonist, but such was the nervous vigour, the elastic energy of his incomparable frame, in which sinews seemed springs of steel, that had our encounter been one in which my strength was less heightened by rage, I believe that I could no more have coped with him than the bison can cope with the boa; but I was animated by that passion which trebles for a time all our forces—which makes even the weak man a match for the strong. I felt that if I were worsted, disabled, stricken down, Lilian might be lost in losing her sole protector; and, on the other hand, Margrave had been taken at the disadvantage of that surprise which will half unnerve the fiercest of the wild beasts; while as we grappled, reeling and rocked to and fro in our struggle, I soon observed that his attention was distracted—that his eye was turned towards an object which he had dropped involuntarily when I first seized him. He sought to drag me towards that object, and when near it, stooped to seize. It was a bright, slender, short wand of steel. I remembered when and where I had seen it, whether in my waking state or in vision, and as his hand stole down to take it from the floor I set on the wand my strong foot. I cannot tell by what rapid process of thought and association I came to the belief that the possession of a little piece of blunted steel would decide the conflict in favour of the possessor, but the struggle now was concentred in the attainment of that seemingly idle weapon. I was becoming breathless and exhausted, while Margrave seemed every moment to gather up new force, when, collecting all my strength for one final effort, I lifted him suddenly high in the air, and hurled him to the farthest end of the cramped arena to which our contest was confined. He fell, and with a force by which most men would have been stunned; but he recovered himself with a quick rebound, and, as he stood facing me, there was something grand as well as terrible in his aspect. His eyes literally flamed, as those of a tiger; his rich hair, flung back from his knitted forehead, seemed to erect itself as an angry mane; his lips, slightly parted, showed the glitter of his set teeth; his whole frame seemed larger in the tension of the muscles, and as gradually relaxing his first defying and haughty attitude, he crouched as the panther crouches for its deadly spring, I felt as if it were a wild beast whose rush was coming upon me—wild beast, but still Man, the king of the animals, fashioned forth from no mixture of humbler races by the slow revolutions of time, but his royalty stamped on his form when the earth became fit for his coming.*

At that moment I snatched up the wand, directed it towards him, and, advancing with a fearless stride, cried,

"Down to my feet, miserable sorcerer!"

To my own amaze, the effect was instantaneous. My terrible antagonist dropped to the floor as a dog drops at the word of his master. The muscles of his frowning countenance relaxed, the glare of his wrathful eyes grew dull and rayless; his limbs lay prostrate and unnerved, his head resting against the wall, his arms limp and drooping by his side. I approached him slowly and cautiously; he seemed cast into a profound slumber.

"You are at my mercy now!" said I.

He moved his head as in sign of deprecating submission.

"You hear and understand me? Speak!"

His lips faintly muttered "Yes."

"I command you to answer truly the questions I shall address to you."

"I must, while yet sensible of the power that has passed to your hand."

"Is it by some occult magnetic property in this wand that you have exercised so demoniac an influence over a creature so pure as Lilian Ashleigh?"

* "And yet, even if we entirely omit the consideration of the soul, that immaterial and immortal principle which is for a time united to his body, and view him only in his merely animal character, man is still the most excellent of animals."—Dr. Kidd on the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man (Sect. iii. page 18).

"By that wand and by other arts which you could not comprehend."

"And for what infamous object?—her seduction, her dishonour?"

"No! I sought in her the aid of a gift which would cease, did she cease to be pure. At first I but cast my influence upon her that through her I might influence yourself. I needed your help to discover a secret. Circumstances steeled your mind against me. I could no longer hope that you would voluntarily lend yourself to my will. Meanwhile, I had found in her the light of a loftier knowledge than that of your science; through that knowledge, duly heeded and cultivated, I hoped to divine what I cannot of myself discover. Therefore I deepened over her mind the spells I command—therefore I have drawn her hither as the loadstone draws the steel, and therefore I would have borne her with me to the shores to which I was about this night to sail. *I* had cast the inmates of the house, and all around it, into slumber, in order that none might witness her departure; had I not done so, I should have summoned others to my aid, in spite of your threat."

"And would Lilian Ashleigh have passively accompanied you, to her own irretrievable disgrace?"

"She could not have helped it; she would have been unconscious of her acts; she was, and is, in a trance; nor, had she gone with me, would she have waked from that state while she lived; that would not have been long."

"Wretch! and for what object of unhallowed curiosity do you exert an influence which withers away the life of its victim?"

"Not curiosity, but the instinct of self-preservation. I count on no life beyond the grave. I would defy the grave, and live on."

"And was it to learn, through some ghastly agencies, the secret of renewing existence that you lured me by the shadow of your own image on the night when we met last?"

The voice of Margrave here became very faint as he answered me, and his countenance began to exhibit the signs of an exhaustion almost mortal.

"Be quick," he murmured, "or I die. The fluid which emanates from that wand in the hand of one who envenoms the fluid with his own hatred and rage will prove fatal to my life. Lower the wand from my forehead; low—low;—lower still!"

"What was the nature of that rite in which you constrained me to share?"

"I cannot say. You are killing me. Enough that you were saved from a great danger by the apparition of the protecting image vouchsafed to your eye, otherwise you would—you would—— Oh, release me! Away! away!"

The foam gathered to his lips; his limbs became fearfully convulsed.

"One question more: Where is Lilian at this moment? Answer that question, and I depart."

He raised his head, made a visible effort to rally his strength, and gasped out,

"Yonder. Pass through the open space up the cliff, beside a thorn-tree—you will find her there, where she halted when the wand dropped from my hand. But—but—beware! Ha! you will serve me yet, and through her! They said so that night, though you heard them not. THEY said it!" Here his face became death-like; he pressed his hand on his heart, and shrieked out, "Away—away! or you are my murderer!"

I retreated to the other end of the room, turning the wand from him, and when I gained the door, looked back; his convulsions had ceased, but he seemed locked in a profound swoon. I left the room—the house—paused by Waby; he was still sleeping. "Awake!" I said, and touched him with the wand. He started up at once, rubbed his eyes, began stammering out excuses. I checked them, and bade him follow me. I took the way up the open ground towards which Margrave had pointed the wand, and there, motionless, beside a gnarled fantastic thorn-tree, stood Lilian. Her arms were folded across her breast; her face, seen by the moonlight, looked so innocent and so infantine, that I needed no other evidence to tell me how unconscious she was of the peril to which her steps had been drawn. I took her gently by the hand. "Come with me," I said, in a whisper; and she obeyed me silently, and with a placid smile.

Rough though the way, she seemed unconscious of fatigue. I placed her arm in mine, but she did not lean on it. We got back to the town. I obtained there an old chaise and a pair of horses. At morning Lilian was under her mother's roof. About the noon of that day fever seized her, she became rapidly worse, and, to all appearance, in imminent danger. Delirium set in; I watched beside her night and day, supported by an inward conviction of her recovery, but tortured by the sight of her sufferings. On the third day, a change for the better became visible, her sleep was calm, her breathing regular.

Shortly afterwards she woke, out of danger. Her eyes fell at once on me, with all their old ineffable tender sweetness.

"Oh, Allen, beloved, have I not been very ill? But I am almost well now. Do not weep; I shall live for you—for your sake." And she bent forward, drawing my hand from my streaming eyes, and kissing me with a child's guileless kiss on my burning forehead.

CHAPTER LVI.

LILIAN recovered, but the strange thing was this: all memory of the weeks that had elapsed since her return from visiting her aunt was completely obliterated; she seemed in profound ignorance of the charge on which I had been confined; perfectly ignorant even of the existence of Margrave; she had, indeed, a very vague reminiscence of her conversation with me in the garden—the first conversation which had ever been embittered by a disagreement—but that disagreement itself she did not recollect. Her belief was that she had been ill and light-headed since that evening. From that evening to the hour of her waking, conscious and revived, all

was a blank. Her love for me was restored, as if its thread had never been broken. Some such instances of oblivion after bodily illness or mental shock are familiar enough to the practice of all medical men;* and I was therefore enabled to appease the anxiety and wonder of Mrs. Ashleigh by quoting various examples of loss, or suspension, of memory. We agreed that it would be necessary to break to Lilian, though very cautiously, the story of Sir Philip Derval's murder, and the charge to which I had been subjected. She could not fail to hear of those events from others. How shall I express her womanly terror, her loving sympathising pity, on hearing the tale, which I softened as well as I could?

"And to think that I knew nothing of this!" she cried, clasping my hand; "to think that you were in peril, and that I was not by your side!"

Her mother spoke of Margrave as a visitor—an agreeable, lively stranger; Lilian could not even recollect his name, but she seemed shocked to think that any visitor had been admitted while I was in circumstances so awful! Need I say that our engagement was renewed? Renewed! To *her* knowledge and to her heart it had never been interrupted for a moment. But oh, the malignity of the wrong world! Oh, that strange lust of mangling reputations, which seizes on hearts the least wantonly cruel! Let two idle tongues utter a tale against some third person, who never offended the babblers, and how the tale spreads, like fire, lighted none know how, in the herbage of an American prairie! Who shall put it out?

What right have we to pry into the secrets of other men's hearths? True or false, the tale that is gabbled to us, what concern of ours can it be? I speak not of cases to which the law has been summoned, which law has sifted, on which law has pronounced. But how, when the law is silent, can we assume its verdicts? How be all judges, where there has been no witness-box, no cross-examination, no jury? Yet, every day we put on our ermine, and make ourselves judges—judges sure to condemn, and on what evidence? That which no court of law will receive. Somebody has said something to somebody, which somebody repeats to everybody!

The gossip of L—— had set in full current against Lilian's fair name. No ladies had called or sent to congratulate Mrs. Ashleigh on her return, or to inquire after Lilian herself during her struggle between life and death.

How I missed the Queen of the Hill at this critical moment! How I longed for aid to crush the slander, with which I knew not how to grapple—aid, in her knowledge of the world, and her ascendancy over its judgments. I had heard from her once since her absence, briefly but kindly expressing her amazement at the ineffable stupidity which could for a moment have subjected me to a suspicion of Sir Philip Derval's strange murder, and congratulating me heartily on my complete vindication from so monstrous a charge. To this letter no address was given. I supposed the omission to be accidental, but on calling at her house to inquire her direction, I found that her servants did not know it.

What, then, was my joy when, just at this juncture, I received a note from Mrs. Poyntz, stating that she had returned the night before, and would be glad to see me.

I hastened to her house. "Ah," thought I, as I sprang lightly up the ascent to the Hill, "how the tattlers will be silenced by a word from her imperial lips!" And only just as I approached her door did it strike me how difficult—nay, how impossible to explain to her—the hard positive woman, her who had, less ostensibly but more ruthlessly than myself, destroyed Dr. Lloyd for his belief in the comparatively rational pretensions of clairvoyance—all the mystical excuses for Lilian's flight from her home? How speak to her—or, indeed, to any one—about an occult fascination and a magic wand? No matter: surely it would be enough to say that, at the time, Lilian had been light-headed, under the influence of the fever which had afterwards nearly proved fatal. The early friend of Anne Ashleigh would not be a severe critic on any tale that might right the good name of Anne Ashleigh's daughter. So assured, with light heart and cheerful face, I followed the servant into the great lady's pleasant but decorous presence-chamber.

* Such instances of suspense of memory are recorded in most physiological, and in some metaphysical, works. Dr. Abercrombie notices some, more or less similar to that related in the text: "A young lady who was present at a catastrophe in Scotland, in which many people lost their lives by the fall of the gallery of a church, escaped without any injury, but with the complete loss of the recollection of any of the circumstances; and this extended not only to the accident, but to everything that had occurred to her for a certain time before going to church. A lady whom I attended some years ago in a protracted illness, in which her memory became much impaired, lost the recollection of a period of about ten or twelve years, but spoke with perfect consistency of things as they stood before that time." Dr. Abercrombie adds: "As far as I have been able to trace it, the principle in such cases seems to be, that when the memory is impaired to a certain degree, the loss of it extends backward to some event or some period by which a particularly deep impression had been made upon the mind."—Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, pages 118, 119 (15th edition).

A COTTON EDEN.

My name is Caleb Bottersloot. I am of Dutch origin, though born in England, and my father was Burgomaster of Biesbosh, some few miles from Dort. I was sent to London for my commercial training, and, as I became attached to the place, I remained there, and subsequently entered into business on my own account. I throve well for a time, but a change came over my dream, and I became ultimately a dweller in Syria. In fact, I lost nearly all my money by listening to the honest counsels of that smiling

and cordial four feet of manhood, Thomas Trap, Esquire, a highly respectable and well-to-do Outsider of Capel-court, who somehow or other had the luck of growing rich at the expense of his clients.

What was I to do? My most valued English friends thought it an excellent joke on the part of Trap, and begged me to consider them at my service for any and everything, except money and credit. I shook the dust off my feet, and gave them my good wishes, in return; and then looking abroad, recollected there was such a place as Deutschland, and that nestled therein, was the goodly, clumsy, cleanly, and picturesque city of Rotterdam, where some five years of my youth had been agreeably spent. In Rotterdam, moreover, dwelt one of my oldest friends, Anthony Kaatts by name, brother of one Peter Kaatts, also my dear friend, who had emigrated to the Levant.

Anthony was a merchant of much wealth, and Peter had large landed and other possessions. Anthony and Peter were partners: the latter having an establishment at Beyrout, as well as a silk factory and village in the Libanus. Anthony Kaatts was truly a glorious fellow; no arrière pensées, no touch-me-not calculating prudence, no stand-off, Mr. Poverty, about him! Both he and his brother Peter, I may venture to say, were pure and simple — two of the noblest works of God. They loved the world and enjoyed it, because it loved them; and it loved them because they had no enjoyment unallied with the consciousness of making others happy. They were both of them of Dutch build; a substantial form of the mundane creature that I much esteem over your thin and sallow Carrius. This, however, may be merely a natal, or rather national, prejudice, as well as the inference that the former are capable of larger and more sympathetic purpose.

Anthony saw that I was ruined utterly; but Anthony did not therefore cachinnate, holding his gorgeous sides—not he. Anthony took me to his heart and embraced me—and almost shouted in his gladness, that he should make a man of me yet. Peter, he said, had already enough and overmuch to do at his factory in the mountains; and that I should be the Beyrout partner.

Was not this delightful to one who had been shorn to the skin by an instrument sharpened on Three per Cents. Reduced?

I parted from my friend Anthony, and took my stand on the deck of the good ship Overyssel, bound for Beyrout. Now, albeit I like the smell of tar, it follows not that I should go over the thrice-told tale of a sea-trip—a thing to be eschewed as a most egregious superfluity. Therefore, I step at once upon the quay at Beyrout, crowded with Arabs and merchandise.

In the midst of a noisy and bustling scene, I was accosted by a youth with a pleasant countenance, who announced himself as an emissary from my friend Peter Kaatts. Peter's house was charmingly situated in full view of the harbour, with terraces and kiosques, "gardens of gûl in their full bloom," &c.; and Peter's reception of me was as cordial as Anthony's.

Our dinner-table was so arranged as to give us a splendid view of the sea through the open French windows—open, commonly, in that exquisite climate. We banqueted sumptuously, and over our claret and coffee talked much of the land of dykes, and of the good deeds of Anthony among his countrymen, in addition to his sharing expenses with Peter himself in the benefits which the latter had introduced into Syria. Truly they were twin in the holy work of benevolence.

Although we sat somewhat late into the night, I rose early the next morning, refreshed, and looked out upon ocean-bound Lebanon—one of the fairest prospects in the world. It reminds one of a chain of Alps — but under effects of colour infinitely more beautiful than those observed in higher latitudes. The range extends from Cape Saïde to Latakia; the mountainous wall being grandly indented with gorges of vast extent, made rich by clustering vines, fig-trees, the sycamore, mulberry, carol, pine, and walnut. It is after passing the primary chain of elevations that we arrive at what is specially denominated "the Lebanon."

Within the former region was my friend Peter's country establishment, and it was proposed that we should pay a visit to it early in the week.

A lovely morning was that which welcomed our gallop along the sea-shore; orange, and aloes, and the sycamore-fig forming a natural and umbrageous arcade. We reached Cape Batroun and the rock of Adonis; and here our path was an ascent for some distance. Descending from our hilly apex, we came upon the monastery of Antoura, and, following a path somewhat intricate and steep for six miles or so, it opened out into a high-road worthy of the coaching times of Albion. Around us the scenery was the most romantic that imagination can picture; and to imagination I, plain and commercial-minded Caleb Bottersloot, must leave it.

At a sudden turn of the defile, the clustered groups of white habitations, cottage-shapen, and environed with gardens and verdure, burst on the sight. This was Eden. Peter, who had grown to twice his European size under the fostering air of Libanus, was not sorry at approaching a haven of rest. Nevertheless, neither heat nor fatigue affected his good-natured smile, or the bland recognition he gave to his worthy overseer Aboubek, who received us with benediction. "Sala el Kaër!"

Peter's factory was one of the largest and most commodious establishments of the kind I have ever seen, and stood amidst a forest of mulberry-trees, the latter abutting upon a valley of considerable extent.

Peter was not only a grower and winder of silk, but was also a rearer of cattle, and cultivator of maize, barley, wheat, oil, and the vine. Samples, too, of sugar from the cane, coffee, and

cotton (equal to Sea-island) were among the products of the valley. Thus, some three hundred souls adolescent, with a back-ground of women and children, were dependent upon Peter.

Eden was, as I have already hinted, a model of picturesqueness, nor was it less remarkable for comfort and for happy physiognomies. The population, not only here but throughout great part of Lebanon, is Maronite; and the Maronites, as a people, are in almost every sense admirable. They are Christian by profession, and therefore allied to us of the North by the closest and most sympathetic ties. They are a very handsome race, and polite in manner without slavishness. The Catholic Maronite clergy are liberal in their views and pure in their morals; and the secular portion are allowed to marry.

In every village is a sheik for the administration of justice; but, truth to say, law and police have little occupation in a community so peaceful and industrious. My friend Peter contrived to introduce a vast number of ameliorations among the people of his village of Eden, without interfering with the sheik, who kept up his usual state, seated at his door, surrounded by his horses, and by his officers in superb pelisses, like himself, and armed with the jewelled yataghan and kandjiar. Here I must remark that there are many Edens, or Ehdens, in the Libanus. One of these, of which travellers speak much, is situated on the slope of what may be termed the "real" Lebanon. But my friend's Eden was like none of them. It was much less a collection of streets, than of gardens, each with its pretty villa-like dwelling. And, as to cleanliness, those habitations are something delightful to look upon. My friend has not hitherto experimented largely in cotton-growing, but the result has been most successful, and the quality is equal to the finest from the Southern United States. He is now about to speculate on an extensive breadth of land, and, blessed by climate, soil, and a hard-working Christian and intelligent population, there can be no doubt of his success. The Maronite is, by his qualities and his religion, a great commercial element, and is infinitely superior to the Pagan Druse, who, statistically, has no future. The Eden of my friend Peter and the territory around, did not come within that vortex of spoliation which originated with a faction of bigoted Turks, and is never likely to recur.

And, therefore, Manchester capital could not be better employed than in encouraging the production of cotton in Peter's region. The average production would be at least equal to that of Egypt, and of finer quality and of more certain crop; and, as the statistics of the latter have been published, I need not say more on that head. Here is a vast territory to commercial enterprise—a territory with an admirable port, and not remote from our own shores. If America should continue unavailable, we may solace ourselves by looking eastward, and we shall soon discover that India, Egypt, and the Lebanon, will give us all the cotton we require.

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

A MAN whom all the world held to be guilty was acquitted of a charge of murder at the last assizes. The reporters necessarily abridged the proceedings before the court; and the prisoner's counsel, content with the curious perplexities raised by the cross-examination, withheld all direct evidence for the defence, in order that he might not give to the prosecution the right of reply, and of thus having the last word in the ear of the jury. The issue proved that a skilful lawyer exercised a sound judgment herein. But now, as it chances that we have the whole story before us, including evidence withheld, and hearsay evidence not legally admissible, we find coincidences so curious on the side of a theory of innocence, warring against circumstantial evidence so strong for the theory of guilt, that it will be instructive to show by a little detail how sometimes a man's life and credit may hang on the nicest poising of the scales of justice.

The case will at once be recognised by every newspaper reader; but we disguise it, as much as may be necessary to avoid the permanent association of the good names of innocent people with a story of crime that has already given them trouble enough, by reason of their having seen or heard something that made them links in a chain of circumstantial evidence. And now for the tale:

Mr. Bright, rector of Wegby, a rural parish in Surrey, had, for some time before Monday the tenth of June, been sojourning, together with his whole household, at the house of his wife's father, at Brome: himself coming to Wegby to officiate, every Sunday. He slept at the parsonage on the night of Sunday, the ninth, and left again for Brome on Monday morning. During the absence of the family, Martha Smith, an elderly woman, wife of the parish clerk, had charge of the parsonage; and there she was left alone on the Monday evening, by the clerk, her husband, who had his own house to take care of, and who went there to sleep. Except her murderers, he was the last person by whom she was seen alive.

When he came to the back door of the parsonage on Tuesday morning, Martha's husband found it shut, but the front door was open, this being the reverse of what was usual during the family's absence. Not finding his wife downstairs, he went to her bedroom, and there found her lying on the floor, in her nightdress, stiff and cold, bound hand and foot with hempen cord, and with a handkerchief tied over her face. Under the handkerchief was a sock belonging to the house, that had been crammed into her throat. The entrance of the murderer had evidently been made at the window, for it was open, and a pane had been broken from the outside to undo the latch. The room had been

ransacked, but no property carried off. A beechen cudgel was picked up in the room, but on the body there were no marks of blows. An apparently sure clue to the discovery of the murderer lay on the floor. There was picked up, just under the bed, and about six inches from the shoulder of the corpse, a packet of six papers, tied round with thread. Upon opening the packet, these papers were found to be all written in German. Three of the six papers were a book called a service-book—being the credentials furnished in Germany to craftsmen and others—a sort of thing unknown in England; a certificate of birth, and a certificate of baptism; all three purporting to belong to Karl Kranz, of Schandau, in Upper Saxony, and the first containing, as is usual in such documents, a description of his person. The other three of the six papers did not suggest any connexion with Kranz. They were, a letter without direction, soliciting relief from some female personage of quality, and signed "Adolf Mohn;" another letter, only three or four days old, in the handwriting of a German lady, resident in London, where she is eminent as an opera singer; this letter, bearing date the 7th of June, or the preceding Friday; lastly, there was a slip of paper with a number of addresses within it.

There could be no doubt that the person who left this packet of papers in the chamber was the murderer, or a companion of the murderer, and suspicion was of course directed towards Germans. There soon came forward several persons who had seen two Germans in the neighbourhood at about the time of the murder, and who described the appearances of those two men. The police were then everywhere on the alert to apprehend persons answering the description. A few weeks of vain search elapsed, and then a destitute German was arrested in London on some trivial charge, whose appearance corresponded so well with the description in the service-book, that he was conjectured to be Karl Kranz. He was handed over, therefore, to the police of the district in which the murder was committed, and a preliminary inquiry was held before magistrates at three several sittings. At the first hearing, the prisoner gave the name of Hallman, but at the close of the second, he confessed that his real name was Karl Kranz, and that he was the owner of the documents bearing his name. He was committed for trial.

The arguments for the prisoner's guilt reduced themselves to three heads. First, he was identified beyond question, both by his own confession and by the testimony of a police-officer brought from Saxony, as the owner of the papers bearing his name, and the individual to whom the service-book had been delivered on the sixth of April. Secondly, there was a witness who swore positively that he was one of two foreigners seen near the spot on the day preceding the murder: a testimony which was supported by the statements, more or less definite, of several other witnesses. For example, John Brown said that he sat for one hour in a public-house at Reigate, on the Monday, with two men, who talked together in a foreign language. One of those men was the prisoner. He saw him again at Newgate among a dozen others, and singled him out without a moment's hesitation. "I cannot," said this witness, "have been mistaken." The potman at the public-house said: "On the Sunday morning, two foreigners, one short and dark, the other taller and fairer, came to the house and stayed there the whole day, except that about midday the shorter one went out for a little while, to buy flour. They both slept there and stayed till two o'clock on Monday, when both went out for about half an hour, but returned. They both left together finally, at about four o'clock on Monday." He was in and out of the room all the time they were there, and saw them repeatedly. "The prisoner," said this witness, "is the taller of the two men." Mary Roberts, servant to Mr. Blount, brush and string-dealer, of Reigate, said that when she heard two men talking in a foreign language in her master's shop, on the Monday afternoon, she peeped through the small window, and watched them while her mistress was selling them a ball of string. "I believe," said this witness, "the prisoner is one of them. He looks very much like him." And Mrs. Blount herself, who sold to one of the two foreigners the ball of cord on the Monday, said: "The prisoner's height and general appearance are very much like those of the taller of the two men, but his features I cannot realise." John West said, that when in a thicket, within two miles of Wegby, on the Monday evening, at seven o'clock, he saw two men under a tree, about ten yards from him. They were talking in a tongue he could not understand. "The prisoner's clothes and appearance," said this witness, "are much like those of the taller one of the two men, but I cannot swear he is the same." Here let us interpolate the fact that the roughly-cut cudgel found in the bed-room of the murdered woman, corresponded with the broken branch of a tree found in this thicket. Josiah Lock said he saw two men at Wegby walking towards Reigate, on the Sunday afternoon, about four. One was short and dark, the other taller and fairer. He saw them again at about seven in the evening on the next day, and it struck him that he had seen the same two men going in the opposite direction the day before. "I saw," said this witness, "the taller one, the next time, at the third examination at Reigate, and I knew him again by his features."

The third argument for the prisoner's guilt was, that there was found tied round a shirt left by him at his lodgings, a piece of hempen cord, of precisely the same kind and the same appearance as the pieces with which the limbs of the victim had been bound, and matching as precisely with the bulk from which the ball sold by Mrs. Blount to the two foreigners, in Reigate, had been severed. The cord, too, was of an unusual character. Apparently, of the kind commonly used for packing bales, it was in fact to be

matched only at its maker's. It was less hardly twisted than such cord commonly is; it had less gloss than usual, owing to stint of the size; and, moreover, it was unevenly spun, there having been an unusual number of the flaky stumps of the hemp, called "roots," left behind after the heckling. It would not have been difficult to find a ball of cord showing any one of these peculiarities singly; it would have been more difficult to procure one to match, so far as regarded any two of them only; but the prisoner's attorney failed entirely in the endeavour to procure ready-made, at other shops, cord which he could not readily distinguish from that sold by Mr. Blount. The string-maker could confidently swear to his own work, and he accounted for its peculiarity by explaining that the hemp he works up is mostly his own property, and not material entrusted to him for manufacture, and that he carries it through all the processes with his own hands. Hence he makes the most of his own hemp by leaving more of the roots behind in the heckling. Twisting it less tightly, was another act of thrift, because the tighter the twist, the shorter the length of cord got out of the same weight of material. They were small balls, into which the cord was to be made for Mr. Blount; and it was further explained that if the cord were twisted hard, and much polished with size, the string in small balls would slip and unwind, though in large balls it would hold together very well.

Against such accusing evidence as this, what could be said; when there was no evidence to prove that the prisoner was not at Wegby on the night of the murder? The verdict of Not Guilty, or, as the Scotch would rather have said, Not Proven, was founded upon coincidences not less curious than those which pointed to the guilt of the accused. We will take the three grounds of suspicion—more than suspicion—and see how there was doubt cast upon each.

First, to the argument derived from the documents found in the room, stood opposed the explanation—at first sight a mere clumsy invention—which the prisoner, when at the second hearing before the justices he owned to his real name, gave, to account both for his having assumed an alias and for his papers having been found where he could not himself have been, unless he were, at least, a party to the murder. While wandering about, destitute, in the streets of London, he accosted," he said, "a fellow-countryman, who led him into an eating-house to give him relief, and who there read to him the newspaper account of the inquest, and casually informed him that two Germans, of whom one bore the name of Karl Kranz, were charged with the murder. Thereupon he became much alarmed, and took another name. He added this account of himself: That, having landed at Hull, he travelled thence on foot to London, and, on the way, fell in with two fellow-countrymen, sailors, of whom one was named Adolf Mohn, and the other, a man of about the prisoner's own stature and complexion, William, named Gerstenberg. That, Gerstenberg had no papers, and was always soliciting Kranz to give him some: Kranz always refusing. That, one evening in May all three laid themselves down to sleep behind a lump of straw in the open fields, where Kranz, upon waking in the morning, found his two companions gone. They had carried off, also, his travelling-bag, containing a change of clothes made from the same pieces of cloth as the clothes worn by him, and also his papers, which he enumerated. His enumeration included one not found in the chamber at Wegby. It will be seen here, assuming the truth of the story, that Gerstenberg must have resembled Kranz sufficiently to think himself able to pass with Kranz's papers, and that he carried off a duplicate suit of Kranz's clothes, with which upon his back he would very closely resemble the man he had robbed. Kranz's statement was delivered on the eighth of July.

It could be proved that the prisoner had a pack when he landed in England, and he was known to be without one when apprehended. But then he was destitute, and might have turned into food all that was not on his back. Still, there *had been* the pack. The prisoner's attorney, also, procured information which, although inadmissible as evidence, really confirmed the prisoner's statement, so far as the travelling with the sailors went. Evidence was also given that he had spoken of the loss of his pack and papers before he was apprehended, though not before suspicion had attached to him. At the trial, however, a most remarkable discovery was made in court, which gave unexpected credibility to the whole story of the theft of the papers.

The prisoner's counsel had resolved simply to urge that two of the documents found tied together in the packet—namely the letter signed "Adolf Mohn" and that of the German opera-singer—were proved to have been delivered on the Friday next before the murder, to a person other than the prisoner, and not identifiable with the prisoner's assumed companion and accomplice at Wegby; also, that the addresses written on the slip of paper were not in the prisoner's handwriting. It was thence to be inferred, he would urge, that the older documents being tied up with those very lately procured by another person, the prisoner was not at that time the holder of his own papers. To this end it was purposed that the prisoner's attorney, who—having been his interpreter on the eighth of July, when he told his story to the justices—was to be called as a witness for the prosecution, should, in cross-examination, give evidence that the letter signed "Adolf Mohn," and the writing on the slip of paper, were not in the prisoner's hand. The question to the attorney whether he knew the prisoner's handwriting, came, however, unexpectedly from the prosecution. A manuscript book was shown to him, and he was asked, "Is that in the prisoner's handwriting?" Not knowing what fatal disclosure it might contain to the destruction of his client's case, the witness honestly answered "Yes;" and the book being then read was

found to be a journal kept by the prisoner from the time he left his home, recording his arrival at Hull, his travel through Leeds, Oldham, and Manchester, to Liverpool, his stay there while endeavouring to get a ship for America, his departure for London, and his passage through Warrington and some other places to Leek in Staffordshire, where the narrative abruptly ends. A railway guard's testimonial, one of the papers enumerated by the prisoner as stolen from him, and a certificate of his confirmation, were then also produced. These documents had actually been picked up by two tramps on a heap of straw in a roadside hovel on the borders of Northamptonshire, and had been brought by them to a magistrate on the 9th of July, the day after the prisoner had told his story: thus offering a most wonderful coincidence in justification of it.

Here was evident proof that some at least of the prisoner's documents had passed out of his possession. Even this would have been consistent with a loss of part and a retention of the remainder, had there been, as there was not, anything to suggest or countenance such an assumption. But the simpler—and therefore preferable—suggestion that all had been lost, was now most tenable. It was clear that Kranz's papers found in the room, were tied up along with those delivered three days before to another person. It was indeed contended that the youth to whom they were delivered was Kranz's supposed companion at Wegby and acknowledged companion in Whitechapel. No such person, however, was produced by the police for identification. So far as vague description went, the various accounts were not opposed to this view of the case, but the descriptions were all vague, and without decisive marks of identification. There was even one discrepancy. Evidence spoke of Kranz's companion as a youth on the verge of manhood, beardless, short, small featured, and with curly, very dark or black hair. But the description given by the musical artist, of the youth whose tale of distress obtained from her charity the letter found in the murdered woman's chamber, was a youth with light brown hair; and in this point she was confirmed by her mother and by others in the house. At about the same time a German youth, it should be added, also asked alms of Madame (Jenny Lind) Goldschmidt. He advanced the same pretext as was made to the other singer, and was, without doubt, the same person. He was seen by the coachman and by a female servant, who both alleged—in total ignorance of the statements made elsewhere—that he was fair with light brown hair.

When first arrested, the prisoner was interrogated by the police, then in possession of the whole facts: a prisoner in the gaol acting as interpreter. It was alleged that he then admitted having gone with his companion to Madame Goldschmidt. At the trial, however, it appeared that the question put was, "Did not you go with your companion to Madame Goldschmidt?" To which a simple affirmative answer was returned: the prisoner declaring that he did accompany his comrade to some lady, whose name he never heard, and that when interrogated, as he concluded that the question supplied the name he did not know, he answered "Yes" accordingly. It appeared also by the evidence of the police that much more passed in German between the prisoner and the interpreter than was dictated by the police in English. The interpreter was an untrustworthy man, who happened to be then awaiting his trial for forgery, for which he was soon after condemned to ten years' penal servitude. But while there were these curious saving facts and coincidences to destroy the strong evidence of the documents found on the scene of the murder, there was direct identification of the prisoner by persons who saw the two Germans before and after the murder near the place where it was committed. How was that to be overcome? It had the following defects: The Reigate potman saw the men repeatedly for two days, his attention fixed itself upon them from their using a foreign tongue, his opportunities for becoming familiar with the prisoner's features must have been incomparably better than those of John Brown, the most positive of all the witnesses, who only sat for an hour with the two foreigners in the Reigate public-house. Yet the potman, when taken to Newgate to point out the prisoner from among others failed to recognise him, although he was there for two hours endeavouring to do so. It was not until the third examination, after others had more or less positively deposed that the prisoner was one of the two foreigners seen about Reigate, that he, leaning on the foregone testimony, comes forward and adds his own declaration that he too now knows the prisoner to have been one of the two men. Moreover, he states positively that the men remained in the taproom all Sunday afternoon, whereas Josiah Lock says that he saw them at four o'clock that afternoon four miles away. If the potman be right, Lock must be wrong.

The following evidence for the defence, had it not been thought better to rest content with a broken case for prosecution than to invite a hostile reply, would further have damaged the evidence as to identity. Mr. Hall says: "I have lived at Wegby as gardener for twenty-three years. On the Sunday evening about five o'clock I was talking with a neighbour in front of my house, not one hundred yards from the parsonage, when one of two men walking down the road came up and asked me where the Reverend Mr. Johnson lived, who resided somewhere between Kingston and Reigate, and brought his wife from Canterbury? I told him I knew of no such person; that our clergyman's name was Bright, and that his wife came from Brome. Thereupon he inquired if Mr. Bright were at home, and how many servants he kept. I again saw the two men, after about half an hour, about a mile nearer Reigate. I am sure that the prisoner is neither of those two men. He who spoke to me talked

broken English, and was short and dark; the other was taller and fairer, of about the same height and general appearance as the prisoner, but stouter and having more beard." Elizabeth Hall, his wife, was present. She looked attentively at the taller man while the short one was conversing with her husband. He stood in the middle of the road, with his face towards her. "I am sure," said she, "that the prisoner is not he. His height and dress are about the same, but the features are different. The man I saw, had more beard and was stouter." William Bolt says: "'I was present and saw the two men before Hall's house, and afterwards when I was walking down the road with Hall. We were all three taken to Newgate to point out the man we had seen at Wegby, but neither was amongst the men led before us. The prisoner is certainly not one of them. Afterwards, when shown the prisoner alone in the cell at Reigate, I recognised him as one of the men led before me at Newgate, but I still failed to discern in him the features of either of the men I had seen at Wegby."

Hall's house is about a mile from where Lock saw the two men about an hour previously; and there can be little doubt that the two men seen by Lock and those seen by Mr. and Mrs. Hall and William Bolt, were the same.

A gentleman, driving out on the Monday afternoon, about three o'clock, saw two men whom he knew at once by their appearance to be Germans. They were walking along the high road from Cuckfield and towards Reigate and Wegby, at about five miles from the former and nine from the latter place. Two ladies with him confirm this, adding that one remarked to the other how strange it was to see Germans there.

A police-constable at Sutton deposed to having spoken to one of two men who conversed with each other in a foreign tongue, at two o'clock on the night of the murder. He saw by their agitation that something was wrong. The one farther from Peck, was much like the prisoner in appearance, but it was dark and he could not see the features. They said they had walked from Cuckfield, and were very tired.

Could there have been, by another strange coincidence, two separate pairs of foreigners in the same neighbourhood? One of the pair seen by Lock made the suspicious inquiries of Hall, travelled southward, and may have been the pair seen as they returned from Cuckfield by the gentleman and his party on the Monday afternoon—the same pair that bought the string and were seen in the thicket, where was cut the beechen cudgel found in the chamber—the pair that committed the murder and were seen afterwards by the police officer at Sutton. Another pair may have stayed at the Reigate inn on Sunday and Monday. If Franz were one of the latter, as one witness positively deposes, it was surely the strangest of all coincidences that his own purloined papers should have been so near him and that he, being innocent, should be so near the scene of a foul murder just as they were about to yield against him evidence from which he had one of the narrowest of known escapes from the gallows.

But there was the string of peculiar make, partly bound round the body of the murdered woman, partly round the bundle belonging to the man accused of her murder: the string bought at Reigate by two Germans, one of them closely resembling him, if not himself, only a few hours before the murder. Here again there were coincidences of a most unexpected kind tending to weaken the force of the suspicion.

The prisoner accounted for the possession of the string, by saying that he picked it up on the pavement before a tobacco shop in Commercestreet, Whitechapel. Again, what could sound more like a trumped-up tale? But the spot he named, is not only within two minutes' walk of his own lodging, but is also close to the shop of the very string-maker who had made for Mr. Blount at Reigate that peculiar sort of cord! The prisoner's attorney, in surveying the spot, himself actually picked up, on the door-sill of a printing-office next door to the tobacconist's shop, a piece of string; and he saw, lying on the types, a ball of cord of the same stoutness as the cord in question. It is another striking and remarkable incident in this case that a circumstance affording such strong suspicion, should have been turned aside through the mere accident of the prisoner's having lodged so near to the very string-maker's shop. Though, if he were innocent, his having done so led immediately to his possession—by a coincidence almost miraculously adverse—of a piece of evidence connecting him with a murder that he did not commit, as strongly as he became connected with it by those papers of his that were at about the same time being left upon the scene of the murder's perpetration!

THE MINE SPIRIT.

The lists were set, the tents were pitched,
The rosy country people clustered,
The flags flew forth, the herald's train
Around the great pavilion mustered;
When, from what region no one knew,
Rode in a stately stranger knight,
And, without word of courtesy,
Addressed him to the coming fight.

Like a fair image all of gold
He rode, careering round the lists,
As the rude warders checked the crowd
With truncheon strokes and blows of fists.
When the fierce trumpet had blown thrice
All people's eyes were eager turned
To where the radiance of the sun
A glory on his helmet burned.

His saddle-housing was half gold,
Gold spangled shone his ostrich feather,
Like a winged creature of the stars,
He shone, that radiant July weather.
Upon his breast a golden sun,
Upon his helm two silver stars,
With vizor down the stranger rode,
The very prototype of Mars.

Without a bow to lord or dame,
Without one homage to the king,

Fierce, hot, and swift as running flame,
Around the dark red trampled ring,
With poising lance and shaking sword
He spurred and churned the tilt-yard dust;
His sword was of the spotless steel,
His battle-axe was one of trust.

When the harsh trumpets blew together
The knights met, rough as northern seas,
With angry shouts, war-cries, and clamour,
As of the blast that fells great trees.
Swift through them, like a thunderbolt
From storm-clouds riven, broke the knight;
Unharmed he rode, the stern crowned victor
Of that jostling, clashing fight.

Five spears had broken on his breast,
Yet he was heart-whole. Cold he laughed
When axes snapped upon his helm,
And maces shivered at the haft.
He bore him on and waved his spear,
Then made his charger leap and prance,
Or caracole, with spring and bound,
As he dashed onward with his lance.

The prize was his, he donned the crown,
But never spoke nor kissed his hand,
Nor deigned a look to where there lay
Four knights loud groaning on the sand,
And when the people gave a cheer,
He flung them glittering showers of gold.
Then, without homage, word, or smile,
Rode sternly forth across the wold.

The proud king sent to call him back,
But he rode on and never turned
Until they touched his silver robe:
Then his fierce eyes upon them turned.
He drew his falchion whistling forth,
And slew the first: "On him the blood!"
He cried, and stately rode away,
Through a dark vista of the wood.

"Out on the knave!" the monarch stormed,
And leapt upon his snowy barb.
"Who am I, slaves, and who is this
That dares to spit upon my garb?"
Crowned as he was, he led the chase,
And all his train rode humble then;
They overtook the stranger knight
Beside a brook deep in the glen.

Wrathful he proved, and slew the king,
And from his temples tore the crown;
Then rode amongst the trembling train,
Smiting the bravest of them down.
Yet, when they struck, they struck the air,
The knight was gone, nor left a sign;
But from the rocks this echo came,
"I AM THE SPIRIT OF THE MINE!"

ON BRIBES.

THE subjoined communication has been forwarded to us by an indignant gentleman. We publish it though wholly disagreeing with his views. Indeed, we can hardly conceive of anything less calculated to serve the cause which our correspondent advocates, than the publication of his sentiments.

TO THE EDITOR OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

SIR,—I calculate confidently on your generosity of spirit and love of justice to give insertion to some remarks which I am about to make, although those remarks are contrary in tone to a certain article which appeared a week or two since in your ably-conducted periodical.

The article to which I allude was entitled "Don't," and the object aimed at by its author was the abolition of one of the most elegant, one of the most graceful, generous, and I may say soothing, institutions which adorn civilisation. In that article a blow was aimed at the whole system of gratuities. Sir, I have no hesitation in saying—and I am prepared to abide the consequences of my assertion—that the author of that article was a stingy and close-fisted person, that he was smarting under the thought of the near approach of Christmas-time, and desperately anxious to get out of the liabilities which he feels himself to be legitimately involved in, and which fall due on Boxing-day. Sir, I pity that gentleman's servants, I pity his "constant dustman," his "loyal scavengers." I pity the waits who serenade him, I pity his cabman, and I pity his young friends from school who visit him about Christmas-time, and who leave him empty and un-tipped.

Gratuities are the legitimate and rightful perquisite of a large class of meritorious and underpaid individuals. Do away with gratuities, why you might as well do away with those graceful and becoming little presents which generous and high-souled men make to those from whom they expect a service. A pretty thing that would be, and a nice barren wilderness this world would be without that system of—what shall I call it?—anticipative remuneration, which at present, thank goodness, obtains so largely.

I have said that gratuities are soothing (Sancho Panza says that presents break rocks), and I will add that anticipative remuneration is soothing also. How beautiful is the compactness with which the mutual services rendered to each other by the anticipative remunerator and the anticipative remuneratee, fit and dovetail into each other. Let us take one or two purely suppositious cases of anticipative remuneration, and examine them for a moment.

Suppose the case. I take the wildest instances on purpose, and have nothing to do with facts. Suppose the case of a government in want of votes for the carrying of a certain measure—the removal of the statues from Trafalgar-square, or what not—suppose that about the time that this measure is under discussion a ministerial lady has issued her invitations for a mighty dance. Suppose that the great Savourneen Deelish, M.P., is up in town in company with Mrs. Deelish and the six tall and raw-boned Miss Deelishes. Can anything be more natural than that the young ladies should desire to add their light fantastic toes to the number of those already engaged to sport in the presence of nobility? Can anything, in short, be more praiseworthy than that these young ladies should pine to be present at the ministerial ball? They *do* pine for that honour. They plague their unfortunate papa out of his life on the subject, and in lobbies, in clubs, and where not, Savourneen Deelish consults all his friends and brother members as to how the desired cards of invita-

tion are to be procured. Now suppose, just at this critical moment, that a smiling and Right Hon. Gent. encounters our M.P., and asks him if his young ladies are going to this same ball. Suppose that the Right Hon. Gent., on learning that the Miss Declishes have not received invitation, expressed surprise, and says, "My dear Declish, I think I can set that matter right for you;" and suppose, further, that just as the Right Honourable is parting with the grateful Savourneen, he says, in a light and pleasant manner, "By-the-by, Declish, I suppose we have your vote in that Trafalgar-square affair?" Suppose all this, I say, will any one tell me that this is otherwise than a most delightful and creditable arrangement, and one that does equal honour to both parties concerned in it? Yet this is anticipative remuneration. It is possible that such things may have happened, and that the number of cards of invitation granted to the Declish family correspond exactly with the number of votes which the great Savourneen is able to collect among his friends and fellow-representatives of the Emerald Isle.

And now, to go on with our imaginary cases, let us suppose again that of a great and eminent critic. How pleasingly are his arduous and painful duties relieved and lightened by the little attentions which he receives at the hands of those whose work he has the power to censure or praise. How pleasant it is to see such a man receiving his just dues. Suppose him in the society of some half-fledged literary genius, that poor bantling can only take short hopping flights along the hedge-rows of Parnassus, is it wonderful that he should seek to propitiate that terrible hawk of a critic who may pounce down upon him at any moment. Well, suppose that hawk likes to be soothed with flattery, suppose his nerves require it, is it not an excellent arrangement that our young poet should say all sorts of pleasant and flattering things, and put our critic in good humour with himself and with the unfledged one also? or suppose that our poet is a well-connected poet with a Titled Relative, and suppose that Mrs. Hawk is an ambitious lady who is possessed of one of those card-baskets in which the best-looking cards *will* ooze to the surface, is it not a good and salutary thing that the Titled Relative's card should find its way into Mrs. Hawk's card-basket, and that an agreeable notice of the works of the well-connected poet should find its way into the columns of Hawk's paper.

Or suppose that Hawk is an Art critic, and that he has condescended to pay a visit to the atelier of some illustrious, but as yet unknown, artist. How ominously silent he is, how dangerous he looks, what an awful personage. There is menace in his every word and gesture. Woe to the artist who treads upon that man's corn. Now, suppose as he looks round the studio that his eye lights upon a little study by an artist, prettily framed, and altogether an attractive and desirable little picture; suppose Hawk were to say, "Upon my word, my young friend, but that is a very charming 'bit,' a very charming bit—I think I know a corner in Mrs. Hawk's boudoir that it would fit to perfection, and where it would show to great advantage, and in every way advance your reputation, my young friend." Is it not natural that the "young friend" should send that "bit" up to Mrs. Hawk without delay? Is not this natural and right, and just and equitable? It is just as it should be, and were I in Hawk's position and in want of a side-board, or a set of bed-curtains, I would seek out some rising upholsterer and would tell him that I was so struck with his side-boards and bed-furniture that I wished to write a laudatory description of them, but could not do so unless I had them in my own house to look at. And if that upholsterer ever ventured to send for them back again, I would straightway announce to the world in leaded type that of all the cracking, ill-put-together, ramshackle, outlandish side-boards, and of all the rotten and unseemly bed-furniture which could be got in London, those provided by that ungrateful upholsterer were the worst and the most fusty. One good turn deserves another, and so does a bad turn, or I am no logician.

I vow and declare that I think such arrangements as we have been considering are the most comfortable and snug things conceivable. Suppose—I am never tired of supposing—suppose that I am fond of smoking, and like especially to indulge in that soothing pastime when I am travelling by railway, what can I do better than offer a glass of brandy-and-water to the guard of the train by which I am travelling, just before starting? Here is another instance of the dove-tailing together of mutual interests. The guard would like a glass of brandy-and-water, and I should like a cigar—well the guard gets his brandy and water and I get my cigar. As to talking about this being an infraction of rules, that is all nonsense. So it is to say that if many persons were to act upon this system it would be possible that the guard might get so many glasses of brandy-and-water as would render him liable to mistakes in connexion with signals and breaks which might lead to unpleasant results. Pooh!

Have we not the highest and best precedents for such little compacts as these which I advocate so strongly. Surely, it is a high and good thing to be a legislator in this great and noble country. When a gentleman wants to attain this position, does he not occasionally have recourse to the practice of anticipative remuneration? Say that there is a vacancy in the Borough of Ginsbury, what is the footing on which matters are placed at a very early state of the poll? A gentleman wants a seat in Parliament, the Ginsbury electors want three thousand pounds. The gentleman provides the three thousand pounds, and the Ginsbury electors provide the seat in Parliament. Who ca say anything against this?

Sometimes such things are managed without a single word about money being spoken throughout the whole transaction. A cheerful and propitiatory candidate is seized just about

election time with a burning desire to go about among his tenantry. No society is so delightful to him as that of a small householder (and voter). As he enters the abode of the small householder his eye wanders among the outbuildings.

"Why, Plumper," he says, "that barn is in a terrible state—almost unfit for use?"

"Ah, sir," Plumper answers, "I've been representing that to your Hagent, any time for the last ten months."

"Never heard of it till this moment," says the propitiatory gentleman, and instantly he solemnly pledges himself to have the barn rebuilt forthwith. Now, is it not to be expected that in a little while the conversation should get on from the barn, to the corn which the barn contains, from the corn to the corn-laws, and so to politics generally? Is it not to be expected that the election should be brought on the tapis? Is a vote too much to give for a new barn?

Or suppose that, towards the same election time, the propitiatory gentleman is represented by an agent, and that this agent is seized with the same love for the society of small householders which characterises his Principal. What accommodating arrangements that agent will be in a position to make! Plumper is, in this case, a very small householder indeed, and is behindhand with his rent. The agent reminds him of this fact, representing to him in glowing colours all the unpleasant results which might legitimately ensue from it. What a relief to Plumper to be told that the agent thinks he can set it all right for him, and that the landlord won't be hard upon him this time. It is a mere matter of fairness that the agent should remark as he leaves, "By-the-by, Plumper, you'll take care to be early at the poll on Wednesday." Delightful system; mutual services rendered; a bond of union established between man and man. Gratitude, one of the noblest of human emotions, called out, not, as in most cases, all on one side, but on both sides at once.

I am weary of giving instances, they occur in ordinary society every day. Your friend suffers you to exercise your hobby-horse before a company in order to buy your forbearance when he wants in turn to have a canter. He does not interrupt your account of your exploits on the moors, because he has got his exploit across country to deliver himself of, and which will need all your powers of endurance. Nay, sometimes the compact will go beyond such trivial matters, and a man will enter into a bargain to let alone your particular vice if you will extend a similar indulgence to his.

It is simply the fear that this humanising and ennobling interchange of mutual benevolence is likely to be attacked by the mean personage who has endeavoured in your columns to aim a blow at the gratuity system, it is this fear and this only which has betrayed me into this lengthy address. I trust you will pardon it. I trust any deficiencies in the closeness of my argument or in my style may be pardoned also, in consideration of my inexperience in literary composition, an art which nothing short of the importance of my subject would ever have induced me to meddle with.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
A Householder of Ginsbury.

*** We have put this communication into the hands of our contributor, the author of "Don't," and, strange to say, he is so little convinced by it, that he not only adheres to all that he originally put forward on the abolition of gratuities, but adds that he wishes with all his heart that those "Interchanges of Mutual Benevolence," of which our correspondent speaks so freely, should be got rid of as well.

SKATING SPIDERS.

Spinner, spinster, and spider, signify the spinning-man, woman, and animal. Is er the German masculine pronoun for he, the source of the English termination er? do the letters st hint or indicate the feminine pronoun sie or she? and does d stand for t or the neuter it? Whatever the answers of the students of words may be to these queries, it is certain that spanning, spitting, and spinning, all express the notion of stretching out, or spouting forth, or darting forth. The spinning animals have one great advantage over the spinning men, never being forced to work half-time by a scanty supply of raw material for their webs. The spinners may be compelled to make their cries heard to the ends of the earth for the reddish-yellow or snow-white hairs which they weave into their nankeen or calico fabrics; but the spiders, self-contained and self-supporting, carrying their supplies within themselves, are independent alike of America, Africa and Asia. As for the spinster, she is an extinct species. If she exists at all in modern society, it is only as a legal or ecclesiastical fiction, in marriage licences, and yet of old she was the model woman. The Hebrew poet, lover and king, Solomon has sung how effectually she handled the spindle and distaff; and in much more recent times, a British bard of the fifteenth century, Gavin Douglas, says in his Palace of Honour, describing the costume of one of his heroes:

> And eke his coit of golden thredis bricht
> Quhilk his moder him span.

But the spiders are neither distressed, nor changed, nor extinct, spinning as they did thousands of years before it was remarked that the lilies of the field, without toiling or spinning, were more gorgeously arrayed than Solomon was when clad in the finest fabrics of his spinsters. When the spinster, worth more than rubies, has vanished away into a verbal fossil, the spider is more than ever instructing the few men of science who study him. I have just been reading the first part of a folio work on British and Irish spiders, by Mr. Blackwell, with a dozen plates, containing coloured illustrations of more than a hundred species, and I venture to say that all spiders are wonderful, and that many are beautiful. I forget what the

disease is for which a spider in a glass of wine has been prescribed as a remedy, and would not recommend this dose in any circumstances; but from personal experience I can recommend a course of spiders as a cure for despondency, the effect of over-work and worry. When men delight not, nor women neither, spiders can lure the misanthropical or misogynical soul out of himself, and nerve him to fight on without desertion the battle of his life, in spite of defeat, disappointment, deceit, discouragement, disease, despair, and all other dismals. I can well believe that spiders have proved themselves to be excellent prison visitors, although these octopod philanthropists made their visits to cells and dungeons in the pursuit of flies and not of fame. Useful lessons and valuable inventions have been derived from animals; and spiders are undoubtedly models of perseverance. The ant, it is true, does not store up grains for the winter, sleeping instead of eating during the cold season, but spiders do undoubtedly persevere in combating difficulties, and one of them may well have set the example which encouraged Robert the Bruce to try again and again for victory after many defeats. Indeed, perseverance, if a human virtue, is in most animals an instinct, as if they had been created to persevere:

> In storm and in sunshine,
> Whatever assail,
> We'll onward and conquer,
> And never say fail!

Spiders have not been studied so much as many other less curious and interesting groups of animals. An Englishman—Dr. Martin Lister—laid the foundation of the science of them in his Tractatus de Araneis, published in 1678, but his countrymen have not pursued the path which he opened. He laid the foundation of the first classification of species founded upon external organisation and economy, which has been built upon by all subsequent classifiers of spiders; but until within the last thirty years, his successors have not been his own countrymen. "Genius," says M. Flourens, in a book just out, "is a supreme degree of the power of thinking correctly and laying hold of truth, and the man of genius is the man who opens up the roads which lead to truth." Such a man was Martin Lister. His most distinguished followers have been Swedes, Frenchmen, and Germans, Leuwenhoek and Treviranus, Walckenaer and Koch, and I might mention many others. Mr. Blackwell's work, the first part of which has just been published by the Ray Society, is the first attempt ever made to supply zoology with an account of the spiders indigenous to the British islands. For the recent additions to our knowledge of them we are indebted to no men more than to Dr. Leach and Mr. Blackwell.

Spiders are less easily caught than might be supposed, and when caught they are not nearly so easily preserved as butterflies and beetles. Hence there is only one known spider-hunter for every hundred of known moth-hunters. Scalewings and shieldwings (Lepidoptera and Coleoptera), if less easily caught, can be arranged and kept more easily and beautifully than spiders. Butterflies, or batterflies, as they ought to be called—for the word describes the beating of their wings in flying—are pursued at present by at least fifteen hundred known and zealous collectors, and the chase of them is every season rewarded unceasingly by the discovery of new species. Books to help collectors abound, and a penny journal is published every week proclaiming the success of the hunters, whilst a yearly manual makes them known to each other. Instructions have been published in many different forms how to collect, rear, kill, pin, set, and arrange Lepidoptera; and there is no lack of suggestions where to look for, how to collect, and how to prepare Coleoptera; but no helps of the kind exist in regard to the Arachnida. Arachne is the Greek word for a spider, and although the terms entomology and entomologist are familiar to him, the general reader has rarely seen the words arachnology and arachnologist. There are far more beetle than there are spider hunters, although no one will pretend that the shieldwings are so curious and interesting as the spiders, to say nothing on the question of beauty. The truth is, that the Arachnida are neglected, like the Diptera and the Aptera, because the study of them is more difficult than the study of the Lepidoptera and Coleoptera. Yet it would do many minds, now pinned down through the thorax into boxes of butterflies and beetles much good, were they to free themselves from their confinement and roam in search of less known and more wonderful forms of life.

For prizes await them. There are many new species to be discovered, and there are not a few problems and enigmas claimant for solution. Spider-hunters may reasonably hope to discover many rare and new species. "Although," says Mr. Blackwell, "a large addition has recently been made to our knowledge of the Arachnidea, yet this subject is far from being exhausted, and a wide field still remains to be explored by succeeding arachnologists." The insect-hunters are sufficiently numerous to supply six hundred subscribers to their penny weekly newspaper—the Entomologist's Intelligencer—and an army of zealous collectors have been hunting for many years, day and night, running with their nets in the fields, and sugaring the trees in the woods, yet new species are, it is said, caught and recorded every month. Spiders having been a hundred-fold less pursued than shieldwings and scalewings, are therefore proportionally likely to furnish a hundred-fold more prizes.

The accidental capture last September of a specimen of Argyroneta aquatica has for the present interested me most in the skater and water spiders. With these, then, I shall begin my arachnological studies.

Close observers of the surfaces of stagnant or slow-flowing waters must have noticed tiny red points skimming about upon them in all directions very swiftly and deftly. These are water-ticks (Hydrachna). If you examine them with a lens you will see that they have eight legs. They do not swim or run, they skate. The

books on comparative anatomy say nothing particular has been seen upon their feet except numerous hairs on one of the sides of these organs. The eyes of these skating spiders are arranged two and two in pairs so closely together that each pair seems only one; but the pairs are comparatively wide apart. M. Dugés says of the adult Hydrachna cruenta, that prior to casting its skin, it makes a hole for itself with its mouth in the leaves of aquatic plants; and M. Siebold, having seen it fix itself by the mouth to the slippery sides of bottles with a sort of cement, declares that several kinds of water-ticks, glue themselves to fresh-water algæ whilst waiting in this position for their moulting.

These skating-ticks, in their growth from the egg to the spider, undergo metamorphoses: and thereby hangs a tale. There abound, in ponds and rivers, beetles with hind-legs like tiny feathery oars, called Hydrophilidæ, and Dytiscides, and other Greek names, describing them as fond of marshes, water, diving, swimming, capsizing, swirling, or, in fact, all sorts of aquatic antics. Their forms vary from long oval to almost globular. The Hydrophilidæ, having their fore and hind legs both capable of oaring them, swim by using one leg after the other, and in their perfect form at least are herbivorous, whilst the carnivorous Dytiscides swim swiftly with both legs at once to seize the animals they devour. De Greer fed Cybister ræselii with flies and spiders, and had seen one of them eat a leech. They have even attacked small fishes. After sunset, and during the night, these beetles sometimes migrate from one pond to another, some crawling, but most of them flying with a noise like that made by the may-bug. Like fish, they have within them little bladders, which they can fill with air to raise themselves from the bottom to the surface of the water. There are, it is said, four hundred known species of them. The Hydrophilidæ and Dytiscides both have dull colours, black or dark brown, with occasionally bronze-like hues of grey or green. Many species can imprison air with their feelers and hairs (antennæ and cilia), and carry it beneath the water with them. When the marshes dry many of them plunge into the mud, or bury themselves beneath stones, waiting for wet weather. And they can endure drought a long time. M. Mulsant, forgetting to renew the water of a bottle in which he kept a Hydrophilus caraboides for three months, found it half-buried in mud which had become quite dry, and saw it, an instant after being supplied with water, become as lively and active as before.

I may seem to have been forgetting the red skaters upon the surface of the streams all this time. But I have not, for wherever the Hydrophilidæ and Dytiscides go the Hydrachna go with them; the larves of these metamorphosing spiders living parasitically upon the beetles. These larves have a beak so long and large that it might easily be mistaken for a head separated from the trunk. With their beaks they pierce the body of different kinds of insects, until their gorged bodies become as monstrously disproportioned as their beaks were, when they issued as embryos from their eggs. They have six feet. For many years they were classified by the savans as a genus of themselves, the Achlysia. The red Achlysia, with formidable beaks and monstrous abdomens, were found upon the backs of Dytiscus and Hydrophilus, and erected into a genus, until an observer saw one moult and become an eight-legged spider, the well known red-skater of the quiet pools.

But what are his skates? The microscope shows nothing but tiny hairs upon his feet. No naturalist I wot of has answered, or for that matter asked, this question, and I am therefore left to my own conjectures. The surface globules of a pool, being most heated, rarified, and expanded by the sun's rays, must be the lightest and largest, and the layers or strata of globules just below the surface film must consist of smaller, heavier, and colder globules. Here, then, is my guess. The red-skater-ticks, I fancy, entangle a sufficient number of the relatively large and light globules in their feet-bristles to bear their weight, and then borne on aërial skates, scud, dart, and whirl about at will. The black half-wings (Hydrometra) probably run upon the waters in a similar way. The Hydrachna cruenta, or blood-spider, if most striking when seen upon the pools, is not so beautiful under inspection as the map-water-tick, a globular spider (Hydrachna geographica), whose markings are map-like, and whose colour is polished black with red spots.

The wolf-pirate and the wolf-fisher (Lycosa piratica and Licosa piscatoria), are also skaters. Having merely translated them, I am innocent, I may remark by the way, of giving the spiders these shocking names, and half suspect the savans who invented them hoped when they did it that the spider-wolves would never resent them, being ignorant of the dead languages. Among the fox or crafty spiders (Dolomedes) occur the crafty fringes (D. frimbriatas)—spiders which find the fens of Cambridgeshire very much to their liking. No naturalist seems to have observed the feet (tarsi) of the semi-aquatic insects and Aranedea, to ascertain if there is any peculiarity of formation common to all the skaters which enables them to perform their feats. "Several of the semi-aquatic species," says Mr. Blackwell, "belonging to the genera Lycosa and Dolomedes run fearlessly on the suface of water, and even descend spontaneously beneath it, the time during which they can respire when immersed depending upon the supply of air confined by the circumambient liquid among the hairs with which they are clothed."

Readers into whose hands books like Blackwell's History of the Spiders of Great Britain and Ireland rarely fall, may feel curious to see a specimen of the sort of description of a spider which the present state of scientific opinion approves and requires; and I feel tempted to extract his description of the wolf-pirate to

please them, but I should be obliged to accompany it with a glossary, or translation, and therefore prefer trying their patience with the translation only. Moreover, I must spare them the list of synonyms and references. The reader who dislikes minute descriptions may be grateful for it when comparing specimens on the banks of a pond.

Lycosia piratica: Length of the female, seven-twentieths of an inch; length of head-chest, three-twentieths; breadth, one-ninth; breadth of the body, one-eighth; length of a hind leg, one-half; length of a leg of the third pair seven-twentieths.

The intervening eyes of the fore row are larger than the side ones. The head-chest is glossy, of a yellowish-brown colour, with a broad brown band lengthwise on each side, and a small cleft one of the same hue in the middle, which ends at the hind indentation; the side margins being furnished with hairs of brilliant whiteness. The pincers, or fangs, are strong, conical, armed with teeth on the inner surface, and, with the lower jaws, are of a red-brown colour, the latter being the paler. The lip is of a dark-brown hue in the middle, and has a reddish-brown tint at the sides and at the end. The breast is heart-shaped, and of a yellowish-brown colour. The legs are provided with hairs and spines, and are of a greenish-brown hue, with the exception of the feet, or claws, which have a reddish-brown tint; the thighs are the palest, sometimes presenting an appearance of rings. The feelers have a greenish-brown colour, the toe-joint excepted, which has a reddish-brown hue. The body is hairy, convex above, projecting over the base of the head-chest; the colour of the upper part is brown, with a yellowish-brown band in the middle of the fore part, extending more than a third of its length; the side margins of this band are bordered by white lines, which pass beyond its extremity, and meet in a point; on each side of the hind part there is a series of brilliantly white spots, both of which converge towards the spinners; the sides are thickly mottled with white; and the underpart has a pale-brown hue; the reproductive organs are of a dark reddish-brown colour; and that of the gill-lids is yellow.

The sexes are similar in colour, but the male, which is the smaller, has the forearm-joint of the feelers longer than the elbow-joint, and slightly curved downwards; the toe-joint has a reddish-brown hue, and is oval, bombed, and hairy outside, scooped within, comprising the feelers, which are moderately developed, very complicated in structure, and of a dark reddish-brown colour.

Lycosa piratica frequents marshes and the margins of pools; it runs rapidly upon the surface of water even when encumbered with its cocoon, and frequently takes refuge from danger beneath the surface of that liquid, concealing itself among the leaves of aquatic plants, the air, confined by the circumambient water among the hairs with which it is clothed, enabling it to remain immersed for a considerable period of time.

In June, the female deposits from eighty to one hundred eggs in a globular cocoon of compact white silk encircled by a narrow zone of a slighter texture, which measures about one-fifth of an inch across.

Such is Mr. Blackwell's description of this spinning, skating pirate of the pools. As a treat for those who like them, I string together a few of the words I have translated: "Cephalothorax, bifid, falces, sternum, tarsi, annuli, palpi, digital, and bronchial opercula," &c. When completed, his work will contain two or three hundred folio pages of these minute descriptions.

The silver spider (Argyroneta aquatica) is pre-eminently the water spider. The skating spiders, and scorpions (Lycosa and Dolomedes, Hydrachna and Nepa), red-ticks, and ash-halfwings, ought to be distinguished from their congeners which actually live in the water, for their organisation is very different. The spiders living in the earth differ from those on it, and the spiders living on the water from those in it.

The water spiders proper are the least known of all spiders, not merely to the outer world of readers, but to the inner world of observers. Certain small spiders, such as Erigone atra and Lavignia frontata, living like the Dutch, many of the French, and not a few of the British nations, in cold winter lodgings (hybernacula) which are liable to be inundated, can support life for many days in the water. They do not prefer it voluntarily, and are not built to live on it, or breathe in it, like their congeners who skim over its surface or dive into its depths. They have nothing of the organisation of the spiders who are born and bred in the water. But as there are fish who can survive being left high and dry for hours in the crevices of the rocks, or which have been constructed for ponds becoming periodically dry, and as there are crabs living perpetually in wet holes which yet are fitted for climbing trees in search of the nuts upon which they feed, there are spiders insured against floods by the peculiarities of their structure. The proper water spiders can hold, in the hair of their bodies, a coating of air to supply their breathing holes whilst they are under the water, but the flood spiders have no such faculty, and what they have instead is one of the secrets of this form of life. The fishes and crustaceans which can live a long time out of the water have been found to be provided with sponge-like apparatus adapted for keeping their gills moist while exposed to evaporation.

Mr. Blackwell verified the power of Erigone atra to remain alive under water by decisive experiments. On trying to drown this small spider with a view to measuring it, he was astonished to find it, after two days immersion, as lively and vigorous as ever. This occurrence induced him to submerge a number of specimens of both sexes in a glass vessel with perpendicular sides, on the 21st of October, 1832, and keep them submerged until the 22nd of Novem-

ber, a period of seven hundred and sixty-eight hours, when he found them with their vital energies unsuspended. Some individuals of other species, after six, fourteen, or twenty-eight days, he has found exercising their functions and spinning their lines, as if they were in the air. Many individuals of other species, however, have not survived even for a single hour. But certain species of spiders, undoubtedly, can live a long time under water without being adapted for it by any known peculiarities of organisation. How this is done, and whether or no by a power of extracting respirable air from water is one of the many puzzles which still challenge the ingenuity and inquisitions of naturalists.

The observer of the pools, while noticing how the skaters scud along by successive pushes of the legs with long beaks or long tongs to seize their prey, will sometimes be startled by a flash of polished silver just under the surface of the water. Of course he fancies it is the silver spider. But it is far more likely to be the boat fly, the back-swimmer (Notonecta). This half-wing (Hemiptera) has, like the water spider, the faculty of covering his body with a silvery plating of air. Lying upon his back, he breathes at the extremity of his abdomen, which is surrounded by a circular palisade of bristles resting upon the surface of the water; and, watching in the stream beneath him and air above him, he is ready to dart in any direction to escape an enemy or seize a victim, with a few strokes of his oars. Notonecta and Argyroneta are two of a trade, although they differ widely in their organisation.

The eyes of the silver spider are disposed crosswise on the fore part of the head-chest, in two rows, the intervening ones of the fore row placed on a small prominence being smallest, forming with those of the hind row an unequal four-sided figure (trapezoid), whose shortest side is in front; each side-pair being set obliquely on a tubercle. The lower jaw is powerful, rounded at the end, and inclined towards the lip. The lip is long, triangular, dilated at the base, and rounded at the apex. Legs robust; the first pair is the longest, then the fourth, the third pair being the shortest.

Length of the female, nine-twentieths of an inch; length of the head-chest, one-fifth; breadth, three-twentieths; breadth of the abdomen, one-fifth; length of a fore-leg, three-fifths; length of a leg of the third pair, nine-twentieths.

Each side pair of eyes is set obliquely on a tubercle, but are not near. The head-chest is glossy, compressed before, bombed at the fore part, somewhat depressed on the sides, which are marked with furrows converging towards the middle, and slightly hairy: the pincers or fangs are powerful, conical, vertical, divergent at the extremity, and armed with three teeth on the fore, and two on the hind side of the space which receives the fang when in a state of repose; the lower jaws are strong and slightly inclined towards the lip, which is triangular, and rounded at the top; the breast is heart-shaped and densely covered with long hair; the legs are amply supplied with hairs, those on the third and fourth pairs being the longest and most abundant; each foot is terminated by three claws; the two superior ones are curved and deeply coombed (pectenated), and the inferior one is bent near its base; the feelers are slender and have a curved pectenated claw at their extremity. These parts are of a dark-brown colour, faintly tinged with red; the fangs, lower jaw, lip, and breast, being the darkest. The body is egg-shaped, broader at the fore than at the hind end, bombed above, projecting over the base of the head-chest; it is densely covered with hairs, those on the under part being much the longest and is of an olive-brown colour: four minute circular depressions of a darker hue situated on the upper part describe a quadrilateral figure whose foremost side is the shortest.

The sexes resemble each other, but the male is decidedly the larger. Argyroneta aquatica lives most of its life in the water. Looking like an egg of living silver, it darts and flashes about from the bottom to the surface, and from the surface to the bottom in pursuit of its prey. "It constructs beneath the surface of the water," says Mr. Blackwell, "a dome-shaped cell, in which is placed its cocoon of white silk, of a compact texture and lenticular form [a lens-like or doubly-bombed form] containing from eighty to a hundred spherical eggs, of a yellow colour, not agglutinated together. This cell is supported in a vertical position, the open part being directed downwards, by lines of silk connecting it with aquatic plants, and as it comprises a considerable quantity of atmospheric air, the spider can at all times occupy it without experiencing the least inconvenience. In swimming and diving Argyroneta aquatica assumes an inverted position, and is more or less enveloped in air confined by the circumambient water among the hairs with which it is clothed, the supply being always more abundant on the under than on the upper part, in consequence of the greater length and density of the hairs distributed over its surface.

This species is found in pools and ditches in various parts of England. It is of frequent occurrence in the fens of Cambridgeshire, from which locality a pair was transported to Crumpsall Hall, near Manchester, in the summer of 1833. Each individual was enclosed in a small tin box, and neither of them appeared to suffer materially from the confinement. After a lapse of ten days, during which period they were without water, they speedily formed a dome-shaped cell beneath the surface attaching it to the side of the glass, by means of numerous silken lines, and being well supplied with insects, it lived in this state of captivity till the commencement of winter, when, on the temperature of the room in which it was kept becoming much more reduced, it entered the cell, and remained there in a state of torpidity, with its head downwards. A gentleman on a visit at the house, whose curiosity to examine the spider minutely in its hybernaculum was greater than his prudence,

inclined the glass so much that the air escaped from the cell, the water flowed in, and before information of the circumstance was given the dormant inmate had perished. This catastrophe admits of an easy explanation: for the torpid spider could not make another cell, and was therefore found drowned.

I recently obtained and kept a water spider, and my observations may help to complete those recorded by Mr. Blackwell. One beautiful morning last September, exploring the river banks above Lewes, in Sussex, with a party of naturalists, I detected an Argyroneta in a bottleful of fresh-water plants belonging to one of my comrades. This silvery spider one of us kept for several weeks in a small bottle, and it also soon formed a cell for itself, but one somewhat different from the dome-shaped bell of the books. Just under the surface of the water it formed an oblong egg-shaped bubble of air about six-eighths of an inch long and five-eighths broad. The wall of the air-bubble was not formed of silk from the spinners but of a saliva or secretion from the mouth. This fact I observed particularly, and several pairs of younger eyes than mine confirmed my observations. When going out of this bubble the spider was very careful to open a passage, not beneath, but at the side, in the wall, without allowing the air to escape, and it was equally cautious in entering—issuing and entering slowly, so as to give the wall time to close up the hole which it did by contracting upon it. This observation of mine, I submit, seems to show that the water spider has a faculty never suspected before of forming an air-bubble in the water. This air bubble is not temporary, but fixed and permanent, and is a home. The bubble-home is not blown, it is made, the secretion forming the wall, and the spider carrying successive supplies of gas from the surface down into it. Does the silver spider make two different dwellings—one a cup-like-web, woven by the spinners, and used as a hatching-nest or nursery, and the other an egg-shaped bubble, the wall of which is secreted by the mouth, which is used as a hunting-lodge, or pirate's retreat?

Notonecta and Argyroneta and other insects and spiders can silver-plate themselves with air, as I have repeatedly said, by fastening globules of it to the hairs of their bodies, and, long as this fact has been noticed, no satisfactory explanation of it has yet been given, if the task has ever been attempted. The light passing through the water is reflected by the air-globules, and hence, probably, the brilliance. But the facts are well worthy of investigation and explanation. Everybody has noticed the effect of water in deepening the colour of hair; a chevelure which from the mixture of white is grey when dry, looking brown when wet. Observers have recorded their admiration of the changes in the appearance of the water-lily and lotus when sprinkled or immersed. Water rolls off the upper surface of the leaf of the lily, and when the leaf is pressed down, the water perforates it through the stomata. If the leaf is held under the water at an angle of forty-five degrees, the dark purple leaf of the red lily seems to become of a pinkish hue, the dark or bluish-green leaf of the white, pink, and blue lilies, becomes emerald green—the intensity of the hues varying with the angle at which the immersed leaf is seen. Under the water the lotus-leaf reflects light like a mirror of polished metal. When water is thrown upon the surface of a floating leaf it flows off like a pool of quicksilver, reflecting light from the whole of its lower surface. This fact has furnished a comparison to a Mahratta poet; for singing of the virtuous man he says:

> He is not enslaved by any lust whatever;
> By the stain of passion he is not soiled—
> As in the water, yet unwet by the water,
> Is the lotus-leaf.

"On examining carefully into the cause of this," says Dr. George Buist, of Bombay, "I found the lotus-leaf covered with short microscopic papillæ which entangle the air and establish an air plate over the whole surface, with which, in reality, the water never comes in contact at all." A little floating water-plant, abounding in the shallow tanks of Bombay, called Pestia, and resembling common endive, when pushed under the water looks like a tiny mass of burnished silver. This repelling power of leaves is said to be the cause of the pearl-lustre of dew.

When diving-birds dash into the water, this silvery lustre gleams upon their backs and wings. Dr. Buist does not think this is owing to the presence of oil or grease, but to an air-plate repelling the water and preventing it from coming into contact with the feathers. Is the preening, that operation which is so carefully performed by water-fowl, a process of preparing the fibres of the feathers for entangling air? The reflexion is the proof of non-contact. This is the water-proof process of nature, which, instead of obstructing respiration, like the water-proof contrivances of man, promotes it. Thus this faculty, it appears, of entangling air is common to the hair of certain plants and animals, producing lovely apparitions in the water of silvery insects, spiders, leaves, and birds. What is it which gives this power to hairs and feathers? Have the hairs an electrical attraction for globules of oxygen gas?

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

Travellers' Tales have always been notorious for their lies. And no wonder. For ever since Pliny—the Illustrious Pliny he is generally called—catalogued the most monstrous fables he could get hold of, and set them down as actualities, living, proved, and true, every early traveller seemed to think it his duty to confirm all that the Illustrious had declared to be sound science and the best wisdom, and in many instances clinched his confirmation of the wildest impossibilities by these words: "These eyes did see." No one liked to be outdone, or to con-

fess that he had not seen as much as his neighbours, so all bid against each other for the most tremendous and well-conditioned falsehoods their brains could devise; and for centuries and centuries men believed in anthropophagi with heads growing beneath their shoulders, and folks with but one eye in the middle of their foreheads, and in unicorns and basilisks and all the rest of the fabulous beasts which made every step of foreign travel an heroic adventure; and there was no one found sceptical or bold enough to deny them.

Travellers also, on the other hand, seemed to lie when they told the truth. Many of Pliny's stories, long disbelieved, have turned out to be not inconsistent with truth when the light of modern observation and modern science has been cast upon them. Herodotus lay for ages under the ban of enormous lying; but later travellers have testified in one or two instances to the truth of stories which the father of history reported often from hearsay. Two modern instances we may quote, Bruce and Du Chaillu. Bruce's tales were, for a time, as utterly disbelieved as the rodomontades of Baron Munchausen; but later authors have restored his memory to credibility. As for Du Chaillu, his testimony on several minor points still hangs in suspense.

There is a sound rule laid down by a writer on the Theory of Probabilities, with regard to what travellers' stories may be believed, and which of them disbelieved. If, in this dictum, a man of good character and known credibility returns from a country to which no one else had ever penetrated, and tells such stories as we have enumerated above, we ought not hastily to contradict him; because, inasmuch as it is not repugnant to the laws of organised nature, that animals in human form may exist whose heads do grow in an unsual part of the body, or that they have only one central eye to see with, he ought not to be condemned until we can get the evidence of more and better witnesses to the contrary; in other words, until other travellers have brought back more likely stories from the same regions. Though we may doubt to the fullest extent, we ought not, in the absence of all actual proof, to brand the forehead of the former traveller with the ugly little word of four letters. But if that explorer returns with the story that he has discovered a nation amongst whom two and two make five, we know him at once for a liar, and treat him as such without any discussion whatever.

In obedience to the first part of this rule, therefore, do not let us be too hard on our ancestors (who had, let us say, fine, broad, poetical imaginations) for putting faith in such books as that of Dr. John Bulwer, with the neat little title of Anthropometamorphosis; or, The Artificial Changeling; and in other works, that described with the most painful minuteness and perfect belief monsters, human and inhuman, and natural phenomena of the most wildly improbable, though not physically impossible kind. The witnesses that came to them from the nether ends of the earth wee too few to enable them to play one off against another, to enable them to sum up the evidence concerning the most incredible travellers' tales, and to say that their stories are false.

There was Sir John Mandevile—or, to give him his proper title and superscription, "John Maundevile Knyght of Ingelond, that was y bore in the toun of Seynt Albons, and travelide aboute in the wordle in manye diverse contreis to se mervailes and customes of countreis and diversiteis of folkys, and diverse shap of men, and of beistis, and all the mervaill that he say he wrot and tellith in this book,"—it would be hard to find a larger collection of "that which is not" packed up in a smaller compass than what the worthy and honourable knight wrote as his own experiences. Certainly he has sometimes the grace to fence round his assertions with a small wire netting, such as "Thei seyn (say), or, men seyn, but I have not sene it;" but for the most part the reader is required to open wide the mouth of faith, and shut close the eyes of reason, and swallow, without wry faces, whatever the knightly traveller presents as good and wholesome intellectual food. Sometimes the dish is filled with the fact that the monks of the Isle of Cypress, laying claim to one half of the True Cross, possess only that on which the good thief Dysmas was hanged; or that the True Cross was made of the tree whereof Adam eat the apple, and which we moderns call cypress; or that a plate of gold was found in the earth beneath the church of Saint Sophia, which plate of gold bore a confession of the Christian faith written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin letters, long before the advent of the Christian era. Or it is the daughter of "Ypocras," who, in form and likeness of a dragon a hundred fathoms long, yet lives in an old castle in a cave, and shows herself twice or thrice in the year, waiting for the knight—hardier than the Knight of Rhodes—who shall kiss her on the mouth, and so restore her to her woman's shape again; or it is the marvellous gravel which turns all manner of metal into glass, yet which, when itself made into glass, is resolved into gravel again if reheated; or the deadly monster, like a man-goat horned, who talked to a holy hermit reasonably, and whose head, with its two horns, was sent to Alexandria for the much marvelling of all beholders; or the Phœnix who, at the end of every five hundred years, comes to burn himself upon the altar of the Temple of the Sun in the city of the Sun, becoming, the first day after that voluntary cremation, a worm, on the second a bird "quick" and perfect, and on the third flying away to its own native land, a miracle like as there is none other; or the apples of Paradise, which, cut them into as many pieces or "gobbets" as you will, yet ever show the sign of the Holy Cross in the midst of each; or Adam's apple with the teeth marks in the side; or the balm-trees which must be cut with flint or bone by Christian men, for if cut with iron all the strength and manhood of the pruner will be taken from him, and if by the "Sarazines" all the virtue and flavour of the tree will be lost; or the serpents of Sicily which obligingly settle all registration

mistakes of a certain kind, for, if the children presented to them are the children of the lawful owners they "gon aboute hem, and don hem non harme," but if they are of false, of unavowed parentage, "the Serpentes byten hem and envenyme hem." Which Sir John Mandevile says was a convenient way for suspicious men to prove "zif the children ben here owne."

These are marvels enough surely, which the travelled knight calls on us to believe; but more remain behind. There was the church of Saint Catherine, to which once every year assembled large flocks of crows, choughs, and other fowls of the country, bringing olive-branches in their beaks, whereby the monks had ever full store of oil without the pain of seeking; and the withered tree of the desert, which turned bare and leafless when the Tragedy of Calvary was done, but which is to burst out into glad bloom and verdure as soon as a Prince from the West shall win the Land of Promise by the help of Christian men. And the table of black wood whereon was painted an image of Our Lady that once used to turn into flesh on certain occasions, but whence now drips only oil, which, if kept above a year, becomes good flesh and blood. And the "Castle of the Sparrhawk," with the bright Lady of Faëry that keepeth it, which sparrowhawk, if any man shall wake, then watch for seven days and seven nights alone and sleepless, to him shall the Lady give the first wish that he may wish of earthly things: "and that hathe been proved often tymes," says Sir John, giving as evidence the histories of two successful watchers, one of whom wished an unholy thing and was ruined, but the other desired the moderate bliss of thriving in merchandise, and became so rich that he knew not the hundredth part of that he had. A third, a Knight of the Temple, wished a purse of gold never failing, which the Lady granted, but telling him at the same time that he had wished the destruction of his order, "for the trust and the affiance of that Purs, and for the grete Pryde that thei scholde haven." Then we have the very doubtful story of male and female diamonds marrying and bearing children like living and sensible creatures; which children increase and grow year by year as Sir John has proved for himself. "I have often tymes assayed that zif a man kepe hem with a litylle of the Roche, and wete hem with May Dew ofte sithes, they schulle growe everyche Zeer: and the smale wole wexen grete:" followed by a list of the virtues of the diamond, not one word of which contains the very smallest per-centage of truth or likelihood.

Sir John believes in the Amazons with their self-mutilation, and hatred of men and lawful marriage (was that Amazonian fable a satire or a prophecy?), in the Ethiopian folk who have but one foot, yet that so large, that when they lie down they hold it up as an umbrella between them and the sun; in the serpent-eaters of "Tracoda," who have no honest speech like ordinary men, but who "hissen as Serpentes don;" in the dog-headed inhabitants of the island of Nacumera, with their wealth of jewels and their cannibal propensities; in the two-headed geese of the "Silha" isle, where furthermore is the lake which was made by the tears that Adam and Eve wept during the hundred years when they sat on the mountain, grieving over their expulsion; in the one-eyed people; in the people with eyes in their shoulders and no heads; in the people with no noses, and in the people with such big lips that they shadow their faces when they sleep in the sun; in the pigmy people, and the long-cared people—ears falling down to their knees; and the horse-footed people; and the four-footed people; and in good fat comely hens, woolly like sheep and destitute of feathers; with other wonders of as startling character and outrageous dimensions. So here was one traveller with his wallet full of tales, and pray how much of truth among them?

The book rejoicing in the name of The Spanish Mandevile of Myracles; or, the Garden of Curious Flowers, is not far behind the elder brother. In it we have a list of the marvellously prolific births which from time to time have afflicted mothers and distracted fathers; the most insignificant of which are four, five, six, seven, or so, full-grown lusty children brought into the world within a few moments of each other; the tale gradually increasing up to seventy well-proportioned children; then to one hundred and fifty perfect little human beings, each the bigness of one's finger; and lastly culminating in Lady Margaret's tremendous essay in this direction—that Lady Margaret of Holland, who had three hundred and ninety-six babies, "about the bignesse of little mise," all at once. Which mice or babes were baptised by one Guido, the Suffragan of Utrecht, the males by the name of John, and the females by that of Elizabeth—all, happily for Lady Margaret and her husband, Herman of Henneberg, dying the same day. And while on this delicate subject, the Spanish Mandevile tells of the extraordinary habit of the Neapolitan women, who never bring a baby into the world without giving it one or two little beasts like toads, as precursors of the higher organisation, which little beasts, if they touch the earth, the poor woman dies forthwith; beside other accounts of infant elephants, serpents, centaurs, ferrets, devils, &c., delivered up to the fond parent's arms, in place of the orthodox bundle of clothes and violet powder which every mother in her heart believes is to be the future wonder of the world. Then we have all Pliny's and Sir John's ethnological lies gravely repeated—with additions; and the same extraordinary inability to distinguish between men and monkeys formularised into a scientific fact; and the pigmies, and the cranes, and the Amazons, and the one-eyed, and the big-footed, and the horse-footed, the tailed, the dog-headed, and the eight-toed—this octave of toes turning backward at pleasure; and the double-tongued men of the miraculous island where the children use sundry big fowl as their horses, and where the poet might have found his Utopia and the Arab his gardens of Aden realised; and the men who live for forty days and more without drink-

ing; and the giants measuring ten or twelve feet; and the long-lived men of Pandora, whose term is somewhere about two or three hundred years, and whose hair in youth is hoary and grey, but in manhood black and brilliant; and the men who can make themselves young again—jolly old fellows of a hundred and more changing all, even to their very nails, and coming out suddenly as plump and brisk as they were at seventeen. This marvel the Spanish Mandevile vouches for as having known by his own knowledge in the year 1531, when a "centenarian" of Torento one day cast his shrivelled old skin like a snake, holding his place for fifty years among the golden youth of his time, then suddenly becoming old and decrepid, and in colour "like the roote of a withered tree." Also, he endorses the story of the Indian, three hundred and forty years old, who had four times renewed his youth, and was then, in the year 1530, in the very prime and vigour of manhood. But this little instance of longevity is not nearly so wonderful as Bernis's delightful bit of extravagance in Orlando Inamorato, that makes one warrior kill a foe with such skill and delicacy that the slain, utterly unconscious of his departure from this life, fights away as doughtily as ever:

> He, with his falchion aimed so well the blow,
> And sever'd with such art the Pagan foe,
> That still, as one, the separate parts adher'd,
> And still, entire, unhurt, the man appear'd:
> And as the limbs, while warm in action, feel
> No sense of anguish from the wounding steel;
> So the fierce knight, with vigour yet unbroke,
> Fought on, though dead, unconscious of the stroke.

Tritons and mermaids of course there are, manlike and womanlike in all save those betraying fins for feet; and love affairs between the earth-men and the sea-people; and children born "within the memory of living men" partaking of both natures, according to the mixed character of their parentage; and the whole stock of the classical fables put forth when men were very young and very credulous and no absurdity was too absurd for credence, does the Spanish Mandevile offer as worthy of all acceptance.

Passing from men to things, we find a fountain in the island of Cerdonia, which blinds the thief who, taking false oath of his innocency, washes his face in the water in proof thereof, but gives added power and sharpness to the vision of the innocent man who has been accused wrongfully; and the old old stories of the barnacle geese, and the leaves which made themselves into insects—probably a dim notion of the phasmas, or spectre-insects, mantis and the like—and the fowl-bearing trees of England, of which Sir John also speaks, as of a thing known and proved in his time; and the fabulous lands of the North Pole; and the beasts and the birds and the fishes which the earth never bore, and the sun never saw since the foundation of the world—not even in the times of pterodactyles and megatheriums, and ichthyosauri, with the rest of the pleasant gentlemen to be viewed daily at the Crystal Palace, with an inward wondering at the clumsiness of Nature in her first sketches. But our brave old ancestors accepted every account with more unquestioning belief than what our wise youngest child accords to Grimm's Goblins; and no matter how impossible the combination, or how unscientific the deduction, took faith to be better than reason, and nailed their flags to the mast of some old dreamer's "Thei seyn," which it would have savoured too much of the atheism of the Sadducee to have doubted. Thus the most monstrous fables have got themselves believed in this sheep-tracked world of ours, where men hold it to be a virtue not to widen the paths, and account him the holiest whose steps fall most precisely in the footmarks of his predecessor's; and poor Science was fain to have a hard fight of it before she was able to settle herself comfortably, and even now has to look out earnestly lest she be dispossessed by faith and superstition, which have always their arms ready.

In olden times—as in all time—men saw what they wanted to see, and experience rarely balked expectation. When our own brave adventurers first set out to find the gold and jewels of Montezuma and his land, they encountered wonders which no modern degenerate eyesight can discover, but which it would have been flat blasphemy then to have doubted; and the pilgrims' staff of Purchas and Sandys led them, like the divining rod, to treasures too far removed from this upper earth for ordinary wayfarers to possess. Who dared to question the fact of "gryphons" and dragons? Who was hardy enough to deny the possibility of human monsters, those discordant variations on a noble theme? Did not living men, honourable and veracious, vouch for the truth of "loathly worms" and horrid beasts which once were Christian knights or lovely maidens, now painfully bested by Satan's malevolent power, but even yet retaining something of humanity, in heart at least, if not in form? Was it not known that emeralds and diamonds were defended by demons and wild beasts, and only to be procured by the means of beefsteaks and eagles? And did not all the world confess to birds of prey so mighty and so bold, that a man on horseback was but a tit-bit for their callow young, opening cavernous mouths for what was no more to them than an earthworm to a sparrow? Mandevile has a picture of a mother griffin thus feeding her gaping nestlings, and a mighty pretty figure the poor little wooden doll of a knight makes in the claws of the immense, intelligent, and ruthless looking brute. Was there a sane man in England who would have doubted the evidence of that rude woodcut? Even to this day benighted individuals believe in artists, and think the representations of scenes of peril and adventure exact to a line. The daft bodies!—as if a man had nothing better to do than sit down and draw, when there was a tiger crouching to spring, or his friend writhing in the claws of a lion; and as if it was at all necessary that a man should have ever seen what

he undertakes to draw!—for are there not the Zoological Gardens and Kew, and what more can a man want?

Tom Corryat, in his Crudities, is about as truthful and unexaggerative as most travellers can be expected to be. Of course he tells a few lies, and accepts all the fables of the countries through which he passes as so many gospel truths; but he does not romance very excessively, and gives us a few queer and accurate glimpses of manners and customs, which are very valuable now because so genuine. As, when he commends the Italians for their delicacy in using table forks; and has actually the moral courage to adopt the habit here in finger-forking England, whereby he gets well laughed at by his friends. Then he sees mountebanks and rope-dancers, exactly like what we have at this very present day; and he is charmed at the ingenuity of the Venetians, who carry "little shades," or umbrellas of leather, stretched over elastic wooden ribs,—the great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers of the whole present generation of umbrellas, parasols, and sunshades. "They are vsed especially by horsemen, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle vpon one of their thighes, and they impart so long a shadow vnto them, that it keepeth the heate of the sunne from the upper parts of their bodies." At Venice, Master Tom saw for the first time in his life women acting in public on the stage: "For I saw women acte, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath beene vsed in London, and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoeuer conuenient for a player, as euer I saw any masculine actor."

Many customs and costumes special to certain localities, and in use at this time, are spoken of as things to be noted in those early years of sixteen hundred. There is the eider-down quilt, as a general German convenience, for one thing; and the long hair plaits of the Swiss women; and the little Swiss hat, so jauntily arranged and so becomingly placed; and the baths of Baden; and the cock of the clock at Strasbourg; but nothing of the pâtés de foie gras, also peculiar to that place, though much of the rude, rough, lengthy bridge of planks and boards which stretched across the Rhine where now the magnificent bridge of Kehl spans over the turbid rolling waves. In spite of their pedantry and coarseness—two necessary ingredients in all works of Tom Corryat's date—those Crudities of his are strangely reliable and lifelike, if we except the legends and the self-glorifying exaggerations. But who would have supposed that the Rhine had once the same qualifications for the registrar-general's office as had the serpents of Sir John's Tracoda? For if the babes, whose mothers had forgotten their wifely duty, were laid upon the stream, presently the angry waters would swallow them up, as might naturally be expected; but if those whose mothers were suspected wrongfully, and about whose birth hung no dark clouds of doubt, were also laid upon the stream, "he—the river—would gently and quietly conueigh them vpon the toppe of the water, and restore them into the trembling handes of the wofull mother, yeelding safety vnto the silly babe as a most true testimony of the mother's impolluted chastity." It is scarcely advisable, though, for the honestest wife in the world to make the experiment with any poor silly babe of the present day, if she does not wish to commit murder and fall into the hands of the German police. But "times change, and we change with them," and the Rhine is no more conservative of old customs than aught else.

When we think of what the world swallowed then without a murmur—camels with three humps, and as big as elephants—and see what an onslaught takes place, what a straining and a difficulty if only the leg of a gnat is inaccurately described, we may congratulate ourselves on our progress in critical exactness at all events; but, as there is no hill without a hollow, so is there no gain without a loss. What we have gained in accuracy we have lost in colour, and the cold douches of critical reason have put out all the fires of romance. What a pity that chemistry and the sublime ravings of alchemy should not both be true together—that ethnology should have knocked all our elves and fairies on the head—that the cold-blooded Geographical Society should have dried up the rivers of Paradise, and destroyed the green glories of Eden—and that the Zoological Gardens should have entombed for ever, all the dragons, and cockatrices, and griffins, and rocs, and unicorns, and basilisks, and phœnixes, and mermaids, which charmed the listening world when it was young! Now we have railroads and steam-vessels, but never an enchanted horse nor a magic carpet, and alas! alas! never a friendly gnome nor a gracious fairy to turn our dead leaves to gold, and to carry us with a thought to the dear arms of love and home. Ah me! The world has lost even while it has gained, and there are worse tales than the tales of travellers to be told!

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER LVII.

MRS. POYNTZ was on her favourite seat by the window, and, for a wonder, not knitting—that classic task seemed done; but she was smoothing and folding the completed work with her white comely hand, and smiling over it, as if in complacent approval, when I entered the room. At the fireside sat the he-colonel, inspecting a newly-invented barometer; at another window, in the farthest recess of the room, stood Miss Jane Poyntz, with a young gentleman whom I had never before seen, but who turned his eyes full upon me with a haughty look as the servant announced my name. He was tall, well proportioned, decidedly handsome, but with that expression of cold and concentred self-esteem in his very attitude, as well as his countenance, which makes a man of merit unpopular, a man without merit ridiculous.

The he-colonel, always punctiliously civil, rose from his seat, shook hands with me cordially, and said, "Coldish weather to-day; but we shall have rain to-morrow. Rainy seasons come in cycles. We are about to commence a cycle of them with heavy showers." He sighed, and returned to his barometer.

Miss Jane bowed to me graciously enough, but was evidently a little confused, a circumstance which might well attract my notice, for I had never before seen that high-bred young lady deviate a hair's breadth from the even tenour of a manner admirable for a cheerful and courteous ease, which one felt convinced would be unaltered to those around her if an earthquake swallowed one up an inch before her feet.

The young gentleman continued to eye me loftily, as the heir-apparent to some celestial planet might eye an inferior creature from a half-formed nebula suddenly dropped upon his sublime and perfected star.

Mrs. Poyntz extended to me two fingers, and said, frigidly, "Delighted to see you again! How kind to attend so soon to my note!" Motioning me to a seat beside her, she here turned to her husband, and said, "Poyntz, since a cycle of rain begins to-morrow, better secure your ride to-day. Take these young people with you. I want to talk with Dr. Fenwick."

The colonel carefully put away his barometer, and saying to his daughter "Come!" went forth. Jane followed her father; the young gentleman followed Jane.

The reception I had met chilled and disappointed me. I felt that Mrs. Poyntz was changed, and in her change the whole house seemed changed. The very chairs looked civilly unfriendly, as if preparing to turn their backs on me. However, I was not in the false position of an intruder; I had been summoned; it was for Mrs. Poyntz to speak first, and I waited quietly for her to do so.

She finished the careful folding of her work, and then laid it at rest in the drawer of the table at which she sate. Having so done, she turned to me, and said,

"By the way, I ought to have introduced to you my young guest, Mr. Ashleigh Sumner. You would like him. He has talents—not showy, but solid. He will succeed in public life."

"So that young man is Mr. Ashleigh Sumner? I do not wonder that Miss Ashleigh rejected him."

I said this, for I was nettled, as well as surprised, at the coolness with which a lady who had professed a friendship for me mentioned that fortunate young gentleman, with so complete an oblivion of all the antecedents that had once made his name painful to my ear.

In turn, my answer seemed to nettle Mrs. Poyntz.

"I am not so sure that she did reject; perhaps she rather misunderstood him; gallant compliments are not always proposals of marriage. However that be, his spirits were not much damped by Miss Ashleigh's disdain, nor his heart deeply smitten by her charms, for he is now very happy, very much attached to another young lady, to whom he proposed, three days ago, at Lady Delafield's, and, not to make a mystery of what all our little world will know before to-morrow, that young lady is my daughter Jane."

"Were I acquainted with Mr. Sumner, I should offer to *him* my sincere congratulation."

Mrs. Poyntz resumed, without heeding a reply more complimentary to Miss Jane than to the object of her choice:

"I told you that I meant Jane to marry a rich country gentleman, and Ashleigh Sumner is the very country gentleman I had then in my thoughts. He is cleverer and more ambitious

than I could have hoped: he will be a minister some day, in right of his talents, and a peer if he wishes it, in right of his lands. So that matter is settled."

There was a pause, during which my mind passed rapidly through links of reminiscence and reasoning, which led me to a mingled sentiment of admiration for Mrs. Poyntz as a diplomatist and of distrust for Mrs. Poyntz as a friend. It was now clear why Mrs. Poyntz, before so little disposed to approve my love, had urged me at once to offer my hand to Lilian, in order that she might depart affianced and engaged to the house in which she would meet Mr. Ashleigh Sumner. Hence, Mrs. Poyntz's anxiety to obtain all the information I could afford her of the sayings and doings at Lady Haughton's; hence, the publicity she had so suddenly given to my engagement; hence, when Mr. Sumner had gone away, a rejected suitor, her own departure from L——; she had seized the very moment when a vain and proud man, piqued by the mortification received from one lady, falls the easier prey to the arts which allure his suit to another. All was so far clear to me. And I—was my self-conceit less egregious and less readily duped than that of yon gilded popinjay's! How skilfully this woman had knitted me into her work with the noiseless turn of her white hands! and yet, forsooth, I must vaunt the superior scope of my intellect, and plumb all the fountains of Nature—I, who could not fathom the little pool of this female schemer's mind!

But that was no time for resentment to her or rebuke for myself. She was now the woman who could best protect and save from slander my innocent, beloved Lilian. But how approach that perplexing subject?

Mrs. Poyntz approached it, and with her usual decision of purpose which bore so deceitful a likeness to candour of mind.

"But it was not to talk of my affairs that I asked you to call, Allen Fenwick." As she uttered my name, her voice softened, and her manner took that maternal, caressing tenderness which had sometimes amused and sometimes misled me. "No, I do not forget that you asked me to be your friend, and I take, without scruple, the license of friendship. What are these stories that I have heard already about Lilian Ashleigh, to whom you were once engaged?"

"To whom I am still engaged."

"Is it possible? Oh, then, of course the stories I have heard are all false. Very likely; no fiction in scandal ever surprises me. Poor dear Lilian, then, never ran away from her mother's house?"

I smothered the angry pain which this mode of questioning caused me; I knew how important it was to Lilian to secure to her the countenance and support of this absolute autocrat; I spoke of Lilian's long previous distemper of mind; I accounted for it as any intelligent physician, unacquainted with all that I could not reveal, would account. Heaven forgive me for the venial falsehood, but I spoke of the terrible charge against myself as enough to unhinge, for a time, the intellect of a girl so acutely sensitive as Lilian; I sought to create that impression as to the origin of all that might otherwise seem strange; and in this state of cerebral excitement she had wandered from home—but alone. I had tracked every step of her way; I had found and restored her to her home. A critical delirium had followed, from which she now rose, cured in health, unsuspicious that there could be a whisper against her name. And then, with all the eloquence I could command, and in words as adapted as I could frame them to soften the heart of a woman, herself a mother, I implored Mrs. Poyntz's aid to silence all the cruelties of calumny, and extend her shield over the child of her own early friend.

When I came to an end, I had taken, with caressing force, Mrs. Poyntz's reluctant hands in mine. There were tears in my voice, tears in my eyes. And the first sound of her voice in reply gave me hope, for it was unusually gentle. She was evidently moved. The hope was soon quelled.

"Allen Fenwick," she said, "you have a noble heart, I grieve to see how it abuses your reason. I cannot aid Lilian Ashleigh in the way you ask. Do not start back so indignantly. Listen to me as patiently as I have listened to you. That when you brought back the unfortunate young woman to her poor mother, her mind was disordered, and became yet more dangerously so, I can well believe; that she is now recovered, and thinks with shame, or refuses to think at all, of her imprudent flight, I can believe also; but I do not believe, the World cannot believe, that she did not, knowingly and purposely, quit her mother's roof, and in quest of that young stranger so incautiously, so unfeelingly admitted to her mother's house during the very time you were detained on the most awful of human accusations. Every one in the town knows that Mr. Margrave visited daily at Mrs. Ashleigh's during that painful period; every one in the town knows in what strange, out-of-the-way place this young man had niched himself; and that a yacht was bought, and lying in wait there. What for? It is said that the chaise in which you brought Miss Ashleigh back to her home was hired at a village within an easy reach of Mr. Margrave's lodging—of Mr. Margrave's yacht. I rejoice that you saved the poor girl from ruin: but her good name is tarnished, and if Anne Ashleigh, whom I sincerely pity, asks me my advice, I can but give her this: 'Leave L——, take your daughter abroad, and if she is not to marry Mr. Margrave, marry her as quietly and as quickly as possible to some foreigner.'"

"Madam! madam! this, then, is your friendship to her—to me! Oh, shame on you to insult thus an affianced husband! Shame on me ever to have thought you had a heart!"

"A heart, man!" she exclaimed, almost fiercely, springing up, and startling me with the change in her countenance and voice. "And little you would have valued, and pitilessly have

crushed this heart, if I had suffered myself to show it to you! What right have you to reproach me? I felt a warm interest in your career, an unusual attraction in your conversation and society. Do you blame me for that, or should I blame myself? Condemned to live amongst brainless puppets, my dull occupation to pull the strings that moved them, it was a new charm to my life to establish friendship and intercourse with intellect, and spirit, and courage. Ah, I understand that look, half incredulous, half inquisitive."

"Inquisitive, no! incredulous, yes! You desired my friendship, and how does your harsh judgment of my betrothed wife prove either to me or to her mother, whom you have known from your girlhood, the first duty of a friend, which is surely not that of leaving a friend's side the moment that he needs countenance in calumny, succour in trouble."

"It is a better duty to prevent the calumny and avert the trouble. Leave aside Anne Ashleigh, a cipher that I can add or subtract from my sum of life as I please. What is my duty to yourself? It is plain. It is to tell you that your honour commands you to abandon all thoughts of Lilian Ashleigh as your wife. Ungrateful that you are! Do you suppose it was no mortification to my pride of woman and friend, that you never approached me in confidence except to ask my good offices in promoting your courtship to another? No shock to the quiet plans I had formed as to our familiar though harmless intimacy, to hear that you were bent on a marriage in which my friend would be lost to me?"

"Not lost!—not lost! On the contrary, the regard I must suppose you had for Lilian would have been a new link between our homes."

"Pooh! Between me and that dreamy girl there could have been no sympathy, there could have grown up no regard. You would have been chained to your fireside, and—and—but no matter. I stifled my disappointment as soon as I felt it—stifled it, as all my life I have stifled that which either destiny or duty—duty to myself as to others—forbids me to indulge. Ah, do not fancy me one of the weak criminals who can suffer a worthy liking to grow into a debasing love. I was not in love with you, Allen Fenwick."

"Do you think I was ever so presumptuous a coxcomb as to fancy it?"

"No," she said, more softly; "I was not so false to my household ties and to my own nature. But there are some friendships which are as jealous as love. I could have cheerfully aided you in any choice which my sense could have approved for you as wise; I should have been pleased to have found in such a wife my most intimate companion. But that silly child!—absurd! Nevertheless, the freshness and enthusiasm of your love touched me; you asked my aid, and I gave it—perhaps I did believe that when you saw more of Lilian Ashleigh you would be cured of a fancy conceived by the eye—I should have known better what dupes the wisest men can be to the witcheries of a fair face and eighteen! When I found your illusion obstinate, I wrenched myself away from a vain regret, turned to my own schemes and my own ambition, and smiled bitterly to think that in pressing you to propose so hastily to Lilian, I made your blind passion an agent in my own plans. Enough of this. I speak thus openly and boldly to you now because now I have not a sentiment that can interfere with the dispassionate soundness of my counsels. I repeat, you cannot now marry Lilian Ashleigh; I cannot take my daughter to visit her; I cannot destroy the social laws that I myself have set in my petty kingdom."

"Be it as you will. I have pleaded for her while she is still Lilian Ashleigh. I plead for no one to whom I have once given my name. Before the woman whom I have taken from the altar, I can place, as a shield sufficient, my strong breast of man. Who has so deep an interest in Lilian's purity as I have? Who is so fitted to know the exact truth of every whisper against her? Yet when I, whom you admit to have some reputation for shrewd intelligence,—I, who tracked her way,—I, who restored her to her home,—when I, Allen Fenwick, am so assured of her inviolable innocence in thought as in deed, that I trust my honour to her keeping,—surely, surely, I confute the scandal which you yourself do not believe though you refuse to reject and to annul it."

"Do not deceive yourself, Allen Fenwick," said she, still standing beside me, her countenance now hard and stern. "Look, where I stand, I am The World! The World, not as satirists depreciate or as optimists extol its immutable properties, its all-pervasive authority. I am The World! And my voice is the World's voice when it thus warns you. Should you make this marriage, your dignity of character and position would be gone!—if you look only to lucre and professional success, possibly *they* may not ultimately suffer. You have skill, which men need; their need may still draw patients to your door and pour guineas into your purse. But you have the pride, as well as the birth, of a gentleman, and the wounds to that pride will be hourly chafed and never healed. Your strong breast of man, has no shelter to the frail name of woman. The World, in its health, will look down on your wife, though its sick may look up to you. This is not all. The World, in its gentlest mood of indulgence, will say, compassionately, 'Poor man! how weak, and how deceived! What an unfortunate marriage!' But the World is not often indulgent, it looks most to the motives most seen on the surface. And the World will more frequently say, 'No, much too clever a man to be duped. Miss Ashleigh had money. A good match to the man who liked gold better than honour.'"

I sprang to my feet, with difficulty suppressing my rage, and, remembering it was a woman who spoke to me, "Farewell, madam," said I, through my grinded teeth. "Were you, indeed, the Personation of The World, whose mean notions you mouth so calmly, I could not disdain you more." I turned to the door, and left her still standing

erect and menacing, the hard sneer on her resolute lip, the red glitter in her remorseless eye.

CHAPTER LVIII.

If ever my heart vowed itself to Lilian, the vow was now the most trustful and the most sacred. I had relinquished our engagement before, but then her affection seemed, no matter from what cause, so estranged from me, that though I might be miserable to lose her, I deemed that she would be unhappy in our union. Then, too, she was the gem and darling of the little world in which she lived; no whisper assailed her; now, I knew that she loved me. I knew that her estrangement had been involuntary, I knew that appearances wronged her, and that they never could be explained. I was in the true position of man to woman: I was the shield, the bulwark, the fearless confiding protector! Resign her now because the world babbled, because my career might be impeded, because my good name might be impeached—resign her, and, in that resignation, confirm all that was said against her! Could I do so, I should be the most craven of gentlemen, the meanest of men!

I went to Mrs. Ashleigh, and entreated her to hasten my union with her daughter, and fix the marriage day.

I found the poor lady dejected and distressed. She was now sufficiently relieved from the absorbing anxiety for Lilian to be aware of the change on the face of that World which the woman I had just quitted personified and concentred; she had learned the cause from the bloodless lips of Miss Brabazon.

"My child—my poor child!" murmured the mother. "And she so guileless—so sensitive! Could she know what is said, it would kill her. She would never marry you, Allen. She would never bring shame to you!"

"She never need learn the barbarous calumny. Give her to me, and at once; patients, fortune, fame, are not found only at L——. Give her to me at once. But let me name a condition: I have a patrimonial independence — I have amassed large savings—I have my profession and my repute. I cannot touch her fortune—I cannot—never can! Take it while you live; when you die, leave it to accumulate for her children, if children she have; not to me; not to her—unless I am dead or ruined!"

"Oh, Allen, what a heart!—what a heart! No, not heart, Allen—that bird in its cage has a heart: *soul*—what a soul!"

CHAPTER LIX.

How innocent was Lilian's virgin blush when I knelt to her and prayed that she would forestall the date that had been fixed for our union, and be my bride before the breath of the autumn had withered the pomp of the woodland and silenced the song of the birds. Meanwhile, I was so fearfully anxious that she should risk no danger of hearing, even of surmising, the cruel slander against her—should meet no cold contemptuous looks — above all, should be safe from the barbed talk of Mrs. Poyntz—that I insisted on the necessity of immediate change of air and scene. I proposed that we should all three depart, the next day, for the banks of my own beloved and native Windermere. By that pure mountain air Lilian's health would be soon reestablished; in the church hallowed to me by the graves of my fathers our vows could be plighted. No calumny had ever cast a shadow over those graves. I felt as if my bride would be safer in the neighbourhood of my mother's tomb.

I carried my point: it was so arranged. Mrs. Ashleigh, however, was reluctant to leave before she had seen her dear friend, Margaret Poyntz. I had not the courage to tell her what she might expect to hear from that dear friend, but, as delicately as I could, I informed her that I had already seen the Queen of the Hill, and contradicted the gossip that had reached her; but that as yet, like other absolute sovereigns, the Queen of the Hill thought it politic to go with the popular stream, reserving all check on its direction till the rush of its torrent might slacken; and that it would be infinitely wiser in Mrs. Ashleigh to postpone conversation with Mrs. Poyntz until Lilian's return to L—— as my wife; slander by that time would have wearied itself out, and Mrs. Poyntz (assuming her friendship to Mrs. Ashleigh to be sincere) would then be enabled to say with authority to her subjects, "Dr. Fenwick alone knows the facts of the story, and his marriage with Miss Ashleigh refutes all the gossip to her prejudice."

I made, that evening, arrangements with a young and rising practitioner; to secure attendance on my patients during my absence. I passed the greater part of the night in drawing up memoranda to guide my proxy in each case, however humble the sufferer. This task finished, I chanced, in searching for a small microscope, the wonders of which I thought might interest and amuse Lilian, to open a drawer in which I kept the manuscript of my cherished Physiological Work, and, in so doing, my eye fell upon the wand which I had taken from Margrave. I had thrown it into that drawer on my return home after restoring Lilian to her mother's house, and, in the anxiety which had subsequently preyed upon my mind, had almost forgotten the strange possession I had as strangely acquired. There it now lay, the instrument of agencies over the mechanism of nature which no doctrine admitted by my philosophy could accept, side by side with the presumptuous work which had analysed the springs by which nature is moved, and decided the principles by which reason metes out, from the inch of its knowledge, the plan of the Infinite Unknown.

I took up the wand, and examined it curiously. It was evidently the work of an age far remote from our own, scored over with half-obliterated characters in some Eastern tongue, perhaps no longer extant. I found that it was hollow within. A more accurate observation showed, in the

centre of this hollow, an exceedingly fine thread-like wire, the unattached end of which would slightly touch the palm when the wand was taken into the hand. Was it possible that there might be a natural and even a simple cause for the effects which this instrument produced? Could it serve to collect, from that great focus of animal heat and nervous energy which is placed in the palm of the human hand, some such latent fluid as that which Reichenbach calls the "odic," and which, according to him, "rushes through and pervades universal Nature?" After all, why not? For how many centuries lay unknown all the virtues of the loadstone and the amber? It is but as yesterday that the forces of vapour have become to men genii more powerful than those conjured up by Aladdin; that light, at a touch, springs forth from invisible air; that thought finds a messenger swifter than the wings of the fabled Afrite. As, thus musing, my hand closed over the wand, I felt a wild thrill through my frame. I recoiled; I was alarmed lest (according to the plain common-sense theory of Julius Faber) I might be preparing my imagination to form and to credit its own illusions. Hastily I laid down the wand. But then it occurred to me, that whatever its properties, it had so served the purposes of the dread Fascinator from whom it had been taken, that he might probably seek to re-possess himself of it; he might contrive to enter my house in my absence; more prudent to guard in my own watchful keeping the incomprehensible instrument of incomprehensible arts. I resolved, therefore, to take the wand with me, and placed it in my travelling-trunk with such effects as I selected for use in the excursion that was to commence with the morrow. I now laid down to rest, but I could not sleep. The recollections of the painful interview with Mrs. Poyntz became vivid and haunting. It was clear that the sentiment she had conceived for me was that of no simple friendship—something more or something less—but certainly something else; and this conviction brought before me that proud hard face, disturbed by a pang wrestled against but not subdued, and that clear metallic voice, troubled by the quiver of an emotion which, perhaps, she had never analysed to herself. I did not need her own assurance to know that this sentiment was not to be confounded with a love which she would have despised as a weakness and repelled as a crime; it was an inclination of the intellect, not a passion of the heart. But still it admitted a jealousy little less keen than that which has love for its cause; so true it is that jealousy is never absent where self-love is always present. Certainly it was no susceptibility of sober friendship which had made the stern arbitress of a coterie ascribe to her interest in me her pitiless judgment of Lilian. Strangely enough, with the image of this archetype of conventional usages and the trite social life, came that of the mysterious Margrave, surrounded by all the attributes with which superstition clothes the being of the shadowy border land that lies beyond the chart of our visual world itself. By what link were creatures so dissimilar riveted together in the metaphysical chain of association? Both had entered into the record of my life when my life admitted its own first romance of love. Through the aid of this cynical schemer I had been made known to Lilian. At her house I had heard the dark story of that Louis Grayle, with whom, in mocking spite of my reason, conjectures (which that very reason must depose itself before it could resolve into distempered fancies) identified the enigmatical Margrave. And now both she, the representative of the formal world most opposed to visionary creeds, and he, who gathered round him all the terrors which haunt the realm of fable, stood united against me—foes with whom the intellect I had so haughtily cultured knew not how to cope. Whatever assault I might expect from either, I was unable to assail again. Alike, then, in this, are the Slander and the Phantom; that which appals us most in their power over us is our impotence against them.

But up rose the sun, chasing the shadows from the earth, and brightening insensibly the thoughts of man. After all, Margrave had been baffled and defeated, whatever the arts he had practised and the secrets he possessed. It was, at least, doubtful whether his evil machinations would be renewed. He had seemed so incapable of long-sustained fixity of purpose, that it was probable he was already in pursuit of some new agent or victim; and as to this common-place and conventional spectre, the so-called World, if it is everywhere to him whom it awes, it is nowhere to him who despises it. What was the good or bad word of a Mrs. Poyntz to me? Ay, but to Lilian? There, indeed, I trembled; but still even in trembling it was sweet to think that my home would be her shelter—my choice her vindication. Ah, how unutterably tender and reverential Love becomes when it assumes the duties of the guardian, and hallows its own heart into a sanctuary of refuge for the beloved!

CHAPTER LX.

The beautiful lake! We two are on its grassy margin. Twilight melting into night; the stars stealing forth, one after one. What a wonderful change is made within us when we come from our callings amongst men, chafed, wearied, wounded; gnawed by our cares, perplexed by the doubts of our very wisdom, stung by the adder that dwells in cities—Slander; nay, even if renowned, fatigued with the burden of the very names that we have won; what a change is made within us when suddenly we find ourselves transported into the calm solitudes of Nature; —into scenes familiar to our happy dreaming childhood; back, back from the dusty thoroughfares of our toil-worn manhood to the golden fountain of our youth! Blessed is the change, even when we have no companion beside us to whom the heart can whisper its sense of relief and joy. But if the One, in whom all our future

is garnered up, be with us there, instead of that weary World which has so magically vanished away from the eye and the thought, then does the change make one of those rare epochs of life in which the charm is the stillness. In the pause from all, by which our own turbulent struggles for happiness trouble existence, we feel with a rapt amaze how calm a thing it is to be happy. And so as the night, in deepening, brightened, Lilian and I wandered by the starry lake. Conscious of no evil in ourselves, how secure we felt from evil! A few days more—a few days more, and we two should be as one. And that thought we uttered in many forms of words, brooding over it in the long intervals of enamoured silence.

And when we turned back to the quiet inn at which we had taken up our abode, and her mother, with her soft face, advanced to meet us, I said to Lilian:

"Would that in these scenes we could fix our home for life, away and afar from the dull town we have left behind us, with the fret of its wearying cares and the jar of its idle babble!"

"And why not, Allen? Why not? But no, you would not be happy."

"Not be happy, and with you? Sceptic! by what reasonings do you arrive at that ungracious conclusion?"

"The heart loves repose and the soul contemplation, but the mind needs action. Is it not so?"

"Where learned you that aphorism, out of place on such rosy lips!"

"I learned it in studying you," murmured Lilian, tenderly.

Here Mrs. Ashleigh joined us. For the first time I slept under the same roof as Lilian. And I forgot that the universe contained an enigma to solve or an enemy to fear.

CHAPTER LXI.

Twenty days—the happiest my life had ever known—thus glided on. Apart from the charm which love bestows on the beloved, there was that in Lilian's conversation which made her a delightful companion. Whether it was that, in this pause from the toils of my career, my mind could more pliantly supple itself to her graceful imagination, or that her imagination itself was less vague and dreamy amidst those rural scenes which realised in their loveliness and grandeur its long-conceived ideals, than it had been in the petty garden-ground neighboured by the stir and hubbub of the busy town,—in much that I had once slighted or contemned as the vagaries of undisciplined fancy, I now recognised the sparkle and play of an intuitive genius lighting up many a depth obscure to instructed thought. It is with some characters as with the subtler and more ethereal order of poets. To appreciate them we must suspend the course of artificial life. In the city we call them dreamers, on the mountain-top we find them interpreters.

In Lilian, the sympathy with Nature was not, as in Margrave, from the joy and sense of Nature's lavish vitality, it was refined into exquisite perception of the diviner spirit by which that vitality is informed. Thus, like the artist, from outward forms of beauty she drew forth the covert types, lending to things the most familiar exquisite meanings unconceived before. For it is truly said by a wise critic of old, that "the attribute of Art is to suggest infinitely more than it expresses," and such suggestions, passing from the artist's innermost thought into the mind that receives them, open on and on into the Infinite of Ideas, as a moonlit wave struck by a passing oar impels wave upon wave along one track of light.

So the days glided by, and brought the eve of our bridal morn. It had been settled that, after the ceremony (which was to be performed by license in the village church, at no great distance, which adjoined my paternal home now passed away to strangers), we should make a short excursion into Scotland; leaving Mrs. Ashleigh to await our return at the little inn.

I had retired to my own room to answer some letters from anxious patients, and having finished these, I looked into my trunk for a Guide-Book to the North, which I had brought with me. My hand came upon Margrave's wand, and remembering that strange thrill which had passed through me when I last handled it, I drew it forth, resolved to examine calmly if I could detect the cause of the sensation. It was not now the time of night in which the imagination is most liable to credulous impressions, nor was I now in the anxious and jaded state of mind in which such impressions may be the more readily conceived. The sun was slowly setting over the delicious landscape; the air cool and serene; my thoughts collected; heart and conscience alike at peace. I took, then, the wand, and adjusted it to the palm of the hand as I had done before. I felt the slight touch of the delicate wire within, and again the thrill! I did not this time recoil; I continued to grasp the wand, and sought deliberately to analyse my own sensations in the contact. There came over me an increased consciousness of vital power; a certain exhiliration, elasticity, vigour, such as a strong cordial may produce on a fainting man. All the forces of my frame seemed refreshed, redoubled; and as such effects on the physical system are ordinarily accompanied by correspondent effects on the mind, so I was sensible of a proud elation of spirits, a kind of defying, superb self-glorying. All fear seemed blotted out from my thought, as a weakness impossible to the grandeur and might which belong to Intellectual Man; I felt as if it were a royal delight to scorn Earth and its opinions, brave Hades and its spectres. Rapidly this new-born arrogance enlarged itself into desires vague but daring; my mind reverting to the wild phenomena associated with its memories of Margrave, I said, half-aloud, "If a creature so beneath myself in constancy of will and completion of thought can wrest from Nature

favours so marvellous, what could not be won from her by me, her patient persevering seeker? What if there be spirits around and about, invisible to the common eye, but whom we can submit to our control, and what if this rod be charged with some occult fluid, that runs through all creation, and can be so disciplined as to establish communication wherever life and thought can reach to beings that live and think! So would the mystics of old explain what perplexes me. Am I sure that the mystics of old duped themselves or their pupils? This, then, this slight wand, light as a reed in my grasp, this, then, was the instrument by which Margrave sent his irresistible will through air and space, and by which I smote himself, in the midst of his tiger-like wrath, into the helplessness of a sick man's swoon! Can the instrument at this distance still control him; if now meditating evil, disarm and disable his purpose?" Involuntarily as I revolved these ideas, I stretched forth the wand, with a concentred energy of desire that its influence should reach Margrave and command him. And since I knew not his whereabout, yet was vaguely aware that, according to any conceivable theory by which the wand could be supposed to carry its imagined virtues to definite goals in distant space, it should be pointed in the direction of the object it was intended to affect, so I slowly moved the wand as if describing a circle, and thus, in some point of the circle—east, west, north, or south—the direction could not fail to be true. Before I had performed half the circle, the wand of itself stopped, resisting palpably the movement of my hand to impel it onward. Had it, then, found the point to which my will was guiding it, obeying my will by some magnetic sympathy never yet comprehended by any recognised science? I know not; but I had not held it thus fixed for many seconds, before a cold air, well remembered, passed by me, stirring the roots of my hair; and, reflected against the opposite wall, stood the hateful Scin-Læca. The Shadow was dimmer in its light than when before beheld, and the outline of the features was less distinct, still it was the unmistakable *lemur*, or image, of Margrave.

And a voice was conveyed to my senses, saying, as from a great distance, and in weary yet angry accents,

"You have summoned me! Wherefore?"

I overcame the startled shudder with which, at first, I beheld the Shadow and heard the Voice.

"I summoned you not," said I; "I sought but to impose upon you my will, that you should persecute, with your ghastly influences, me and mine no more. And now, by whatever authority this wand bestows on me, I so adjure and command you!"

I thought there was a sneer of disdain on the lip through which the answer seemed to come:

"Vain and ignorant; it is but a shadow you command. My body you have cast into a sleep, and it knows not that the shadow is here; nor, when it wakes, will the brain be aware of one reminiscence of the words that you utter or the words that you hear."

"What, then, is this shadow that simulates the body? Is it that which in popular language is called the soul?"

"It is not: soul is no shadow?"

"What then?"

"Ask not me. Use the wand to invoke Intelligences higher than mine."

"And how?"

"I will tell you not. Of yourself you may learn, if you guide the wand by your own pride of will and desire; but in the hands of him who has learned not the art, the wand has its dangers. Again, I say you have summoned me! Wherefore?"

"Lying shade, I summoned thee not."

"So wouldst thou say to the demons, did they come in their terrible wrath, when the bungler, who knows not the springs that he moves, calls them up unawares, and can neither control nor dispel. Less revengeful than they, I leave thee unharmed, and depart!"

"Stay. If, as thou sayest, no command I address to thee—to thee, who art only the image or shadow—can have effect on the body and mind of the being whose likeness thou art, still thou canst tell me what passes now in his brain. Does it now harbour schemes against me through the woman I love? Answer truly."

"I reply for the sleeper, of whom I am more than a likeness, though only the shadow. His thought speaks thus: 'I know, Allen Fenwick, that in thee is the agent I need for achieving the end that I seek. Through the woman thou lovest I hope to subject thee. A grief that will harrow thy heart is at hand: when that grief shall befal, thou wilt welcome my coming. In me alone thy hope will be placed—through me alone wilt thou seek a path out of thy sorrow. I shall ask my conditions: they will make thee my tool and my slave!'"

The Shadow waned—it was gone. I did not seek to detain it, nor, had I sought, could I have known by what process. But a new idea now possessed me. This Shadow, then, that had once so appalled and controlled me, was, by its own confession, nothing more than a Shadow! It had spoken of higher Intelligences; from them I might learn what the Shadow could not reveal. As I still held the wand firmer and firmer in my grasp, my thoughts grew haughtier and bolder. Could the wand, then, bring those loftier beings thus darkly referred to before me? With that thought, intense and engrossing, I guided the wand towards the space, opening boundless and blue from the casement that let in the skies. The wand no longer resisted my hand.

In a few moments I felt the floors of the room vibrate; the air was darkened; a vaporous hazy cloud seemed to rise from the ground without the casement; an awe, infinitely more deep and solemn than that which the Scin-Læca had caused in its earliest apparition, curdled through my veins, and stilled the very beat of my heart.

At that moment, I heard, without, the voice

of Lilian, singing a simple sacred song which I had learned at my mother's knees, and taught to her the day before: singing low, and as with a warning angel's voice. By an irresistible impulse I dashed the wand to the ground, and bowed my head as I had bowed it when my infant mind comprehended, without an effort, mysteries more solemn than those which perplexed me now. Slowly I raised my eyes, and looked round: the vaporous hazy cloud had passed away, or melted into the ambient rose tints amidst which the sun had sunk.

Then, by one of those common reactions from a period of over-strained excitement, there succeeded to that sentiment of arrogance and daring with which these wild, half-conscious invocations had been fostered and sustained, a profound humility, a warning fear.

"What!" said I, inly, "have all those sound resolutions, which my reason founded on the wise talk of Julius Faber, melted away in the wrack of haggard dissolving fancies! Is this my boasted intellect, my vaunted science! I—I, Allen Fenwick, not only the credulous believer, but the blundering practitioner, of an evil magic! Grant what may be possible, however uncomprehended—grant that in this accursed instrument of antique superstition there be some real powers—chemical, magnetic, no matter what—by which the imagination can be aroused, inflamed, deluded, so that it shapes the things I have seen, speaks in the tones I have heard—grant this, shall I keep ever ready, at the caprice of will, a constant tempter to steal away my reason and fool my senses?—or if, on the other hand, I force my sense to admit what all sober men must reject—if I unschool myself to believe that in what I have just experienced, there is no mental illusion, that sorcery is a fact, and a demon world has gates which open to a key that a mortal can forge—who but a saint would not shrink from the practice of powers by which each passing thought of ill might find in a fiend its abettor? In either case—in any case—while I keep this direful relic of obsolete arts, I am haunted—cheated out of my senses—unfitted for the uses of life. If, as my ear or my fancy informs me, grief—human grief—is about to befal me, shall I, in the sting of impatient sorrow, have recourse to an aid which, the same voice declares, will reduce me to a tool and a slave?—tool and slave to a being I dread as a foe! Out on these nightmares! and away with the thing that bewitches the brain to conceive them!"

I rose; I took up the wand, holding it so that its hollow should not rest on the palm of the hand. I stole from the house by the back way, in order to avoid Lilian, whose voice I still heard, singing low, on the lawn in front. I came to a creek, to the bank of which a boat was moored, undid its chain, rowed on to a deep part of the lake, and dropped the wand into its waves. It sank at once: scarcely a ripple furrowed the surface, not a bubble arose from the deep. And, as the boat glided on, the star mirrored itself on the spot where the placid waters had closed over the tempter to evil.

Light at heart I sprang again on the shore, and hastening to Lilian, where she stood on the silvered shining sward, clasped her to my breast.

"Spirit of my life!" I murmured, "no enchantments for me but thine! Thine are the spells by which creation is beautified, and, in that beauty, hallowed. What, though we can see not into the measureless future from the verge of the moment—what though sorrow may smite us while we are dreaming of bliss, let the future not rob me of thee, and a balm will be found for each wound. Love me ever as now, oh my Lilian; troth to troth, side by side, till the grave!"

"And beyond the grave," answered Lilian, softly.

A WORD ABOUT SERVANTS.

Servants of the present day are a very different class from the servants of a century or two ago, when, according to all accounts, the town servants were an exceedingly unpleasant and turbulent class. They went to masquerades dressed in their masters' clothes, and would sometimes even go so far as to borrow the master's sword or wig. They were the retailers of all the scandal of the town, and were very noisy and insolent. They claimed *vails* as a matter of right, and rioted desperately when they were refused or opposed. Vails were presents of money made to them by visitors.

One amusing custom of the servants was to assemble at some public-house, and, calling each other by their masters' titles, to converse about the affairs of the nation and the doings in high life. Addison, in No. 88 of the Spectator, gives the following amusing example:

"My obscurity and taciturnity leave me at liberty, without scandal, to dine if I think fit at a common ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous house of entertainment. Falling in the other day at a victualling house near the House of Peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar that my lord bishop swore he would throw her out of window if she did not bring up more mild beer, and that my lord duke would have a double mug of purle. My surprise was increased in hearing loud and rustick voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs by the names of the most illustrious of our nobility, till of a sudden one came running in and cryed the house was rising. Down came all the company together and away! The ale-house was immediately filled with clamour, and scoring one mug to the marquis of such a place, oil and vinegar to such an earl, three quarts to my new lord for wetting his title, and so forth. It is a thing too notorious to mention the crowds of servants and their insolence near the courts of justice and the stairs towards the supreme assembly, where there is an universal mockery of all order, such riotous clamour, and licentious confusion that one would think the whole nation lived in jest, and there was no such thing as rule and

distinction among us. The next place of resort wherein the servile world are let loose is at the entrance of Hyde Park, while the gentry are at the ring. Hither people bring their lacqueys out of state, and here it is that all they say at their tables and act in their houses is communicated to the whole town."

The valet-de-chambre of a great man, was a very important personage. At the levee of his master, no one could see the great man unless the valet was pleased to let him enter the room. Poets and men of letters had to propitiate the valet before their verses would be read by the patron. Hence, in romances and comedies the valet plays an important part.

In contemplating the picture of the servants of our ancestors, we must remember that their masters did not set them a very good example. The conduct of a master necessarily has great influence on his servants. A master can either intimidate a young and inexperienced servant by pride and severity, or he can, by a discreet combination of gentleness and firmness, make him a good servant; the rule is not infallible, but there is encouragement enough to try it. In Addison's time, there seems to have prevailed among masters excessive pride. Referring to it in the Spectator, Addison gives a picture of the miseries experienced by some servants who had the misfortune to be in the service of masters who thought that the only way of obtaining respect was by treating their servants as harshly as they could. He says, in No. 137, of the Spectator: "There are, as these unhappy correspondents inform me, masters who are offended at a cheerful countenance, and think a servant is broke loose from them if he does not preserve the utmost awe in their presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied, his master asks him what makes him so pert this morning; if a little sour, 'Hark ye, sirrah, are not you paid your wages?' The poor creatures live in the most extreme misery together. The master knows not how to preserve respect, nor the servant how to give it."

This is a gloomy view of the life of a servant, but the same writer gives the picture of a model master in the person of Sir Roger de Coverly; in whose household he observes one pleasant circumstance, namely: "There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's. It is usual, in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling."

Attachment has not only existed between master and servants, but also between master and slaves. In the revolution of slaves in Italy, some slaves ventured at the peril of their lives to save their masters from infuriated assailants. Addison gives a touching account of the grief experienced by a servant on the death of his young master. The servant writing to the Spectator, says, "It was the will of Providence that Master Harry was taken very ill of a fever of which he died within ten days of his first falling sick. Here was the first sorrow I ever knew; and I assure you, Mr. Spectator, I remember the beautiful action of the sweet youth in his fever, as fresh as if it were yesterday. If he wanted anything it must be given him by Tom; when I let anything fall, through the grief I was under, he would cry, 'Do not beat the poor boy; give him some more julep for me; nobody else shall give it me.' He would strive to hide his being so bad, when he saw I could not bear his being in so much danger, and comforted me, saying, 'Tom, Tom, have a good heart.' When I was holding a cup at his mouth, he fell into convulsions; and at this very time I hear my dear master's last groan."

A true attachment does not for the least diminish the respect of the servant towards the master. A master often forfeits true and real respect by false pride, and by treating his dependents as so many blocks of wood or stone, instead of human beings endowed with susceptibilities and feelings.

Much abuse has been bestowed on the servants of the present day: sometimes too deservedly, but often undeservedly. Modern servants are a better educated class than those of our ancestors, and they are, speaking of them as a body, hardworking and honest. There are often faults on the side of the employers; faults of want of consideration, and want of respect for the feelings of people in an inferior position. Ingratitude will be found among servants as among all sorts and conditions of humanity, but assuredly few servants do their duty the worse for knowing that while the doing of it is scrupulously exacted, they are thought of, cared for, encouraged, pleasantly spoken to and pleasantly looked at.

TUNNEL SPIDERS.

"Take care of my spiders." It was Antonio Magliobecchi who laid this imperative injunction upon the Grand-Duke of Tuscany. I like the expression, for it has the smack of the true lover of spiders about it, placing sovereigns in their proper position in the scale of being in comparison with spiders. Antonio Magliobecchi the librarian of the Pitti Palace at Florence, loved books and spiders—ancient books and tame spiders—and owned no other loves. He lived in a crib up in a corner of the library, with the books he read and the spiders he fed. Every hour he called his spiders out of their nests to receive their food, and, it is said, they knew his voice and obeyed his call. Plants, birds, fish, in cases, cages, and vases, or conservatories, aviaries and aquaria, have been company to lone folks, and spiders seem to suit the loneliest of all, the solitary prisoner, and the unsocial recluse. Spider-taming may suit some tempers better than growing flowers, training song birds, or watching prawns, and I say every one to his taste, or every man in his humour; but this much is certain that spider cages or cases would

not fail to furnish the student of zoology with many strange illustrations of animal instinct and ingenuity. Antonio Magliobecchi read alternately books and beasts, and musing upon the thoughts of man, and the ways of animals, reached a green old age. His vast learning and wonderful memory made his conversation very interesting, and great personages did not ask him to a corner of their tables, but waited upon him in his cell—none the less that the first response to their approaching footsteps when heard upon his staircase, was sure to be the command —"take care of my spiders,"

The spiders kept by the celebrated and celebade Bibliophile and Arachæorphile of Florence seem to have been the common house-spiders. Most students of common spiders keep them alive in various ways; but it is less easy to keep the most interesting and wonderful kinds; the flying, leaping, skating, diving, and tunneling spiders. Of these the diving spiders, which live in bubbles under water, have I believe been kept for months, and the tunneling spiders for years. Some friends of mine kept mygales, for years hoping to see them make their tunnels. They fed them carefully, kept them warm and supplied them with every material necessary for making their tubular dwelling; but it was all in vain; for, however well supplied with clay and straw, earth and moss, the exiles would neither build nests nor spin sheaths in captivity.

The word Mygale is the Greek for a field-mouse, and some learned man thought it would do very well as the name of a subterranean spider. The mygales are the largest spiders known. I have seen some from the West Indies which were as big as a spider crab. They have been accused of catching small birds in their webs, and, if their threads are strong enough, to snare and hold the lovely little birds of hot climes—most certainly they themselves, with their strong claws and fangs, are able to complete the assassinations which their webs begin. These spiders have their mandibles, pincers, fangs, or falces (the instruments are called by all these names), articulated or jointed horizontally. Most of them have hairy papillæ upon their feet, which enable them to walk upon smooth and perpendicular surfaces. Accustomed to think of this group of spiders as the inhabitants of tropical climates, it will be a surprise to many intelligent persons to learn that there is a species of them which is British. They resemble each other in as far as they live in tubes or tunnels of the earth. In October, 1855, Mr. Joshua Brown, of Cirencester, when on a visit to Hastings, found the tunnel spider. Passing down a lane with a high and steep sand-bank on each side partially covered with grass and bushes, he noticed on one of the banks which had a southern aspect something like the cocoon of a moth hanging down. On compressing it slightly, it seemed to be quite empty. It then occurred to him that it might be the nest of a spider. Examining it more closely, he was surprised to find that it descended into the bank, and appeared to be firmly attached at the distal extremity. He could not extract the first without breaking it. His curiosity being now thoroughly awakened, he went more cautiously to work with the second specimen which he found, removing the sand carefully with a long knife. At a depth of nine inches he found the end of the nest, and drew it out quite perfect. It was a long silken sac. A hardish lump at the bottom of the sac proved to be the spider. The next specimen he found went much deeper, and indeed so deep that he failed, after much trouble, in getting it out at all. He tried many others, sometimes succeeding, and sometimes failing, in getting them out entire. They vary greatly in length, being apparently longer or shorter at the different stages of the growth of the spider, and some of them presenting obvious appearances of lengthening. The usual length is about nine inches, but some of them were much longer. Their form is tubular, and their diameter three-quarters of an inch, with a purse-like rounding at one end. The sheath consists of closely woven silk of a very fine quality, neat, clean, and white, or whitish, within, and covered with yellowish or brownish particles of sand without, which seemingly soil the tube. The portion of the tube visible on the bank is about a couple of inches long, and is pendant and inflated. Darker than the subterranean portion of the tube, it corresponds in colour with the general surface of the bank. One of the tubes being in a collapsed state, the sides pressing together, with the spider at one end, Mr. Brown was surprised on opening the box to perceive a movement as if it were undergoing inflation, and next morning he found it inflated throughout its whole length, and especially the end which had been exposed on the bank. How the spider effects this inflation is a puzzle to the curious in the secrets of spider life. Are there doors or valves in the exposed, distended, and external end?

Another puzzle is the question on what the British tunnel spider feeds herself. No flies or fragments of insects have been found in the nests. How is she fed when breeding in her nursery? Her web is not glutinous, and it is covered with sand; and moreover there is no door to her tubular dwelling for going out and coming in. The spiders kept by Mr. Joshua Brown moved backwards and forwards in their tubes, but never came out at either end. He concluded that the female Atypus of Sulger neither feeds on insects nor has any means of obtaining them. A half-devoured earthworm having been found partly in and partly out of one of the tubes, it was hastily inferred that a worm-devouring spider had been found. The way to find out is to ask the spiders themselves by observing them closely. May not this spider close her tube during the day to keep out her enemies, and open it at night when going forth in search of prey?

No mules have ever been found in any of these cosy silken tubes. Do they dine at their clubs, and sleep out? The lady spiders being bigger and stronger than the gentlemen, and

having a penchant for devouring the lovers they do not espouse, wooing is invested with dangers and difficulties. This much is certain, that without a decree of judicial separation the sexes live apart. The number of eggs found in the cocoon, is said to be from thirty to forty.

The female Atypus is about two-fifths of an inch long. The legs and feelers are provided with hair and spines, and the colour of these parts is reddish-brown, the abdomen being egg-shaped, sparingly clothed with hairs, glossy, and of a dark brown colour, faintly tinged with red. The male is smaller and darker than the female. His palpi, or feelers, are globose at the base, and are of fine red colour.

Although the British tunnel-spider is as yet but little known, there are, it is clear, considerable differences between the British and the foreign species. The species found near London, Exeter, Carlisle, and Hastings seems to insert a scabbard into an excavation, but the species found in the vicinity of the Mediterranean is called a mason-spider, because she makes a tube of clay. This tube undoubtedly resembles more the work of the potter than of the mason. There is a wasp which is properly enough called the mason-wasp, because it cements sands together, and builds up the fabric of a nest in this way. But the tunnel of this subterranean spider has more resemblance to pottery than to masonry; and if this circumstance is to decide the name, the animal ought to be called, not the mason, but the potter-spider. This clay tube, which is quite distinct from the silken lining, or sheath, is a finer specimen of pottery than the prettiest tiny flower-pot ever seen. The silken lining is more delicate than the finger of the finest silk glove; and the lid is a marvellous thing. It is about the size of a coat-button. The outside of this round button-like lid is made of clay, baked hard and made smooth, and the tapering inside consists of layers, or coatings, of silk, adhering firmly to the clay. It is attached to the tube by a hinge, elastic enough to spring open of itself. The innermost lining of the lid is perforated by a circle of little holes, which, communicating with the edge of the lid, forms a first-rate ventilating apparatus. When the birds which are the enemies of the potter-spider try with their beaks and claws to prize open this lid to pull the inhabitant of the tube out of her home and eat her, she fastens her claws, which are provided with fine hooks on purpose, into the silken sides of the scabbard, pressing against the walls of the tube all the while, with all her might, and holding fast the lining of the lid with her pincers for dear life. But her strength would be of no avail if the air-holes did not enable her to endure a long siege, by allowing the escape of the carbonic gas, or the foul air rejected in respiration. The lid, however, is at once hinged, waterproof, and ventilating; and the genius of man has not yet put upon his head, it may be frankly affirmed, a hat ventilated so ingeniously as the door of the tunnel of this spider. I have had living specimens of this spider in my hand, and they did not attempt to apply their fangs to my flesh, but crawled about gently enough, the hooks of their claws being peculiarly irritating to the skin of my fingers. The larger species of the tropics, and especially the black kind of South America, being large and fierce, large as crabs and fierce as scorpions, are renowned as venomous.

But not merely are there acrial, aquatic, and subterranean spiders, there are spiders living socially and spinning webs in communities of silk weavers, working in factories, in fact, deep down in coal mines. These spider factories were discovered in the Pelton colliery, near Chester-le-Street, in the county of Durham. The gallery in which they live is three hundred and twenty feet deep. Their webs were at first supposed to be the production of fungi. Seventy horses and ponies working in the mine, it is supposed that the spiders were in the first instance carried down with the fodder for the horses. The moths carried down amongst the grass and hay in the eggs and pupa state would supply them with food, and their webs are constructed to catch the moths. When the Grand-Duke, afterwards the Emperor Nicholas, was at Wallsend, he equipped himself in a proper miner's suit, being resolved to descend a coal mine, and see the wonders of the bowels of the earth. Nevertheless, on arriving at the mouth of the pit, and staring down into the darkness below, his courage failed him, and turning away, he exclaimed, "Mon Dieu, c'est la bouche d'enfer!" The present Isabella, Queen of Spain, and the Prince of Wales, are the only royal personages, I believe, who ever ventured down into the depths and the darkness of a coal mine. Yet moths and spiders live in them. The galleries in which they were found were galleries seldom used, and through which very little air passes. Mr. Morrison, who made known the existence of these spiders, says in one of his letters:

"On passing through the portion of our underground workings, last night, in which these webs abound, I observed that the gaps I had made in the webs in my last visit to that quarter, were being spun over again; and on one of them I counted twenty-three or twenty-four little spiders busily engaged in mending the rent."

Mr. Meade of Bradford to whom the spider was sent for identification pronounced it to be Nercine errans, a species which had hitherto been only occasionally found in the fields of Lancashire, and North Wales. Mr. Stainton, from the scales of the small moths, found in the webs believed them to be Tivida or clothes moths. Nercine errans is a yellowish-brown spider about an eighth of an inch long. The web the spiders spin is a genuine and strongish cobweb, much blackened with coal-dust. It is no wonder, if when this revelation of spider life in the coal galleries, was first made known, the statements were received with some scepticism; but they have been far surpassed by the news from Australia of caterpillars, with sixteen feet, found in a room containing a quantity of shelled maize. This verandah room with plastered walls,

on being opened after having been closed for some time, was found covered with a beautiful web of white silk, seventy-two feet square in certain directions, and in all two hundred and fifty-two feet square. Specimens of it were given away the size of large silk pocket-handkerchiefs. This insect has been called the silk Vulcan Hyphantidium sericarium, and most certainly surpasses our Nereine errans, or wandering sea-nymph in silk weaving, whilst resembling her by working in co-operative factories. The silk Vulcan, is, I may remark by the way, an odd-enough name to give to a larve; as a coal-pit is a queer haunt for a sea-nymph; and not less strange is it that this pedantic taste for mythological names should have caused a tunnel-making, and scabbard-spinning spider, of which no evil is known to be named Atypus, after Ate, the goddess of mischief.

Sociability in spiders is, however, a fact truly notable. Sociability is deemed a sign of a certain elevation in the scale of being. Generally among spiders, even the male and the female associate but seldom, and at long intervals. The male of the British tunnel spider, we have seen, lives apart from his spouse in a rabbit-warren, and no doubt it is because he is afraid she should feel hungry, "loving him so much," as the nursery-maids say to the infants, "that she could eat him." The big spiders which weave the large webs found in our cellars and outhouses (Tegenaria and Cinoflo civilis) live alone.

Nereine errans being found in coal pits, reminds me that Epeira hiemilis frequently infests the lamps of lamp-posts. The Arachnida are entomologists; and like other moth-hunters, know that their prey is attracted by light. Have spiders, I may ask, remembering the good and great Robert Peel's definition of a statesman, a statesmanlike faculty "of adapting themselves to circumstances as they arise?"

FAIR URIENCE.

1.

A KNIGHT that wears no lady's sleeve
Upon his helm, from dawn to eve,
And all night long beneath the throng
Of stern-eyed stars, without reprieve
My moan I make, as on I ride
Along waste lands and waters wide,
The haunts of bitterns; smoky strips
Of sea-coast where there come no ships;
Or over brambly hump-back'd downs,
And under walls of hilly towns,
And out again across the plain,
Oft borne beneath a hissing rain
Within the murmurs of the wind,
That doth at nightfal leave his lair
To follow and vex me; till I find
Fair Urience with the yellow hair.

2.

Pale argent on a field pure or,
A fountain springeth evermore
To reach one star that, just too far
For its endeavour, trembled o'er
The topmost spray its strength will yield,
For my device upon my shield
Long since I wrought; and under it
A long scroll of flame is writ
The legend, see! . . . "I SHALL ATTAIN."
In letters large: albeit "In vain!"
My heart replies to mock my eyes;
For where that fountain seems to rise
Its highest, it is back consign'd
To earth, and falls in void despair,
Like my sad seven-years' hope to find
Fair Urience with the yellow hair.

3.

Seven years ago (how long it seems
Since then!) as free as summer streams
My fancy play'd with sun and shade,
And all my days were dim with dreams.
One day—I wot not whence nor how
It flash'd upon me—even now
I marvel at the change it wrought!
My whole life leapt into one thought,
Which thought was made my lifelong act;
As, dash'd in dazzling cataract,
From its long steeps, at last outleaps
Some lazy ooze, which henceforth keeps
One steadfast way; so all my mind
Was in that moment made aware
That henceforth I must die, or find
Fair Urience with the yellow hair.

4.

Since then, how many lands and climes
Have I ransacked—how many times
Been bruised with blows—how many foes
Have dealt to death—how many crimes
Avenged—how many maidens freed!
And yet I seem to be, indeed,
No nearer to the endless guest.
Neither by night nor day I rest:
My heart burns in me like a fire:
My soul is parch'd with long desire:
Ghostlike I grow: and, when I go,
I hear men mock and mutter low
And feel men's fingers point behind—
"The moon-struck knight that talks to air!
Lord help the fool who hopes to find
Fair Urience with the yellow hair!"

5.

At times, in truth, I start, and shake
Myself from thought, as one man wake
From some long trance to hard mischance,
Who avows not yet what choice to make
'Twixt false and true, since all things seem
Mere fragments of his broken dream,
When I recal what men aver
That all my lifelong guest of her
Is vain and void; since thrice (say they)
Three hundred years are rolled away,
And knights forgot, whose bones now rot,
And their good deeds remember'd not,
Fail'd one by one, long ere I pined
For this strange guest; whence they declare
No living knight may hope to find
Fair Urience with the yellow hair.

6.

Ah me! . . . For Launcelot maketh cheer
With great-eyed, glorious Guinevere;
In glad green wood, with Queen Isoud
Tristram of Lyones hunts the deer;
In cool of bloomy trellises
Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris,

After long labours brought to end,
With their two dames in joyance spend
The blue June hours; Sir Agravaine
With Dame Laurell along the main
Seeks his new home; and Pelleas
Sits smiling calm in halls of glass
At Nimuë's knees. Good knights be these
Because they have their hearts at ease,
Because their lives and loves are join'd:
O if two hearts in one life were,
What life were that! . . . God let me find
Fair Urience with the yellow hair!

7.

Mere life is vile. I may have done
Deeds not unworthy, and have won
Unwilling fame, tho' all men blame
This heart's unrest which makes me shun
The calm content which good men take
From good deeds done for good deeds' sake,
Deeds that in doing of the deed
Do bless the doer, who should need
No bless beyond: but what to me
Is this, and that over land and sea
My name should fly? Or what care I
For the mere sake of climbing high,
To climb for ever steps that wind
Up empty towers? I only wear
Life hollow thus, unless I find
Fair Urience with the yellow hair.

8.

Sometimes, whom I to free from wrong
Have dragons fought, strange folk do throng
About my steed, and lightly lead
My horse and me, with shout and song,
In banner'd castle-courts; and there
From chambers cool come dames most fair,
Whose forms as thro' a cloud I see,
Whose voices seem far off to be,
Tho' near they stand, and bid me rest
Awhile within, where, richly drest,
In order stored, with goblets poured,
I see the sparkling banquet-board;
But far from these is all my mind,
For . . . "What if faces I must scare
In noisome dew now seek to bind
Fair Urience with the yellow hair?"

9.

In deepest dark, when no moon shines
Thro' the blind night on the black pines
With bony boughs, if I, to drouze
(As sometimes mere despair inclines
A frame outworn) should slip from horse
And lay me down along the gorse
In some cold hollow far away
A little while—albeit I pray
Ere I lie down—my dreams are drear:
First comes a slowly-creeping fear,
Like icy dew, that seems to glue
My limbs to earth, and freeze them thro',
Then a long shriek on a wild wind,
And "O," I think, "if hers it were,
And I a murder'd corpse should find
Fair Urience with the yellow hair!"

10.

Sometimes 'neath dropping white rose-leaves
I ride, and under gilded eaves,
Of garden bowers, where, plucking flowers,
With scarlet skirts and stiff gold sleeves,
Between green walls, and two by two,
Kings' daughters walk, whilst just a few
Faint harps make music mild, that falls
Like mist from off the ivied walls
Along the sultry coon, and stirs
The hearts of far-off harvesters;
Then, on the brink of hope, I shrink
With shuddering strange, the while I think
"O what if, after body and mind
Consumed in toil, and all my care,
Not a corpse, but a bride, I find
Fair Urience with the yellow hair?"

11.

But when at night's most lonely noon,
The ghost of an ill-buried moon
Frets in the shroud of a cold cloud,
And, like the echo of a tune,
Within my ear the silence makes
A yearning sound that throbs and aches,
A whisper-sigh . . . "The grave is deep,
There is no better thing than sleep.
Life's fever speeds its own disease,
Let the male work: be thou at peace."
Yet why should this fair earth which is
So fair, so fit to furnish bliss,
Prove a mere failure—stuff design'd
By Hope to clothe her foe Despair?
And whence, if vain, this need to find
Fair Urience with the yellow hair?

12.

This grieving after unknown good,
Though but a sickness in the blood,
Cries from the dust. And God is just.
No rock denies the raven food.
And who would torture, night by night,
Some starving creature with the sight
Of bouquets fair with plenty spread,
Then mock . . . "crawl empty thou to bed
And dream of viands not for thee!"
Yet night by night, dear God, to me
In wake or sleep such visions creep
To gnaw my heart with hunger deep.
How can I meet dull death, resign'd
So die the fool of dreams so fair?
Nay, love hath seen, and life shall find
Fair Urience with the yellow hair.

13.

Good Pilgrim to whatever shrine,
With whatsoever vows of thine,
Thou wendest, stay! I charge thee pray
That God may bless this guest of mine.
Sweet maidens, whom from losel hands
My own have faced in many lands,
I bid you each, when ye shall be
With your good knights, remember me!
And wish me well, that some day I
May find fair Urience; else I die
In love's defeat. To die were sweet,
If, dying, I might clasp her feet.
Death comes at last to all mankind,
Yet ere I die, I know not where,
I know not how, but I must find
Fair Urience with the yellow hair.

MICHAEL THE DRAGOON.

In the year '49 I was major in the dragoon regiment of which I have now the honour to be colonel; but, owing to the great loss of officers in the early part of the Hungarian campaign, was virtually then in command. The rebels knew our weak point. They were aware that men could be supplied to the Austrian army in any number, but that to cripple us effectually they

had only to pick off the officers, and we were at their mercy. This plan they accordingly carried out. None of us ever expected to see nightfall when we went into action. Thus it happened that, though but a young man at the time, I was senior officer of the Lichtenstein regiment, as fine a body of men, I venture to say, as are to be found in the service.

We had suffered a good deal since the beginning of the war, and our force was reduced from its original strength of one thousand to about seven hundred and fifty sabres, but the men were true as steel, and eager to revenge the death of their comrades. The time of which I am going to speak was the latter end of March, immediately after the battle of Szolnok, a town upon the right bank of the Theiss, before which we had just sustained a tremendous defeat. Prince Windischgrätz, the Austrian commander, was falling back as rapidly as possible upon the river, and the Hungarians, under Görgei, were in hot pursuit. Though much cut up, our fellows did not lose heart, and the retreat was conducted with tolerable order.

My Lichtensteins led the advance. With us marched a corps of engineers, and the waggons carrying pontoons, upon which it was intended to cross the river. Behind us we could hear the distant thunder of the guns, which told of the stubborn resistance still offered by our comrades to the Hungarian pursuit. We had arrived upon the bank, and were making every preparation to construct the bridge, when an orderly with despatches dashed up to the front, and inquired for me. He was the bearer of an order to lead the cavalry immediately across the river, as the Prince had received information that Szentes, a petty market town, of purely local importance, separated by a small wood from the left bank of the Theiss, was held by a considerable force of the enemy, who might embarrass the passage of the army next morning, or at any rate keep us in check until Görgei came up, when, taken between two fires, our utter annihilation seemed certain. If, on the contrary, we could manage to put the river between us and our pursuers, we should be secure, for their hastily raised levies were unprovided with the means of crossing its rapid stream. I was, therefore, to reconnoitre Szentes, and carry it at all hazards, before the arrival of the Prince.

To read was to obey. Leaving the engineers to construct the bridge, I summoned my men, and as there was no time to look for a ford, they were compelled to swim the river. Some loss was experienced in the transit, a few were carried away by the violence of the current, but nearly all finally reached the left bank in safety. It was now dusk. Parties were sent out instantly to reconnoitre the town, pickets were thrown into the wood, and we got ready for immediate action if the report of the scouts should render it advisable.

Now, I should state that, though the majority of the Lichtensteiners were men upon whom I could implicitly depend, there were some few Hungarians in the regiment in whose fidelity to their oath I did not place perfect trust. I had had no particular reason for this doubt; all the men had fought well and bravely in the actions which had occurred, and no signs of disaffection to the emperor had been noted. Still, I thought it best to be upon my guard, and had, therefore, some days back, privately desired the captains to see that none of those whom I distrusted were appointed to any important charge. They were especially forbidden to place them on pickets. The arrangement had worked well; none of the Hungarians were told off for outpost duty; or, if they were, always in company with others whose fidelity was unimpeachable; and the men were believed not to have perceived the precaution. In accordance with this rule, I was justified in supposing that the pickets now in the wood between us and Szentes were all well-affected men.

Towards nine o'clock our scouts returned. They brought with them a couple of peasants whom they had found gathering twigs and fallen branches in the wood. Two active Bohemians, well acquainted with the language, had changed clothes with the prisoners, and by this means penetrated without trouble into the town. They reported it occupied by about one thousand men, mostly peasants, armed with scythes and flails. The news of our defeat at Szalnok had apparently not yet reached them; but although no suspicion of our vicinity appeared to be entertained, too many were about to render an immediate attack prudent. I called the officers together, and we agreed to assault at midnight. The men were dismissed for a couple of hours to get their suppers, and obtain a little rest after their laborious day's march. A very short time elapsed before the troops had their fires lighted and the camp-kettles swinging over the cheerful blaze. Some superintended the cooking, while others picketed the horses, and refreshed the poor brutes with water and such scanty forage as was at hand.

I have seldom seen a more picturesque scene than our little bivouac presented to me as I lay wrapped in my cloak by the fire, enjoying my after-supper pipe. The night, though cold, was fine but dark. As there was no moon, all the light afforded by the sky was given by the stars, which seemed to shine out with unusual brilliancy. Before me rolled the rapid waters of the Theiss, across which came the clink of the pontoneers' hammers, as the bridge grew beneath their practised hands. Around us the men were mostly sleeping, for the poor fellows were tired with the forty-mile march from Szolnok. The flickering blaze of the fires was thrown up against the dark background of wood and thicket, and brought out here and there in strong relief the figure of some energetic spirit, who, too excited to rest, was pacing to and fro, and meditating, perhaps, whether the next hour or two might not see the close of his earthly career. I felt convinced that the peasants with whom we should have to deal in attacking Szentes would fight desperately enough, and that no easy task lay before us; but I had great

confidence in the terrors of a night surprise, and little fear as to the result.

It might have been about half-past ten, and, with the exception of the sounds of which I have spoken, quiet reigned around the fires. My pipe had dropped from my lips, and I was lapsing into slumber, when a loud shout from the wood—the well-known "Eljen!" of the Hungarians—started every one of us to his feet in an instant. A rush was made to the horses, but long before one-half of the force were in their saddles, the Philistines were upon us.

From three parts of the wood at once a column of dark forms, dimly seen by the light of the expiring watch-fires, broke with shouts and cries upon the Lichtensteiners nearest to them, and the work of death began. Though taken thoroughly by surprise, and mostly roused from sleep, the conduct of officers and men, I may be excused for saying, could not have been surpassed. Those who had not yet mounted fell rapidly into formation, and opposed a front to the assailants, which the desperate rush of the latter found it impossible to break; while gathering quickly together the portion of the force which had gained the saddle, we swept down upon the enemy, charging through their uneven line again and again as if it had been so much pasteboard. A quarter of an hour decided the struggle. The daring valour of the ill-armed peasants was no match for the disciplined intelligence of the perfectly-accoutred Lichtensteiners, and the assailants withdrew into the wood, leaving fully half their number upon the field, with the pursuing cavalry adding every moment to the roll of the slain.

As it would have been rash to follow up the pursuit without some further knowledge of the enemy we were encountering, I gave orders to sound the recal. The required information was soon gained from a wounded Hungarian, of whom we learnt that our assailants were the Szentes men, who, having become aware of our vicinity—though from what source our informant could not, or would not, say—had entertained the same opinion as I had done of the efficacy of a night surprise, and had hoped to drive us into the Theiss.

As there was now no reason for delaying the assault of the town, and we might hope for easy victory after the advantage we had gained, I ordered instant advance. During the march I ascertained that our loss had been severe. Upwards of eighty of the Lichtensteiners were hors de combat, and, although the Hungarian dead could be counted by hundreds, the latter fact in no degree lessened our exasperation. What seemed most unaccountable was the completeness of the surprise. The Hungarian "Eljen!" had been the first notification of an enemy's approach. Neither of the outposts stationed in the wood—one indeed almost within gun-shot of the town—had given the least sign of alarm. Unless treachery had been at work, how was this to be explained? The reason for the silence of the two sentinels nearest to the Theiss was cleared up as we reached the spots where the poor fellows had been posted. Both had fallen, having probably been taken unawares by peasants gliding through the brushwood. This I afterwards ascertained to have been the case. Here, at any rate, were two of the men, both slain at their posts; but where was the third? His horse was found tied to a tree; his pistols, undischarged, were in the holsters; but the sentinel himself was not to be found. One inference only could be drawn. He must have deserted, and it was to the information given by him that we were indebted for the Hungarian attack.

Further inquiry, as rapidly pursued as the circumstances would admit, brought out the suspicious fact that the missing sentinel was one of the men upon whom I had given orders to keep a watchful eye. He was a Hungarian, named Michael Szelády, a smart soldier, and, saving his nationality, a man with whom no possible fault could be found. He had been three years in the regiment, and was never suspected of political leanings towards his countrymen. Except upon this ground, however, no reason could be assigned for his desertion. Time would not allow of investigating the cause for infringing my orders, that no important charge was to be intrusted to this man, for by the time I fully ascertained these facts, we were already emerging from the wood and sighted the town.

Half the men were ordered to dismount and advance at once to the attack, while a squadron was sent round to assault the other side of the town. The loss which the insurgents had sustained upon the bank of the Theiss had, however, been so severe that little resistance was offered. A feeble barricade of carts, and similar materials had been thrown up in the main street, but it was easily surmounted by the active assailants, who swarmed over it like cats, and sabred the defenders where they stood. The few who did oppose our entrance fought well enough, but their number was small, and when our comrades charged upon their rear a hasty flight dispersed even this scanty band. The Lichtensteiners were so irritated at the disturbance of their bivouac that they gave little quarter. The officers had difficulty in dissuading them from firing the town: but not even the most positive orders could prevent their pillaging the houses, and destroying every valuable too unwieldly to be carried away. I must confess that I took little pains to enforce strict discipline, for the loss of so large a number of my men had aroused in me also some spirit of revenge.

An hour perhaps had passed in plundering the town when I gave orders to sound the assembly in the market-place. The men came straggling in, a few bringing prisoners, from whom it was thought important information might be gained, but all with as much booty as they could manage to collect. While the roll was being called, lights were placed in the windows of the houses looking upon the square, and lanterns attached to poles were hung up at

the corners to enable us to guard against another surprise. While this was being done, my attention was directed to a house presenting a different appearance from any of the rest; large and high, built of stone, with the doors fast closed and windows dark, it seemed at first as if deserted. No answer being given to our summons, an attempt was made to force the door, but its massive character defied violence, and I was on the point of calling off the men from wasting valuable time upon what, after all, was probably unimportant, when one of the serjeants came to tell me that the house belonged to Gregor Szelády, the syndic of the town, who was believed to be on his death-bed. The name being that of the missing sentry, made me send for the prisoner who had given the information, and learning further that the syndic had a son, Michael, in the Austrian cavalry—although the man did not know in what regiment—I naturally presumed that the deserter had taken refuge with his family.

A bag of gunpowder was fastened to the door, and being exploded by a short train, speedily blew it inward. Headed by an officer, a strong party rushed into the house, and began their search. They had not long to seek. In a back room on the ground-floor, the whole family was assembled—the syndic lying dead upon a bed in the corner, having apparently just expired; some females and Michael Szelády, grouped in speechless sorrow around the corpse. The entrance of our party aroused them from their stupor; the women threw themselves before the deserter, and called loudly to him to make his escape. Michael rushed to the window, and before our men could push the women aside, had thrown it open and jumped out. He was instantly followed, and after a long chase among the out-buildings in the rear of the premises, was captured and brought back into the room.

"Bring him out to the major, men," said the officer. "His case will soon be settled. Ten paces and a firing party for the deserter."

"Oh! spare him, my lord!" exclaimed one of the females, an elderly woman, throwing herself with clasped hands at the officer's feet. "Spare the poor boy! He never meant to desert. It was to ask his dying father's last blessing that he left his post, and we persuaded him. Oh, spare the boy!"

The two other women—a couple of handsome dark-eyed girls—one of whom was Michael's sister, the other his cousin and betrothed, followed the mother's example, and joined loudly in her supplications. Michael himself never uttered a word.

"A likely story," returned the officer, "but no matter. The facts are clear enough. Even if what you say were true, I have no power to save the man. Out of the way, there! Now, men—forward—march!"

As he spoke he pushed Michael's cousin, who was nearest to him, aside, more roughly perhaps than he needed to have done. She was thrown off her balance, and falling forward cut her mouth against his heavy riding-boot. The blood gushed over her face and stained her light-coloured dress. The sight roused Michael to fury. With a vehement curse he swung himself loose from the men who held him, rushed upon the officer, tore the sabre from his hand, and cut him down before the others of the party had time to interfere. He was disarmed and pinioned in a moment, however, and brought out just as the noise of the scuffle and the shrieks of the women had induced me to order in more men.

When Szelády appeared outside, followed by two men supporting the wounded officer, it was with difficulty I could keep the Lichtensteiners from rushing upon their former comrade, and killing him. I should have been justified under the circumstances, in ordering out a party and shooting him without delay, but preferring to give the man a hearing, I assembled the officers for a drumhead court-martial, and proceeded to try Michael Szelády for the grave military crimes of desertion and wounding his superior.

The facts were clear and unmistakable. I was particularly anxious to learn how it had happened that Szelády had been placed on outpost duty, contrary to especial orders; the inquiry showed how curiously accident sometimes frustrates our most carefully-laid plans. Although the sergeants were prohibited from placing certain men on sentry, it was yet politic to prevent the men themselves from perceiving they were objects of supicion, and they were therefore placed in regular order upon the rota with the rest, but it was so contrived that something always occurred to prevent their taking their turn of duty. In the present instance, Szelády stood third on the list, but when the sentries were posted in the wood, it was found that No. 1 was missing, having been drowned in passing the Theiss; No. 2 was disabled by a kick from the charger of one of his comrades while riding in the dark among the trees; and the sergeant called forward No. 3, because he had literally no better man available. It was indispensable that a smart soldier should occupy the post; it was only to be held for a short time; and the good character of Szelády in the regiment, with his apparent want of sympathy with the rebels, added to the reasons prevalent with the sergeant for infringing the order. It should be added that no one had the slightest suspicion of Michael's having relatives in Szentes.

The case against the prisoner was apparently unanswerable. He had left his post in presence of the enemy, occasioning by negligence, if not by treachery, heavy loss to the regiment; he had tried to escape when discovered, and had severely wounded his officer when captured. The unanimous sentence of the court was, Guilty upon all the charges; the judgment—Death.

Before passing sentence, I, as president of the court, addressed the prisoner, and told him we were willing to hear any explanation he might have to offer. Szelády had listened to the proceedings thus far in apparent stupor. It evi-

dently seemed to him so inexplicable that he should be arraigned upon so frightful a charge as having treacherously caused the death of his comrades, that he had scarcely been able hitherto to realize the horror of his position. He roused up a little, however, at my address, and after a short pause began to speak. I remember his words well, for his speech struck me as one of remarkable ability for a man in his station.

"Major and gentlemen," said he, saluting the court, "I know that whatever I may say won't be of any use, for it seems as if everything was against me. I must die by my comrades' fire as a coward and a traitor, where I'd willingly have given every drop of blood in my body to have saved even one of them. I'm not afraid of death, I've looked him too often in the face for that; but I do shudder at the thought that those by whose side I've lived and fought for years will curse my memory after I'm gone. That's a dreadful thing to die with upon one's mind, and more than all, because as I hope for everlasting salvation, I'm as innocent of the charges brought against me as any one of your honours can be. Except that I cut down the lieutenant—I did that, it's true; but I put it to you, gentlemen, whether if any of you were to see the girl you loved struck aside and injured, you wouldn't have acted as I did? But that's not the point so much as the charge that by leaving my post I betrayed my comrades. That's what weighs upon my mind, and it's that in particular I want to explain.

"When the sergeant left me on sentry I dismounted, feeling cold, tied my horse to a tree, and marched up and down for, I dare say, a matter of an hour, looking every now and then at the town here, where the lights in the windows were gradually disappearing, and everything getting quiet. I was thinking we should have an easier job in surprising the place than we had fancied, and you may be sure it was the very last of my thoughts that any one I cared a pipe of tobacco about was among the inhabitants. I hadn't heard from home for months—in fact, since the beginning of the war—and not the least idea my poor father had removed here entered my mind.

"As I said, major, I marched up and down about an hour, when I thought I heard a rustle in the bushes near. 'Halt!' thinks I, 'let's keep quiet a bit, and see who goes there.' So I stepped behind the tree to which my horse was tied, and watched. In a minute or two, out came a woman, whose face I couldn't see for her hood, and she was making off towards the town, when I sang out to her to stop, or I should fire. She started, as you may suppose, to see a soldier so near, when she didn't know there was one within miles of the place, and waited till I came up to her. I was just asking what brought her into the wood at that time of night, and telling her she was my prisoner, when she gave a scream, called out my name, and jumped upon my neck. Then, major, I discovered she was my cousin, Carlin Karobyi, to whom I was promised before I had to serve. From her I heard that my father and all the family had come to Szentes a year ago; that he had been chosen syndic, and was now very ill; that she had been sent by my mother to a place some miles away to fetch a celebrated herb-doctor who had made some wonderful cures, as a last hope; but that she found he had been killed and his house plundered by Jellachich's Croats the day before, and was now getting back to Szentes as fast as she could.

"You may think, gentlemen, what terrible news this was to me. First, my father very ill, and not likely to survive the night; next, my mother, and sister, and poór Carlin in a place we were going to attack, and I knowing only too well what they might expect from the Lichtensteiners when their blood was up. Carlin begged and prayed me to come with her into the town to see my father once more before he died; and when I told her it was impossible I could leave my post, she assured me that I should soon be back again and nothing need be found out. Then I began to think, too, the thing might be managed, if she could only get me into the town without being seen; for that, if I could not get back in time, it would be thought, when the advance took place, that I had fallen in with the rest, and I should then be able to protect the women after the town was taken. In talking with Carlin, we had got near Szentes, and I clean forgot all about my horse being tied to the tree, and that being found there I should be thought to have deserted.

"Well, gentlemen, to make my story short, I agreed to go with Carlin, as she promised I should be back in half an hour. The lights were all out as we got into the place; there wasn't a soul stirring, and we reached my father's house unseen. When we entered, Carlin told my mother and sister that I had come with her, and after a bit I went in to my father. How they found out in the town that the Lichtensteiners were in the wood and on the bank of the river, I don't know. Perhaps my mother can tell you. All I do know is that my father kept fast hold of my hand till he died, and wouldn't let me go. And the first I knew of the attack was from the firing outside, and afterwards the trumpet sounding the assembly. Then came the lieutenant and our men, and you know what has just happened."

Rather to test the truth of Szelády's story for my own satisfaction than for any benefit its confirmation would be to him, I summoned the mother, and tried to discover from her how our occupation of the wood had become known in Szentes. From her statement, it appeared that a neighbour, who was in the house when Carlin Karobyi told her aunt and cousin of Michael's arrival, must have overheard the story and communicated it to the leaders of the peasants in the town. Michael's account of the reason which had brought him to Szentes was, therefore, very probably true, and he was absolved from the black treachery of having intentionally betrayed his comrades; but the fact of his having undoubtedly abandoned

his post was established by his own confession, and it was certainly through his negligence that the attack took place. The wound of his superior officer again, although inflicted under great provocation, was an inexcusable crime. I felt much sympathy with the man on account of the trying circumstances into which he had been thrown, but pity could not be permitted to override duty. Sentence was, therefore, pronounced; the only indulgence the court could admit being its postponement for an hour, to enable the prisoner to take leave of his relatives and prepare for death.

Szelády was placed for safe custody in a stable adjoining his father's house: a sentry being posted at the door. His mother, sister, and cousin—who, after the first shock, bore his sentence with a composure which seemed to me strangely unfeeling at the time—were to be admitted to him in succession, and after they had taken their farewell, a priest, who had been captured in the town, would administer the last rites of religion and attend him to the place of execution. The interview with his mother and sister was soon over; that with his cousin lasted longer—so long, in fact, that the priest interrupted them before it was concluded. Just before the expiration of the hour, the priest came to me with a request from the prisoner to be permitted to see Carlin once more, but without witnesses, as he had a last message to deliver to her. Willing to afford the poor fellow whatever indulgence was in my power, I assented to his request. The priest sought Carlin, brought her to the door of the stable, and closed it upon her. Some time having passed without the return of the girl, the priest again went in to hasten the parting.

He came out presently with a very serious look, saying, "Poor souls, poor souls! It is hard for them to part. Grant them a few minutes longer. I go to comfort the bereaved mother."

He walked away. A quarter of an hour passed, and still no sign. Longer delay could not be permitted, and a corporal with a file of men were sent in to bring out the prisoner. They had scarcely entered, however, before a shout was heard within, and the corporal rushed out, exclaiming, "Treachery! Michael has escaped, and the girl, too, has disappeared!"

"Escaped!" I ejaculated. "Impossible! Surround the place, and look to the priest."

We hurried into the stable, searched it in every corner, turned over the bundles of hay and straw it contained, and even looked into the racks and mangers, but in vain. Neither Michael nor Carlin were to be found. His mother and sister, and the priest, had also mysteriously vanished, and it was evident that the repeated interviews were nothing but a device to gain time for the confederates to complete their arrangements. Though naturally annoyed at having been so thoroughly duped, I cannot say that I felt particularly sorry to be relieved from a painful duty. Had Michael remained, the sentence passed upon him must have been executed; and being persuaded that the story he had told was true, my feelings had pulled hard in one direction, while discipline and the articles of war had tugged just as vehemently in another. Michael was now, however, gone, and I was not hypocrite enough to affect much grief at his escape. The only mystery I should have been glad to solve, was, in what way his escape had been effected.

Time, however, would not allow of our devoting much pains to its discovery. News was received that the advanced guard of the prince's force had crossed the Theiss, and was now passing the wood. I gave orders for instantly evacuating Szentes, and the Lichtensteiners resumed their position at the head of the retreating army. I may here state that the passage of the river was only just effected in time. Görgei's force debouched upon the right bank as the last of our corps was still upon the bridge, and it was under a heavy fire, and with the loss of many of the engineers, that our men succeeded in detaching the pontoons, and thus depriving Görgei of the means of following us beyond the Theiss. Two days later we fell in with strong reinforcements under General Vetter, which placed us again in a position to hold our own in the next encounter.

In the year '55, long after I had forgotten the mysterious escape of Michael Szelády, I was again on campaign with my regiment. This time, however, the service in which we were engaged was far less hazardous than that of attempting to subdue the revolted Hungarians. The Lichtensteiners formed part of the corps d'armée under Count Caronini, sent by Austria to occupy Moldavia and Wallachia, the Danubian Principalities, during the Crimean war. Except an occasional brush with some turbulent villagers, we saw little actual service; and yet it was during one of these small expeditions that the mystery which had hitherto involved the events I have just detailed was cleared up.

Intelligence had been received at Bucharest that the inhabitants of a Moldavian village had risen against a company of Croat infantry quartered on them, owing to some offence given, I fear, by our men. The Moldavians had besieged the barracks, set them on fire, and slaughtered every man spared by the flames. Orders were given me to see to the suppression of the disturbance, and to bring the ringleaders to justice. Two squadrons of the Lichtensteiners had been considered sufficient for this purpose, and I had ridden out with my servant—a man who had attended me for many years—towards a little inn upon the frontier, where I had given the commander of the expedition rendezvous.

It happened that we had never been in this part of the country before. The inhabitants were peaceable and quiet, and our duties brought us chiefly into contact with people of a different sort. It was not singular, then, that after crossing a wide tract of hilly country, we strayed from the bridle road, and in endeavouring to regain it bewildered

ourselves so thoroughly that we had not the remotest idea in what direction it was to be sought. In this dilemma I desired my attendant to ride up to a farm-house I saw at the end of a valley we were then traversing, and inquire the way to the frontier inn. The man rode off, was absent a considerable time, and at length returned with a curious smirk on his countenance.

"I've made a strange discovery up there, colonel," he said. "An old acquaintance of your honour owns that farm-house, and a good bit of land hereabouts, he tells me."

"Indeed, Oscar," I replied. "Who is it? What is his name?"

"Michael Szelády, your honour," answered Oscar.

"Szelády! — what? — our deserter from Szentes!" I exclaimed. "Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"Positive, colonel," returned Oscar; "and he bade me say that if you would only please to favour him with a visit, he should consider it the greatest honour that could happen to him. But here he comes."

He pointed to the farm-house, and as he spoke a stout well-dressed farmer, mounted upon a fine bay, rode towards us. Oscar was right—it really was Szelády. The ex-dragoon saluted me respectfully, and invited me very cordially to rest a few hours at his farm, promising to guide me himself afterwards to the frontier inn of which I was in search. When we arrived at the farm-house, a comely smiling woman, in whom I had little difficulty in recognising Carlin, came to meet us, with an infant in her arms, and two other urchins shyly clinging to their mother's dress. Michael presented me to his wife and children, and conducted me into his house.

After an excellent dinner, succeeded by some capital wine and cigars, I requested Michael to tell me by what means he and Carlin had succeeded in making their escape from the stable at Szentes. I assured him that he might confide in me without fear. Although an Austrian army occupied the country, he was now beneath the protection of the Turkish flag, and I should not demand his extradition.

"I am sure of that, colonel," returned Michael. "I didn't serve three years among the Lichtensteiners without learning the difference between an officer and a gentleman, and a scoundrel who betrays poor wretches for the price of blood. If I had not felt easy upon that score I should never have made myself known to Oscar there, whom I recognised as an old comrade the moment he rode up.

"You ask how Carlin and I made our escape. Well, the fact is, we never made our escape at all, but were in the stable, or rather *under* it, all the time you were searching for us. You may well look surprised; but this is how it came about. In many of the houses in Hungarian towns—particularly those of the better class, and of ancient date—there is generally some secret place large enough to be used for purposes of concealment. In my father's house at Szentes, there was a chamber situated beneath the stable, filled with piles of brushwood and fagots, and communicating with one of the stalls by a trap-door, artfully let into the floor behind one of the partitions. The thing was so cleverly arranged, that you might have looked long without finding it even if you had known of its existence, but in the hurry and surprise which must have followed our unexpected disappearance, it was almost certain to elude discovery.

"My mother told me about this place when she visited me in the stable, but our great difficulty was to find an opportunity of raising the trap, secure from intrusion, and to restore it, after leaving, to its old position. For this purpose the priest, an old friend of my father, laid the little plot of reintroducing Carlin, and then after a bit coming back to see if our interview was finished. At his second visit he replaced the trap behind the partition, swept the earth and litter back over the spot, and made the best of his way out of the town with my mother and sister.

"Carlin and I waited below until the troops had quitted Szentes, and did not venture to leave our concealment until we found the town in Görgei's possession. We agreed that Hungary, henceforth, was no place for me. My mother collected her property, and we came over to Moldavia, where I purchased this farm and married Carlin. We live here happily and in comfort, and are very prosperous; and here we hope, if Providence will, to pass the remainder of our days."

I repeated my assurance to Michael that I should do nothing to disturb his happiness, and cautioned Oscar to be careful not to let fall any hints among his comrades. My caution was probably superfluous, as I judged from Oscar's significant grin in reply, that Michael had already adopted means to ensure his silence. Still, he promised inviolable secrecy, and he will be the more likely to keep his promise, as when I last heard of him he, too, had passed under the sceptre of the Sultan, having married Michael's sister, and settled as a horse-breeder near his brother-in-law, among the Moldavian hills.

GOING TO THE PLAY WITH SHAKESPEARE.

Now that the theatres are alive with holiday fun and glitter, and going to the play is every wise man's business, why shouldn't we ask what going to the play was like when Shakespeare himself was alive?

In some respects, we manage things more easily than our Elizabethan forefathers. We have not, at night, to lay our heads on wooden bolsters, and our bodies on pallets of straw; or to cluster, when the snow falls, round log fires where the wind rumbles down great vaults of chimneys. But they were great things that were done by people who lived so uncomfortably, and fair representatives of the outward

littleness and inward greatness of old London, were the Shakespearean playhouses and their fittings. Playhouse history begins with Shakespeare, he being already twelve years old when our first known theatre was built. Long before that day plays, of one sort or another, had been acted, as miracle-plays and religious mysteries, with priests or church-boys for actors. These were performed either within consecrated walls, or on temporary stages set up, in holiday-time, at street-corners. After the Reformation, it came to be thought that secular plays were less innocent and more interesting. At last, regular comedies and tragedies were written, to be acted at court by noblemen and their retainers, and in the market-places by a class of amateurs represented, as well as caricatured, by Bottom the weaver, Snug the joiner, and Flute the bellows-mender.

It was fashionable for every nobleman to have his own body of players, and often, if he had himself any brains at all, to write the pieces they performed. Lord Buckhurst's Gorbodue, or Ferrex and Ponex, is remembered as the oldest regular tragedy in our language. And tragedy it is, with its kill, kill, kill. Ferrex and Ponex, two sons of King Gorbodue, having the kingdom divided between them by their father, come to blows. The younger kills the elder. The mother, for revenge, kills the younger. The people rebel and kill father and mother. The nobility unite and kill the rebels. After which they quarrel over succession to the vacant throne, and so kill one another. The Earl of Oxford's plays have deservedly been forgotten. He has better claim to be mentioned for the company of players he employed. The players of my Lord of Leicester's were the most famous. The king of courtiers would be outdone by no one. Wisely abstaining from authorship on his own account, he procured the best plays, and assigned them to the best actors that money could engage. His sovereign preferred this company; so that its members came to be known distinctively as the Queen's Players; James Burbage, father of Shakespeare's friend, Richard Burbage, having been one of the number. Richard Langham was another. They acted several new plays every year, and, after her majesty had enjoyed the first hearing, it was common for them to lodge themselves in some hired room, or oftener in some suitable yard; and there, day after day, to repeat their performance for the entertainment of the public.

In this way the true theatre began; but its progress might have been slow if a little wholesome persecution had not been administered. A notable feud arose. The Queen and court thought it no sin, after decent church-going in the forenoon, to close their Sundays with hearing of a play, and anxious for the amusement of the humbler classes, they encouraged among them the same habit. The Puritans, on the other hand, resisted this custom as being utterly profane. "I say nothing," shouted the Reverend John Stockwood, while preaching at Paul's Cross—"I say nothing of divers other abuses which do carry away thousands and drown them in the pernicious vanities of the world. Look but upon the common plays in London and see the multitude that flocketh to them and followeth them. Behold the sumptuous theatre-houses, a continual monument of London's prodigality and folly." Then, after a fierce description of the horrors of play-acting, he connected with them the distemper which raged nearly every year, and wound up with a syllogism, perfect in all save its premises: "The cause of plagues is sin, and the cause of sin are plays; therefore, the cause of plagues are plays."

Of the same mind were the lord mayor and aldermen of London. In an elaborate document, published in 1575, they affirmed that to play in plague-time was to spread infection, and to play out of plague-time was to breed it It was consequently ordained that the players—who, "if they were not her majesty's servants, should by profession be rogues"—must perform only at weddings and private festivals, and only act in London during the very healthiest season—the test of health being that not more than fifty townspeople a week had died in the three weeks previous to the performance. They were never to act on the Sabbath, never on holidays until after evening prayers; the performance never must be offered at such times "but as any of the auditory may return to their dwellings in London before sunset, or, at least, before it be dark."

That was as near to an entire prohibition as loyal citizens could venture upon in the teeth of the Queen. So the players grumbled, and the people quizzed the aldermen, singing:

> They 'stablish as a rule
> No one shall play the fool
> But they, a worthy school!
> Without a pipe and tabour
> They only mean to labour
> To teach each ox-hide neighbour.
> This is the cause and reason,
> At every time and season,
> That plays are worse than treason.

Thus shut out of the city the players gave up the old plan of desultory acting at any chance place and began to set up, not exactly the "sumptuous theatre-houses" of which Stockwood preached, but substantial and permanent buildings in the outskirts. Within the very next year, 1576, at least three were finished. One called emphatically The Theatre, and therefore, probably, the earliest, and another, known as The Curtain, were in Shoreditch. A third, named from its locality The Blackfriars, was constructed by James Burbage, almost on the site of the old monastery. Against all the opposition, and partly because of it, these playhouses flourished amazingly. In later years at least three more were built—the Newington Theatre, The Rose, and The Hope.

But the Blackfriars was Shakespeare's first playhouse. Thither it is pretty certain that he came in or near the year 1586, and entered himself as a "servitore." Perhaps there is truth in the tradition that the young man of Stratford,

with Venus and Adonis in his pocket, and with not much else, began London life as a sort of representative of the man who now is so eager to call cab or carriage for anybody who comes out of the theatre with the expectation of a sixpence in the pocket. But we don't mean to speculate on Shakespeare's history outside the playhouse.

In an old list of actors Shakespeare's name stands fifth. First but one, is that of Richard Burbage, the Kemble of that day. To him the best part of every play was assigned, and his skill in acting joined to Shakespeare's power as a playwright soon filled the Blackfriars Theatre to overflowing. Two measures became needful. The old building was enlarged, and a new one erected. Peter Street, the carpenter, being set to work in 1594, The Globe Theatre, lodged in Bankside, was the speedy result of his labour. The body of which Shakespeare was the soul, and which was known sometimes as my Lord Chancellor's Company, sometimes as the Queen's, used both the houses, one in summer the other in winter.

The Globe was the first playhouse that could make any pretensions to architectural importance; and, certainly, it was small enough. It and its rival, The Fortune, in Golden-lane, Cripplegate, built five years later by my Lord Admiral's Company (till then content with the Little Curtain at Shoreditch), were constructed by the same carpenter and on the same plan, with one great difference: the Globe was round and the Fortune was square. Of the Fortune, each side measured eighty feet, and the circumference of the Globe—the Globe, for "all the world's a stage"—was about two hundred and fifty feet. The stage of each was forty-three feet wide, and projected twenty-seven feet and a half. A space of twelve feet and a half all round the remainder of the structure was taken up with boxes, galleries, tiring-rooms, and passages, so that the enclosed yard measured something like fifty-five feet by forty. The walls, moreover, fashioned not of stone, but of lath, plaster, and timber, may have been two-and-thirty feet high. Not a very imposing building for Hamlet to be represented in, with Shakespeare himself to speak the solemn address of the Ghost.

The Globe and The Fortune were public, or summer theatres; that is, they had in the centre for their pit a yard open to the sky, in which the audience had to stand, the stage being sheltered from sun and rain by an overhanging roof of thatch. The smaller and private playhouses, such as The Blackfriars and The Curtain, had a complete covering. The pit, roofed in and furnished with benches, took the place of the yard, and, as these houses were used chiefly as winter theatres, the performance was generally held by candle-light. Three o'clock appears to have been the usual time for performance to commence—a very suitable hour when people dined at eleven or twelve in the forenoon and supped at five or six.

Playhouse prices varied. One old writer talks of "the stickards in the penny gallery of a theatre yawning upon the players;" but the lowest charge could seldom have been less than twopence. The yard must have been no more aristocratic than the gallery, and twopence was often the cost of admission; but it frequently rose to sixpence in the private buildings. Yet, at best, the "groundlings" were held to be neither respectable nor wisely critical. The moneyed playgoer never mixed with them. At a charge of one or two shillings he took his seat in one of the "gentlemen's rooms," corresponding to our modern boxes. Often he hired his room for the season, and kept the key in his own pocket. Special accommodation was provided for the dandies who could afford to pay for it. They went to neither gallery, pit, nor boxes, but stood, or sat, or lounged upon the stage itself. Fitzdollrell, in Dekker's Devil, is an Ass, and gives an amusing suggestion of their motive for choosing so conspicuous a place:

> Here is a cloak cost fifty pounds, wife,
> Which I can sell for thirty, when I have seen
> All London in it, and all London has seen me.
> To-day I go to the Blackfriars Playhouse,
> Sit in the view, salute all my acquaintance,
> Rise up between the acts, let fall my cloak,
> Publish a handsome man and a rich suit,
> And that's the special end why we go thither,
> All that pretend to stand for't on the stage;
> The ladies ask, "Who's that?" for they do come
> To see us, love, as we do to see them.

It is Dekker, too, who, in his Gull's Hornbook, satirically advises that "our gallant, having paid the rent, presently advance to the throne of the stage, I mean not the lords' room, which is now but the stage's suburbs, but on the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yea, and under the state of Cambyses himself must our feathered ostrich, like a picce of ordnance, be planted valiantly, because impudently, beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality." We need not wonder at the rascality of the pit being opposed to a custom which must have seriously interfered with their own view of the performance.

For a long time there was no attempt at proper scenery. A board would be stuck conspicuously on the stage to inform the audience that the plot was laid in London, or Rome, or wherever the place might be. Or the stage directions told them what they were to fancy. When a Mussulman hero was being buried, the instruction was, "Suppose the Temple of Mahomet." When one cottager asked another to visit him, the spectators were to know that the offer was taken, and that the two were entering the cottage from the order, "Here a dog barks," and the scenic effect was left to the unseen actor who barked best. At other times there was nothing to guide the public but the inference drawn from the course of the dialogue. In Greene's Pinner of Wakefield, Jenkins challenges the shoemaker to go a mile or two and have a fight. He of the last accedes, and is eager to do battle at once: "Come, sir, will you come to the town's-end now?" Then Jenkins replies, "Ay, sir, come.

Now we are at the town's-end, what say you now?" By degrees there were introduced improvements upon these rude methods. Beds were brought in to represent bed-chambers; candles were used to betoken night-time; pictures, giving some help to the understanding of the piece, were hung up, at first without being removed from first to last, afterwards being changed to suit the progress of the story.

The poetry of a good play was made more perfect by this lack of scenery. Had it been necessary for Shakespeare to write plays whose every circumstance was to be represented to the eye, he would have had to restrict himself to incidents that could be set forth economically, and the exquisite play of his fancy must have been grievously fettered. Writing only for the ear, he could give his imagination boundless liberty, and conjure up glorious visions, which our own generation has been almost the first to see interpreted into stage shows. Again, the scene-painting to the ear fills his plays with delicious poetical suggestions of that which the poet now leaves to the paint-pot.

But the Shakespearean playhouse was not entirely without appurtenances, or contrivances for heightening effect. Here is a stage direction from Greene's Alphonsus: "Exit Venus; or, if you can conveniently, let a chain come down from the top of the stage, and draw her up." From an old inventory, dated 1598, a few entries may be extracted, showing as they do the sort of properties then common in a respectable theatre. "Item: one rock, one cage, one tomb, one hell-mouth. Item: eight lances, one pair of stairs for Phaeton [to ascend to heaven by]. Item: one golden fleece, two rackets, one bay-tree. Item: one wooden canopy, old Mahomet's head. Item: Neptune's fork and garland. Item: three timbrels, one dragon in Faustus. Item: one lion, two lions' heads, one great horse with his legs, one sackbut. Item: one frame for the beheading in Black John. Item: one caldron for the Jew. Item: four Herod's coats, three soldiers' coats, and one green gown for Marian. Item: Eve's bodice, one pendant trusser, and three dons' hats. Item: one ghost's suit, and one ghost's bodice."

Theatre properties just now are as grotesquely heterogeneous, but a thousand times more costly and elaborate. Of Shakespeare's playhouses, the Blackfriars stood for a long while, till it was fairly rotten; but the Globe was very short-lived. In 1613, while King Henry the Eighth was being performed in it, a lighted match fell upon the straw-covered floor. The flames rapidly spread to the wooden building, and it was soon burned to ashes.

NOTHING LIKE RUSSIA LEATHER.

I AM traveller for a firm which sells a good deal of agricultural machinery; and we are very busy in Southern Russia just now; for either the fine estates of the local landowners must be thrown for some years entirely out of cultivation, or machines must supply the place of hand-labour, which is not to be had at any price. The population of the fertile though unlovely provinces of the South is very scanty. The fierce wars which have desolated them for centuries have left an awful brand upon them. Notwithstanding the wealth of the soil the eye of the wayfarer aches with the weird prospect of endless desolation. They are peopled with the wild fancies and legends of the past; and are still little changed from what they were in the times when they sent forth their barbaric hordes clad in sheepskin and greased with tallow, to strike dismay into the effeminate legions of the Byzantine Emperors. For hundreds of versts, we may hurry over their windy steppes, and meet nothing but small-eyed, wiry little men, mounted on yeo-necked galloways, with uncombed hair of rusty brown floating down their backs: or now and then a string of carts, each containing little more than a wheelbarrow would, slowly and toilsomely bearing along, over almost impassable roads, the food of the civilised world to the distant seaports, where half of it arrives spoiled and unfit for use. Wheat might be sold in London at twenty shillings a quarter if there were railways in the south of Russia, so true is it that the civilization and prosperity of other countries are to the advantage of our own. Perhaps, in the course of a long day's journey also, a few spare-bearded men may be seen moving about, through many hardships and some dangers, on an errand of no small importance to themselves or to us. They are still dressed in the oldest garment known among men—the long Eastern robe; but it is here made of cloth, and is the distinctive dress of the Jews in Russia. These men, hawk-eyed, sharp featured, ringleted, garrulous, dirty, ready-witted, never at a loss under any possible circumstances, are corn-dealers; and they wander about from one estate to the other, buying up produce in corn and maize, tallow and oil-seed, at vile prices, because the helpless producers dread the risk of sending them to market.

A few other characteristic features may be added at rare intervals to the landscape. Now and then, a few camels remind one of the East. A long string of springless carriages carry the family of some Russian noble, with all his household gods—including a large metallic image of the Virgin, terrible to the knees—and provision for every accident. He is off to join the crowd of his countrymen eager for foreign travel. There, stand his carriages, drawn up disabled by the roadside, having been just pulled out of a neighbouring quagmire by oxen, and having been broken in the process. In summer, too, clouds of locusts, darkening the sun and stretching farther than the eye can see, cover the roads and fly headlong against the traveller, and attest the absence of any settled population. The few post-houses, long stages apart, often stand quite alone—not a village, not a tree, near them.

The serfs, hitherto cooped up upon the estates of their owners, have not yet been allowed to scatter themselves, but remain in their old quarters, sulky, discontented, ignorant of their posi-

tion and duties as free men. They are a source of great fear and anxiety to their late lords. They can by no means be persuaded to work, on any terms. They are too much intoxicated with their liberty, to think of anything but drink and marriage. The most marked result of emancipation, up to the present time, is a passoin for matrimony, which has seized with irresistible force upon all the adults, and has impelled them to wedlock under difficulties, as strongly as Irishmen are similarly impelled. No chance of work out of them for many a day.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the energy and attention to business of the eminent firm to which I belong, and brisk as we may be with our orders for mowing-machines and thrashing-machines, we shall hardly be able to make the supply equal to the demand. I perceive that the enlightened and pratriotic fraternity of British commercial travellers are destined shortly to work some very important changes in this country by the number and frequency of their visits. Among other things, it is humbly hoped by this writer that we may do something towards the bettering of hotel accommodation. If the reader had been with me lately, he would have hoped so too.

I arrived early in the afternoon at a straggling cluster of buildings which served for a posting-house, only a few hours' journey from one of the greatest of the Russian cities, and on one of the most frequented highways in the empire. Descending from the disjointed wheelbarrow which had conveyed me and my bruises thither, I walked into a whitewashed room, furnished with a paralytic looking-glass, and a greasy thing made of hay, fleas, and oil-cloth banged up together by main force into a knobbly mass, which looked more like a divan than anything else, though not very like that. It was intended for a bed, and there was no other to be had. There was no other furniture in the room, nothing else of any kind. We could get no horses. It appeared inevitable that we must pass the night there, and that Providence had sent an unknown delicacy to the active little inhabitants of the divan, in the person of a plump and tender Englishman.

"Was there anything to eat?" "No, there was nothing to eat." Sentiment expressed by the word "Niet," uttered impatiently in his sleep by the waiter, when he was found out by our poking at a sheepskin lolling against a post: said sheepskin having boots at one end, and the other end terminating abruptly in wool. Having delivered himself of the drowsy monosyllable above mentioned, waiter seemed to consider that his immediate object in life was fulfilled, and that it was unreasonable to hold any further communication with us.

"Was there anything to drink?" "Da" ("Yes.") Affirmative expression used by another individual while curling himself up in a corner to lie down; this person having evidently no connexion with the person in sheepskin.

Postmaster, a German, being subsequently discovered, after a long and perilous search, behind a pipe in an outhouse, is thus addressed: "Haben sie was zum essen."—I want some dinner. The language spoken among the class immediately superior to the peasantry is generally German, in the South.

Postmaster, personally appealed to, continues to smoke, as if the demand in no way concerns him. It is repeated, and then reiterated with increasing energy. Postmaster thus finding the tranquillity of his rest disturbed, rises and walks into the house with a deprecatory snort. I follow him, and we go together into the room where the paralytic looking-glass, the divan, and its eager inhabitants await us. Postmaster gets a tumbler by some means out of a queer chink in the whitewashed wall, and then apparently, urged at last to perform the rights of hospitality, passes through a door, which I innocently suppose leads to a kitchen. An hour afterwards that postmaster is found in exactly the same place where we first saw him, having given no further thought to us whatever.

Two things rolled up in sheepskins being seen tumbling about outside the door, and trying to cuff each other in some uncouth sort of play, are discovered to belong to the establishment, and to be a young man and woman making love after the custom of their class and country. Young woman having ducked her head rather too suddenly to escape a clout heavy enough to stagger an ox, brings that head, much tousled and otherwise discomposed, against a post, which tells how far we are from Kiev. Thus sobered, the young woman may be addressed with advantage. Her hair is of the colour and appearance of old tow; it does not seem ever to have been combed; her features are kneaded up together; her mouth and nostrils have neither shape nor make; they are simply round holes in a face of brick-dust colour. Her eyes look like gooseberries, and have no visible lashes, but shine as if they had been polished.

Her swain having gone off to sit on a neighbouring stone, this young woman is pathetically interrogated as to the chances of dinner. Young women are proverbially compassionate, but nothing can be got out of this young woman. She stands looking at us until she has recovered the concussion of the brain which she must have received by bringing her head full butt against that post, and then rolls off to Ivan Ivanovich and begins thumping at him again.

At length, a man who has roused himself to do something to the stove, is caught by self and fellow travellers, and his way back to his corner being resolutely cut off and blockaded, is brought to a parley. His intelligence having been quickened with a ten-copeck piece, he ultimately brings us a semovar full of hot water, and this is all we can get, or are likely to get, until twelve o'clock next day, when perhaps, if we look very sharp, we might get some tschee, or cabbage-soup.

But were not those horses—of course they were—quietly being put to a traveller's carriage, who arrived only half an hour ago, made himself some tea from a supply of that dainty which he

took out of a carpet bag, and is now about to proceed, warm and comfortable, upon his journey again? He is a shrewd composed little man—a gentleman evidently. I try to find out his secret, and, knowing that there is but one way to address anybody in Russia, approach him with my best smile, cap in hand. I congratulate him on being able to proceed so quickly on his journey, and mention that I have already been here some hours and see no chance of getting on to-night.

Traveller smiles politely. There is no more courteous gentleman in the world than your travelled Russian.

Have I been long in Russia?

Some weeks. Travelling for the firm of Watt and Co., agricultural machine makers.

Travelled Russian gentleman pricks up his ears. He has some estates in the neighbourhood, and has just returned from Paris to look at them, and put his emancipated serfs in order. Will I accept a seat in his carriage to the next station? His servant can bring on my luggage in the paracladnoi—little wooden truck like that of an English greengrocer in a very small way of business.

But there are no horses, I object irresolutely, noticing something wonderfuly like a sandwich-box and a flask, which may contain comfortable drink, through the half-open door of the carriage.

"My servant will find horses," answers my new acquaintance rather dryly.

I doubt it—I was about to answer, as politely as incredulity and a sense of injury would allow me—when the servant actually appeared with the horses wanted — three knock-kneed hobbling little nondescripts, not unlike clothes-horses, but wild scamperers when they warm to their work. They came from an outhouse, which I had altogether overlooked in my explorings, and, indeed, it was out of sight of the other buildings. More surprising still, there were the postmaster and his pipe bobbing about quite briskly hither and thither. There was the stolid waiter against the post, and the curled-up waiter in the corner quite awake. The whole establishment, indeed, looked brisk and lively.

"A nobleman of your rank," said I, "can make light of difficulties insuperable to other men." I began to think my acquaintance must be Hetman of the Cossacks, at least.

"Pardon," said he, "I have no rank at all. I am not 'au service.'"

Now I had been told to bore a hole in a five-franc piece, and put it on a red ribbon round my neck when travelling in Russia, as a thing certain to strike awe and respect into the hearts of postmasters, whom I was informed would then take me for an officer of high military rank; no other persons but officers of high military rank having a chance of comfortable travel in Russia. I had followed this advice at great inconvenience, the five-franc piece constantly jobbing at my neck and chest owing to the jolting of the paracladnoi; but, nevertheless, I firmly believed in its efficacy. I had, therefore, without inquiry, set my new acquaintance down at once as an officer of high military rank, and his remark took me rather by surprise. The British bagman, however, is not easily disconcerted, so I continued blandly:

"Well known on the road, I suppose?"

"I travel it about once in three years," he answered, with a slight shrug. "It hardly invites a better acquaintance."

"What, then, is your secret of getting horses which were denied to me and half a dozen other persons while I was staying at the post house? Is it," I gently insinuated, "'the stick?'"

My new acquaintance pulled out a twenty-five copeck-piece, something less than a franc in value.

"I give one of them to the postboy at every station, and another to the first person I meet about the post-house, for sometimes the post-master will not accept it himself. Ce n'est pas plus fin que cela. That is all—that is all. There has been a great change in Russia since the late emperor's death; that change is growing greater every day. Ignorance, extortion, and petty tricks, exist among our peasantry as among the uneducated people of all countries, but the time is gone by in Russia when a quiet man, with money in his pocket, cannot get on as well here as anywhere else in the world. The fear of the stick, and the awe of tinsel stars, have both passed away from us. Passports, one of the last remains of the old system, are disappearing, and, far from being the obstinately retrograde people we appeared a few years ago, the only doubt in some minds is, whether we are not going ahead rather too fast. You must not, of course, expect to find the signs of the great change which has come over us very strikingly exemplified in a village post-house farther from the capital than the Landes are from Paris, or Connaught from London. But the change is here, and woe to the silly students and idle mischief-makers from other countries, who, by their insane outbreaks, try to scare our excellent and liberal-minded emperor from persevering in the noble course he has hitherto pursued towards his people."

I found the contents of my instructive friend's flask and sandwich-box excellent, and I and my following arrived at Kiev quite merrily.

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SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S NEW WORK,
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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER LXII.

OUR vows are exchanged at the altar—the rite which made Lilian my wife is performed—we are returned from the church, amongst the hills, in which my fathers had worshipped; the joy-bells that rang for my marriage had pealed for my birth. Lilian has gone to her room to prepare for our bridal excursion; while the carriage we have hired is waiting at the door. I am detaining her mother on the lawn, seeking to cheer and compose her spirits, painfully affected by that sense of change in the relations of child and parent which makes itself suddenly felt by the parent's heart on the day that secures to the child another heart on which to lean.

But Mrs. Ashleigh's was one of those gentle womanly natures which, if easily afflicted, are easily consoled. And, already smiling through her tears, she was about to quit me and join her daughter, when one of the inn servants came to me with some letters, which had just been delivered by the postman. As I took them from the servant, Mrs. Ashleigh asked if there were any letters for her? She expected one from her housekeeper at L——, who had been taken ill in her absence, and about whom the kind mistress felt anxious. The servant replied that there was no letter for her, but one directed to Miss Ashleigh, which he had just sent up to the young lady.

Mrs. Ashleigh did not doubt that her housekeeper had written to Lilian, whom she had known from the cradle, and to whom she was tenderly attached, instead of to her mistress, and saying something to me to that effect, quickened her steps towards the house.

I was glancing over my own letters, chiefly from patients, with a rapid eye, when a cry of agony, a cry as of one suddenly stricken to the heart, pierced my ear—a cry from within the house. "Heavens! was not that Lilian's voice?" The same doubt struck Mrs. Ashleigh, who had already gained the door. She rushed on, disappearing within the threshold, and calling to me to follow. I bounded forward—passed her on the stairs—was in Lilian's room before her.

My bride was on the floor, prostrate, insensible: So still, so colourless! that my first dreadful thought was that life had gone. In her hand was a letter, crushed, as with a convulsive sudden grasp.

It was long before the colour came back to her cheek, before the breath was perceptible on her lip. She woke, but not to health, not to sense. Hours were passed in violent convulsions, in which I momently feared her death. To these succeeded stupor, lethargy, not benignant sleep. That night, my bridal night, I passed as in some chamber to which I had been summoned to save youth from the grave. At length, at length, life was rescued, was assured! Life came back, but the mind was gone. She knew me not, nor her mother. She spoke little and faintly; in the words she uttered there was no reason.

I pass hurriedly on; my experience here was in fault, my skill ineffectual. Day followed day and no ray came back to the darkened brain. We bore her, by gentle stages, to London. I was sanguine of good result from skill more consummate than mine, and more specially devoted to diseases of the mind. I summoned the first advisers. In vain!—in vain!

CHAPTER LXIII.

AND the cause of this direful shock? Not this time could it be traced to some evil spell, some phantasmal influence. The cause was clear, and might have produced effects as sinister on nerves of stronger fibre if accompanied with a heart as delicately sensitive, an honour as exquisitely pure.

The letter found in her hand was without name; it was dated from L——, and bore the postmark of that town. It conveyed to Lilian, in the biting words which female malice can make so sharp, the tale we had sought sedulously to guard from her ear—her flight, the construction that scandal put upon it. It affected for my blind infatuation a contemptuous pity; it asked her to pause before she brought on the name I offered to her an indelible disgrace. If she so decided, she was warned not to return to L——, or to prepare there for the sentence that would exclude her from the society of her own sex. I cannot repeat more, I cannot minute down all that the letter expressed or implied, to wither the orange blossoms in a bride's wreath. The heart that took in the venom cast its poison on the brain, and the mind fled before the pre-

sence of a thought so deadly to all the ideas which its innocence had heretofore conceived.

I knew not whom to suspect of the malignity of this mean and miserable outrage, nor did I much care to know. The handwriting, though evidently disguised, was that of a woman, and, therefore, had I discovered the author, my manhood would have forbidden me the idle solace of revenge. Mrs. Poyntz, however resolute and pitiless her hostility when once aroused, was not without a certain largeness of nature irreconcilable with the most dastardly of all the weapons that hatred or envy can supply to the vile. She had too lofty a self-esteem and too decorous a regard for the moral sentiment of the world that she typified, to do, or connive at, an act which degrades the gentlewoman. Putting her aside, what other female enemy had Lilian provoked? No matter! What other woman at L—— was worth the condescension of a conjecture!

After listening to all that the ablest of my professional brethren in the metropolis could suggest to guide me, and trying in vain their remedies, I brought back my charge to L——. Retaining my former residence for the visits of patients, I engaged, for the privacy of my home, a house two miles from the town, secluded in its own grounds, and guarded by high walls.

Lilian's mother removed to my mournful dwelling-place. Abbots' House, in the centre of that tattling coterie, had become distasteful to her, and to me it was associated with thoughts of anguish and of terror. I could not, without a shudder, have entered its grounds—could not, without a stab at the heart, have seen again the old fairy land round the Monk's Well, nor the dark cedar-tree under which Lilian's hand had been placed in mine: And a superstitious remembrance, banished while Lilian's angel face had brightened the fatal precincts, now revived in full force. The dying man's curse—had it not been fulfilled!

A new occupant for the old house was found within a week after Mrs. Ashleigh had written from London to a house-agent at L——, intimating her desire to dispose of the lease. Shortly before we had gone to Windermere, Miss Brabazon had become enriched by a liberal life-annuity bequeathed to her by her uncle, Sir Phelim. Her means thus enabled her to move, from the comparatively humble lodging she had hitherto occupied, to Abbot's House; but just as she had there commenced a series of ostentatious entertainments, implying an ambitious desire to dispute with Mrs. Poyntz the sovereignty of the Hill, she was attacked by some severe malady which appeared complicated with spinal disease, and after my return to L—— I sometimes met her, on the spacious platform of the Hill, drawn along slowly in a Bath chair, her livid face peering forth from piles of Indian shawls and Siberian furs, and the gaunt figure of Dr. Jones stalking by her side, taciturn and gloomy as some sincere mourner who conducts to the grave the patron on whose life he had conveniently lived himself.

It was in the dismal month of February that I returned to L——, and I took possession of my blighted nuptial home on the anniversary of the very day in which I had passed through the dead dumb world from the naturalist's gloomy death-room.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Lilian's wondrous gentleness of nature did not desert her in the suspension of her reason. She was habitually calm—very silent; when she spoke it was rarely on earthly things—on things familiar to her past—things one could comprehend. Her thought seemed to have quitted the earth, seeking refuge in some imaginary heaven. She spoke of wanderings with her father as if he were living still; she did not seem to understand the meaning we attach to the word Death. She would sit for hours murmuring to herself; when one sought to catch the words, they seemed in converse with invisible spirits. We found it cruel to disturb her at such times, for if left unmolested, her face was serene—more serenely beautiful than I had seen it even in our happiest hours; but when we called her back to the wrecks of her real life, her eye became troubled, restless, anxious, and she would sigh—oh, so heavily! At times, if we did not seem to observe her, she would quietly resume her once favourite accomplishments—drawing, music. And in these her young excellence was still apparent, only the drawings were strange and fantastic: they had a resemblance to those with which the painter Blake, himself a visionary, illustrated the Poems of the "Night Thoughts" and "The Grave." Faces of exquisite loveliness, forms of aerial grace, coming forth from the bells of flowers, or floating upwards amidst the spray of fountains, their outlines melting away in fountain or in flower. So with her music: her mother could not recognise the airs she played, for a while so sweetly and with so ineffable a pathos, that one could scarcely hear her without weeping; and then would come, as if involuntarily, an abrupt discord, and, starting, she would cease and look around, disquieted, aghast.

And still she did not recognise Mrs. Ashleigh nor myself as her mother, her husband; but she had by degrees learned to distinguish us both from others. To her mother she gave no name, seemed pleased to see her, but not sensibly to miss her when away; me she called her brother: if longer absent than usual, me she missed. When, after the toils of the day, I came to join her, even if she spoke not, her sweet face brightened. When she sang, she beckoned me to come near to her, and looked at me fixedly, with eyes ever tender, often tearful; when she drew, she would pause and glance over her shoulder to see that I was watching her, and point to the drawings with a smile of strange significance, as if they conveyed, in some covert allegory, messages meant for me; so, at least, I interpreted her smile, and taught myself to say, "Yes, Lilian, I understand!"

And more than once, when I had so answered,

she rose and kissed my forehead. I thought my heart would have broken when I felt that spirit-like melancholy kiss.

And yet how marvellously the human mind teaches itself to extract consolations from its sorrows. The least wretched of my hours were those that I passed in that saddened room, seeking how to establish fragments of intercourse, invent signs, by which each might interpret each, between the intellect I had so laboriously cultured, so arrogantly vaunted, and the fancies wandering through the dark, deprived of their guide in reason. It was something even of joy to feel myself needed for her guardianship, endeared and yearned for still by some unshattered instinct of her heart; and when, parting from her for the night, I stole the moment in which on her soft face seemed resting least of shadow, to ask, in a trembling whisper, "Lilian, are the angels watching over you?" and she would answer "Yes," sometimes in words, sometimes with a mysterious happy smile—then—then I went to my lonely room, comforted and thankful.

CHAPTER LXV.

The blow that had fallen on my hearth effectually, inevitably killed all the slander that might have troubled me in joy. Before the awe of a great calamity the small passions of a mean malignity slink abashed. I had requested Mrs. Ashleigh not to mention the vile letter which Lilian had received. I would not give a triumph to the unknown calumniator, nor wring forth her vain remorse, by the pain of acknowledging an indignity to my darling's honour; yet, somehow or other, the true cause of Lilian's affliction had crept out—perhaps through the talk of servants—and the Public shock was universal. By one of those instincts of justice that lie deep in human hearts, though in ordinary moments overlaid by many a worldly layer, all felt (all mothers felt, especially) that innocence alone could have been so unprepared for reproach. The explanation I had previously given, discredited then, was now accepted without a question. Lilian's present state accounted for all that ill nature had before misconstrued. Her good name was restored to its maiden whiteness by the fate that had severed the ties of the bride. The formal dwellers on the Hill vied with the franker, warmer-hearted households of Low Town in the nameless attentions by which sympathy and respect are rather delicately indicated than noisily proclaimed. Could Lilian have then recovered and been sensible of its repentant homage, how reverently that petty world would have thronged around her. And, ah! could fortune and man's esteem have atoned for the blight of hopes that had been planted and cherished on ground beyond their reach, ambition and pride might have been well contented with the largeness of the exchange that courted their acceptance. Patients on patients crowded on me. Sympathy with my sorrow seemed to create and endear a more trustful belief in my skill. But the profession I had once so enthusiastically loved became to me wearisome, insipid, distasteful; the kindness heaped on me gave no comfort, it but brought before me more vividly the conviction that it came too late to avail me: it could not restore to me the mind, the love, the life of my life, which lay dark and shattered in the brain of my guileless Lilian. Secretly I felt a sullen resentment. I knew that to the crowd the resentment was unjust. The world itself is but an appearance; who can blame it if appearances guide its laws? But to those who had been detached from the crowd by the professions of friendship—those who, when the slander was yet new, and might have been awed into silence had they stood by my side,—to the pressure of *their* hands, *now*, I had no response.

Against Mrs. Poyntz, above all others, I bore a remembrance of unrelaxed, unmitigable indignation. Her schemes for her daughter's marriage had triumphed: Jane was Mrs. Ashleigh Sumner. Her mind was, perhaps, softened now that the object which had sharpened its worldly faculties was accomplished; but in vain, on first hearing of my affliction, had this she Machiavel owned a humane remorse, and, with all her keen comprehension of each facility that circumstance gave to her will, availed herself of the general compassion to strengthen the popular reaction in favour of Lilian's assaulted honour—in vain had she written to me with a gentleness of sympathy foreign to her habitual characteristics—in vain besought me to call on her—in vain waylaid and accosted me with a humility that almost implored forgiveness; I vouchsafed no reproach, but I could imply no pardon. I put between her and my great sorrow the impenetrable wall of my freezing silence.

One word of hers at the time that I had so pathetically besought her aid, and the parrot-flock that repeated her very whisper in noisy shrillness, would have been as loud to defend as it had been to defame; that vile letter might never have been written. Whoever its writer, it surely was one of the babblers who took their malice itself from the jest or the nod of their female despot; and the writer might have justified herself in saying she did but coarsely proclaim what the oracle of worldly opinion, and the early friend of Lilian's own mother, had authorised her to believe.

By degrees, the bitterness at my heart diffused itself to the circumference of the circle in which my life went its cheerless mechanical round. That cordial brotherhood with his patients, which is the true physician's happiest gift and humanest duty, forsook my breast. The warning words of Mrs. Poyntz had come true. A patient that monopolised my thoughts awaited me at my own hearth! My conscience became troubled; I felt that my skill was lessened. I said to myself, "The physician who, on entering the sick room, feels, while there, something that distracts the finest powers of his intellect from the sufferer's case, is unfit for his calling." A

year had scarcely passed since my fatal wedding-day, before I had formed a resolution to quit L——, and abandon my profession: and my resolution was confirmed, and my goal determined, by a letter I received from Julius Faber.

I had written at length to him, not many days after the blow that had fallen on me, stating all circumstances as calmly and clearly as my grief would allow, for I held his skill at a higher estimate than that of any living brother of my art, and I was not without hope in the efficacy of his advice. The letter I now received from him had been begun, and continued at some length, before my communication reached him. And this earlier portion contained animated and cheerful descriptions of his Australian life and home, which contrasted with the sorrowful tone of the supplement written in reply to the tidings with which I had wrung his friendly and tender heart. In this, the latter, part of his letter, he suggested that if time had wrought no material change for the better, it might be advisable to try the effect of foreign travel. Scenes entirely new might stimulate observation, and the observation of things external withdraw the sense from that brooding over images delusively formed within, which characterised the kind of mental alienation I had described. "Let any intellect create for itself a visionary world, and all reasonings built on it are fallacious; the visionary world vanishes in proportion as we can arouse a predominant interest in the actual."

This grand authority, who owed half his consummate skill as a practitioner to the scope of his knowledge as a philosopher, then proceeded to give me a hope which I had not dared, of myself, to form. He said, "I distinguish the case you so minutely detail from that insanity which is reason lost; here it seems rather to be reason held in suspense. Where there is hereditary predisposition, where there is organic change of structure in the brain—nay, where there is that kind of insanity which takes the epithet of moral, whereby the whole character becomes so transformed that the prime element of sound understanding, conscience itself, is either erased or warped into the sanction of what, in a healthful state, it would most disapprove, it is only charlatans who promise effectual cure. But here I assume that there is no hereditary taint; here I am convinced, from my own observation, that the nobility of the organs, all fresh as yet in the vigour of youth, would rather submit to death than to the permanent overthrow of their equilibrium in reason; here, where you tell me the character preserves all its moral attributes of gentleness and purity, and but over-indulges its own early habit of estranged contemplation; here, without deceiving you in false kindness, I give you the guarantee of my experience when I bid you 'hope!' I am persuaded that, sooner or later, the mind, thus for a time affected, will right itself; because here, in the course of the malady, we do but deal with the nervous system. And *that*, once righted, and the mind once disciplined in those practical duties which conjugal life necessitates, the malady itself will never return; never be transmitted to the children, on whom your wife's restoration to health may permit you to count hereafter. If the course of travel I recommend and the prescriptions I conjoin with that course fail you, let me know; and though I would fain close my days in this land, I will come to you. I love you as my son. I will tend your wife as my daughter."

Foreign travel! The idea smiled on me. Julius Faber's companionship, sympathy, matchless skill! The very thought seemed as a raft to a drowning mariner. I now read more attentively the earlier portions of his letter. They described, in glowing colours, the wondrous country in which he had fixed his home; the joyous elasticity of its atmosphere; the freshness of its primitive pastoral life; the strangeness of its scenery, with a Flora and a Fauna which have no similitudes in the ransacked quarters of the Old World. And the strong impulse seized me to transfer to the solitudes of that blithesome and hardy Nature a spirit no longer at home in the civilised haunts of men, and household gods that shrunk from all social eyes, and would fain have found a wilderness for the desolate hearth, on which they had ceased to be sacred if unveiled. As if to give practical excuse and reason for the idea that seized me, Julius Faber mentioned, incidentally, that the house and property of a wealthy speculator in his immediate neighbourhood were on sale at a price which seemed to me alluringly trivial, and, according to his judgment, far below the value they would soon reach in the hands of a more patient capitalist. He wrote at the period of the agricultural panic in the colony which preceded the discovery of its earliest gold-fields. But his geological science had convinced him that strata within and around the property now for sale were auriferous, and his intelligence enabled him to predict how inevitably man would be attracted towards the gold, and how surely the gold would fertilise the soil and enrich its owners. He described the house thus to be sold—in case I might know of a purchaser; it had been built at a cost unusual in those early times, and by one who clung to English tastes amidst Australian wilds, so that in this purchase a settler would escape the hardships he had then ordinarily to encounter: it was, in short, a home to which a man, more luxurious than I, might bear a bride with wants less simple than those which now sufficed for my darling Lilian.

This communication dwelt on my mind through the avocations of the day on which I received it, and in the evening I read all, except the supplement, aloud to Mrs. Ashleigh in her daughter's presence. I desired to see if Faber's descriptions of the country and its life, which in themselves were extremely spirited and striking, would arouse Lilian's interest. At first, she did not seem to heed me while I read, but when I came to Faber's loving account of little Amy,

Lilian turned her eyes towards me, and evidently listened with attention. He wrote how the Child had already become the most useful person in the simple household. How watchful the quickness of the heart had made the service of the eye; all their associations of comfort had grown round her active noiseless movements; it was she who had contrived to monopolise the management, or supervision of all that added to Home the nameless interior charm; under her eyes the rude furniture of the loghouse grew inviting with English neatness; she took charge of the dairy; she had made the garden gay with flowers selected from the wild, and suggested the trellised walk, already covered with hardy vine; she was their confidant in every plan of improvement, their comforter in every anxious doubt, their nurse in every passing ailment; her very smile a refreshment in the weariness of daily toil. "How all that is best in womanhood," wrote the old man, with the enthusiasm which no time had reft from his hearty healthful genius, "How all that is best in womanhood is here opening fast into flower from the bud of the infant's soul! The atmosphere seems to suit it—the child-woman in the child-world!"

I heard Lilian sigh; I looked towards her furtively; tears stood in her softened eyes; her lip was quivering. Presently, she began to rub her right hand over the left—over the wedding-ring—at first, slowly; then with quicker movement.

"It is not here," she said, impatiently; "it is *not* here!"

"What is not here?" asked Mrs. Ashleigh, hanging over her.

Lilian leant back her head on her mother's bosom, and answered faintly:

"The stain! some one said there was a stain on this hand. I do not see it—do you?"

"There is no stain, never was," said I; "the hand is white as your own innocence, or the lily from which you take your name."

"Hush! you do not know my name. I will whisper it. Soft!—my name is Nightshade! Do you want to know where the lily is now, brother? I will tell you. There, in that letter—you call her Amy—she is the lily—take her to your breast—hide her. Hist! what are those bells? Marriage-bells. Do not let her hear them. For there is a cruel wind that whispers the bells, and the bells ring out what it whispers, louder and louder,

'Stain on lily,
Shame on lily,
Wither lily.'

If she hears what the wind whispers to the bells, she will creep away into the dark, and then she, too, will turn to Nightshade."

"Lilian, look up, awake! You have been in a long, long dream: it is passing away. Lilian, my beloved, my blessed Lilian!"

Never till then had I heard from her even so vague an allusion to the fatal calumny, and its dreadful effect; and while her words now pierced my heart, it beat, amongst its pangs, with a thrilling hope.

But, alas! the idea that had gleamed upon her had vanished already. She murmured something about Circles of Fire, and a Veiled Woman in black garments; became restless, agitated, and unconscious of our presence, and finally sank into a heavy sleep.

That night (my room was next to hers with the intervening door open), I heard her cry out. I hastened to her side. She was still asleep, but there was an anxious labouring expression on her young face, and yet not an expression wholly of pain—for her lips were parted with a smile—that glad yet troubled smile with which one who has been revolving some subject of perplexity or fear, greets a sudden thought that seems to solve the riddle, or prompt the escape from danger; and as I softly took her hand she returned my gentle pressure, and inclining towards me, said, still in sleep,

"Let us go."

"Whither?" I answered, under my breath, so as not to awake her; "is it to see the child of whom I read, and the land that is blooming out of the earth's childhood?"

"Out of the dark into the light; where the leaves do not change; where the night is our day, and the winter our summer. Let us go—let us go!"

"We will go. Dream on undisturbed, my bride. Oh, that the dream could tell you that my love has not changed in our sorrow, holier and deeper than on the day in which our vows were exchanged! In you still all my hopes fold their wings: where you are, there still I myself have my dreamland!"

The sweet face grew bright as I spoke; all trouble left the smile; softly she drew her hand from my clasp, and rested it for a moment on my bended head, as if in blessing.

I rose; stole back to my own room, closing the door, lest the sob I could not stifle should mar her sleep.

CHAPTER LXVI.

I UNFOLDED my new prospects to Mrs. Ashleigh. She was more easily reconciled to them than I could have supposed, judging by her habits, which were naturally indolent, and averse to all that disturbed their even tenour. But the great grief which had befallen her had roused up that strength of devotion which lies dormant in all hearts that are capable of loving another more than self. With her full consent I wrote to Faber, communicating my intentions, instructing him to purchase the property he had so commended, and enclosing my banker's order for the amount, on an Australian firm. I now announced my intention to retire from my profession; made prompt arrangements with a successor to my practice; disposed of my two houses at L——; fixed the day of my departure. Vanity was dead within me, or I might have been gratified by the sensation which the news of my design created. My faults became at

once forgotten: such good qualities as I might possess were exaggerated. The public regret vented and consoled itself in a costly testimonial, to which even the poorest of my patients insisted on the privilege to contribute, graced with an inscription flattering enough to have served for the epitaph on some great man's tomb. No one who has served an art and striven for a name, is a stoic to the esteem of others, and sweet indeed would such honours have been to me had not publicity itself seemed a wrong to the sanctity of that affliction which set Lilian apart from the movement and the glories of the world.

The two persons most active in "getting up" this testimonial were, nominally, Colonel Poyntz —in truth, his wife—and my old disparager, Mr. Vigors! It is long since my narrative has referred to Mr. Vigors. It is due to him now to state that, in his capacity of magistrate, and in his own way, he had been both active and delicate in the inquiries set on foot for Lilian during the unhappy time in which she had wandered, spellbound, from her home. He, alone of all the more influential magnates of the town, had upheld her innocence against the gossip that aspersed it; and during the last trying year of my residence at L——, he had sought me, with frank and manly confessions of his regret for his former prejudice against me, and assurances of the respect in which he had held me ever since my marriage—marriage but in rite—with Lilian. He had then, strong in his ruling passion, besought me to consult his clairvoyants as to her case. I declined this invitation, so as not to affront him—declined it, not as I should once have done, but with no word nor look of incredulous disdain. The fact was, that I had conceived a solemn terror of all practices and theories out of the beaten track of sense and science. Perhaps in my refusal I did wrong. I know not. I was afraid of my own imagination. He continued not less friendly in spite of my refusal. And, such are the vicissitudes in human feeling, I parted from him whom I had regarded as my most bigoted foe with a warmer sentiment of kindness than for any of those on whom I had counted on friendship. *He* had not deserted Lilian. It was not so with Mrs. Poyntz. I would have paid tenfold the value of the testimonial to have erased, from the list of those who subscribed to it, her husband's name.

The day before I quitted L——, and some weeks after I had, in fact, renounced my practice, I received an urgent entreaty from Miss Brabazon to call on her. She wrote in lines so blurred that I could with difficulty decipher them, that she was very ill, given over by Dr. Jones, who had been attending her. She implored my opinion.

CHAPTER LXVII.

On reaching the house, a formal man-servant, with indifferent face, transferred me to the guidance of a hired nurse, who led me up the stairs, and, before I was well aware of it, into the room in which Dr. Lloyd had died. Widely different indeed, the aspect of the walls, the character of the furniture. The dingy paper-hangings were replaced by airy muslins, showing a rose-coloured ground through their fanciful open-work; luxurious fauteuils, gilded wardrobes, full-length mirrors, a toilet-table tricked out with lace and ribbons, and glittering with an array of silver gewgaws and jewelled trinkets,—all transformed the sick chamber of the simple man of science to a boudoir of death for the vain coquette. But the room itself, in its high lattice and heavy ceiling, was the same—as the coffin itself has the same confines whether it be rich in velvets and bright with blazoning, or rude as a pauper's shell.

And the bed, with its silken coverlid, and its pillows edged with the thread-work of Louvain, stood in the same sharp angle as that over which had flickered the frowning smoke-reek above the dying resentful foe. As I approached, a man, who was seated beside the sufferer, turned round his face, and gave me a silent kindly nod of recognition. He was Mr. C., one of the clergy of the town, the one with whom I had the most frequently come into contact wherever the physician resigns to the priest the language that bids man hope. Mr. C., as a preacher, was renowned for his touching eloquence; as a pastor, revered for his benignant piety; as friend and neighbour, beloved for a sweetness of nature which seemed to regulate all the movements of a mind eminently masculine by the beat of a heart tender as the gentlest woman's.

This good man, then whispering something to the sufferer which I did not overhear, stole towards me, took me by the hand, and said, also in a whisper, "Be merciful as Christians are." He led me to the bedside, there left me, went out, and closed the door.

"Do you think I am really dying, Dr. Fenwick?" said a feeble voice. "I fear Dr. Jones has misunderstood my case. I wish I had called you in at the first, but—but I could not—I could not! Will you feel my pulse? Don't you think you could do me good?"

I had no need to feel the pulse in that skeleton wrist; the aspect of the face sufficed to tell me that death was drawing near.

Mechanically, however, I went through the hackneyed formulæ of professional questions. This vain ceremony done; as gently and delicately as I could, I implied the expediency of concluding, if not yet settled, those affairs which relate to this world.

"This duty," I said, "in relieving the mind from care for others to whom we owe the forethought of affection, often relieves the body also of many a gnawing pain, and sometimes, to the surprise of the most experienced physician, prolongs life itself."

"Ah," said the old maid, peevishly, "I understand! But it is not my will that troubles me. I should not be left to a nurse from a hospital if my relations did not know that my annuity dies

with me; and I forestalled it in furnishing this house, Dr. Fenwick, and all these pretty things will be sold to pay those horrid tradesmen!—very hard! so hard!—just as I had got things about me in the way I always said I would have them if I could ever afford it. I always said I would have my bedroom hung with muslin, like dear Lady L.'s;—and the drawing-room in geranium-coloured silk: so pretty. You have not seen it: you would not know the house, Dr. Fenwick. And just when all is finished, to be taken away, and thrust into the grave. It is so cruel!" And she began to weep. Her emotion brought on a violent paroxysm, which, when she recovered from it, had produced one of those startling changes of mind that are sometimes witnessed before death: changes whereby the whole character of a life seems to undergo solemn transformation. The hard will become gentle, the proud meek, the frivolous earnest. That awful moment when the things of earth pass away like dissolving scenes, leaving death visible on the back-ground by the glare that shoots up in the last flicker of life's lamp.

And when she lifted her haggard face from my shoulder, and heard my pitying, soothing voice, it was not the grief of a trifler at the loss of fondled toys that spoke in the falling lines of her lip, in the woe of her pleading eyes.

"So this is death," she said. "I feel it hurrying on. I must speak. I promised Mr. C. that I would. Forgive me, can you—can you? That letter—that letter to Lilian Ashleigh, I wrote it! Oh, do not look at me so terribly; I never thought it could do such evil! And am I not punished enough? I truly believed, when I wrote, that Miss Ashleigh was deceiving you, and once I was silly enough to fancy that you might have liked me. But I had another motive: I had been so poor all my life—I had become rich unexpectedly; I set my heart on this house—I had always fancied it—and I thought if I could prevent Miss Ashleigh marrying you, and scare her and her mother from coming back to L——, I could get the house. And I did get it. What for?—to die. I had not been here a week before I got the hurt that is killing me—a fall down the stairs—coming out of this very room; the stairs had been polished. If I had stayed in my old lodging, it would not have happened. Oh, say you forgive me! Say, say it, even if you do not feel you can! Say it!" And the miserable woman grasped me by the arm as Dr. Lloyd had grasped me.

I shaded my averted face with my hand; my heart heaved with the agony of my suppressed passion. A wrong, however deep, only to myself, I could have pardoned without effort; *such* a wrong to Lilian,—no! I could not say, "I forgive."

The dying wretch was, perhaps, more appalled by my silence than she would have been by my reproach. Her voice grew shrill in her despair.

"You will not pardon me! I shall die with your curse on my head. Mercy! mercy! That good man, Mr. C., assured me you would be merciful. Have *you* never wronged another? Has the Evil One never tempted *you?*"

Then I spoke in broken accents: "Me! Oh, had it been me you defamed—but a young creature so harmless, so unoffending, and for so miserable a motive!"

"But I tell you, I swear to you, I never dreamed I could cause such sorrow; and that young man, that Margrave, put it into my head!"

"Margrave! He had left L—— long before that letter was written."

"But he came back for a day, just before I wrote: it was the very day. I met him in the lane yonder. He asked after you—after Miss Ashleigh; and when he spoke he laughed, and I said, 'Miss Ashleigh had been ill, and was gone away;' and he laughed again. And I thought he knew more than he would tell me, so I asked him if he supposed Mrs. Ashleigh would come back, and said how much I should like to take this house if she did not; and again he laughed, and said, 'Birds never stay in the nest after the young ones are hurt,' and went away singing. When I got home, his laugh and his song haunted me. I thought I saw him still in my room, prompting me to write, and I sate down and wrote. Oh, pardon, pardon me! I have been a foolish poor creature, but never meant to do such harm. The Evil One tempted me! There he is, near me now! I see him yonder! there, at the doorway! He comes to claim me! As you hope for mercy yourself, free me from him! Forgive me!"

I made an effort over myself. In naming Margrave as her tempter, the woman had suggested an excuse echoed from that innermost cell of my mind, which I recoiled from gazing into, for there I should behold his image. Inexpiable though the injury she had wrought against me and mine, still the woman was human—fellow-creature—like myself;—but HE?

I took in both my hands the hand that still pressed my arm, and said, with firm voice,

"Be comforted. In the name of Lilian, my wife, I forgive you for her and for me as freely and as fully as we are enjoined by Him, against whose precepts the best of us daily sin, to forgive—we children of wrath—to forgive one another!"

"Heaven bless you!—oh, bless you!" she murmured, sinking back upon her pillow.

"Ah!" thought I, "what if the pardon I grant for a wrong far deeper than I inflicted on him whose imprecation smote me in this chamber, should, indeed, be received as atonement, and this blessing on the lips of the dying annul the dark curse that the dead has left on my path through the Valley of the Shadow!"

I left my patient sleeping quietly,—the sleep that precedes the last. As I went down the stairs into the hall, I saw Mrs. Poyntz standing at the threshold, speaking to the man-servant and the nurse.

I would have passed her with a formal bow but she stopped me.

"I came to inquire after poor Miss Brabazon," said she. "You can tell me more than the servants can: is there no hope?"

"Let the nurse go up and watch beside her. She may pass away in the sleep into which she has fallen."

"Allen Fenwick, I must speak with you—nay, but for a few minutes. I hear that you leave L—— to-morrow. It is scarcely among the chances of life that we should meet again." While thus saying, she drew me along the lawn down the path that led towards her own home. "I wish," said she, earnestly, "that you could part with a kindlier feeling towards me; but I can scarcely expect it. Could I put myself in your place, and be moved by your feelings, I know that I should be implacable; but I——"

"But you, madam, are The World! and the World governs itself, and dictates to others, by laws which seem harsh to those who ask from its favour the services which the World cannot tender, for the World admits favourites but ignores friends. You did but act to me as the World ever acts to those who mistake its favour for its friendship."

"It is true," said Mrs. Poyntz, with blunt candour; and we continued to walk on silently. At length, she said, abruptly, "But do you not rashly deprive yourself of your only consolation in sorrow? When the heart suffers, does your skill admit any remedy like occupation to the mind? Yet you abandon that occupation to which your mind is most accustomed; you desert your career; you turn aside, in the midst of the race, from the fame which awaits at the goal; you go back from civilisation itself, and dream that all your intellectual cravings can find content in the life of a herdsman, amidst the monotony of a wild! No, you will repent, for you are untrue to your mind."

"I am sick of the word 'mind!'" said I, bitterly. And therewith I relapsed into musing.

The enigmas which had foiled my intelligence in the unravelled Sibyl Book of Nature were mysteries strange to every man's normal practice of thought, even if reducible to the fraudulent impressions of outward sense: For illusions in a brain otherwise healthy, suggest problems in our human organisation which the colleges that record them rather guess at than solve. But the blow which had shattered my life had been dealt by the hand of a fool. Here, there were no mystic enchantments. Motives the most common-place and paltry, suggested to a brain as trivial and shallow as ever made the frivolity of woman a theme for the satire of poets, had sufficed, in devastating the field of my affections, to blast the uses for which I had cultured my mind; and had my intellect been as great as Heaven ever gave to man, it would have been as vain a shield as mine against the shaft that had lodged in my heart. While I had, indeed, been preparing my reason and my fortitude to meet such perils, weird and marvellous, as those by which tales round the winter hearth scare the credulous child—a contrivance so vulgar and hackneyed that not a day passes but what some hearth is vexed by an anonymous libel—had wrought a calamity more dread than aught which my dark guess into the Shadow-Land, unpierced by Philosophy, could trace to the prompting of malignant witchcraft. So, ever this truth runs through all legends of ghost and demon—through the uniform records of what wonder accredits and science rejects as the supernatural—lo! the dread machinery whose wheels roll through Hades! What need such awful engines for such mean results? The first blockhead we meet in our walk to our grocer's can tell us more than the ghost tells us; the poorest envy we ever aroused hurts us more than the demon! How true an interpreter is Genius to Hell as to Earth. The Fiend comes to Faust, the tired seeker of knowledge; Heaven and Hell stake their cause in the Mortal's temptation. And what does the Fiend to astonish the Mortal? Turn wine into fire, turn love into crime. We need no Mephistopheles to accomplish these marvels every day!

Thus silently thinking, I walked by the side of the world-wise woman; and when she next spoke, I looked up, and saw that we were at the Monks' Well, where I had first seen Lilian gazing into heaven!

Mrs. Poyntz had, as we walked, placed her hand on my arm, and, turning abruptly from the path into the glade, I found myself standing by her side in the scene where a new sense of being had first disclosed to my sight the hues with which Love, the passionate beautifier, turns into purple and gold the grey of the common air. Thus, when romance has ended in sorrow, and the Beautiful fades from the landscape, the trite and positive forms of life, banished for a time, reappear, and deepen our mournful remembrance of the glories they replace. And the Woman of the World, finding how little I was induced to respond to her when she had talked of myself, began to speak in her habitual, clear, ringing accents of her own social schemes and devices:

"I shall miss you when you are gone, Allen Fenwick, for though, during the last year or so, all actual intercourse between us has ceased, yet my interest in you gave some occupation to my thoughts when I sat alone—having lost my main object of ambition in settling my daughter, and having no longer any one in the house with whom I could talk of the future, or for whom I could form a project. It is so wearisome to count the changes which pass within us, that we take interest in the changes that pass without. Poyntz still has his weather-glass; I have no longer my Jane."

"I cannot linger with you on this spot," said I, impatiently, turning back into the path; she followed, treading over fallen leaves. And unheeding my interruption, she thus continued her hard talk:

"But I am not sick of my mind as you seem

to be of yours; I am only somewhat tired of the little cage in which, since it has been alone, it ruffles its plumes against the flimsy wires that confine it from wider space. I shall take up my home for a time with the new-married couple: they want me. Ashleigh Sumner has come into Parliament. He means to attend regularly and work hard, but he does not like Jane to go into the world by herself, and he wishes her to go into the world, because he wants a wife to display his wealth for the improvement of his position. In Ashleigh Sumner's house, I shall have ample scope for my energies, such as they are. I have a curiosity to see the few that perch on the wheels of the State, and say, 'It is we who move the wheels!' It will amuse me to learn if I can maintain in a capital the authority I have won in a country town; if not, I can but return to my small principality. Wherever I live I must sway, not serve. If I succeed—as I ought, for in Jane's beauty and Ashleigh's fortune I have materials for the woof of ambition, wanting which here, I fall asleep over my knitting—if I succeed, there will be enough to occupy the rest of my life. Ashleigh Sumner must be a Power; the Power will be represented and enjoyed by my child, and created and maintained by me! Allen Fenwick, do as I do. Be world with the world, and it will only be in moments of spleen and chagrin that you will sigh to think that the heart may be void when the mind is full. Confess, you envy me while you listen."

"Not so; all that to you seems so great, appears to me so small! Nature alone is always grand, in her terrors as well as her charms. The World for you; Nature for me. Farewell!"

"Nature," said Mrs. Poyntz, compassionately. "Poor Allen Fenwick! Nature indeed—intellectual suicide! Nay, shake hands, then, if for the last time."

So we shook hands and parted, where the wicket-gate and the stone stairs separated my blighted fairyland from the common thoroughfare.

FIRE.

The seasonable amusement of watching the gas-jets that burst from a blazing lump of coal naturally gives rise to the question, What is Fire?

There were once four elements; now, there are either many—namely all the substances which the present power of chemistry is unable to reduce to a simpler form—or one only, an ether much rarer than hydrogen gas, by the compression or condensation of which all known forms of matter have been produced. We know what Air is composed of; the combination of gases which constitute Water is no longer a mystery. Earth is a mixture of all sorts of things, every one of which is an acquaintance more or less intimate, personal, and familiar; but what is Fire?

Three of the four ancient elements of the Peripateticians are substantive and specific entities. Earth is a thing, Air is a thing, Water is a thing; Fire only is now no longer a thing, although, previous to 1778, it was considered to be a material substance. Bold speculators, who questioned the right of Fire to take rank as an element (admitting only the claims of Earth, Air, and Water), still never doubted its material nature. Philosophers at that time, attributing to Fire all the phenomena produced by heat of different degrees, whether in nature or in the arts, defined it as a very subtle fluid, very active, always in motion, susceptible of great expansion, extremely elastic, dilating and rarefying all bodies, penetrating them and modifying them more or less violently and completely, capable even of combination with them, and then losing all the properties which it presents when at liberty. To Fire in this state of combination with other bodies, Stahl gave the name of Phlogiston, whilst others adopted the term Fixed Fire.

Phlogiston, in its day, was a great success. It was the intangible essence and principle of Fire, but not a bit the less real for that. Supposing even that Fire which burns is nothing more than matter put in motion; still, every material is not fitted to receive and to maintain this movement of ignition, which is the proximate cause of heat. It was therefore requisite to acknowledge the existence in nature of a substance essentially gifted with this property, and of bodies more or less charged with the inflammable principle, namely Phlogiston. According to some, Phlogiston was a secondary principle, composed of the element of Fire and a vitrifiable earth; others regarded it as the pure matter of Fire.

There is no dissolution of solid bodies without the intervention of a fluid; but Fire was the greatest dissolvent in Nature; therefore, Fire was a fluid, the sole essential fluid. Water itself derived its fluidity and its dissolving properties from Fire. A just idea of Phlogiston might be formed by saying that it was to metals and all bodies of which it is the special solvent, what every other composite solvent is to the substances it attaches—what mercury is to gold in its amalgamation, what water is to salts in their dissolution. Phlogiston, therefore, or Fixed Fire, was most decidedly a thing which necessarily entered, as a constituent part, into every composite body. It was especially abundant in sulphur, oils, charcoal, and other combustible matters. But no one examines these substances for Phlogiston now.

Boerhaave distinguished Fire into two kinds: elementary Fire, as it is in itself, which alone is purely and properly Fire; and culinary Fire, as joined with other bodies and excited by the former kind of Fire in combustible matter. According to him, the first effect of elementary Fire is heat. Heat is inseparable from Fire. The measure of heat is always the measure of Fire; and that of Fire, of heat. The second effect of elementary Fire is the dilatation of all solid bodies and the rarefaction of all fluids. An iron rod, being heated, increases in all its dimensions; and the more so as it is further and

further heated. On cooling again, it contracts, and returns successively through all the degrees of its dilatation till it arrives at its first bulk, being never of the same magnitude two minutes successively. Gold, when fused, takes up more space than before; mercury, placed in a narow tube over the fire, will ascend to thirty times its former height.

Boerhaave discovered as the Law of this Expansion—First, that the same degree of Fire rarefies fluids sooner, and in greater degree, than it does solids. Without this law, the thermometer would be useless, since the cavity of the tube would then be dilated in the same proportion as the fluid is rarefied. Secondly, that the lighter the fluid, the more it is dilated by Fire. Air, the lightest of all fluids known to him, expands the most; after air, spirit of wine. He held that all the motion in nature arises from Fire alone; taking this away, all things become immovable. At the absence of only a certain degree of Fire, all oils, waters, spirits, vegetables, and animals, become hard, rigid, and inert. If the greatest degree of cold were arrived at, and *all* Fire were absolutely taken away, all Nature would grow into one concrete body, solid as gold and hard as diamond: on the reapplication of Fire it would recover its former mobility.

Boerhaave's elemental Fire needs no air nor pabulum to sustain or preserve it. If a quantity of any essential aromatic oil be poured in vacuo upon spirit of nitre, there will immediately arise a huge Fire, to the great danger of the bystanders. He adds that the effects of elementary Fire may be increased in divers ways. By a swift agitation of one body against another: every one knows that, in solids, a vehement attrition of a flint and steel will produce sparks; in fluids, cream, by long churning to separate the butter, will grow sensibly warm, as will be made still more apparent by the use of a thermometer. A knife, whetted briskly on a dry rough stone, yields sparks of Fire. In these and other manners, he continues, it does not appear that any Fire is generated out of what was not Fire before.

If, in a severe winter's day, we rub a plate of gold briskly against another gold plate, they will both gradually grow hotter and hotter, until at length they become red-hot, and at the point of melting; and yet, all this time the plates lose nothing of their weight, but swell and grow bigger in all their dimensions. Hence it follows that the particles of the gold are not converted by the friction into Fire. The Fire existed before; and all the effect of the friction is to collect and bring together a quantity thereof, before dispersed throughout the atmosphere. There is no making or producing of Fire *de novo*. All we can do, is, if insensible, to render it sensible: to collect it out of a greater space into a lesser, and to direct and determine it to certain places.

Besides the solar, Boerhaave likewise admitted a subterranean Fire, which manifests itself on digging underground. Arriving at a certain depth, viz. forty or fifty feet, things begin to grow warmer, so that no ice can there subsist. At a greater depth, air is so hot as to take away respiration. Whence he infers that there is another source of Fire, or another sun, in the bosom of the earth, which gives motion and life to every thing growing in or upon the globe; and even that the centre of the earth is mere Fire; which Fire is argued to be perpetual, from volcanoes which have been known to cast up Fire from the earliest accounts of time. Boerhaave's speculations are a great stride towards divesting Fire of its material and substantial character, although one of his commentators calls them "a pompous galimatias." His elementary Fire is hardly *a thing*.

The chemists of old used four principal degrees of Fire in their operations. The first was equal to the natural heat of the human body, or rather of a hen brooding on her eggs, which was the standard employed. Accordingly, this first degree was measured by applying a thermometer to a hen. Some chemists, by keeping a Fire continually to this degree, have hatched chickens. The second degree of Fire was that which gives a man pain, like the heat of a scorching summer's sun which chafes and inflames the skin, and even sometimes raises blisters, but does not destroy or consume the parts. It makes the serum of blood and the white of eggs to coagulate, and so occasions deadly inflammations.

The third degree of Fire was that of boiling water, which separates and destroys the parts of bodies. This degree was thought perfectly stable; for water, when once it boils, is at its utmost degree of heat (at *that* spot, and with an evaporating surface), and cannot be raised a jot further by any augmentation of fire or fuel. They did not seem to know that boiling water at the top of Mont Blanc is less hot than boiling water at the level of the sea; nor was Papin's Digestor yet a generally accomplished fact. The fourth degree was that which melts metals and destroys everything else. It was too vehement to be estimated by the thermometer, which itself would be demolished by so ardent a heat. Wedgewood's pyrometer was neither born nor thought of, so that the fourth degree was only determinable by its effects in the fusion of metals. As the heat of boiling water could not be increased, so neither could that of melted metals. [But how did they know that, if they had no means of measuring the heat of melted metals?] This was the last degree known to the ancient chemists. Later philosophers reckoned a fifth degree of Fire; that whereby gold is made to emit fumes, and evaporate. In 1690, M. Tschirnhausen's burning-glass rendered everything, even gold itself, volatile.

Caloric is the actor of all-work who next makes his entrance on our fiery scene. In fact, caloric is one of the leading stars of the close of the last century and the commencement of this. The name of *caloric* is given to the agent which causes in us the sensation of heat, acting also on inorganic bodies. It is caloric which melts ice, boils water, and makes iron

red-hot. But what is caloric? Is it a thing, or not a thing?

Of the various notions as to the cause of heat, two only survive the siftings of time and experiment—the theory of emission, and the theory of undulation. According to the first, the cause of heat is a material, imponderable fluid, capable of passing from one body to another, and whose molecules are in a state of continual repulsion. This fluid exists in all bodies in combination with their ultimate atoms, whose actual contact it prevents. In this case, caloric, a fluid, is a thing. But material caloric is growing old, nay, verging towards decrepitude. The word remains, still hanging, like an autumnal leaf, on the branch of science; the special substance, i.e. the fluid of heat, is ebbing fast away. The presence of caloric cannot be detected by its weight; no human instrument sufficiently delicate for that purpose has yet been invented. But, say some philosophers, we must not conclude, from our inability to weigh it, that it has no weight.

The undulatory theory holds that heat is produced by a vibratory movement of the molecules or atoms of hot bodies, which movement is transmitted to the molecules of other bodies through the medium of an extraordinarily subtle and elastic fluid, called ether, in which it is propagated in the same way as waves of sound are in the air. The hottest bodies, then, are those whose vibrations have the greatest breadth and the greatest rapidity; and the intensity of heat is no other than the resultant of the vibrations of the molecules. On the first hypothesis, the molecules of cooling bodies *lose their caloric;* on the second, they only *lose their motion.* On this latter supposition, Fire utterly ceases to be *a thing* (just as sound is not a *thing*), but a pulsation of aerial waves. Sound is motion; and although in the earlier periods of philosophy the identity of sound and motion was not traced out, we now so readily resolve sound into motion, that to those familiar with acoustics its phenomena immediately present to the mind the idea of motion of ordinary matter. And as, in common parlance, we speak of sound moving although sound is motion, it requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive heat, light, and electricity as motions, and not as things moving.

With undulatory philosophers, then, Fire is an action, a change, a motion, but it is no thing; it consists of no body, substance, or material fluid, ponderable or imponderable. The only *things* in the case are the ether, whose vibrations constitute heat, amounting to Fire, when their intensity is sufficiently great, and the things acted upon, altered, consumed, or burnt by the said heat or fire.

In strictness, therefore, the word Fire can only be employed as a general expression comprising a multitude of phenomena—heat, dilatation, fusion, evaporation, &c.—which are due to what is called caloric, a fluid according to some, a modification or molecular motion of matter according to others. Fire, popularly so called, is the result of combustion—of burning a something which is its fuel. But combustion comprises *every* phenomenon in which any body whatever combines either with the oxygen in the air, or with pure oxygen in a closed vessel artificially prepared. All bodies capable of such combustion have a right to be called combustibles.

It is not necessary that a body should become actually inflamed on exposure to the air, to be ranked amongst combustibles; it suffices that it should have the acknowledged property of absorbing more or less rapidly the oxygen gas contained in atmospheric air, or of vitiating it, and rendering it incapable of maintaining sensible combustion. Often even the most inflammable matters known, burn slowly and completely exhaust their combustible properties without producing any flame or other sensible phenomenon by whose presence men usually recognise combustibility; and, after such slow combustion, without flame or ardent heat, they are not the less for that *burnt* bodies.

Slow combustion is constantly going on in every warm-blooded animal. The result of starvation, of deficient fuel, is feebler and feebler animal heat, until the fuel is all burnt out and deadly cold ensues. In animals, too, the hydrogen and carbon in the food they consume is the source of power; the horse without hay and oats is as powerless as the steam-engine without coals, or the voltaic battery without zinc. In the production, however, of mechanical power by heat, Nature far distances art in its present state. According to some careful estimates, the most economical of our furnaces consume from ten to twenty times as much fuel to produce the same quantity of heat as an animal produces; and Mattucci found that, from a given consumption of zinc in a voltaic battery, a far greater mechanical effect could be produced by making it act on the limbs of a recently killed frog (notwithstanding the manifold defects of such an arrangement, and its inferiority to the action of the living animal), than when the same battery was made to produce mechanical power, by acting on an electro-magnetic or other artificial motor apparatus. The ratio in his experiments, was nearly six to one.

Outward changes in the forms of matter betray that combustion is going on. The popular proverb truly says that there is no smoke without Fire. But there are a multitude of chemical facts in which much heat is disengaged, and even much light is set at liberty, without any real combustion taking place. All combustion supposes a chemical affinity, a relative attraction, between the burning body and the oxygen which serves to aid the burning.

It is a grand step to have disabused our minds of the notion that heat or Fire is A THING, because we are then immediately led to the suspicion that it may be A FORCE. We are accustomed to think of only one kind of force, the force of gravity, the most obvious and the most constantly felt of all the forces of nature; but that others exist must be evident to every one who has performed, or even witnessed, a chemical or electrical experiment.

The physical forces now acknowledged are Heat, Light, Electricity, Magnetism, Chemical

Affinity, and Motion. Consequently, Fire is only an energetic manifestation of one of these forces. Further, it is held that those physical forces are not only correlative, but have one common origin. However that may be, it is certain that any one of these forces can produce an equivalent amount of any other force. Electricity may produce chemical affinity, magnetism, heat, or motion. Motion may produce heat, as when a wheel takes fire; light, as the sparks scattered by a cutler's wheel; and electricity, as in the well-known machine, or by rubbing a piece of amber on your coat-sleeve. Light can produce Electricity, Motion, and Heat. Heat can produce Motion, Electricity, and Light. The algebraic law of Permutations and Combinations is the only limit to the changes that may be rung on the convertibility of the physical forces.

In conclusion, then: *Question.* What is Fire? *Answer.* Fire is the manifestation of one of the Physical Forces, Heat, in a state of sufficient activity to produce sensible combustion, with flame or incandescence.

If the answer does not satisfy everybody, by not attempting to explain the cause of Force, it is at least free from the erroneous encumbrance of material Phlogiston and fluid caloric. All we know or see is the *effect* of force; we do not see force—we see motion or moving matter. We only know certain changes of matter, for which changes Heat is a generic name; the *thing* heat is unknown. And probably man will ever remain ignorant both of the ultimate structure of matter and of the minutiæ of *molecular actions.*

MELANCHOLIA.

1.

Within the solemn sounding of the sea,
That doth to desert lands make endless moan,
By casements never closed, dejectedly
The deep-eyed Melancholy sits alone;
Her elbow large is based on her broad knee;
And a great book she hath wide-open thrown
Across her hollow ample lap; but she
Doth neither read nor even look therein,
Whose eyes with innermost intensity
Burn outward; her shut hand props her upslanted chin:

2.

Her vesture vast, of watchet hue, the mould
Of her long limbs from lap to foot doth heap
In many a massive fall and rigid fold,
And all unmoved the mighty hem doth sleep
Flat on the chilly floor: her hair down roll'd
Floods all her body, and doth curl and creep
Along the flint beneath: a chain of gold
Hangs weighty from her waist, with many keys:
And all day long doth fall a shadow deep
From some great form unseen across her solemn knees.

3.

Above, a rusty bell doth hang i' the beam;
Therefrom a rotting rope: and all within
The gaping black bell-mouth her silent scheme
Of patient film the spider fine doth spin:
On wormy shelf, in dusky nook, doth gleam
A livid hour-glass, thro' whose middle thin
The red sand unregarded down doth stream;
All day small gnats do make malignant din
Unheard, unheard at eve the fretful bat doth scream.

4.

And, stretched along the callous floor, hard-by
The foot of the unmindful Melancholy,
Blood-tinged deep and splinter'd sharp, doth lie
A crooked cross, and crown of crumpled holly,
The nails, the hammer, and the carpentry
That fashion'd that sad tree for use unholy,
Whereon the Lord of Life whilom did die:
And in the casement, flusht with the last fume
Of the red sunset which is sinking slowly,
A marble ewe, all earth-stain'd, dug from a nameless tomb.

5.

Upon the wall, in faintly figured line,
A long, unsumm'd arithmetic is wrought,
And starry calculation; here, the sign
Of Saturn, leaden lord of sullen thought,
Doth with the moody moon and Mars combine
Sad influence; there, are wandering planets brought
In opposition, Sextile, Quartile, Trine;
And numbers set in cube and root and square;
And geometric forms, whate'er is taught
By old or modern schools to measure everywhere.

6.

The compass of that dreadful deep unknown
Which round about the soul of man doth lie;
And, thro' this chamber wide are heap'd and strown
The implements of every art whereby
Men make what they imagine; blocks of stone,
And beams of wood, and tooth'd machinery
Of rack and wheel, adze, plummet, plane, and hone,
Chain, pulley, chisel, easel, pencil, cart,
And canvas, all are tost regardlessly
In cobwebb'd corners cold about this chamber vast.

7.

In the dim loft a giant organ stands,
Full of deep sadness, whence there comes no sound,
Whereon the waning light from lonesome lands
And that forsaken sea's forlornest bound
Shines like a ghost, what time the gloom expands
From his deep hiding-places, and all round
Feels out like a blind thing with filmy hands;
Bow'd o'er his harp 'neath golden carvèd wings,
Ere his wan smile in darkness deep is drowned,
The seraph seems to mourn lost music from the strings.

8.

And still that Melancholy will not speak.
The sigh is ever on her lip, and yet
'Tis never sounded; on her earnest cheek
There is no tear, tho' her deep eyes be wet
With woful meaning; that great bell will break
Her silence never; nor those numbers, set
Upon the wall, be ever summ'd; so, meek
Must that sad seraph long endure disdain,
Long must that mighty organ slumber yet,
And long unused must rest the plummet, adze, and plane.

ICE-BOUND IN RUSSIA.

When the field-mice hide early, and the mole-hills are many, and the wild swine carry straw to their lairs, there will be a severe winter. When the storks and wild ducks fly away with the birds of their kind, and the hardy sparrow, the crow, and the hawk only (who can bear forty-five degrees of cold) are abroad, the severe winter is come.

Mrs. Hutchinson begins those noble memoirs

of her husband by humbly thanking God that she was born in the temperate climate of England. This, indeed, is no small blessing. In the south of Russia, for instance, the climate is considered mild for that country; yet last winter there were frequently twenty-three degrees of cold in the towns, and as many as twenty-eight degrees in the open fields beyond. It was a great calamity; and now, as the frost and snow are coming on again, I will pass one of the long evenings in noting down some sufferings I witnessed, and some of which I heard, on credible authority, twelve months ago. Perhaps they may touch the hearts of those who are enabled by warm clothes and warm houses to make light of the weather, and so lead them into deeds of active benevolence towards those whom poverty renders powerless against that terrible enemy.

Such a winter as that of 1860-1 has not been seen in this part of the empire for twenty years. Ships are frozen in the ports and far out at sea, still, at last, from their unquiet rocking. Many prudent captains break up the ice round them every morning, lest their timbers should be injured. But others doubt the wisdom of this. Some, when surprised by ice, think it best to cut the anchor and drift away. Some quietly let nature take her course and their ships do not seem to fare the worse for their inactivity. Carts charged with grain and tallow, driven by men clad in sheepskin, and muffled up till they are mere shapeless masses, crawl along the solid sea loading and unloading the ships which lie rigid and motionless in the offing, so far from shore that the naked eye cannot see where the restless bosom of the main begins to throb again; but a telescope will show us a liquid expanse of blue with a fanciful mist rising in strange forms from it, showing that it will freeze still farther ahead to-morrow. Cheerily comes the cry of the sailors through the frozen air, "oi-oy-oh! oi-oy-oh!"

The streets of the town are wonderfully gay and picturesque. Sledges with the famous Russian trotters, move gallantly about over the clean white snow, the swift horses gingling their merry bells, and tossing their handsome heads in their gay silver harness. Fair fur-clad ladies talking pleasantly, and making quite a holiday time of it, go jaunting about in delightful high spirits. The awful winter is to them a mere change of pleasures; they take their brisk recreation of sledging by day, and muster at brilliant balls and assemblies at night. Nothing can quench their thirst for excitement and society: but the theatres are closed by the police, lest the coachman waiting for playgoers should be frozen on his box. The tarif ceases for public carriages, and the droschky-drivers hardy enough to brave the weather, may charge their own fares. Gentlemen walk about with pelisses of the black fox, costing as much as eight hundred pounds a piece, because this fur is the warmest and lightest; for even fashion has reason in its caprices. Persons less wealthy, or less luxurious, wrap themselves in the skins of the racoon, or the skunk, the bear, or the beaver. Ladies go clothed in sables, the finest of which should be of dark hair tinged with grey. The yellow fox gives a good warm light fur, but it is discredited on account of its cheapness.

Our houses are, in the south, not so well built for this weather as those in St. Petersburg and the north. Not only do our windows freeze, but the frost and snow force their way inside the rooms, and lie inches deep of a morning under the balcony-doors and between the double windows. But, by means of ovens between the walls, which we call stoves, we can contrive to keep our rooms facing the south at about fourteen degrees of heat Réaumur. An iron stove when it burns well, which is not often, will bring even a northerly room up to eighteen degrees, but this is too warm. It requires some management to get a comfortable temperature, which is about fifteen degrees Réaumur. An English fire-place, however large and well fed, will by no means make head against the difficulty.

It is not an agreeable thing to have one's face frying and one's shoulders freezing, or one elbow broiling and the other racked with rheumatism, so that we trust much to stoves; and the English open grates used by the wealthy are considered merely pretty toys for ornament. Wood is very dear, and coal warms best. A stove may be warmed with coals by good management for threepence-halfpenny a day; the cinders afterwards doing good service in samovars for tea-making, as well as for cooking purposes. They help particularly well to make a clear fire for broiling.

To heat our stoves (the ovens in the walls) much care is required. Nobody but a Russian knows how to manage a Russian stove properly. Some years ago, a Persian ambassador arrived at Moscow, and attended a ball there. Returning late and very cold to his hotel, he found everybody but his own servants asleep. He ordered some of them to light the stove in his bedroom, and was suffocated in the night by the fumes of it, which issued through a chink in the wall.

We suffer much from our taste for finery, and because moderate fortunes are rare in Russia. People are usually very wealthy, or they have hardly enough to keep body and soul together. Unhappily, also, amongst us an empty purse is no talisman against luxury and ostentation. Thus, the noble or the spendthrift may live agreeably through the winter swathed in black fur or sables, and the peasant may keep himself warm in sheepskin; but the petty tradesman, the lawyer's clerk, the poor student, the shopman, and the shopwoman, have a hard time of it. There are good pelisses at a hundred English pounds a-piece, so good that the wearer does not know if it is cold or not when out of doors. There are warm sledges, lined with furs, with fur bags for the feet, for the flush and fair to gad about in. There are warm stoves, warm curtains, warm beds, for the wealthy; but for the decent poor are none of these things, nor any substitutes for them.

Flannel and manufactured woollen goods are very dear; for, though this is a wool district, we have no hands to make woollen goods; and the vexations which press, in spite of the many late excellent reforms, upon our foreign trade, are so numerous and so heavy that they have nearly paralysed it. We are also a singularly improvident and unpractical people, though otherwise of fine intelligence and natural gifts. For instance, a good stout warm pair of walking shoes are by no means to be bought. I have sent in vain to every shoemaker in a town of a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants; but no such shoes could be found, either home-made or imported. I sent down even to the market-place, beyond the city's limits, where the carters and peasantry buy their wares, but I only succeeded in getting a pair of shapeless and spongy things which might have been worn out in half-a-day's walk. Lackered boots and slippery goloshes may be had in plenty, and so may the high, hard, untanned knee-boots of the Mujik; but those ill supply the place of a good ankle-jack or a neat Balmoral. Thus, the gentleman in his glittering hessians, and the clown with his legs cased up to the thigh in untanned hides, stride on through the mud bravely enough; but the decent poor man is thrown out again, and his single trashy pair of highlows once wet through—as they can hardly fail to be the first time he goes out—trot him on from one cold to another throughout the winter. Such folks' children die of preventible consumption every year by the score and by the hundred.

The conditions in which the middle class live generally, make the severity of the cold doubly felt. The stifling air of houses made air-tight for months to save fuel: clothes made of cloth so porous that it might serve for a sponge or a sieve, and so badly dyed and prepared, that it burns the skin with chemicals, and shrinks at the first shower, is soon spoiled, and is too dear to be often replaced; this makes bad defence against twenty-three degrees of cold; and the food of the middle classes is worse than their clothes. Ill-fed meat, and ill-fed poultry, the art of cattle-feeding, having no honour amongst us. Fish, scarce dear and bad (save the sturgeon, prize of the first rich man's cook in the market),eggs little used, bacon unknown, long fasts, no good wholesome common drink, no beer. But there is tea in plenty, with rum in it; good tea, very different from the nasty compound sold to old women in our villages. Without this tea, which is the best thing which belongs to him, no one can tell what would become of the indigent Russian during a hard winter. The wealthy, however, do not by any means confine themselves to tea; and a glimpse of our social state may perhaps be seen from the published list of our imports. Wine stands at the head of the account; woollen goods are thirtieth; the thirty-first is jewellery; flannel and cosmetics are about on a par.

The real Russian peasant deals best with the cold. He faces it boldly from early childhood, and rolls about in the snow almost as soon as he is born. If this does not kill him, as it very often does, he minds the cold but little after such an education, and lives almost entirely in the snow with impunity—a rubicund, frank-faced, golden-bearded, good-hearted man, easily moved to laughter or to anger. He is very quick, bright-eyed, and intelligent, quite awake—which the class immediately above him never seem to be. He sleeps, indeed, on a stove, but takes no care to shut up his house in the day-time. He parboils himself in a vapour-bath once a week, upon Saturdays, and then rolls naked in the snow, after which, warming himself well up again, he goes home and sleeps on the stove, resuming his ordinary life next morning without ill-effects from the boiling, living long and living healthily. These peasants, who resist the cold so successfully, eat little meat but much corn. Near the coast they eat a good deal of fish; oil and grease, but little. Their houses are made with wood, coarsely hewn, and the chinks filled up with weeds. The wooden houses are very warm, but they swarm with insects. Their floors are made of dung, laid down fresh and mingled with earth. This becomes very hard and even. It would make a good warm dry flooring, but for the insects which infest it. The peasants are frightened of improving landlords who want to build them brick cottages, for bricks are said to absorb the cold. The fuel used by the peasantry is made of coarse hay, and weeds grown on marshy land, and the empty ears of maize, which smoke very much, but give a good heat; also a great deal of dry dung is used. The diseases which appear chiefly to result from the mode of life, are dropsy and scurvy, which explains the tschee, and acid food, in which the peasantry delight; Nature being a good guide to remedies, if we only follow her hints.

The bad state of most Russian roads in spring and autumn occasions much travelling in winter. The sledges glide with great rapidity over the snow. There is little chance of a break-down, and travelling, for those who can contrive to keep themselves warm, is pleasanter in winter than in summer. The precautions used against the cold are very numerous. Writing-paper wrapped round the skin of the feet, under the stockings, is a good foot warmer. Cork soles, covered with flannel, inside the boots, are also good things. Wooden shoes are bad, because the feet remaining long stiffly fixed in them freeze sooner. If worn at all, they should be stuffed with straw or hay. To grease the feet well with tallow, then to wrap them in a coarse linen cloth, and over that to wear a large pair of felt boots is no bad protection. The felt boots are good because they do not slip about in the ice. Coachmen tallow their hair and beards. Hay bound round the stirrups is useful to horsemen. The best drink in very bad weather is tea with ginger in it, the worst is spirits, which often prove fatal to those who are imprudent enough to drink them. The best food is good hot börsch, an excellent na-

tional soup made of beef and sour cabbage or beetroot. Solid food is dangerous on the road.

But in spite of all precautions the accidents to travellers are very numerous every year. Horses, coachmen, and travellers are sometimes all frozen together. The snow-drift dazes and blinds. The wayfarer sometimes loses all reckoning of his course. A friend of mine rode out in a snow storm upon a pressing journey; after travelling all day he found himself in the same place whence he started. Twenty-seven peasants travelling from one village to another, were all found and brought home a few hours after their departure stiff and dead like wooden men. A servant sent on an errand stopped at a vodki shop, drank a glass of brandy, and was frozen going home a few streets off. There is no end to such stories. I myself found a milliner's girl exhausted and freezing while sent on an errand. She had fallen down before the steps of my hotel and must have died but for speedy help. A bridal party of twelve country folk were all frozen while going some miles to church. It seems a not unpleasant death to be frozen. An hour will do it, and we pass through the golden gates of sleep with bright and gorgeous dreams. Drowsiness is the first dangerous sensation. As long as a limb tingles with pain it is still sound. When the pain ceases the peril begins. A limb once frozen, even if saved, always feels the least cold afterwards. The persons whose noses or ears are frozen may not be aware of it. Anyone who passes by will therefore stop them to tell the disagreeable news, and assist in restoring the circulation. This is usually effected by rubbing with snow, a remedy which, if applied in time, prevents all mischief. The freezing of the gristle of the ear is a most unsightly accident.

It is not only on the road that accidents happen from cold. Accidents from people being in too great a hurry to warm themselves when under cover, are by far the most frequent of the many mischiefs which are constantly happening during the two terrible months of January and February. A few days before I made this memorandum, a company shut themselves up in a well-heated room after dinner, and were found all stifled. Eight persons were saved a day or two afterwards from a similar fate, only by the howling of a dog who was in the room with them. A girl having been found with her lover who had been forbidden her father's house, was so scolded that the poor thing wandered forth in despair. When her father's heart smote him and he went out to look for her, she was found frozen to death near the door-step. It is so cold, that wine and all sorts of provisions freeze. Money and metals burn the bare fingers as if red hot, and take the skin off them.

Horses and dogs resist the cold best. Oxen and cows seem to wither in it. Twelve hundred sheep and five shepherds, were all lost a few days since. Sheep caught in a snow-drift, canter wildly and scared before it, and are not to be turned aside. If they meet with water in their panic flight, they rush in and are drowned. If they meet with a precipice they tumble over, and are dashed to pieces. They seem to be deprived of all self-management. In the extreme cold the bustard, the partridge, and the hare, may be found frozen; even the fish are said to suffer in the water, and are easily caught by merely making an opening in the ice, to which they swim at once for air.

It is towards the end of January that we begin to hear grim news of the wolves. It is then that they congregate together in large packs, and grow famished and dangerous. This is the only time of the year, when driven by extreme hunger, they will venture even singly to attack the traveller. All that is fabled of the cunning of the fox is true of the wolf. The fox is quite a simpleton in comparison to him. The wolf will attack a whole flock of sheep, and worry and carry away as many as sixty lambs from it, one after the other, to his lair in a single night. He never stays to eat a single one lest he should be caught, swollen and lazy, after a good dinner, on the scene of his felony. He never ventures to have an orgie but in the privacy of his own apartments. I mention the number sixty because a single wolf did actually take sixty lambs from the flock of a friend of mine in one night. The wolf's mode of attack is simple and noiseless. He seizes the lamb by the throat, and the little victim is dead before he can utter a single baa to call the watch-dog. Indeed, the wolf is so strong as to be more than a match for one dog, and often even for several dogs. He is more than a match also for one horse, and sometimes for two horses, but not for three, for when there are three horses together they can keep their heels always towards him, and master wolf fears a horse's kick by experience. He knows that his bones, tough and elastic as they are, may be broken by it. His mode of attacking the horse is to glide up stealthily to a convenient distance from which he may make a sudden spring and seize the horse by the nose. If he once get a firm grip there he never looses it till the horse falls down from pain and fatigue, and then he becomes an easy prey. In the same way one or two cows have no chance with him, but sometimes a number will keep him off by getting close together, and butting at him with their horns. A man was attacked by wolves near the country-house of a friend of mine. They devoured him so completely that only a portion of his boots, all torn to ribbons, were left to tell the tale. The wolf, notwithstanding his prudence and great courage when hungry, is very nervous. He is, like most animals, especially afraid of fire; a lucifer-match will daunt him at his fiercest, and a traveller with a good supply of matches need only to light them one after the other while in danger to keep off a whole pack. The peasants also make use of his own cunning to deceive him. They tie a long string or rope after their carts, wolf thinks this a trap to catch him and will not come near, but prowls about at a distance, watching them with red, sleepless eyes. Dogs, horses, and cows seem to be aware of his approach from a

long distance, and are much disturbed by it. His speed is incredible; his strength surprising; his jumps, when pursued, quite wonderful, and his skin of little worth when taken, so that he has all the condition necessary for a successful defensive warfare.

In spite of the winter and the wolves, with whatever may be wanting and whatever inconvenient, South Russia is one of the most agreeable places in the world to live in. The cold never seems to touch the heart of anybody. The traveller is sure to meet so much hospitality, good-nature, and friendship, that whenever he goes away he is certain to leave a large corner of his own heart behind him.

A LITTLE MAGIC.

I OWN to a weakness for odd out-of-the-way books. Do not understand by this that I am one of those bibliomaniacs who would give an enormous sum for a Breeches Bible, or the editio princeps of a Greek classic. My transactions with the great vendors of typographical rarities are very limited. I love to potter among old book-stalls, and instead of indulging in a propensity to give a great deal for what is worth but little, I sacrifice small sums for articles that are worth nothing at all. A queer frontispiece, a strange title-page, an obsolete subject, are each of them quite sufficient to cause such a parting between myself and my loose cash as fully illustrates the force of a well-known Scottish proverb.

One consequence of my propensity has been an acquaintance with a certain class of booksellers who, though never numerous, were more so thirty years ago than they are at present. These were the dealers in astrological, magical, and alchemical books, old-fashioned mysterious-looking volumes, not to be confounded with the six-penny Fortune-tellers and Dream-books that appeal to the plebeian desire to penetrate the secrets of the future. They were mostly in shabby condition, and when they were adorned with pictures, these were far more attractive than the letter-press, which, whatever was the language of the author, was usually unintelligible. The astrological treatises taught you how to cast your horoscope in terms so vague, that a practical application of the rules was simply impossible. The alchemist spoke in an allegorical jargon, which was not to be translated into the language of instruction. Clearest of all were the magical books which contained rules for the exorcism of evil spirits, but the invocations to be used were so horribly impious that none but the demons themselves would care to read them aloud, and the necessary preparations could only be made at a cost of time and labour that would prove far too heavy for a dilettante conjuror. Certainly, a more useless set of books could not have been collected together than these mystic works, which at one time of my life occupied much of my attention, though I had no more faith in their contents than the most prosy gentleman whose literary studies are confined to the perusal of the daily newspaper. The books were odd and out of the way; that was enough for me.

The booksellers who sold the rubbish were mostly queer personages, and there were scarcely two of them whose department of business was precisely the same. I do not think there was one who dealt exclusively in the works to which I refer; but while in this place magic was to be found in company with old-fashioned mathematics, it was elsewhere associated with miscellaneous divinity, while a third vendor would combine it with the utterances of modern socialism. But the dealers were alike in these particulars: that they took enormous quantities of snuff, which left permanent marks on their linen; that their coats were in the condition popularly called seedy; that their breath gave evidence of a consumption of spirits in the forenoon; and that they were inclined to be very communicative with their customers. By the outlay of a few shillings it was easy to procure an hour or two of by no means ordinary talk.

As the persons who bought oddity merely for oddity's sake could not form a large class, I felt curious to know who were the principal purchasers of works on those occult sciences, which have been exploded in the actual scientific world. They were not bound in a peculiarly costly way to attract the notice of the wealthy bibliomaniac, nor could he respect them as curiosities of literature. At the same time they were too dry and too grim to tempt the giddy girls, who consult gipsies and buy ordinary dream-books; and too expensive to suit the pockets of that portion of the community that might possibly be superstitious enough to reverence their contents. You will bear in mind that I am talking of thirty years ago, when the spiritualistic theories that are entertained by many highly cultivated persons of the present day could scarcely be said to exist, and when the belief in anything like a ghost was regarded as the infallible sign of a defective education.

From the information I received in answer to numerous inquiries, I arrived at the conclusion that the students of occult science were for the most part persons who gained a scanty livelihood by those occupations, of a sedentary kind, which are mostly pursued in solitude. Cobblers especially are familiar specimens of the class to which I refer. Imperfectly educated, shut out from intercourse with their fellow-men, and engaged in a trade which employed the fingers and left the mind unoccupied, these men could wander in thought into the most extraordinary regions, and the more imaginative among them found a congenial aliment in works which spoke of a familiarity with spirits, and a power to anticipate the revelations of the future. Those who are excluded from the actual world are very apt to fashion a world of their own.

Well, so anxious were these poor cobblers for the possession of unintelligible trash, that many of them would pay for a volume priced (say) at thirty shillings, in instalments of sixpence or a shilling per week, fearful that the treasure might

be snatched from their grasp if they did not "leave something upon it," and fondly looking forward to the time when they would be entitled to bear the pages of sham wisdom to their solitary homes. I do not believe that a single one of them ever attempted to hold converse with the spirit Astaroth, or to discover the philosopher's stone. But it was pleasant to reflect that the secret of performing these wonders was to be found at any rate on one's shelf, if not within one's brain, and that, some day or other, one might possibly be a magician. A few, I think, dabbled in astrology, but I am of opinion that the predictions which they founded upon carefully constructed horoscopes, were not a quarter so satisfactory, so clear, or so exciting as those of the old lady who professionally "cut the cards" in the nearest court, and opened the gates of the future to her admiring customers at the small charge of one shilling a head.

Perhaps I have conveyed a wrong impression by asserting that the books to which I allude are not to be confounded with the common Fortune-tellers and Dream-books which were once sold at sixpence, and are now, I believe, to be obtained for a penny. I meant that in shape, size, style, and breadth of subject, they are different, but you must not imagine that the cheap school of magical literature is wholly unconnected with the other. Those little receipts for spells and incantations, which are conned over by many a serving-maid, are so many excerpts from larger volumes, made goodness knows when; or, at any rate, are rags and tatters of the same science, which is more ponderously represented in the thick quartos. Many persons will remember a sort of drawing-room Fortune-teller which made its appearance about thirty or forty years since, cost five shillings, and was called Napoleon's Book of Fate. Certain groups of asterisks, which appeared in a large picture, had a great deal to do with the process it recommended. Well, these groups are the signs belonging to the old science of geomancy, they are as regularly named as the signs of the zodiac, and a chapter is devoted to them by Henry Cornelius Agrippa in his work on Occult Philosophy.

However, my object is not to draw a comparison between ancient and modern magic, but to tell a story which I picked up from one of my old booksellers, and which related to a work that he had sold many years before. This old man was the only one of all the fraternity who regarded occult science with anything like reverence and faith. The rest, I should say, scarcely believed in anything besides snuff and gin-and-water.

An old cobbler of Bartholomew-close, having won a small prize in the lottery, in those golden days when the names of Bysshe and Goodluck were more familiar to the public than those of the greatest heroes, poets, or statesmen, resolved to shut up his stall, at least for a while, and to sojourn with a relative in the country. He was one of those humble students of occult science to whom I have alluded, and he attributed his possession of a lucky number to the skill with which he had interpreted a significant dream. His tools were deposited at one of those convenient establishments which are always ready to effect small loans on adequate security, the key was turned in his lock, his two or three occult books were tucked under his arm, and his bodily self was conveyed on the top of the stage-coach to his relative's abode. For the first day or two everybody seemed glad to see him, but when old stories had been told on both sides people began to wish that the cobbler had stopped in London, and the wish gained in intensity as the visitor's purse grew light. He died suddenly enough to occasion a shock, which, perhaps, vibrated through the village for a week, but the tears shed for him were few, and some even referred to his decease as a "good riddance."

The volumes on occult science were the only property left by the cobbler. He had never discoursed of them, and the goodwife of the house finding them under his bed, and lighting on a few words that seemed to have a pious signification, concluded that they were "good books" fitted for Sunday reading. She accordingly clothed them in green baize and assigned to them the post of honour on the side-table in the best room. An astrological chapter on the malignant powers of Saturn confirmed her in her opinion, for not being strong in orthography, she confounded the name of the planet with that of the arch-enemy against whom she thought a solemn and a wholesome warning had been written. Do not imagine that the good-wife was a whit less shrewd than her neighbours in matters which she perfectly understood. Even we, clever as we all think ourselves, might arrive at a wrong conclusion as to the purport of a large book if we required three hours to spell through as many lines, and were compelled, whenever we closed the volume, to stick a pin at the point where our studies ceased for fear of losing the place.

The old lady, you perceive, was perfectly consistent, when one Sunday afternoon, hearing her daughter Betsy complain of the head-ache, she advised her not to go to church, but by way of substitute to peruse one of her deceased cousin's "good books." Betsy, left at home by herself, followed this excellent counsel, and her obedience was soon rewarded, for she lighted on a page filled with most interesting and exciting matter. Being a better scholar than her mother, she speedily devoured a chapter, in which young ladies were taught the art of peeping so far into futurity that they could discover the face and figure of their future husbands. The means requisite to obtain this desirable end were most various, and some of them so simple, that one could only marvel they had not been tried by every damsel in the United Kingdom. There is, however, a certain amount of fear, that commonly stands in the way of magical experiments, and that this fear is not always unwholesome will be proved by my story.

Betsy had an invalid friend in the village, who lived alone in a small cottage, and passed much of her time in an arm-chair. As Nancy, so I shall call her, could not move much, she indulged greatly in talk, and an acquaintance who would drop in and gossip was to her the most inestimable of blessings. Betsy and another girl named Fanny were her most frequent associates, and the new stock of learning imparted by the former gave quite a fresh tone to the ordinary conversation. Instead of talking scandal about their neighbours, the girls actually began to confine their discourse to matters that concerned themselves. After much discussion, it was resolved that one of the curious experiments described by Betsy should be made in due form, and that Nancy's residence should be the scene of the operation. The circumstance that this must be performed at midnight presented no serious difficulty. Of course girls could not expediently tell their mothers that they were going to hold a sort of witches' sabbath for the sake of beholding their future husbands, but then Nancy had only to say that she was more than ordinarily indisposed, and her two friends had only to profess a benevolent desire to sit up with the invalid, and thus every obstacle to the meeting was removed.

The required process was as follows: A cake was to be composed of certain materials, and placed on the hearth shortly before midnight. Against this cake each of the girls was to lay a knife belonging to herself, and then all were to watch in silence. About the hour of midnight, the apparition of the future husbands might be expected. Each of these would take the knife belonging to his own bride, to whom alone he would be visible, and would cut a slice of the cake.

On the appointed evening all the preparations had been made, with one exception. Betsy who had bought a knife from a travelling pedlar the day before, had unfortunately mislaid it, so, as far as she was concerned, the experiment, it seemed, would be imperfect. No matter, they determined to get on as well as they could. If, in trying to raise three ghosts one succeeds in raising two, it is not such a great failure after all. So Fanny and Nancy both placed their knives, and Betsy joined them in watching the cake, all keeping the required silence. As midnight approached they felt oppressed by a somewhat vague terror, and a very definite sleepiness, while the circumstance that the fire went out, and that not one of them dared to rekindle it, by no means increased the cheerfulness of the ceremony.

They were beginning to nod, and seemed far more likely to behold their future husbands in dream-land than on the surface of the earth, when the twelve successive bangs of the church clock striking midnight made them open their eyes wide, and this done, they were by no means inclined to reclose them, for every one of them saw—something.

Fanny saw a young man of a neighbouring village, with whom she had often flirted. He seemed to drop down the chimney, and to stare at the cake with stupid unexpressive eyes. At last he picked up Fanny's knife, greedily carved for himself an unbecomingly large slice of the delicacy, wrapped it up in a cotten pocket handkerchief, crammed it into the side-pocket of his coat, and vanished.

Betsy, who had expected to see nobody, beheld a perfect stranger, evidently a town-bred young man of somewhat superior station. He seemed wofully discomposed at not finding the knife of his future bride, examined the cake on all sides, and glanced hastily round the room, as if he hoped to detect the missing article in some obscure corner. His anxiety in the mean while became terrible, and at last, with a look of the most intense agony, he snatched from his pocket a clasp-knife, with which he made the expected incision. He then devoured the slice with every appearance of deep abhorrence, and dashing his knife furiously on the ground, sank as it seemed through the floor.

As for the poor invalid Nancy, all she saw was a coffin, which intruded itself on the mantelpiece, and stood like a great clumsy chimney-ornament, bowing forward from time to time, as if making a sort of ghostly salutation.

* * * *

The girls were not very comfortable next day. Nancy's vision of the coffin was, of course, anything but cheering to the habitually melancholy invalid. Betsy's phantom, with his agony and his rage, had not looked very promising, and though she picked up his knife, which had remained open, and carefully put it in a box devoted to the safe custody of articles precious rather from their association with some sentiment than from their pecuniary value, it was with a feeling of decided uneasiness. Fanny's shadowy sweetheart had, indeed, looked vulgar and commonplace enough, but there is something even in the most loutish of ghosts that will affect the equanimity of the most light-minded beholder.

Let us now see how the predictions of that fatal night were fulfilled.

Fanny's affections, which were not worth much, had for some time been pretty equally balanced between two young swains, whom I will respectively call Hob and Nob. Choice, indeed, was somewhat difficult in this case, so exactly did one match the other in the absence of every attractive quality. However, Hob's ugly spectre had condescended to show itself, and Hob was therefore selected as the happy man. The marriage did not turn out very well. Hob soon began to make his wife uneasy by stopping very late at the ale-house, and then he reversed the current of her feelings by using her so ill, that she dreaded his return even more than his absence. Moreover, she had the mortification of seeing Nob, who married an ugly girl from a neighbouring village, settle down into a very thriving and respectable clod.

Betsy had almost forgotten all about the cake and knife, and was trying to look about for a sweetheart among the home-produce of the district, when the London coach brought down a

smart commercial traveller, in whom she recognised, half with joy, half with terror, the original of the shadowy portrait. Well, there was love at first sight on his part, and what may fairly be called love at second sight on hers; and when they were married—which they soon were—they looked a very promising couple. The bridegroom resolved to pass a week or two in the village, and as he happened at the time to have about him plenty of money, which he expended with liberality, he soon became generally popular. This popularity, too, was seasoned with respect, for he was quite enough of a gentleman to be vastly superior to the rough-hewn dolts who constituted the society of the village.

As the time for returning to London approached, Betsy began to pack up a few of her valuables among which, the box containing the knife was one of the most important. It had previously been hidden in the corner of a cupboard, and as it was a curious-looking article, elaborately ornamented with fantastic scrolls of elder-pith, it at once attracted the attention of her husband. Harry—that was his name—took it up, carefully examined the curious pattern on the lid and sides, and opened it. Then, as if immediately transfixed with horror, he let it fall with all its contents to the ground.

Poor Betsy stared with all her might, and was about to inquire into the cause of this perturbation, when he stopped her short, by hastily picking up the knife, and exclaiming: "Cursed witch, where did you get this?"

Betsy, who did not exactly like to say, commenced a series of stammers and stutters, but was soon relieved from the trouble of an explanation by her husband, who, maddened with fury, shouted out:

"Wretch, on the night when I lost this knife, I was dragged, by invisible hands, through a lake of burning brimstone, and suffered tortures that the human tongue cannot describe."

Betsy was on the point of saying "La!" or "Gracious!" or "Bless me!" or some other short phrase rather indicative of surprise than intelligence, when she was stopped by her husband, who, with a frantic gesture, bounded towards her, and plunged the knife into her heart.

When the assizes came on, Harry was tried for murder; but he displayed to the court such an uncommon familiarity with demons and witches, that although he flourished in the good old hanging times, he was merely confined for life in a lunatic asylum as an incurable madman.

The disconsolate mother of Betsy, who afterwards heard from Fanny the particulars of the experimental night, resolved that the wicked books should no longer remain in her house. However, being a thrifty dame, she did not throw them into the fire; but taking advantage of a journey to London, resold them very cheap to the bookseller who had vended them very dear to the defunct cobbler, and whose name had been written on the title-page. At the same time she called him an abominable old man vindicating this expression of opinion by telling him the story, which he afterwards retailed to me.

* * * *

The village where the events above narrated took place is not very far from London, and shortly after I had heard the bookseller's tale I paid it a visit. As I approached it, my eye fell upon an exceedingly dirty old woman, who a century or two before would certainly have been burned for a witch, and who, with a short pipe in her mouth, was busily engaged in picking up sticks and other articles of small value by the roadside. Not noticing me, she was talking to herself very hard:

"Betsy murdered, and Fanny dead from ill-usage, and I shall never get married," said the old crone; "no, I shall never get married, for I saw the coffin, and the burial-day is sure to come before the wedding."

"Why, bless me!" I cried out, in astonishment, "you must surely be Nancy!"

"Eh?" ejaculated the crone, fixing her sharp eyes upon me. "Eh? Yes, Nancy is my name. Though how you know that I don't know, and I don't care. But I hope you'll give me a trifle to get some tobacco."

I put half-a-crown in her hand, when she hobbled off as quick as she could, without uttering a word of thanks.

THE BEES OF CARLISLE.

Ten or eleven years ago, in the third volume of Household Words, we described the reading-rooms established among themselves by the working men of Carlisle. They were originated in the exciting months of the year 'forty-eight, when the desire of working men, as of all other classes of society, was strong to see every day's news of the rising of popular desire in arms against the despotisms of Europe. Mechanics' Institutes were even then already lost to the mechanics; tradesmen and their sons, and apprentices, with clean hands and clean coats, had ousted the men in fustian out of their committees, and at last out of the very reading-rooms. Therefore, among the working men of Carlisle, there was begun in the most natural way what we may now almost dignify by the name of a new movement. A few men who were neighbours and friends agreed to club a penny a week, to buy newspapers for common use. More than a few were eager for the news, and many pence being subscribed, a school-room was lent of evenings, in which the papers could be placed and read. After the peculiar excitement of the year had passed away, this little society was melting back into nothingness, when Dr. Elliott, a sensible Carlisle physician, and one or two other men of the middle class intervened, not as patrons, but as advisers, with a word or two of well-timed suggestions, and a trifle of substantial help in gifts of books and so forth. It needed few words to put the Carlisle working men on the right track. They soon had not one reading

room but two reading-rooms supported by their weekly pence, not situated like the Mechanics' Institution in the great central thoroughfare, but each in its own humble quarter, among the artisans who used it, and by whom exclusively it was managed. In each case it was made a fundamental rule that nobody should be on the committee of management except mechanics dependent upon receipt of weekly wages. Dukes might subscribe if they chose, and attend the reading-room if they chose, but they must sit with the men in fustian, and acquire no power whatever of taking the lead out of their hands. It would not be permitted even to a greengrocer to sit on the committee. The subscription was the weekly penny, but the member out of work from no fault of his own would be for the time on the free list, and entitled to the use of the room and the borrowing of books gratuitously till he got wages again. Little libraries of volumes that might be borrowed and taken home were formed, grew in extent, and are now furnishing, in Carlisle, thousands of readings by the working man's fireside. The idea took strong hold in the old city which contained at last eight or ten such working men's reading-rooms, two of them being large, and so well and earnestly conducted that evening schools for adults and for children had spontaneously arisen in connexion with them.

The Carlisle working men easily obtained for these proceedings the public applause of Lord Brougham and others, but it is curious that to this day they have not been imitated. We should like very much to see this Carlisle example followed. But the movement is one that can only begin with working men, and can only be sustained by them where the clergyman of the parish, or some sensible and kindly man like Dr. Elliott, is ready to give neighbourly help, by the loan of a room, the gift perhaps of a few books, or any small aid that may appear natural and wholesome, without assuming on account of friendly service any airs of patronage. What is given—if anything be given—must be in the form of a free present, justifying no more airs and interferences on the part of the donor than a Christmas hamper sent in common good will to a friend. Between the upper, middle, and working classes, there is close interdependence. The working men do, in their own way and according to their means, many a good turn to their richer neighbours; and in the social exchange of friendly offices there is no reason on earth why a more or less substantial present in aid of a good enterprise, by men of little means, should not be made by any one who can afford it, without the shadow of an idea on his side that he thereby establishes a right of meddling or dictation. The working coat shall thus never be frowned out of the company, and the member with the honest stains of work yet on him shall not be ashamed to look in on his way home to borrow a book for his evening's household entertainment.

At Carlisle they have not only thus held their ground in the right way; they have advanced so famously that a couple of months' ago one of the reading-societies opened, still in its own natural district, Caldew-gate, a building of its own, for library and reading-room, in connexion with a Temperance Hall, in which working men can get a wholesome breakfast or tea at no more than the home cost for materials and cooking. It is now the main hive of these honey-bees, that know so well how to lay up provision of the sweets of toil. It is a plain brick building, of which the ground-floor supplies food to the body, and the upper-floor food to the mind. Below is a spacious hall, heated by a large stove at one end, and having at the other end fit apparatus for preparing the refreshments. There are six tables in the room, covered with white cloths, and meals may be had from eight o'clock in the morning until ten at night; on Saturdays till eleven. Tobacco, beer, wine and spirits not being allowed on the premises. Good tea, coffee, and cocoa are supplied for a penny a cup; bread, cakes, and biscuits may be had from a halfpenny-worth upwards; butter, cheese, pork pies, and so forth, are supplied also at the same natural prices. Overhead is a reading-room of equal size, well warmed and lighted, and supplied with seats and tables. It is pretty well stocked with newspapers and periodicals, and a smaller room adjoining it serves as the library.

The ground on which the building stands is worth a hundred pounds, and that was given by Messrs. Carr, the biscuit-bakers. There is also a small building debt. But since this improvement in the accommodation the number of subscribers to the reading-room has increased by seventy-two per cent. In the old room the weekly excess of income over expenditure was ninepence only, in the new room it is seven and threepence; so that the little society is six and sixpence a week richer for the change, barring its little debt, which with the friendly help it is likely to get from those who can afford to give, will soon be paid. Of the energy, indeed, of this wise thirteen-year-old action on their own behalf by the working men of Carlisle a notion may be given if we quote what Lord Brougham said when presiding over the Lancashire Union of Mechanics' Institutions. He said that, however justly Manchester might boast of its liberal supply of books and newspapers to the people, yet before it could equal Carlisle in this respect it would have to multiply its library and news-room accommodation fourteen times!

The wholesome action by and for the working men of Carlisle does not stop here. We all know how bad trade has been and is this winter in the north of England. At the first warning of the pinch there was established, in connexion with the new Temperance Hall, a steam apparatus for soup manufacture on the amplest scale; costing a hundred pounds; but, once set up, it is permanent, and it makes soup that really is palatable and nourishing food, though it can be sold for a penny a pint, and leave a trifling profit. This soup the labourer's wife in hard times can buy with no more sense of taking alms than she has when she buys her bread; or it may be eaten

hot with a pennyworth of bread in a warm and comfortable refreshment-room, like the Carlisle Temperance Hall. Here is Dr. Elliott's recipe for soup that may be honestly sold, not given in charity, at prices suited to the pressure of hard times: "Suppose that to-morrow one hundred gallons of soup must be ready at eleven o'clock, or at noon. On the preceding afternoon—that is to-day, at two or three P.M.—put fifty pounds of whole white peas into cold water for fifteen hours. At ten o'clock at night, put one hundred pounds weight of beef hough, and necks, at twopence-halfpenny per pound, the bones chopped, and the meat all cut into small pieces. Put the meat and bones into the soup casks (old treacle casks will do), barely cover them with cold water, and turn on the steam through the pipe that goes into each cask, After many succussions, or cracks, which gradually get less loud, the boiling begins; and the peculiarity of this method is that the water never boils away, but actually increases by about three-fifths in ten hours; so that allowance must be made for this in the several casks. If the heat be from gas jets, the boiling might be left unheeded all night. At six in the morning the peas, after the maceration in cold water, are added; but they must be in bags, each holding twenty-five or thirty pounds of peas; sixty-five pounds of pot-barley are at the same time added, not in bags, but loose. At nine o'clock take out the peas, bruise them well (as in peas-pudding), and empty the contents of the bags into the casks. At ten o'clock add ten pounds of salt and ten ounces of black pepper, ten pounds of onions, sometimes carrots, potatoes, or oatmeal. By eleven o'clock you will have excellent soup. Twenty-five gallons of water is the measure to begin with—one hundred gallons of soup is the result; and at one penny per pint, the whole will sell for the very lawyer-like sum of three pounds six shillings and eightpence, leaving a profit."

Soup like that we can warrant without tasting. Peas and pot-barley are rich in nourishment, seasoning is not left out, the meat is handsomely remembered, and the whole nourishment out of everything used goes with the brew.

When the poor hunger, every man who has a kitchen can make of it a soup-kitchen at the cost of but few pence, by setting up a pot au feu on the French system, or stock-pot for the pot-liquor, meat cuttings, bones, scraps, and other nourishing odds and ends that find their way too commonly into the dust-hole. The rich may dine at a first-rate hotel, and get soup of which the stock is made by thus collecting shreds and leavings of the dresser and the dinner-table. A very modest household can yield out of its waste a quart or two of good soup that needs only a bit of onion, or celery, or dash of any sort of vegetable, with pepper and salt, to make it food and health to somebody who hungers. The only trouble involved in this sort of soup-making is the duty it brings with it of finding the right persons to receive the help it will enable the soup-maker to give. But that trouble *is* a duty. It is only the active and thoughtful mercy that is twice blessed, or even once blessed, except now and then by a rare accident. As well curse society aloud as be a blind alms-giver.

JUDICIAL MURDER.

Of the many heavy burdens which a sovereign has to bear, the power of life and death is one of the heaviest. Pius IX. is still a sovereign who struggles hard to retain in his hands that awful responsibility; and he has lately wielded it in a manner which would make most men wretched to their dying day.

Only a little while ago, as we are all aware, poor Locatelli was relentlessly sent to his final account before a juster tribunal than that of prelates and popes, on the accusation of stabbing the pontifical gendarme Vellerti in a street row. The offence amounted to no more than homicide, as aggravated in its circumstances as you please, but not to premeditated murder. Yet the degree of his offence is a matter of comparatively trifling importance, compared with the brutally clumsy way in which he was judicially butchered. The grand question is whether he were or were not really guilty of the crime imputed to him.

The ultramontane journals state that there no longer remains a doubt about Locatelli's guilt; but the reasons for thus casting away doubt are not forthcoming; on the contrary. His trial can hardly be called a trial. It was conducted with closed doors. The accuser and the witnesses were brought in one by one, and then removed, and never confronted with him nor with each other; he was kept ignorant of what evidence was given against him, and by whom. The judges alone held the thread of the story; to everyone else it was an incomplete and tangled web, and so remains. In the official report the witnesses were only indicated by false initials, rendering it impossible to estimate the personal value of their testimony. One witness deposed that the man who struck the blow was tall and thin; another that he was short and fat; another that he was of middle height. The knife which inflicted the blow was found, in a dense crowd, at five or six paces' distance from the assumed assassin. When arrested, Locatelli's own knife was found in his pocket, closed. A French officer who saw him immediately after his arrest, declared that he was very drunk, implying thereby that he was incapable at the time of committing the act; but his evidence was pooh-poohed away, on the ground that he was *only one;* as if the word of one truthful person did not carry more weight than the oaths of twenty suborned partisans.

Locatelli protested his innocence to the last, in a way which convinced his hearers of his sincerity. A man named Castrucci, when he got beyond the Roman frontier and out of the reach of the papal claws, sent word that it was *he* who inflicted the wound; he treated the affair as of

no great gravity in any other than a Roman criminal court,—as a homicide in a brawl, in short, and not as a murder. Cardinal Antonelli and the Pope considered it a capital joke that Locatelli's friend could believe them so simple as to be taken in by such a story as that. When the minister of justice announced to the Pope that a sentence of death had been pronounced, he ventured to observe that this was a case in which it might be wise and expedient to observe a little forbearance, in order to avoid all possible chance of incurring an irremediable error, and so to save themselves from observations which might prove unpleasant and inconvenient to his Holiness. His Holiness, in reply, gave clear directions that the execution should be proceeded with. To hear was to obey.

Pius IX. is a learned man; but as the most extensive learning has its limits, and as the following case is taken neither from Greek, Roman, Italian, nor saintly history, we presume to offer it to his Holiness's careful consideration, with the humble petition that he will deign to study it attentively before signing his next death-warrant.

The widow D'Annebique, whose first husband's name was Monbailly, lived with her son by him and her daughter-in-law (or rather they lived with her), at St. Omer, where she kept a tobacconist's shop. Whether she was always capable of distinguishing tobacco from snuff is doubtful, seeing that she was almost constantly drunk, in which happy state numerous accidents befel her, such as breaking an arm, getting a black eye, and staving in a rib. But for the care her children took of her, she must have killed herself a little sooner than she did. It is a great pity that she did not.

Drunken people are often far from sane during the short intervals when they cease to be completely drunk. Such was the case with the widow D'Annebique. She detested young Monbailly and his wife for the attention they paid to herself and to her property, and for the slight check they were able to put upon her suicidal propensity. They had no more right to get rid of a tenant (one Martin, with his wife and daughter), who occupied for years the cellar beneath them, without paying rent, than they had to hide her brandy-bottle. So she determind to get rid of *them*, and ordered Maître Marin, attorney, to serve them with a notice to quit within twenty-four hours, under the pretext that her son threatened her, knife in hand. Master Marin knew the widow's drunken ways, and paid very little attention to her complaint. Nevertheless, in fulfilment of his professional duty, he drew up the notice, and put it into the hands of a sergeant to serve.

On the 26th of July, 1770, the widow D'Annebique returned home at five in the evening. She was so drunk that she could scarcely stand. She immediately went to bed, according to her wont on like occasions. Whilst she was snoring and sleeping off her drink, Monbailly received the notice, and, in his surprise at her unkind treatment, awoke her, and remonstrated with her. He reminded her of the danger she had already incurred, and explained how unsafe it would be for her to live in the house alone, with no one to assist her at such times as she was incapable of assisting herself. She appeared to be convinced by his arguments, and replied, "We will see about it to-morrow." Immediately afterwards, having recovered herself a little, she got up and went and chatted with her daughter-in-law in a neighbouring apartment until half-past eight, when she returned to her own room and got drunk again.

Monbailly, still uneasy about the notice to quit, sent his wife, Anne Thérèse Joséphine Danel, to speak to her father, begging him to urge Master Marin to use his utmost influence in their favour with their mother. Master Marin sent word that they might make their minds easy. The husband and wife, therefore, went to bed at about half-past nine, taking no further thought about the matter.

At five o'clock the next morning Monbailly was seen quietly smoking at the door of his mother's house, and his wife employed in washing her child's linen. At seven a dressmaker called, asking to see the widow D'Annebique, and was told that she was still in bed. After waiting half an hour, the dressmaker said, "I cannot stay here doing nothing; you must wake your mother." Monbailly opened the door of her room, and found her stretched across a box, with her head hanging downwards. He started back, exclaiming, "Ah, mon Dieu! my mother is dead!" His wife, alarmed by his cries, called for help from the neighbours. Several persons entered the house, saw the body, and lent their aid to remove it out of her children's sight. The state of the body, the consternation of the husband and wife, excluded all idea of a crime. The widow D'Annebique's death was regarded as the consequence of her intemperance. It was taken for granted that the wretched woman, who was enormously corpulent, had died suddenly in consequence of her excesses.

Under these circumstances, judicial formalities appeared unnecessary; the women who happened to be in the house wrapped the body in a winding-sheet and put it in a coffin. Towards evening, one of them, as she carelessly swept out the chamber, scattered in all directions the blood which the deceased had lost at the nostrils. That very morning, the widow's death had been announced to the relations and friends of the family. The curé had been informed of it, and although they were then in the height of summer, the interment was fixed for the third day after the decease instead of the second, as usual, so far were the Monbaillys from fearing, or even expecting, a legal investigation.

Nevertheless, while they were preparing to render the last duties to their mother, rumours were spread that they had murdered her, to avoid the consequences of the notice to quit. The report, improbable as it was, gained credit, and reached the magistrate's ear. On the 28th

of July, a sheriff's officer visited the mortuary house, drew up a procès-verbal of the state of the body as it lay in the coffin, ordered it to be transferred to an empty room in the Hôtel de Ville, there to be examined by two surgeons and a physician, sworn. Their report, without amounting to an actual accusation of murder, was full of inconsistencies and contradictions, which caused the arrest of the husband and wife. Seals were fixed in their house; the pieces of furniture on which blood was found, were taken to the Hôtel de Ville to serve as material proofs. The Martins, who at first declared they had heard nothing during the night of the accident, whispered unfavourable insinuations; interrogated a second time, they recanted their original deposition, and testified to the Monbaillys' guilt. It was a horrible mode of gratifying their revenge. From that moment, Monbailly and his wife, the victims of popular credulity, were subjected to the most rigorous proceedings; imprisoned separately, they were not even allowed to see their relations. Their poor little child died, probably of neglect, during their imprisonment.

The end may be easily divined. The notice to quit furnished the motive of the crime, the bungling doctors adduced the proof. In spite of the candid and straightforward way in which the accused persons responded to every question, on the 9th of November following they were condemned to horrible tortures; their bodies to be afterwards burnt.

Anne Danel, the wife, was respited. Three days before his execution, Monbailly was informed by his confessor, Father Kindt, the prior of the Dominicans, that he would have to expiate an imaginary crime by the most horrible torments. That venerable pastor and another friar of the same order, Father Vandesmet, remained day and night with the wretched prisoner. They employed the most urgent exhortations and the most terrible threats in order to draw from him an avowal of the pretended parricide. Monbailly's constant answer was this: "You are anxious about my salvation; reassure yourselves and banish all fear on that account. I can say with a safe conscience, and I say it in all sincerity, that I am innocent of the crime for which I am about to die."

Monbailly maintained great calmness and presence of mind. The day before the execution, he sent for one Sieur Pincedé and gave him an account of the credits and the debits of his maternal inheritance as tranquilly as if he were about to start on a journey, and were entrusting his affairs to a friend during his absence. On the fatal day, he was first led to the sheriff's chamber, where the clerk of the court, trembling all the while, read to him the sentence. Monbailly listened to it unmoved, but at the word "parricide," he exclaimed, "I have not committed that crime." The unhappy man was then led back to prison to undergo the preparations for execution.

About nine in the morning he left the prison, got into the fatal tumbril, and after hearing the public reading of his sentence, was driven before the gate of the cathedral church, where he was ordered to make an honourable amende. He persisted in refusing to make the avowal which they tried to draw from him by the most touching entreaties, and energetically asserted his innocence. The friars insisted. To Father Kindt, who had exhausted the last resources of his religious zeal and eloquence, he replied, "You may hack me in pieces before I will confess to a crime which I have never committed." And then turning to Father Vandesmet, he said, "Father, are you willing to take upon your shoulders the lie that they want me to tell at the door of this church, in which God is present, and before whom I must appear within two hours?"

The tumbril rolled on to the place of punishment. Monbailly's demeanour on the way, his protestations of innocence uttered in a firm voice, made such an impression upon the populace who had accused him, that this very same populace did not hesitate to proclaim aloud the innocence of the victim who was about to die. At the foot of the scaffold, resigned to death, he allowed himself to be undressed; his eyes were bandaged, and he spoke not a word. In a low voice he recommended himself to God, the Virgin, and the angels. He was seized by the executioner of Cambrai, who, with him of Douai, came to lend their aid to their professional brother at St. Omer. An autograph manuscript left by Father Vandesmet describes what occurred afterwards, but the details are too cruelly sickening to be reproduced here. The concluding refinement of torture the priest relates thus:

"After he had been about an hour on the wheel, when I had left him for a little while (for the prior and myself talked to him by turns), the Cambrai executioner came to me, and said, 'My father, seeing how cold the weather is, it is scarcely possible that the poor wretch can endure another hour of such sharp pain without falling into despair. Go, then, and speak to those messieurs,' he added, 'and try to get leave for me to put him off our hands. Everything is ready; I will even contrive, if those messieurs think fit, that nobody shall be aware of it. My only motive,' he continued, 'for urging you to take that step is the salvation of this unfortunate man; for it would be a pity that any one so patient, so Christian, who has cost you so much trouble, should lose his soul for a moment of despair.'

"This speech frightened me; I communicated it to the prior, begging him to go and see those messieurs; but he advised me to go myself. I did not delay an instant; I ran there, got myself announced, and obtained an audience immediately. Having related to them what the Cambrai executioner had just said to me, I entreated them, if it were possible and in their power, to abridge the sufferer's torments and to expose him no longer to fall into despair. Those messieurs having expressed the pain it gave them at not being authorised to do that, M.

Defosse, sheriff and advocate, had the sentence brought, and read to me a post-scriptum at the bottom, conceived in these terms: 'If nevertheless the said Monbailly, after remaining two hours on the wheel is still alive, the retentum may be applied to him, but not before.' This retentum ordered that, at the end of two hours, Monbailly should be secretly strangled. 'You see, my reverend father,' he then said, 'that we have no choice in the matter, that we cannot hasten his death one minute without committing the crime of homicide; that all that we can do is to be exact in reckoning the time. Consequently, as you see, the watch is constantly before our eyes, in order not to hasten his death one minute. We cannot do it; but also be sure that we will not prolong his torments one second, if the Lord allows him to live until then.'

"At these words, I bowed and returned with all diligence to the unfortunate man, whom I found still patient, still suffering like a Christian, never ceasing to testify the greatest confidence in God; and persevering in these pious sentiments, I saw him expire and give up his soul to his Creator."

The last scene of this horrible drama consisted of the populace gazing in consternation at the flames of the funeral pile which consumed the remains of poor Monbailly.

Almost before his ashes were cold, a reaction commenced. The ferment of popular mind is like the tempest of the physical elements. A slight symptom, a lurid ray, a small, unusual, ominous cloud, betokens its coming. It gathers; it sweeps on impetuous; nothing can stop it; it devastates, it kills. But even in the midst of its fury, signs of its cessation often break forth. Then comes a lull; pitying rain-drops succeed to the merciless hail; and then sunshine follows. But the wrecks and the ruins which the storm has made still remain ruins and wrecks. Even when Monbailly was on the way to death, the tide of the hurricane had turned; during his martyrdom to truth, blind prejudice yielded to compassion and admiration; his persistence in repudiating the imputed crime to the very last convinced the crowd, and swept away every doubt that might remain respecting his innocence.

Many inhabitants of St. Omer uniting, caused their protests to reach the foot of the throne. The grand chancellor sent for the papers of the trial and countermanded the execution of the wife. Through the exertions of a young advocate, Maître Muchembled, belonging to the bar of St. Omer, the ignorance of the St. Omer doctors, touching the real cause of the widow D'Annebique's death was fully demonstrated by the most celebrated physicians and surgeons of Paris. By an edict of February, 1771, the revision of the trial was decreed. After a careful examination, which lasted more than a year, the sentence of the first judges was reversed, and proclamation made of the innocence of Monbailly and his wife, who was immediately set at liberty. After the thunderstroke the sun broke forth.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th of April, 1772, Anne Thérèse Danel, Widow Monbailly, accompanied by Maître Muchembled, returned from prison to St. Omer. The very same persons who, in the blindness of their rage, had thirsted after her blood, and had shed that of her unhappy husband, now put a crown on her head, strewed flowers in her path, and carried her in triumph from the Porte d'Arras, one of the city gates, to her father's house in the Rue des Epées. The modest advocate had great difficulty in withdrawing himself from this glorious ovation, which concluded that same evening with the illumination of the town and bonfires in the different quarters. The next evening the crowd assembled in the Petit-Marché to admire a transparency painted by a monk of St. Bertin, representing Monbailly and his wife holding in their hands the palm of martyrdom. In a glory, above the picture, was inscribed, "There is no parricide in St. Omer," and, in a shield beneath, "Honour to innocence! Honour to Maître Muchembled!"

The decree which confiscated all the property of the victim to the profit of the king was declared null and void. Anne Danel entered into possession of her husband's inheritance; but this small fortune was insufficient for her maintenance. Several citizens came to her aid, and endeavoured thus, in some degree, to expiate the popular error. They planted an iron cross on the spot (then called La Voierie, now Les Bruyères) where Monbailly's ashes had been thrown; for a long while they caused masses to be said in honour of the defunct, and also for a long while, every Monday, threw flowers and verdure on the place where an imaginary crime had been atoned for by a lengthened agony.

This little bit of history is seriously recommended, without comment, to Locatelli's sentencers—as well as to all others whom it may directly or indirectly concern.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THAT night as I was employed in collecting the books and manuscripts which I proposed to take with me, including my long-suspended physiological work, and such standard authorities as I might want to consult or refer to in the portions yet incompleted, my servant entered to inform me, in answer to the inquiries I had sent him to make, that Miss Brabazon had peacefully breathed her last an hour before. Well! my pardon had perhaps soothed her last moments; but how unavailing her death-bed repentance to undo the wrong she had done!

I turned from that thought, and glancing at the work into which I had thrown all my learning, methodised into system with all my art, I recalled the pity which Mrs. Poyntz had expressed for my meditated waste of mind. The tone of superiority which this incarnation of common sense accompanied by uncommon will, assumed over all that was too deep or too high for her comprehension, had sometimes amused me; thinking over it now, it piqued. I said to myself, "After all, I shall bear with me such solace as intellectual occupation can afford. I shall have leisure to complete this labour, and a record that I have lived and thought may outlast all the honours which worldly ambition may bestow upon an Ashleigh Sumner!" And, as I so murmured, my hand, mechanically selecting the books I needed, fell on the Bible that Julius Faber had given to me.

It opened at the Second Book of Esdras, which our Church places amongst the Apocrypha, and is generally considered by scholars to have been written in the first or second century of the Christian era.* But in which, the questions raised by man in the remotest ages, to which we can trace back his desire "to comprehend the way of the Most High," are invested with a grandeur of thought and sublimity of word to which I know of no parallel in writers we call profane.

My eye fell on this passage in the lofty argument between the Angel whose name was Uriel, and the Prophet, perplexed by his own cravings for knowledge:

"He (the Angel) answered me, and said, I went into a forest into a plain, and the trees took counsel,

"And said, Come, let us go and make war against the sea, that it may depart away before us, and that we may make us more woods.

"The floods of the sea also in like manner took counsel, and said, Come, let us go up and subdue the woods of the plain, that there also we may make us another country.

"The thought of the wood was in vain, for the fire came and consumed it.

"The thought of the floods of the sea came likewise to nought, for the sand stood up and stopped them.

"If thou wert judge now betwixt these two, whom wouldst thou begin to justify? or whom wouldst thou condemn?

"I answered and said, Verily it is a foolish thought that they have both devised; for the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea also hath his place to bear his floods.

"Then answered he me, and said, Thou hast given a right judgment, but why judgest thou not thyself also?

"For like as the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea to his floods: even so they that dwell upon the earth may understand nothing, but that which is upon the earth: and He that dwelleth above the heavens may only understand the things that are above the height of the heavens."

I paused at those words, and, closing the Sacred Volume, fell into deep unquiet thought.

CHAPTER LXIX.

I HAD hoped that the voyage would have had some beneficial effect upon Lilian; but no effect, good or bad, was perceptible, except, perhaps, a deeper silence, a gentler calm. She loved to sit on the deck when the nights were fair, and the stars mirrored on the deep. And once, thus, as I stood beside her, bending over the rail of the vessel, and gazing on the long wake of light which the moon made amidst the darkness of an ocean to which no shore could be seen, I said to myself, "Where is my track of light through the measureless future? Would that I could believe as I did when a child! Woe is me, that all the reasonings I take from my knowledge

* Such is the supposition of Jahn. Dr. Lee, however, is of opinion that the author was contemporary, and, indeed, identical, with the author of the Book of Enoch.

should lead me away from the comfort which the peasant who mourns finds in faith! Why should riddles so dark have been thrust upon me?—me, no fond child of fancy; me, sober pupil of schools the severest. Yet what marvel—the strangest my senses have witnessed or feigned in the fraud they have palmed on me—is greater than that by which a simple affection, that all men profess to have known, has changed the courses of life prearranged by my hopes and confirmed by my judgment? How calmly before I knew love I have anatomised its mechanism, as the tyro who dissects the webwork of tissues and nerves in the dead. Lo! it lives, lives in me; and, in living, escapes from my scalpel and mocks all my knowledge. Can love be reduced to the realm of the senses? No! what nun is more barred by her grate from the realm of the senses than my bride by her solemn affliction? Is love, then, the union of kindred, harmonious minds? No! my beloved one sits by my side, and I guess not her thoughts, and my mind is to her a sealed fountain. Yet I love her more—oh ineffably more! for the doom which destroys the two causes philosophy assigns to love—in the form, in the mind! How can I now, in my vain physiology, say what is love—what is not? Is it love which must tell me that man has a soul, and that in soul will be found the solution of problems, never to be solved in body or mind alone?"

My self-questionings halted here, as Lilian's hand touched my shoulder. She had risen from her seat, and had come to me.

"Are not the stars very far from earth?" she said.

"Very far."

"Are they seen for the first time to-night?"

"They were seen, I presume, as we see them, by the fathers of all human races!"

"Yet close below us they shine reflected in the waters; and yet, see, wave flows on wave before we can count it!"

"Lilian, by what sympathy do you read and answer my thought?"

Her reply was incoherent and meaningless. If a gleam of intelligence had mysteriously lighted my heart to her view, it was gone. But drawing her nearer towards me, my eye long followed wistfully the path of light, dividing the darkness on either hand, till it closed in the sloping horizon.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE voyage is over. At the seaport at which we landed I found a letter from Faber. My instructions had reached him in time to effect the purchase on which his descriptions had fixed my desire. The stock, the implements of husbandry, the furniture of the house, were included in the purchase. All was prepared for my arrival, and I hastened from the then miserable village, which may some day rise into one of the mightiest capitals of the world, to my lodge in the wilderness.

It was the burst of the Australian spring, which commences in our autumn month of October. The air was loaded with the perfume of the acacias. Amidst the glades of the open forest land, or climbing the craggy banks of winding silvery creeks,* creepers and flowers of dazzling hue contrasted the olive-green of the surrounding foliage. The exhilarating effect of the climate in that season heightens the charm of the strange scenery. In the brilliancy of the sky, in the lightness of the atmosphere, the sense of life is wondrously quickened. With the very breath the Adventurer draws in from the racy air, he feels as if inhaling hope.

We have reached our home—we are settled in it; the early unfamiliar impressions are worn away. We have learned to dispense with much that we at first missed, and are reconciled to much that at first disappointed or displeased.

The house is built but of logs—the late proprietor had commenced, upon a rising ground, a mile distant, a more imposing edifice of stone; but it is not half finished.

This log-house is commodious, and much has been done, within and without, to conceal or adorn its primitive rudeness. It is of irregular, picturesque form, with verandahs round three sides of it, to which the grape-vine has been trained, with glossy leaves that clamber up to the gable roof. There is a large garden in front, in which many English fruit-trees have been set, and grow fast amongst the plants of the tropics and the orange-trees of Southern Europe. Beyond, stretch undulous pastures, studded with flocks and herds; to the left, soar up, in long range, the many-coloured hills; to the right, meanders a creek, belted by feathery trees; and on its opposite bank a forest opens, through frequent breaks, into park-like glades and alleys. The territory, of which I so suddenly find myself the lord, is vast, even for a colonial capitalist.

It had been originally purchased as "a special survey," comprising twenty thousand acres, with the privilege of pasture over forty thousand more. In very little of this land, though it includes some of the most fertile districts in the known world, has cultivation been even commenced. At the time I entered into possession even sheep were barely profitable; labour was scarce and costly. Regarded as a speculation, I could not wonder that my predecessor fled in fear from his domain. Had I invested the bulk of my capital in this lordly purchase, I should have deemed myself a ruined man; but a villa near London, with a hundred acres, would have cost me as much to buy, and thrice as much to keep up. I could afford the investment I had made. I found a Scotch bailiff already on the estate, and I was contented to escape from rural occupations, to which I brought no experience, by making it worth his while to serve me with zeal. Two domestics of my own, and two who had been for many years with Mrs. Ashleigh, had accompanied us; they remained faithful, and seemed contented. So the clockwork of our mere household arrangements went on much the same as in our native homes. Lilian was not subjected

* Creek is the name given by Australian colonists to precarious watercourses and tributary streams.

to the ordinary privations and discomforts that await the wife even of the wealthy emigrant. Alas! would she have heeded them if she had been?

The change of scene wrought a decided change for the better in her health and spirits, but not such as implied a dawn of reviving reason. But her countenance was now more rarely overcast. Its usual aspect was glad with a soft mysterious smile. She would murmur snatches of songs, that were partly borrowed from English poets, partly gliding away into what seemed spontaneous additions of her own —wanting intelligible meaning, but never melody nor rhyme. Strange, that memory and imitation—the two earliest parents of all inventive knowledge—should still be so active, and judgment—the after faculty, that combines the rest into purpose and method—be annulled!

Julius Faber I see continually, though his residence is a few miles distant. He is sanguine as to Lilian's ultimate recovery; and, to my amazement and to my envy, he has contrived, by some art which I cannot attain, to establish between her and himself intelligible communion. She comprehends his questions, when mine, though the simplest, seem to her in unknown language; and he construes into sense her words, that to me are meaningless riddles.

"I was right," he said to me one day, leaving her seated in the garden beside her quiet, patient mother, and joining me where I lay—listless yet fretful—under the shadeless gum-trees, gazing not on the flocks and fields that I could call my own, but on the far mountain range, from which the arch of the horizon seemed to spring;—"I was right," said the great physician; "this is reason suspended, not reason lost. Your wife will recover; but——"

"But what?"

"Give me your arm as I walk homeward, and I will tell you the conclusion to which I have come."

I rose, the old man leant on me, and we went down the valley, along the craggy ridges of the winding creek. The woodland on the opposite bank was vocal with the chirp, and croak, and chatter of Australian birds—all mirthful, all songless, save that sweetest of warblers, which some early irreverent emigrant degraded to the name of magpie, but whose note is sweeter than the nightingale's, and trills through the lucent air with a distinct ecstatic melody of joy that dominates all the discords;—so ravishing the sense, that, while it sings, the ear scarcely heeds the scream of the parrots.

CHAPTER LXXI.

"You may remember," said Julius Faber, "Sir Humphry Davy's eloquent description of the effect produced on him by the inhalation of nitrous oxide. He states that he began to lose the perception of external things: trains of vivid visible images rapidly passed through his mind, and were connected with words in such a manner as to produce perceptions perfectly novel. 'I existed,' he says, 'in a world of newly-connected and newly-modified ideas.' When he recovered, he exclaimed: 'Nothing exists but thoughts; the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures and pains!'

"Now observe, that thus, a cultivator of positive science, endowed with one of the healthiest of human brains, is, by the inhalation of a gas, abstracted from all external life, enters into a new world, which consists of images he himself creates, and animates so vividly that, on waking, he resolves the universe itself into thoughts."

"Well," said I, "but what inference do you draw from that voluntary experiment, applicable to the malady of which you bid me hope the cure?"

"Simply this: that the effect produced on a healthful brain by the nitrous oxide may be produced also by moral causes operating on the blood, or on the nerves. There is a degree of mental excitement in which ideas are more vivid than sensations, and then the world of external things gives way to the world within the brain.* But this, though a suspension of that reason which comprehends accuracy of judgment, is no more a permanent aberration of reason than were Sir Humphry Davy's visionary ecstasies under the influence of the gas. The difference between the two states of suspension is that of time, and it is but an affair of time with our beloved patient. Yet prepare yourself. I fear that the mind will not recover without some critical malady of the body."

"Critical! but not dangerous?—say not dangerous. I can endure the pause of her reason; I could not endure the void in the universe if her life were to fade from the earth."

"Poor friend! would not you yourself rather lose life than reason?"

"I—yes! But we men are taught to set cheap value on our own lives; we do not estimate at the same mean rate the lives of those we love. Did we do so, Humanity would lose its virtues."

"What, then! Love teaches that there is something of nobler value than mere mind? yet surely it cannot be the mere body? What is it, if not that continuance of being which your philosophy declines to acknowledge—viz. SOUL? If you fear so painfully that your Lilian should die, is it not that you fear to lose her for ever?"

"Oh, cease, cease," I cried, impatiently. "I cannot now argue on metaphysics. What is it that you anticipate of harm to her life? Her health has been stronger ever since her affliction. She never seems to know ailment now. Do you not perceive that her cheek has a more hardy bloom, her frame a more rounded symmetry, than when you saw her in England?"

"Unquestionably. Her physical forces have been silently recruiting themselves in the dreams which half lull, half amuse, her imagination. IMAGINATION, that faculty, the most glorious which is bestowed on the human mind, because it is the

* See, on the theory elaborated from this principle, Dr. Hibbert's interesting and valuable work on the Philosophy of Apparitions.

faculty which enables thought to create, is of all others the most exhausting to life when unduly stimulated, and consciously reasoning on its own creations. I think it probable that, had this sorrow not befallen you, you would have known a sorrow yet graver—you would have long survived your Lilian. As it is now, when she recovers, her whole organisation, physical and mental, will have undergone a beneficent change. But, I repeat my prediction; some severe malady of the body will precede the restoration of the mind; and it is my hope that the present suspense or aberration of the more wearing powers of the mind fit the body to endure and surmount the physical crisis. I remember a case, within my own professional experience, in many respects similar to this, but in other respects it was less hopeful. I was consulted by a young student of the frailest physical conformation, of great mental energies, and consumed by an intense ambition. He was reading for university honours. He would not listen to me when I entreated him to rest his mind. I thought that he was certain to obtain the distinction for which he toiled, and equally certain to die a few months after obtaining it. He falsified both my deductions. He so overworked himself that, on the day of examination, his nerves were agitated, his memory failed him; he passed, not without a certain credit, but fell far short of the rank amongst his fellow-competitors to which he aspired. Here, then, the irritated mind acted on the disappointed heart, and raised a new train of emotions. He was first visited by spectral illusions; then he sank into a state in which the external world seemed quite blotted out. He heeded nothing that was said to him; seemed to see nothing that was placed before his eyes; in a word, sensations became dormant, ideas preconceived usurped their place, and those ideas gave him pleasure. He believed that his genius was recognised, and lived amongst its supposed creations, enjoying an imaginary fame. So it went on for two years. During that period his frail form became robust and vigorous. At the end of that time he was seized with a fever, which would have swept him in three days to the grave had it occurred when I was first called in to attend him. He conquered the fever, and, in recovering, acquired the full possession of the intellectual faculties so long suspended. When I last saw him, many years afterwards, he was in perfect health, and the object of his young ambition was realised; the body had supported the mind—he had achieved distinction. Now what had so, for a time, laid this strong intellect into visionary sleep? the most agonising of human emotions in a noble spirit—shame! What has so stricken down your Lilian? You have told me the story; shame!—the shame of a nature pre-eminently pure. But observe, that in his case as in hers, the shock inflicted does not produce a succession of painful illusions; on the contrary, in both, the illusions are generally pleasing. Had the illusions been painful, the body would have suffered—the patient died. Why did a painful shock produce pleasing illusions? because, no matter how a shock on the nerves may originate, if it affects the reason, it does but make more vivid than impressions from actual external objects, the ideas previously most cherished. Such ideas in the young student were ideas of earthly fame; such ideas in the young maiden are ideas of angel comforters and heavenly Edens. You miss her mind on the earth, and, while we speak, it is in paradise."

"Much that you say, my friend, is authorised by the speculations of great writers, with whom I am not unfamiliar; but in none of those writers, nor in your encouraging words do I find a solution for much that has no precedents in my experience—much, indeed, that has analogies in my reading, but analogies which I have ever before despised as old wives' fables. I have bared to your searching eye the weird mysteries of my life. How do you account for facts which you cannot resolve into illusions? for the influence which that strange being, Margrave, exercised over Lilian's mind or fancy, so that for a time her love for me was as dormant as is her reason now: so that he could draw her—her whose nature you admit to be singularly pure and modest—from her mother's home? The magic wand! the trance into which that wand threw Margrave himself; the apparition which it conjured up in my own quiet chamber, when my mind was without a care and my health without a flaw. How account for all this—as you endeavoured, and perhaps successfully, to account for all my impressions of the Vision in the Museum, of the luminous haunting Shadow in its earlier apparitions, when my fancy was heated, my heart tormented, and, it might be, even the physical forces of this strong frame disordered?"

"Allen," said the old pathologist, "here we approach a ground which few physicians have dared to examine. Honour to those who, like our bold contemporary, Elliotson, have braved scoff and sacrificed dross in seeking to extract what is practical in uses, what can be tested by experiment, from those exceptional phenomena on which magic sought to found a philosophy, and to which philosophy tracks the origin of magic."

"What! Do I understand you? Is it you, Julius Faber, who attach faith to the wonders ascribed to animal magnetism and electro-biology, or subscribe to the doctrines which their practitioners teach?"

"I have not examined into those doctrines, nor seen with my own eyes the wonders recorded, upon evidence too respectable, nevertheless, to permit me peremptorily to deny what I have not witnessed.* But wherever I look through the His-

* What Faber here says is expressed with more authority by one of the most accomplished metaphysicians of our time (Sir W. Hamilton):

"Somnambulism is a phenomenon still more astonishing (than dreaming). In this singular state a person performs a regular series of rational actions, and those frequently of the most difficult and deli-

tory of Mankind in all ages and all races, I find a concurrence in certain beliefs which seems to countenance the theory that there is in some peculiar and rare temperaments a power over forms of animated organisation, with which they establish some unaccountable affinity; and even, though much more rarely, a power over inanimate matter. You are familiar with the theory of Descartes, 'that those particles of the blood which penetrate to the brain do not only serve to nourish and sustain its substance, but to produce there a certain very subtle Aura, or rather a flame very vivid and pure that obtains the name of the Animal Spirits;'* and at the close of his great fragment upon Man, he asserts that 'this flame is of no other nature than all the fires which are in inanimate bodies.'* This notion does but forestal the more recent doctrine that electricity is more or less in all, or nearly all, known matter. Now, whether, in the electric fluid or some other fluid akin to it of which we know still less, thus equally pervading all matter, there may be a certain magnetic property more active, more operative upon sympathy in some human constitutions than in others, and which can account for the mysterious power I have spoken of, is a query I might suggest, but not an opinion I would hazard. For an opinion I must have that basis of experience or authority which I do not need when I submit a query to the experience and authority of others. Still the supposition conveyed in the query is so far worthy of notice that the ecstatic temperament (in which phrase I comprehend all constitutional mystics) is peculiarly sensitive to electric atmospheric influences. This is a fact which most medical observers will have remarked in the range of their practice. Accordingly I was prepared to find Mr. Hare Townshend, in his interesting work,† state that he himself was of 'the electric temperament,' sparks flying from his hair when combed in the dark, &c. That accomplished writer, whose veracity no one would impugn, affirms that 'between this electrical endowment and whatever mesmeric properties he might possess, there is a remarkable relationship and parallelism. Whatever state of the atmosphere tends to accumulate and insulate electricity in the body, promotes equally (says Mr. Townshend) the power and facility with which I influence others mesmerically.' What Mr. Townshend thus observes in himself, American physicians and professors of chemistry depose to have observed in those modern magicians, the mediums of (so called) 'spirit manifestation.' They state that all such mediums are of the electric temperament, thus everywhere found allied with the ecstatic, and their power varies in proportion as the state of the atmosphere serves to depress or augment the electricity stored in themselves. Here, then, in the midst of vagrant phenomena, either too hastily dismissed as altogether the tricks of fraudful imposture, or too credulously accepted as supernatural portents—here, at least, in one generalised fact, we may, perhaps, find a starting-point, from which inductive experiment may arrive soon, or late, at a rational theory. But, however the power of which we are speaking (a power accorded to special physical temperament) may or may not be accounted for by some patient student of nature, I am persuaded that it is in that power we are to seek for whatever is not wholly imposture in the attributes assigned to magic or witchcraft. It is well said by a writer who has gone into the depth of these subjects, with the research of a scholar and the science of a pathologist, 'that if magic had exclusively reposed on

cate nature; and what is still more marvellous, with a talent to which he could make no pretension when awake. (Cr. Ancillon, Essais Philos. ii. 161.) His memory and reminiscence supply him with recollections of words and things which, perhaps, never were at his disposal in the ordinary state—he speaks more fluently a more refined language. And if we are to credit what the evidence on which it rests hardly allows us to disbelieve, he has not only perception of things through other channels than the common organs of sense, but the sphere of his cognition is amplified to an extent far beyond the limits to which sensible perception is confined. This subject is one of the most perplexing in the whole compass of philosophy; for, on the one hand, the phenomena are so remarkable that they cannot be believed, and yet, on the other, they are of so unambiguous and palpable a character, and the witnesses to their reality are so numerous, so intelligent, and so high above every suspicion of deceit, that it is equally impossible to deny credit to what is attested by such ample and unexceptional evidence."—Sir W. Hamilton's Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic, vol. ii. p. 274.

This perplexity, in which the distinguished philosopher leaves the judgment so equally balanced that it finds it impossible to believe, and yet impossible to disbelieve, forms the right state of mind in which a candid thinker should come to the examination of those more extraordinary phenomena which he has not himself yet witnessed, but the fair inquiry into which may be tendered to him by persons above the imputation of quackery and fraud. Müller, who is not the least determined, as he is certainly one of the most distinguished disbelievers of mesmeric phenomena, does not appear to have witnessed, or at least to have carefully examined, them, or he would, perhaps, have seen that even the more extraordinary of those phenomena confirm, rather than contradict, his own general theories, and may be explained by the sympathies one sense has with another—"the laws of reflexion through the medium of the brain." (Physiology of Senses, p. 1311.) And again by the maxim "that the mental principle, or cause of the mental phenomena, cannot be confined to the brain, but that it exists in a latent state in every part of the organism." (Ib. p. 1355.) The "nerve power," contended for by Mr. Bain, also, may suggest a rational solution of much that has seemed incredible to those physiologists who have not condescended to sift the genuine phenomena of mesmerism from the imposture to which, in all ages, the phenomena exhibited by what may be called the ecstatic temperament, have been applied.

* Descartes, L'Homme, vol. iv., p. 345. Cousins's Edition.

* Ibid, p. 428. † Facts on Mesmerism.

credulity and falsehood, its reign would never have endured so long. But that its art took its origin in singular phenomena, proper to certain affections of the nerves, or manifested in the conditions of sleep. These phenomena, the principle of which was at first unknown, served to root faith in magic, and often abused even enlightened minds. The enchanters and magicians arrived, by divers practices, at the faculty of provoking in other brains a determined order of dreams, of engendering hallucinations of all kinds, of inducing fits of hypnotism, trance, mania, during which the persons so affected imagined that they saw, heard, touched supernatural beings, conversed with them, proved their influences, assisted at prodigies of which magic proclaimed itself to possess the secret. The public, the enchanters, and the enchanted, were equally dupes.'* Accepting this explanation, unintelligible to no physician of a practice so lengthened as mine has been, I draw from it the corollary that as these phenomena are exhibited only by certain special affections, to which only certain special constitutions are susceptible, so not in any superior faculties of intellect, or of spiritual endowment, but in peculiar physical temperaments, often strangely disordered, the power of the sorcerer in affecting the imagination of others, is to be sought. In the native tribes of Australasia the elders are instructed in the arts of this so-called sorcery, but only in a very few constitutions does instruction avail to produce effects in which the savages recognise the powers of a sorcerer; it is so with the Obi of the negroes. The fascination of Obi is an unquestionable fact, but the Obi man cannot be trained by formal lessons; he is born a fascinator, as a poet is born a poet. It is so with the Laplanders, of whom Tornæus reports that of those instructed in the magical art 'only a few are capable of it.' 'Some,' he says, 'are naturally magicians.' And this fact is emphatically insisted upon by the mystics of our own middle ages, who state that a man must be *born* a magician; in other words, that the gift is constitutional, though developed by practice and art. Now, that this gift and its practice should principally obtain in imperfect states of civilisation, and fade into insignificance in the busy social enlightenment of cities, may be accounted for by reference to the known influences of imagination. In the cruder states of social life not only is imagination more frequently predominant over all other faculties, but it has not the healthful vents which the intellectual competition of cities and civilisation affords. The man who in a savage tribe, or in the dark feudal ages, would be a magician, is in our century a poet, an orator, a daring speculator, an inventive philosopher. In other words, his imagination is drawn to pursuits congenial to those amongst whom it works. It is the tendency of all intellect to follow the directions of the public opinion amidst which it is trained. Where a magician is held in reverence or awe, there will be more practitioners of magic than where a magician is despised as an impostor or shut up as a lunatic. In Scandinavia, before the introduction of Christianity, all tradition records the wonderful powers of the Vala, or witch, who was then held in reverence and honour. Christianity was introduced, and the early Church denounced the Vala as the instrument of Satan, and from that moment down dropped the majestic prophetess into a miserable and execrated old hag!"

"The ideas you broach," said I, musingly, "have at moments crossed me, though I have shrunk from reducing them to a theory which is but one of pure hypothesis. But this magic, after all, then, you would place in the imagination of the operator, acting on the imagination of those whom it affects. Here, at least, I can follow you, to a certain extent, for here we get back into the legitimate realm of physiology."

"And possibly," said Faber, "we may find hints to guide us to useful examination, if not to complete solution, of problems that, once demonstrated, may lead to discoveries of infinite value—hints, I say, in two writers of widely opposite genius—Van Helmont and Bacon. Van Helmont, of all the mediæval mystics, is, in spite of his many extravagant whims, the one whose intellect is the most suggestive to the disciplined reasoners of our day. He supposed that the faculty which he calls Phantasy, and which we familiarly call Imagination, is invested with the power of creating for itself ideas independent of the senses, each idea clothed in a form fabricated by the imagination, and becoming an operative entity. This notion is so far favoured by modern physiologists, that Lincke reports a case where the eye itself was extirpated; yet the extirpation was followed by the appearance of luminous figures before the orbit. And again, a woman, stone blind, complained 'of luminous images, with pale colours, before her eyes.' Abercrombie mentions the case 'of a lady quite blind, her eyes being also disorganised and sunk, who never walked out without seeing a little old woman in a red cloak who seemed to walk before her.'* Your favourite authority, the illustrious Müller, who was himself in the habit of 'seeing different images in the field of vision when he lay quietly down to sleep,' asserts that these images are not merely presented to the fancy, but that even 'the images of dreams *are really seen*,' and that 'any one may satisfy himself of this by accustoming himself regularly to open his eyes when waking after a dream, the images seen in the dream are then sometimes visible, and can be observed to disappear gradually.' He confirms this statement, not only by the result of his own experience, but by the observations made by Spinoza, and the yet higher

* La Magie et l'Astrologie dans l'Antiquité et au Moyen-Age. Par L. F. Alfred Maury, Membre de l'Institut. P. 225.

* She had no illusions when within doors.—Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, p. 277. (15th edition.)

authority of Aristotle, who accounts for spectral appearance as *the internal action of the sense of vision.** And this opinion is favoured by Sir David Brewster, whose experience leads him to suggest 'that the objects of mental contemplation may be seen as distinctly as external objects, and will occupy the same local position in the axis of vision as if they had been formed by the agency of light.' Be this as it may, one fact remains, that images can be seen even by the blind as distinctly and as vividly as you and I now see the stream below our feet and the opossums at play upon yonder boughs. Let us come next to some remarkable suggestions of Lord Bacon. In his Natural History, treating of the force of the imagination, and the help it receives 'by one man working by another,' he cites an instance he had witnessed of a kind of juggler, who could tell a person what card he thought of. He mentioned this 'to a pretended learned man, curious in such things,' and this sage said to him, 'It is not the knowledge of the man's thought, for that is proper to God, but the enforcing of a thought upon him, and binding his imagination by a stronger, so that he could think of no other card.' You see this sage anticipated our modern electro-biologists! And the learned man then shrewdly asked Lord Bacon, 'Did the juggler tell the card to the man himself who had thought of it, or bid another tell it?' 'He bade another tell it,' answered Lord Bacon. 'I thought so,' returned his learned acquaintance, 'for the juggler himself could not have put on so strong an imagination; but by telling the card to the other, who believed the juggler was some strange man who could do strange things,—that other man caught a strong imagination.'† The whole story is worth reading, because Lord Bacon evidently thinks it conveys a guess worth examining. And Lord Bacon, were he now living, would be the man to solve the mysteries that branch out of mesmerism or (so called) spiritual manifestation, for he would not pretend to despise their phenomena for fear of hurting his reputation for good sense. Bacon then goes on to state that there are three ways to fortify the imagination. 'First, authority derived from belief in an art and in the man who exercises it; secondly, means to quicken and corroborate the imagination; thirdly, means to repeat and refresh it.' For the second and the third he refers to the practices of magic; and proceeds afterwards to state on what things imagination has most force; 'upon things that have the lightest and easiest motions, and, therefore, above all, upon the spirits of men, and, in them, on such affections as move lightest—in love, in fear, in irresolution. And,' adds Bacon, earnestly, in a very different spirit from that which dictates to the sages of our time the philosophy of rejecting without trial that which belongs to the Marvellous, 'and whatsoever is of this kind, should be *thoroughly inquired into*.' And this great founder or renovator of the sober inductive system of investigation, even so far leaves it a matter of speculative inquiry whether imagination may not be so powerful that it can actually operate upon a plant, that he says, 'This likewise should be made upon plants, and that diligently, as if you should tell a man that such a tree would die this year, and *will* him, at these and these times, to go unto it and see how it thriveth.' I presume that no philosopher has followed such recommendations; had some great philosopher done so, possibly we should by this time know all the secrets of what is popularly called witchcraft."

And as Faber here paused there came a strange laugh from the fantastic she oak-tree overhanging the stream—a wild, impish laugh.

"Pooh! it is but the great kingfisher, the laughing bird of the Australian bush," said Julius Faber, amused at my start of superstitious alarm.

We walked on for some minutes in musing silence, and the rude log hut in which my wise companion had his home came in view; the flocks grazing on undulous pastures, the kine drinking at a watercourse fringed by the slender gum-trees; and a few fields, laboriously won from the luxuriant grass-land, rippling with the wave of corn.

I halted, and said, "Rest here for a few moments, till I gather up the conclusions to which your speculative reasoning seems to invite me."

We sat done on a rocky crag, half mantled by luxuriant creepers with vermilion buds.

"From the guesses," said I, "which you have drawn from the erudition of others and your own ingenious and reflective inductions, I collect this solution of the mysteries, by which the experience I gain from my senses confounds all the dogmas approved by my judgment. To the rational conjectures by which, when we first conversed on the marvels that perplexed me, you ascribed to my imagination, predisposed by mental excitement, physical fatigue, or derangement, and a concurrence of singular events tending to strengthen such predisposition,—the phantasmal impressions produced on my senses; to these conjectures you now add a new one, more startling and less admitted by sober physiologists. You conceive

* Müller, Physiology of the Senses, Baley's translation, pp. 1068-1395, and elsewhere. Mr. Bain, in his thoughtful and suggestive work on the Senses and Intellect, makes very powerful use of these statements in support of his proposition, which Faber advances in other words, viz. 'the return of the nervous currents exactly on their old track in revived sensations.'

† Perhaps it is for the reason suggested in the text, viz. that the magician requires the interposition of a third imagination between his own and that of the consulting believer, that any learned adept in (so called) magic will invariably refuse to exhibit without the presence of a third person. Hence the author of Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie, printed at Paris, 1852-53—a book less remarkable for its learning than for the earnest belief of a scholar of our own day in the reality of the art of which he records the history—insists much on the necessity of rigidly observing Le Ternaire, in the number of persons who assist in an enchanter's experiments.

it possible that persons endowed with a rare and peculiar temperament can so operate on the imagination, and, through the imagination, on the senses of others, as to exceed even the powers ascribed to the practitioners of mesmerism and electro-biology, and give a certain foundation of truth to the old tales of magic and witchcraft. You imply that Margrave may be a person thus gifted, and hence the influence he unquestionably exercised over Lilian, and over, perhaps, less innocent agents, charmed or impelled by his will. And not discarding, as I own I should have been originally induced to do, the queries or suggestions adventured by Bacon in his discursive speculations on Nature, to wit 'that there be many things, some of them inanimate, that operate upon the spirits of men by secret sympathy and antipathy,' and to which Bacon gave the quaint name of 'imaginants;' so even that wand, of which I have described to you the magic-like effects, may have had properties communicated to it by which it performs the work of the magician, as mesmerists pretend that some substance mesmerised by them can act on the patient as sensibly as if it were the mesmeriser himself. Do I state your suppositions correctly?".

"Yes; always remembering that they are only suppositions, and volunteered with the utmost diffidence. But since, thus seated in the early wilderness, we permit ourselves the indulgence of child-like guess, may it not be possible, apart from the doubtful question whether a man can communicate to an inanimate material substance a power to act upon the mind or imagination of another man—may it not, I say, be possible that such a substance may contain in itself such a virtue or property potent over certain constitutions, though not over all. For instance, it is in my experience that the common hazel-wood will strongly affect some nervous temperaments, though wholly without effect on others. I remember a young girl who, having taken up a hazel stick freshly cut, could not relax her hold of it; and when it was wrenched away from her by force was irresistibly attracted towards it, repossessed herself of it, and, after holding it a few minutes, was cast into a kind of trance in which she beheld phantasmal visions. Mentioning this curious case, which I supposed unique, to a learned brother of our profession, he told me that he had known other instances of the effect of the hazel upon nervous temperaments in persons of both sexes. Possibly it was some such peculiar property in the hazel that made it the wood selected for the old divining rod. Again, we know that the bay-tree or laurel was dedicated to the oracular Pythian Apollo. Now wherever, in the old world, we find that the learning of the priests enabled them to exhibit exceptional phenomena which imposed upon popular credulity, there was a something or other which it is worth a philosopher's while to explore. And, accordingly, I always suspected that there was in the laurel some property favourable to ecstatic vision in highly impressionable temperaments. My suspicion, a few years ago, was justified by the experience of a German physician who had under his care a cataleptic or ecstatic patient, and who assured me that he found nothing in this patient so stimulated the state of 'sleep-waking,' or so disposed that state to indulge in the hallucinations of prevision, as the berry of the laurel.* Well, we do not know what this wand that produced a seemingly magical effect upon you was really composed of. You did not notice the metal employed in the wire which you say communicated a thrill to the sensitive nerves in the palm of the hand. You cannot tell how far it might have been the vehicle of some fluid force in nature. Or still more probably, whether the pores of your hand insensibly imbibed, and communicated to the brain, some of those powerful narcotics from which the Boudhists and the Arabs make unguents that induce visionary hallucinations, and in which substances undetected in the hollow of the wand, or the handle of the wand itself, might be steeped.† One thing we do know, viz. that amongst the ancients, and especially in the East, the construction of wands for magical purposes was no common-place mechanical craft but a special and secret art appropriated to men who cultivated with assiduity all that was then known of natural science in order to extract from it agencies that might appear supernatural. Possibly, then, the rods or wands of the East, and of which Scripture makes mention, were framed upon some principles of which we in our day are very naturally ignorant, since we do not ransack science for the same secrets. And thus in the selection or preparation of the material employed, mainly consisted, whatever may be referable to natural philosophical causes, in the antique science of Rhabdomancy, or divination and enchantment by wands. The staff or wand of which you tell me, was, you say, made of iron or steel and tipped with crystal. Possibly iron and crystal do really contain some properties not hitherto scientifically analysed, and only, indeed, potential over exceptional temperaments, which may account for the fact that iron and crystal have been favourites with all professed mystics, ancient and modern. The Delphic Pythoness had her iron tripod, Mesmer his iron bed; and many persons, indisputably honest, cannot gaze long upon a ball of crystal but what they begin to see visions. I suspect that a philosophical cause for such seemingly preternatural effects of crystal and iron will be found in connexion with the extreme impressionability to changes in temperature which is the characteristic both of crystal and iron. But if these materials do contain certain powers over exceptional constitutions, we do not arrive at a supernatural, but at a natural phenomenon."

"Still," said I, "even granting that your

* I may add that Dr. Kerner instances the effect of laurel-berries on the Seeress of Prevorst, corresponding with that asserted by Julius Faber in the text.

† See for these unguents the work of M. Maury before quoted, La Magie et l'Astrologie, &c., p. 417.

explanatory hypotheses hit or approach the truth —still what a terrible power you would assign to man's will over men's reason and deeds!"

"Man's will," answered Faber, "has over men's deeds and reason, habitual and daily, power infinitely greater, and, when uncounterbalanced, infinitely more dangerous than that which superstition exaggerates in magic. Man's will moves a war that decimates a race, and leaves behind it calamities little less dire than slaughter. Man's will frames, but it also corrupts laws; exalts, but also demoralises opinion; sets the world mad with fanaticism, as often as it curbs the heart's fierce instincts by the wisdom of brotherlike mercy. You revolt at the exceptional, limited sway over some two or three individuals which the arts of a sorcerer (if sorcerer there be) can effect; and yet, at the very moment in which you were perplexed and appalled by such sway, or by your reluctant belief in it, your will was devising an engine to unsettle the reason and wither the hopes of millions!"

"My will! What engine?"

"A book conceived by your intellect, adorned by your learning, and directed by your will to steal from the minds of other men their persuasion of the soul's everlasting Hereafter."

I bowed my head, and felt myself grow pale.

"And if we accept Bacon's theory of 'secret sympathy,' or the plainer physiological maxim that there must be in the imagination, morbidly impressed by the will of another, some trains of idea in affinity with such influence and preinclined to receive it, no magician could warp you to evil, except through thoughts that themselves went astray. Grant that the Margrave, who still haunts your mind, did really, by some occult, sinister magnetism, guide the madman to murder —did influence the servant woman's vulgar desire to pry into the secrets of her ill-fated master— or the old maid's covetous wish and envious malignity—what could this awful magician do more than any common-place guilty adviser, to a mind predisposed to accept the advice?"

"You forget one example which destroys your argument—the spell which this mysterious fascinator could cast upon a creature so pure from all guilt as Lilian!"

"Will you forgive me if I answer frankly?"

"Speak."

"Your Lilian is spotless and pure as you deem her, and the fascination, therefore, attempts no lure through a sinful desire; it blends with its attraction no sentiment of affection untrue to yourself. Nay, it is justice to your Lilian, and may be a melancholy comfort to you, to state my conviction, based on the answers my questions have drawn from her, that you were never more cherished by her love than when that love seemed to forsake you. Her imagination impressed her with the illusion that through your love for her you were threatened with a great peril. What seemed the levity of her desertion was the devotion of self-sacrifice. And, in her strange, dream-led wanderings, do not think that she was conscious of the fascination you impute to this mysterious Margrave; in her belief, it was your own guardian angel that guided her steps, and her pilgrimage was ordained to disarm the foe that menaced you, and dissolve the spell that divided her life from yours! But had she not long before this wilfully prepared herself to be so deceived? Had not her fancies been deliberately encouraged to dwell remote from the duties we are placed on the earth to perform? The loftiest faculties in our nature are those that demand the finest poise, not to fall from their height and crush all the walls that they crown. With exquisite beauty of illustration, Hume says of the dreamers of 'bright fancies,' 'that they may be compared to those angels whom the Scriptures represent as covering their eyes with their wings.' Had you been, like my nephew, a wrestler for bread with the wilderness, what helpmate would your Lilian have been to you? How often would you have cried out in justifiable anger, 'I, son of Adam, am on earth not in paradise. Oh, that my Eve were at home on my hearth, and not in the skies with the seraphs!' No Margrave, I venture to say, could have suspended the healthful affections, or charmed into danger the wide-awake soul, of my Amy. When she rocks in its cradle the babe the young parents entrusts to her heed—when she calls the kine to the milking, the chicks to their corn—when she but flits through my room to renew the flowers on the stand, or range in neat order the books that I read—no spell on her fancy could lead her a step from the range of her provident cares! At day she is contented to be on the common-place earth; at evening, she and I knock together at the one door of heaven, which opes to thanksgiving and prayer, and thanksgiving and prayer send us back, calm and hopeful, to the tasks that each morrow renews."

I looked up as the old man paused, and in the limpid clearness of the Australian atmosphere, I saw the child he thus praised standing by the garden-gate, looking towards us, and, though still distant, she seemed near. I felt wroth with her. My heart so cherished my harmless, defenceless Lilian, that I was jealous of the praise taken from her to be bestowed on another.

"Each of us," said I, coldly, "has his or her own nature, and the uses harmonious to that nature's idiosyncrasy. The world, I grant, would get on very ill if women were not, more or less, actively useful and quietly good, like your Amy. But the world would lose standards that exalt and refine, if no woman were permitted to gain, through the indulgence of fancy, thoughts exquisite as those which my Lilian conceived, while thought, alas, flowed out of fancy. I do not wound you by citing your Amy as a type of the mediocre. I do not claim for Lilian the rank we accord to the type of genius. But both are alike to such types in this: viz. that the uses of mediocrity are for everyday life, and the uses of genius, amidst a thousand mistakes which mediocrity never commits, are to suggest and perpetuate ideas which raise the

standard of the mediocre to a nobler level. There would be fewer Amys in life if there were no Lilian! as there were would be far fewer good men of sense if there were no erring dreamer of genius!"

"You say well, Allen Fenwick. And who should be so indulgent to the vagaries of the imagination as the philosophers who taught your youth to doubt everything in the Maker's plan of creation which could not be mathematically proved. 'The human mind,' said Luther, 'is like a drunkard on horseback; prop it on one side, and it falls on the other.' So the man who is much too enlightened to believe in a peasant's religion, is always sure to set up some inane superstition of his own. Open biographical volumes wherever you please, and the man who has no faith in religion, is a man who has faith in a nightmare. See that type of the elegant sceptics—Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. He is writing a book against Revelation; he asks a sign from heaven to tell him if his book is approved by his Maker, and the man who cannot believe in the miracles performed by his Saviour, gravely tells us of a miracle vouchsafed to himself. Take the hardest and strongest intellect which the hardest and strongest race of mankind ever schooled and accomplished. See the greatest of great men, the great Julius Cæsar! Publicly he asserts in the Senate that the immortality of the soul is a vain chimera. He professes the creed which Roman voluptuaries deduced from Epicurus, and denies all divine interference in the affairs of the earth. A great authority for the materialists—they have none greater! They can show on their side no intellect equal to Cæsar's! and yet this magnificent free-thinker, rejecting a soul and a Deity, habitually, on entering his chariot, muttered a charm; crawled on his knees up the steps of a temple to propitiate the abstraction called 'Nemesis;' and did not cross the Rubicon till he had consulted the omens. What does all this prove?—a very simple truth. Man has some instincts with the brutes; for instance, hunger and sexual love. Man has one instinct peculiar to himself, found universally (or with alleged exceptions in savage states so rare, that they do not affect the general law*)—an instinct of an invisible power without this earth, and of a life beyond the grave, which that power vouchsafes to his spirit. But the best of us cannot violate an instinct with impunity. Resist hunger as long as you can, and, rather than die of starvation, your instinct will make you a cannibal; resist love when youth and nature impel to it, and what pathologist does not track one broad path into madness or crime? So with the noblest instinct of all. Reject the internal conviction by which the grandest thinkers have sanctioned the hope of the humblest Christian, and you are servile at once to some faith inconceivably more hard to believe. The imagination will not be withheld from its yearning for vistas beyond the walls of the flesh and the span of the present hour. Philosophy itself, in rejecting the healthful creeds by which man finds his safeguards in sober prayer, and his guide through the wilderness of visionary doubt, invents systems compared to which the mysteries of theology are simple. Suppose any man of strong, plain understanding had never heard of a Deity like Him whom we Christians adore, then ask this man which he can the better comprehend in his mind, and accept as a natural faith, viz. the simple Christianity of your shepherd or the Pantheism of Spinoza? Place before an accomplished critic (who comes with a perfectly unprejudiced mind to either inquiry), first, the arguments of David Hume against the Gospel miracles, and then the metaphysical crotchets of David Hume himself. This subtle philosopher, not content, with Berkeley, to get rid of matter—not content, with Condillac, to get rid of spirit or mind—proceeds to a miracle greater than any his Maker has yet vouchsafed to reveal. He, being then alive and in the act of writing, gets rid of himself altogether. Nay, he confesses he cannot reason with any one who is stupid enough to think he has a self. His words are: 'What we call a mind is nothing but a heap or collection of different perceptions or objects united together by certain relations, and supposed, though falsely, to be endowed with perfect simplicity and identity. If any one upon serious and candid reflection thinks he has a different notion of himself, I must confess I can reason with him no longer.' Certainly I would rather believe all the ghost stories upon record, than believe that I am not even a ghost, distinct and apart from the perceptions conveyed to me, no matter how—just as I am distinct and apart from the furniture in my room, no matter whether I found it there or whether I bought it. If some old cosmogonist asked you to believe that the primitive cause of the solar system was not to be traced to a Divine Intelligence, but to a nebulosity, originally so diffuse that its existence can with difficulty be conceived, and that the origin of the present system of organized beings equally dispensed with the agency of a Creative Mind, and could be referred to molecules formed in the water by the power of attraction, till, by modifications of cellular tissue in the gradual lapse of ages, one monad became an

* It seems extremely doubtful whether the very few instances in which it has been asserted that a savage race has been found without recognition of a Deity and a future state would bear searching examination. It is set forth, for example, in most of the popular works on Australia, that the Australian savages have no notion of a Deity or a Hereafter, that they only worship a devil, or evil spirit. This assumption, though made more peremptorily, and by a greater number of writers than any similar one regarding other savages, is altogether erroneous, and has no other foundation than the ignorance of the writers. The Australian savages recognise a Deity, but He is too august for a name in their own language; in English they call Him The Great Master—an expression synonymous with "The Great Lord." They believe in a hereafter of eternal joy, and place it amongst the stars.—See Strzelecki's Physical Description of New South Wales.

oyster and another a Man—would you not say this cosmogony could scarcely have misled the human understanding even in the earliest dawn of speculative inquiry? Yet such are the hypotheses to which the desire to philosophise away that simple proposition of a Divine First Cause, which every child can comprehend, led two of the greatest geniuses and profoundest reasoners of modern times, La Place and La Marck.* Certainly, the more you examine those arch phantasmagorists, the philosophers, who would leave nothing in the universe but their own delusions, the more your intellectual pride may be humbled. The wildest phenomena which have startled you, are not more extravagant than the grave explanations which intellectual presumption adventures on the elements of our own organism and the relations between the world of matter and the world of ideas."

Here our conversation stopped, for Amy had now joined us, and, looking up to reply, I saw the child's innocent face between me and the furrowed brow of the old man.

MITES.

If you drive the head of an insect wedgewise into its thorax you will obtain the shape of a spider; and if you shove the abdomen into the other end of the thorax, the result will be something of the form of a mite. Although, when young, some of them have only six legs, adult mites, like all the spider group, have always eight legs, which are generally composed of seven more or less distinguishable articulations. The last articulation, joint, or segment, which may be called the foot, is furnished with a couple of movable hooks, folding backward into a groove or socket adapted to receive them. The feet of the mites are as various as their instincts. The feet of the touching mites are dilated; the feet of the swimming mites are ciliated; the feet of the running mites are long and slender; the feet of the weaving mites are bristled; and the parasitic or near-bread mites are provided with broad membranes, like discs, stalks, or suckers, wherewith they stick themselves upon their victims.

Many kinds of mites are blind. I would express the fact more correctly by saying they have no eyes. Fastened upon their food, they have no need of eyes to guide them when searching for it. The Hebrew name of these creatures (cinnim) comes from a root signifying to fix or establish, and these ticks lodge themselves firmly in man and in beast, gorging themselves with blood and juices. Dr. Adam Clark says of the cinnim, or Acarus sanguisugus, that it is the fixed or established insect, permitting itself to be torn to pieces rather than withdraw its hold and literally burying its head and trunk in the flesh of its prey.

The instruments, ordinarily called mandibles, have in some kinds of mites the form of pincers; they have in others the shape of lancets; and in some they resemble stylets. They can pierce and cut with them. The instruments are sometimes free, sometimes sheathed, and sometimes covered. The minuteness of the mites, which is the very meaning of their English name, has made the dissection and discrimination of their internal anatomy extremely difficult, even to skilful anatomists using the best microscopes. An eminent French naturalist, not being able to perceive the gullet, stomach, and intestines of two species of mites (Trombidium and Limnochares), having examined these specimens when these sacks were empty, said he could distinguish a cylindrical pharynx or opening to the gullet, with distinct walls containing numerous muscular fibres to enlarge it and aid suction, but he could not see either œsophagus, stomach, or intestines. The food, the blood, and juices of animals and plants was therefore, he stated, lodged in mere voids or lacunary spaces, extending throughout the whole of the body, and even into the bases of the legs. But more careful observations have shown the error of these views. When they are empty, owing to the thinness, these walls may escape observation, but when they are full of solid food, says Mr. Siebold, they may be recognised even in the smallest species. A good way of preparing minute animals of this kind for examination under the microscope is to give them coloured food. The parts of the mouth and legs which form the characters of the species, are obtained by crushing the mites upon a slide, washing away the exuding matters with a solution of potash and acetic acid, drying them, and then immersing them in Canada balsam. The pincer, lancet, and stylet mouths, and the dilated, ciliated, slender, and bristled feet, the eyeless heads, and adhesive membranes can, when thus prepared, be preserved and shown distinctly and beautifully.

Mites are found everywhere. It would be difficult to say where they are not to be met with, or to enumerate all the habitats in which they have been discovered. The study of them is far from complete, only begun, in fact, and they have been grouped as those with a transverse furrow (Acari); and those without a transverse furrow (Tyroglyphi). Those without claws and with bristles (Trichodactyli); those with bristly projections on their body (Psoroptes); and those with long bristles upon their hind legs (Sarcoptes). The powder in English cheese consists of the eggs of Acarus domesticus; and the powder in the Dutch and Gruyère cheese of the eggs of Acarus longior. The two-tailed acarus (A. bicaudatus) occurs upon ostrich feathers. This fact may be partly explained by the circumstance that the ostrich feathers of commerce are not obtained from the wild birds of the sandy deserts, whose feathers are torn and ragged, but from the tame birds, kept in stables for the sake of their feathers. The Hebrews called the female ostrich the daughter of vociferation, and the Greeks called the ostrich the camel bird, and the noise and fleet-

* See the observations on La Place and La Marck in the Introduction to Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise.

ness, with the quivering of their expanded wings, remarked in the tame bird, with other characteristics of the ostrich, making her incapable of continuous incubation, may be referable to the peculiar tick which infests her far-famed feather. During the heat of night she sits upon her eggs like a good mother, to protect them from the effects of the diminished temperature, but during the day, urged by hunger to search for reptiles as food, and by the irritation of acari—

> She flees,
> And skims along the plain with rapid speed,
> And scorns alike the hunter and his steed.

As Acarus bicaudatus infests the feathers of the ostrich, Acarus cursor occurs in the feathers of the owl, and there is a species called Acarus plumiger, because it is found upon feathery hairs; pigeons, sparrows, and grouse also have species peculiar to themselves. There are not merely species which affect cheese, there are kinds peculiar to flour, to figs, to prunes, to honeycombs, and to fungi. The itch and the mange are skin diseases, produced by acari; and certain species of them ulcerate and canker the feet of horses and sheep. As the ostriches carry the acari among the sands of the desert, the water beetles fly with them on their shields or elyters from the drying-pools to the ponds and streams. And travellers say among the most curious scenes still to be seen in the wild forests of hot countries are the flocks of plovers which hover over the troups of elephants, debarrassing them of their ticks, by alighting on their backs and pecking among their hair and wool.

Strollers on commons often observe what looks like a red powder, lying in thick cobwebs, entangled in furze bushes. They are the cocoons of acari, of the genus Tetranychus, of Dufour, of which the Acarus tellerius, of Linnæus, is the type. They live socially on plants, weaving webs. Lime-trees are sometimes covered by them with a clothing of silken webs, so thick that they look as if they were clad in glazed satin. This mite is the redoubted red spider, one of the greatest pests of the gardens. It is scarcely visible to the naked eye, being about the size, not of the head of a pin, but of the point of a pin. Its eggs appear under the microscope like clusters of small globules. The colour of the mite itself is sometimes yellowish, and sometimes brown, but generally a dull red, with a dark spot on each side of its back. It is found all the year round in dry and hot greenhouses, and under the bark of lime-trees in the month of November. In the summer-time it abounds on the under side of the leaves of limes and kidney beans. The mites attack also the apple, pear, plum, and peach trees. Plants infested by them seem scorched.

The plague of mites often breaks out where it is least expected, unaccountably and mysteriously. Who has not been astounded by the apparition of the book-mite (Cheyletus eruditus) in the best regulated libraries, and the best preserved cabinets? The book-worms have had the honour of giving their name to men of learning, who, in return for a nickname, have dubbed the mite with the title "eruditus;" as if eating and reading books were one and the same thing! The feelers or palpi of the book-worm are sickle-like in their form, ending in claws. A few years ago, some Egyptian palm-leaves having been shut up in a dark closet of a house at Lyme Regis, swarms of acari issued from it in thousands, spreading from the closet through the rooms and filling the crevices of wooden chairs, of tables, books, paintings, and cabinets of shells. In 1856, many dead acari were found beneath the glass of a daguerreotype ten years old, which was affected by what is called "fogging." Specimens of this acarus having been submitted to the Entomological Society, it was suggested that this mite resembled the common paste-mite (Cheyletus eruditus). But from a long correspondence it appeared that the picture was mounted in a tin tray, with the plate and glass too tightly pressed together to permit the insertion of the edge of a penknife, and the whole mounted in a morocco case without either paste, glue, or cement having been used in the mounting. The mites themselves were common enough, but it puzzled the learned to say how they got beneath the glass of this daguerreotype? and whether or no they had anything to do with the fogging?

By far the most curious apparitions of this group of animals, are upon other animals. The water-beetles carry the water-mites from dry to moist ponds. The little blue titmouse as it flits from spray to spray, continually pugnacious and predacious, carries about mites as large as dog-ticks (Ixodes), besides a variety of animated specks scarcely visible to the naked eye. The mite of the sparrows (Sarcoptes passerinus) is distinguished by the disproportionate and enormous size of the third pair of legs, which, when the mite is placed upon paper, are dragged after it like a dead weight. Why this acarus should be thus burthened, it would be hard to say. The instincts of the slug-mite (Philodromus limacum) are exceedingly curious. This mite, which is plentiful on large slugs, the black slug especially, lives inside the slug, in the hole at the side which leads to the lungs. This cavity is the residence, and the skin is the promenade of the mite. Mr. Leonard Jenyns once confined, in a close box, a slug apparently quite free from mites. On opening the box a day or two afterwards, he observed, nevertheless, very many of these parasites crawling about upon the slug, having apparently issued from the pulmonary cavity, lateral foramen, or air-hole. He once saw the mites running in and out of this cavity at pleasure. Some of them he saw go in and never saw them come out again, although he watched the slug narrowly for a considerable time. But, the most singular thing in this whole affair is, the indifference of the slugs to the movements of the mites, for they do not appear to suffer the least inconvenience from the activity of the parasites, allowing them to run in and out without betraying the slightest symptoms of irritation. Yet the extreme ra-

pidity of their movements is remarkable. A ground so slimy as the back of a slug might be expected to impede the motions of their eight feet, but so far is this from being the case that they are never seen at rest, running about with a celerity scarcely paralleled among their kind. It is far from easy to catch them for examination, for they are as nimble as they are fragile, and oftener crushed than caught. They may be squashed by a touch. If the slug is dropped into plain water, the mites rise to the surface and run upon it as easily and as actively as they run upon the back of the slug itself, their usual haunt for air and exercise. The best way to capture them is, perhaps, to drop the slug into weak alcohol, which, without immediately destroying life, paralyses the limbs of the mites.

A GREAT MAN.

1.

THAT man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor pelf;
Content to know, and be unknown,
Whole in himself:

2.

Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-order'd will belong,
For service and delight,
All powers that, in despite of wrong,
Establish right.

3.

And free he is, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passions free,
By Fortune undismay'd,
Hath power upon himself to be
By himself obey'd.

4.

If such a man there be, where'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare.
He cannot fare amiss.
Great Nature hath him in her care,
Her cause is his.

5.

Time cannot take him by surprise;
Fate cannot crush him: he shall rise
Stronger from overthrow.
Whose arms a Heavenly Friend supplies
Against Heaven's Foe.

6.

Who holds by everlasting Law,
Which neither chance nor change can flaw,
Whose stedfast cause is one
With whatsoever forces draw
The ages on:

7.

Who hath not bow'd his honest head
To base occasion, nor in dread
Of Duty shunn'd her eye,
Nor truckled to himself, nor wed
His heart to a lie:

8.

Nor fear'd to follow in th' offence
Of false opinion, his own sense
Of Justice, unsubdued;
Nor shrunk from any consequence
Of doing good:

9.

He looks his Angel in the face
Without a blush; nor heeds disgrace
Whom naught disgraceful done
Disgraces. Who knows nothing base
Dreads nothing known.

10.

Not morsell'd out from day to day
In petty arms, the helpless prey
Of hours that have no plan,
His life is his to give away
To God and man.

11.

The merely great are, all in all,
No more than what the merely small
Esteem them. Man's opinion
Neither conferr'd nor can recal
This man's dominion.

12.

Lord of a lofty life is he,
Loftily living, tho' he be
Of lowly birth; tho' poor,
He lacks not wealth; nor high degree
In state obscure;

13.

Tho' sadden'd soil'd not, broken not
Tho' burthen'd, by his mortal lot
To strive with mortal sin,
And scald away with tears the spot
That sinks not in:

14.

Yet not with downward eye morose,
Bent on himself, nor ear so close
Held to his own heart's call,
But what he sees, and hears, and knows,
And doth love well.

15.

All creatures by the dear God made;
All things that are; the little blade
Of green in grassy field,
The myriad stars that overhead
Stud heaven's blue shield;

16.

Nature's waste wealth of beauty, shed
By desert shore, or wild sea bed,
And the deep-moaning heart,
The mighty human cry for bread,
In crowded mart;

17.

By these his heart is touch'd, and sings
From all its solemn-sounding strings
Which Love alone can thrill,
Hosannah to the King of kings,
To man good-will.

18.

For, tho' he live aloof from ken,
The world's unwitness'd denizen,
The love within him stirs
Abroad, and with the hearts of men
His own confers;

19.

The Judge upon the Justice-seat,
The brown-back'd beggar in the street,
The spinner in the sun,
The reapers reaping in the wheat,
The wan-cheek'd nun.

20.
In convent cold, the prisoner lean
In lightless den, the robèd Queen,
Even the youth who waits,
Hiding the knife, to glide unseen
Between the gates:

21.
He nothing human alien deems
Unto himself, nor disesteems
Man's meanest claim upon him.
And where he moves the mere sunbeams
Drop blessings on him.

22.
Because they know him Nature's friend,
On whom she doth delight to tend
With loving kindness ever,
Helping and heartening to the end
His high endeavour.

23.
Therefore, tho' mortal made, he can
Work miracles. The uncommon man
Leaves nothing common-place:
He is the marvellous. To span
The abyss of space,

24.
To make the thing which is not be
To fill with Heaven's infinity
Earth's finite, to make sound
The sick, to bind the broken, free
The prison-bound,

25.
To call up spirits from the deep
To be his ministers, to peep
Into the birth of things,
To move the mountains, and to sweep
With inner wings

26.
The orb of time, is his by faith;
And his, whilst breathing human breath
To taste before he dies
The deep eventual calm of death,
Life's latest prize.

27.
If such a man there be, howe'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
That man my friend to know
To me were sweeter than to wear
What kings bestow.

UP THE DANUBE.

It is a hot dry day in July. The blinding dust-storm comes rushing along the wide wilderness of streets, darkening the daylight, so that one cannot see from one side to the other. They are streets seeming to have been made for giants, with hills and valleys in them, making them sore travelling for ordinary men. I have been summoned in haste to London by anxious news, three telegrams coming and going—question, answer, reply—over that immense distance in a few hours. Truly blessed are the inventions which thought and science have been permitted to win from Nature!

No people are so really friendly and companionable to strangers as the kind-hearted and hospitable people among whom I am living. In twenty years of foreign travel, I have seen no other nation where a foreigner can make so many steady and lasting friendships. There is a thoughtful kindliness, a real warm-heartedness among the Southern Russians to which all who have dwelt among them must desire to pay grateful tribute. Though alone, a solitary Englishman in a Russian city, I am not lonely, and many a gentle word is in store for me before I go. My luggage is soon packed, a small carpet-bag containing bare necessaries for the journey, and a light great-coat—nothing more. Some hours of business, good in their effect, as wrenching the heart from its sorrow, and then at three o'clock in the afternoon, I form one of a Russian family party, and we sit down to a good-by dinner, which has been ordered early, for the steamer which is to carry me away starts at five. We do not any of us eat much, and we talk less, even after the old-fashioned local custom of drinking me good-speed in champagne has been duly observed. My thoughts are far away, and my hosts are too full of kindly sympathy to disturb them. At last by common consent we rise from table as the roll of the wheels of the carriage is heard which is to take me to the port. Then we all sit down in a circle precisely in the centre of the room, according to an immemorial custom in this country before setting out upon a journey, and the farewells, which have been nervously put off till now, fairly begin. The little children, who have romped and played round my knees for years, come and put their small soft arms about my neck. It is hard to break away from those tiny pretty fetters. The master of the house kisses me on both cheeks, and then there is a hurried moving towards the door, and I drive away with the dear Russian faces looking kindly after me, and white handkerchiefs waving, till a turn in the road hides them from my sight. Surely, in no other country in the world are real friendships more warm and sincere than here.

No end of good-nature and forethought follow me. I am not the only one on board the Metternich that day who have tender partings from friends or kinsfolk. There is some laughing, indeed, among the pleasure-hunters and travellers to the baths, but even that is rather forced, and many streaming eyes full of hot tears that will not be quenched watch the return of the boat laden with cargoes of friends, and then go hurriedly below to hide their anguish. Very full is the world, of love and sorrow.

At last the paddles begin to revolve slowly, the captain shouts his hoarse command, the helmsman answers, the shrill voice of the engine boy takes up the cry, and we stand out to sea. The stately city fades away, the fairest of the Russian towns. The moon rises by-and-by, and I pace the deck till wearied out. When I awake from a troubled sleep we are at the Sulina mouth of the Danube, and there lie her Majesty's ships Weazer and Growler, looking taut and trim and wholesome, even among these fetid marshes, and in this unlovely country, in the sullen grey of the coming morning.

Millions of fat, pulpy, loathsome, sluggard

marsh flies, swarm round us in every direction, and settle so pertinaciously on the flesh that they must be quashed there, for they will not move off. We have quite a campaign against these filthy creatures, and keep up a weary slaughter of them till about four o'clock in the morning, while the sun has risen, and our paddle-wheels turning again, we go snuffling up the dark muddy waters of the lower Danube. At about three o'clock in the afternoon we arrive at Galatz, and never in my life have I felt the heat so intolerable, and the air so oppressive as it was then and there. Flies are more numerous than ever, they settle down on the dinner-table in such countless myriads that everything to eat is quite black with them. But Galatz is a gay place, and the Metternich is one continual hubbub of eating and drinking, laughing, singing, and piano-playing till we are transferred to the other boat, the Szechenyi, so called after the gifted and patriotic nobleman who first sent a steamer down this mighty river. On both sides of Galatz, the lower Danube grows rather prettier than elsewhere. There are the Moldavian mountains in the distance, some pretty villages scattered about, and the stream is broader and less muddy.

The hubbub of the merry-makers follows us to the Szechenyi, and is kept up till late into the night. The Moldavians are naturally a gay, careless, pleasure-seeking, sociable race, and the European commission just now among them sends a whole host of agreeable travellers up and down the waters about here. So we hear them whispering, and chatting, and flirting, and humming love songs about the cabins, and in the nooks and corners of the ship, or roystering jollily in drinking bouts upon deck, and clinking their glasses together, and smoking, and telling the most wonderful stories ever heard, till the early summer daylight comes round again, and they fall asleep in their smart clothes and lackered boots—a gipsy company, in all sorts of impossible places, and in the drollest attitudes. These Danube steamers are amazingly entertaining in a general way. There is usually a great deal of good and curious company on board. The Rouman and Hungarian peasants, who join us at the village stations, mostly wear the national costume, and now and then there is a patriotic Boyard or magnate does the same. The ladies dress for these steamers as smartly as for pleasure parties on shore. The captain assembles a chosen half-dozen immediately round him, and so we go, a bright-coloured mass of gossiping, flirting, loud laughing, junketing humanity, all jumbled into close acquaintanceship for a week together or more, if we have the good fortune to be delayed by fogs or sandbanks.

An hour after leaving Galatz we come to Ibraila, a thriving port, and there stop till two o'clock on Sunday morning, when we begin to move again. The voyage might be done in half the time if we did not dawdle and loiter about so. But time never seems of consequence to anybody in these countries. Towards ten o'clock on Sunday morning we arrive at Tchernavoda. Here two Turkish women—poor things—came on board with a cavass and a husband. Their veils are thin—their shrivelled wizen faces might be plainly seen by the curious. There is little of the sensitive Oriental modesty about them. There is a dispute about their fare, and they are going away very humbly, not understanding what was said to them, when somebody goes up to the captain and explains the mistake. Then they sit down in a row, like children, on their good behaviour, taking place in the fore cabin, though they had paid steerage places. They look wondering and frightened enough till we land them at the next station. I could not help feeling a sort of sorrow, notwithstanding all we know, to see the pride of the stately Osmanli so fallen. A few years ago there would have been brief words and fierce deeds had any one laid hands on a Turkish lady, as one of our well-meaning sailors did.

The Szechenyi is a fine vessel. The captain, a pleasant, sensible, courteous man, as the captain of a passenger-boat should be. The dinners, too, are very fair. There is the delicious sturgeon, and several other kinds of fish almost as fine and as seldom seen elsewhere. Good poultry, good wine, good fruit. With respect to the table arrangements, it may be objected that the waiters are in the habit of moistening the napkins, previous to pressing them, with water spirted from their mouths; but this is a trifle, and travellers must not be fastidious. The conversation, which was tolerably general, might have been entertaining. There were plenty of ingredients for good talk; pleasant travelled old men, full of the smaller charities, and rich in wise saws and good stories. There was a wit or two, and some charming chatty ladies; but unfortunately we drifted into philosophy, and here the inhabitants of these Danubian countries have hardly got beyond Voltairianism. If such narrow and false views of life are always troublesome and wearying to listen to, judge what they must be bawled out at a steamer dinner in July by a stout person three places off talking at one for exercise.

The voyage is full of memories to me. Yonder stands Silistria. The last time I saw those gentle slopes and scanty woodlands, with the water-wheels in the distance, they were covered with tents; the last time I saw one of the bravest who fell there was on a day when each of us backed his own horse for a holiday gallop from Pera to Buyukdéré. Here come more Turks, one bringing a whole sheep for his provision while on board, the simple fellow. My heart warmed towards the saddle-bags and the earthenware water-jugs, and the long pipes, the kalliballek, and the stout cavass which made his travelling equipage. My pulse beat quicker at the thought of the old wandering Arab horseman-life of the East, and I would have given something for a breezy gallop on one of those red saddles which I see piled up on the landing-place.

On Sunday evening we arrive at Guirgevo, but it is too late and too dark to go on shore, so we pass the time watching the new arrivals and the extraordinary crowd of flies which assemble about the tea-table. There is a tumbling or performing fly, who rushes forward a few steps, and then turns head over heels a complete summersault, entertaining himself this hot stifling evening with a series of mountebank tricks curious to witness. There is a swimming-fly, who jumps a header into our lemonade, and seems to like it. On Monday we pass Widin, famous in history, and arrive at Orsova at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning. We are detained there a most unreasonable time, and quite lose the day, and, consequently, thirty-six hours more before we get to Vienna. For the first time in my life, on this occasion I had my baggage closely examined in Austria. I do not know why. I had only one small carpet-bag, and I was going to London. But the custom-house officer, a dull stolid fellow, seemed to feel a kind of sleepy philosophical interest in the contents of that bag, or perhaps was seized with a fit of absence of mind while examining it, for he looked into and fingered and poked about the few trumperies I had with me in a manner quite surprising to see.

I observe that there is a brisk little business in exchanging foreign gold at Orsova, carried on to the very considerable advantage of somebody. A money-changer of more moderate views would have a fine opening there.

It is a thankless task to find fault, but it would not be frank towards the public to conceal that not only a great deal of time is wasted generally at Orsova owing to faulty arrangements somewhere. But also in the dry season, when low water renders the Iron Gates impassable, sufficient attention is not paid to the comforts or necessities of the numerous travellers who throng this great European highway. It is no joke for delicate ladies and young children to remain from five o'clock on a raw morning till three in the afternoon without anything to eat, because the commissariat officer has neglected to provide provisions. It is no joke for feeble invalids to see one of their last chances of life diminished by being kept for ten hours bumping about in little wooden springless carts, because the company do not provide proper accommodation to transport them from one steamer to the other. Among so much that is pleasant, however, we must hasten to forget a little discomfort, merely expressing a wish that the authorities at Vienna will examine into this grievance and soon provide a remedy.

THE GREEN LIGHT.

"I CANNOT say much in favour of the place, but such as it is, it is heartily at your service." So saying, the secretary shook me cordially by the hand, jerked out his watch, and after a hasty glance at it, pleaded an engagement, and went out. A clerk was left behind to fill up my appointment, ready for the signature of the governor of North Carolina. The latter young gentleman, one of those long-haired youths whom New England sends to fill subordinate posts in the South, had a most comical expression on his shrewd face. He rolled his eyes over the document, pinched up his thin lips into an expressive leer, and at last exploded into a titter. I was not offended. I knew the Americans, especially the Northerners, too well to expect at their hands the same demure politeness which would have been rendered by a European official. And I knew, too, that Yankees seldom laugh without a cause, and that their opinions are commonly worth listening to.

"You seem amused," said I. "Pray tell me whether at my desire to obtain the situation, or at my succeeding in my endeavours?"

The clerk laid down his pen, turned his twinkling eyes full on me, and answered:

"The reason I larfed, mister, was jest this: you folks from the old country do the queerest things, right out, you do. We native-born Americans, we air that plastic and spry, we can tackle to most; and this child has drove niggers, kept books aboard a Ohio steamer, preached to a congregation in Wisconsin, and sold notions to Canada. But what you won't catch a New Englander doing, in one while, is bein' keeper of the Cape Hatteras lighthouse."

"Why so?" I asked, good-humouredly. "The situation is, no doubt, a little dull, and the salary is not high——"

"Six hundred and twenty-five dollars, fifty cents, and a liberal allowance for wood and oil; not so bad, nouther, for light employ," parenthetically remarked the clerk.

"But still," I went on, "there are advantages in the situation. It is not an unhealthy spot, it is cheap and quiet, and as for temptation to expense——"

"As for them, mister, Robinson Crusoe was a Broadway lounger, compared with what you'll be. Snakes! why, a 'possum up a tulip-tree is in the world, when you come to reckon him with the keeper of that lighthouse. Since I've been here, eleven months or there away, there's been three fresh keepers appointed. One cut his throat. He was a German; one died of delirium tremendous; and the third, an Irish fellow, was drowned, or drowned himself. To hear the secretary palavering you as he did, about naturalisation, and that—when we should have to get a self-acting light, I guess, if we couldn't hire a foreigner to kindle it."

I will own that these remarks of the young clerk's gave me more than one melancholy hour, and made me almost doubt whether my own acceptance of so ill-starred and lonely a post were a wise one. But an old English adage declares that a certain class of persons must not be choosers, and my purse was lank enough to place me in the unlucky category. I had come out to America with high hopes, and those hopes had been lamentably baffled. The fortune I was to have made with brush and with the end of a burnt stick. The floors were of rough planks, stained in many places with

palette, and the fame even sweeter than fortune, had flitted before me like a mocking will-o'-the-wisp. I was actually poorer than when I arrived, two years before, at New York. Of my own proficiency as an artist, it behoves me to speak modestly. My studies had been long and sincere, and critics of some celebrity had predicted my future success. My true course was to have stayed at home, to have stuck to my art steadily, and, by patient work and thought, to have attained, not to a pinnacle of renown, but to a reasonable share of public favour.

I did not do this. I preferred to grow rich and famous at a bound, and I emigrated to America in a flush of hope. I could not have done a sillier thing. The New World is very chary of yielding patronage to any foreign talent that has not been heralded by the trumpet-note of foreign praise. The United States combine to do honour to the artist, actor, or singer, who can boast a great name in Europe, but the unknown are sure to be looked coldly upon. So it fared with me. And this was why, after setting up as a portrait painter in Philadelphia, as a historical painter in Boston, as a painter of allegory in Cincinnati, I was finally reduced to solicit the post of lighthouse-keeper in a wretched sandy islet off the coast of North Carolina.

I had one especial reason for asking and accepting this unpromising berth: a reason with which I did not trouble the clerk, and which I had not even imparted to the secretary. If I had any peculiar inclination, it was towards the painting of sea-views and ships; but as yet I had been dissatisfied with the result of my efforts. The colour was so poor—in my eyes at least—and the treatment so conventional. I had often longed for a favourable opportunity of sitting down before the ocean, studying every wrinkle and line in Neptune's stormy face, and taking the portrait of the sea in every mood from calm to frenzy. Here was a capital chance. The keeper of a lighthouse would be alone with Nature; no billiards, no gossip, nothing to call off his attention; and, perhaps after a summer's study, I might contrive to produce something that would sell well in London. Longer than half a year or so, I never dreamed of retaining the employment. Indeed it is not customary in the States to stick very long to one avocation, or to one office. Americans commonly regard one preferment as a stepping-stone to something very different, and I, in my turn, hoped to save enough and learn enough to enable me to withdraw to England again, with a fair prospect of success.

One fortnight afterwards, I hired a boat, and was duly wafted across to my new residence. It had been settled that I was to receive rations, at regular intervals. Two barrels of pickled-pork, with a cask of flour, some bags of biscuit and corn, a keg of whisky and some groceries, were on board the boat. With me went, also, a sturdy black lad whose goggle eyes rolled in wonder at the unaccustomed sight he beheld, and a hale old negress, the grandmother of the boy, a woman with an excellent character for cooking and scouring. These coloured persons were slaves. White servants are luxuries undreamed of in the labour-despising South, and I had conformed to the prevailing custom in hiring the living chattels of a landowner in the neighbourhood of Wilmington. I had been recommended to this gentleman, Dr. Leonidas Wicks, by a friend who knew that the doctor owned several negroes whose work on the land, or in the house, could be easily dispensed with. An Englishman never feels his conscience more troublesome than when he meddles with the "domestic institution" of the Slave States, even in the indirect method of hiring "animated property" from its possessor. Very likely Dr. Wicks read some such feeling in my countenance, for he said abruptly, before our bargain was concluded. "You've no call, Mr. Britisher, to be so plaguy nice! I expect Aunt Polly and young Juba had sooner go along with you to the lighthouse, than be sold to go South. It's a 'nation deal pleasanter work to cook meals and shake blankets, than hoe rice and sugar-grounds, down in Georgia or South Carolina, and it's there I'd have been obliged to send that pair of woolly heads, if you hadn't happened in to hire 'em." My scruples were thus removed, and I found Aunt Polly a good cook, and Juba a well-disposed lad, though neither was industrious nor quick of comprehension.

There was a light breeze, and, as the boat's sails filled pleasantly, we flew along at a great rate through the little sparkling waves. The whole bay, fenced in from angry gales and Atlantic rollers by the natural breakwater of the sandy islands, reminded me of the lagoons of Venice, and the blazing blue sky overhead was thoroughly Italian. It was amusing to hear the voluble talk and loud exclamations of my sable attendants, who had never before had more than a distant peep at the sea, and to whom everything was an object of wonder.

"Hoo! what sort ob grass dat?" cried Juba, for instance, when a great heap of tangled sea-weed—red, brown, and purple, and full of shells and small crabs—floated by.

"Him not grass. Him flower, tupidhead!" returned Aunt Polly, with all the complacency of superior wisdom.

Presently we got to the little quay, whose slimy and weather-beaten piles were deeply imbedded in the sand, and above which rose the gaunt white tower of the lighthouse. Some former occupant of the latter had made a desperate attempt at cultivation, and some traces of a garden were still visible, though the very wall had been more than half buried by the pure white sand that had drifted before the wind. The whole place was in tolerable repair, but had a neglected and dismal appearance. Nor did the interior of the building present a more cheerful aspect. The walls were worm-eaten bulwarks of timber, like the bulkheads of an old ship; the low ceilings were scored all over with names and dates, with illspelt scraps of songs and frightful caricatures that had been sketched

ink, paint, and pitch; and more than one charred spot indicated that some of my predecessors had been careless in their habits, and that an incipient fire had been trampled out just in time to avert a conflagration. There was no furniture worth mentioning, except some broken chairs and tables, an oaken press, and a barrack bedstead of iron.

But there was plenty of wood piled under cover; there was oil in abundance; there were three telescopes with the government mark upon them, and, on the wall of the principal apartment, hung a long duck-gun, surmounting a pair of naval cutlasses, whose brass hilts were green as verdigris with the tarnish of the moist sea air. I had been warned that I must bring everything I wanted with me, and the boat was pretty well stored with provisions, cooking utensils, mattresses, blankets, and so forth. In carrying up these matters from the little half-decked vessel I had engaged, I and my black allies were assisted by the boatmen. The latter, who consisted of a fine old patriarch in striped shirt and a suit of homespun, his son, and a strapping young mulatto, waited awhile to drink my health in a horn of whisky.

"You do look a little more shipshape, now, Britisher," remarked the old man, as he surveyed the mattresses and clean Pennsylvania blankets which now reposed on the rusty iron bed; "but you'll find the place a thought lonesome or so to a city-bred chap. There's neighbours, sure enough; but, stranger (here the fisherman dropped his voice), I advise ye to be careful as a b'ar on hot iron, till you've larned the length of their foot."

"How do you mean?" I asked, with a puzzled look. But the old man was not disposed to be explicit; he only muttered that a nod was as good as a wink to a blind horse, and presently took his departure. The negress, who had a real taste for work and bustling not very usual in one of her colour, was singing as she arranged matters in the kitchen, and Juba was slowly carrying in logs from the woodpile, with a very unnecessary amount of hard breathing and frequent pauses for rest. Having taken a glance at the lantern, and filled the lamps with oil, I walked out at the half-open door, and sauntered to the beach. The prospect was a wide one, but monotonous. Sea and sand, sea and sand—as far as the eye could range, from north to south, from east to west, nothing but sea and sand. The dazzling azure of the one was only varied by the pure white of the other. On the beach itself were a number of bright coloured shells, and some heaps of gaily tinted weed. There were crabs, too, in quantities, and a salt-water tortoise (or mud turtle) went flopping down into the depths of a little creek, as I approached. I looked along the coastline, as it trended sharply away. The sand-hills were heaped up, with hollows scooped out between them, in a swelling irregular line, as the wild wind had piled them during the hurricane months. Vegetation was scanty and coarse; a few hardy plants and grasses, of a dusky green hue, clung desperately to the hummocks of sandy soil, and there were one or two specimens of the cotton shrub growing wild: the seeds having probably been blown by some gale across the landlocked sea that severed us from the mainland. The aquatic birds were strangely tame; they flew screaming around me in a manner that reminded me of Alexander Selkirk and his dreary lordship over "the fowl and the brute" more vividly than was pleasant. I looked long and hard, but could make out no signs of human habitation within my range of vision. A few white sails were visible on the far-away blue of the horizon: the very presence of those ships seemed a comfort to me, as a link between my lonely self and the great stirring world of healthy movement and bustle. I began to doubt whether I had done wisely in accepting the situation.

"Hulloa, chap! Air yew the new lighthouse-keeper?" hailed a deep voice among the sand-hills.

I wheeled round. Behind me, on the summit of a mound, stood a very tall swarthy young man, in a checked frock of Osnaburg cloth, sea-boots, and a battered straw hat. He had a gun in his hand, and a game pouch by his side, which was nearly full of recently shot birds of the sand-piper class. A red handkerchief was knotted loosely around the fellow's sunburnt neck, and he was altogether dressed in a careless, picturesque fashion that gave him the wild aspect of a brigand.

"Hulloh! Can't yew answer?" thundered the deep voice.

I replied that I was the lighthouse-keeper; had but just arrived from the mainland, and was very much at his service.

"Then I guess we're neighbours?" said the sportsman, as he advanced and extended me the hand of friendship. A brown big knuckly hand it was, and the squeeze that I received brought tears into my eyes. After this salutation, the islander leaned on the stock of his piece and scanned me from head to foot, and back again, very slowly and deliberately. "I heerd there war to be a new keeper," observed the giant, "and my father, old Daddy Brown, of Fruit Creek—my name's Japhet Brown, stranger, at your call—Daddy Brown said, if I tumbled across you, and liked the looks of you—why, I were to say there's dinner and liquor at your bidding, any day you stroll Fruit Creek way."

After growling out this hospitable message, Japhet Brown stared again, as if to make quite sure that he really did like "the looks of me." For myself, I felt an inward conviction that I did not much admire the looks of my new acquaintance. I did not, somehow, fancy the man. It was not that he was rough and uncouth, that his shaggy black hair hung like layers of sable fringe under the torn rim of his straw hat, or that his clothes were daubed with tar and fish scales. I had seen sterling good fellows in still ruder guise, and had knocked about the world too long, to despise the toil-

hardened hand-grasp of an honest man. But Japhet's face expressed, at the best, but a ferocious good humour; the features were heavy and lowering, the black eyes were restless and cunning, and the half-careless smile on the mouth had something sinister mingling with its effrontery. I did not like the man, but I took good care to show no coldness or aversion. The keeper of the Hatteras lighthouse, I knew, could not afford to be exclusive or dainty in his choice of friends. I remembered the warning hint of the old boatman, and resolved that I would be on good terms with my neighbours, if possible. So I took Japhet Brown into my dwelling, opened my little store of cordials, and regaled him with a glass of gin sling and a prime cigar: luxuries which he appreciated the more because of their contrast to drams of raw spirit and coarse tobacco. The young man was less inquisitive than a Yankee would have been, but was rather contemptuous and overbearing in manner; having an evident scorn for the natives of a city.

"You'll be skeared here, all by yourself, chap, won't you?" he asked, with half jeering interest in my forlorn condition. "At Red Bay, now, there's folks a many, and at Fruit Creek there's daddy, and my mother, and granny, let alone six of us boys and gals, while there's neighbours handy. But here! I wonder a town-bred coon, like you, should take the berth. Can yew wrestle?"

"I used to wrestle a bit in bygone times," I answered with a smile; "I was fond of active amusements as a boy."

"Can yew shoot?" demanded Mr. Japhet Brown.

On my replying that I could, he put his long-barrelled fowling-piece into my hands, saying, "Try your luck, stranger. You see that 'ere bird, jest perched on the lump of red weed, floatin' out at sea. Let's see if you can hit her."

To Japhet's amazement, however, instead of pulling the trigger at once, I waited till the gull rose on her white wings, and then fired. The bird heeled over, and fell with a splash, stone dead, into the sea.

"Whoop! yew air a good 'un, chap! the best Yankee I ever clapped eyes on! Shake hands! I'll tell Daddy Brown about that—forty-five yards clean, and no lie about it!" And Japhet gave my hand a congratulatory squeeze that I felt for an hour after; so great was his delight at my skill. To shoot flying is in America a much more rare accomplishment than in England. The best marksmen of the States pique themselves on their accuracy with the rifle, whether at a dead mark or a deer or a squirrel, but with the fowling-piece they are less expert. I had won Japhet's esteem, for the time at least, and it was with unfeigned heartiness that he clapped me on the shoulder at parting, and renewed his invitation.

"Come when yew please, chap. There's always lots of pork and bacon; whisky's plenty, too, and if yew happen in at dinner time on Sabbath, yew'll be welcome. My mother she can fix a chicken, and roast a chicken, as well as any cook in Raleigh city. The gals—them's my sisters—air right down merry ones, and a chat with them would do yew good, stranger, when you get the lonesomes upon you." So saying, Japhet turned on his heel, and strode off towards Fruit Creek again.

Nothing worth mention occurred during the remainder of the afternoon. When dusk came creeping over the low shores, and a deepening shadow turned the shining azure of the sea first to the glossy purple of a starling's breast, then to violet, I went up the ladder to light my beacon for the first time. It was not without a certain amount of nervous tremor that I trimmed the wicks, adjusted the reflectors, and applied the match. I read over my printed instructions once again, before I executed my task. I held my breath, and hesitated before I kindled the lamps. For the first time, the great importance of my duties flashed upon me. I was about to ignite a beacon to whose distant radiance the eyes of the storm-tossed mariner, in the direst extremity of his battle with the elements, might turn for guidance and direction. What mischief might not be caused by negligence, however arising, and what a post of trust was mine, after all, as a sentinel in front of the devouring sea, watchful for human lives!

Flash! the bright glow broke forth, far to the north. I saw the distant glimmer overswelling mounds of sand and the darkling surges. A white light! That must be at Albemarle Sound. They were posting the sentries, then—the sentries against wreck and calamity. It was my turn to answer the signal. So I lighted up my two lamps. A red light and a green. They had not twinkled for more than five minutes before I saw something like a blood-red star over the waves to the southward. A red light. The light on Cape Look-out. I remained for some time in the glazed apartment which forms the upper story of all lighthouses, gazing out into the night, and listening to the moan of the wind. I did not feel so lonely, somehow, while looking towards those distant gleams, north and south, which told of a common purpose, and good-will towards our race.

"What time, sar, massa like to hab him supper? Got such a bootiful chicken, sar, ready to broil if massa give command. And shall old Aunt Polly boil kettle for tea?"

It was my black housekeeper, eager to be employed, recalled me from æsthetic meditations, and I left the steady lamps to burn alone.

My every-day life, as custodian of the Hatteras Light, was an exceedingly monotonous one. Yet dull as it was, it could not be called intolerable. It is true that there were times when I heartily envied Aunt Polly singing among her saucepans, and Juba carolling some interminable negro ditty as he chopped wood or cleaned my boots; but at other periods I was more at ease. Sometimes a boat touched at my little quay, and I had the pleasure of an hour's gossip with the

hardy sailors it contained: a conversation in which fish was oddly mixed up with politics, but which was never devoid of interest.

My own official work was light. I can well imagine that to an uneducated man the lack of continued occupation would have been maddening. After all, to burnish a brace of reflectors, and to trim, fill, and kindle two lamps, made but scanty inroads on my time. The duty required steadiness, sobriety, and punctuality; but not industry. Luckily for me, I had my art wherewith to while away the long hours of the sultry summer days; I painted and sketched; I retouched and altered; and, by dint of gazing on nature with a loving and humble eye, I really made some progress as a marine painter. I had fully made up my mind not to retain my post above a year at the outside; nor would I have thought of staying so long but that I wanted to learn to depict the sea, after the long period of sunshine and smiles, with a wrathful frown upon its expanse. A man cannot be always painting, but I had much ado to find any other tolerably rational pastime. I polished the mountings of the telescopes, and even the brass hilts of the old cutlasses, till they shone like gold. I cleaned up the old duck gun, and got it ready for the arrival of the birds of passage, when the northern snows should fall. And, finding that I could not, from the quay or beach, contrive to catch any but the smallest fish, I seriously set to work to repair a large old boat belonging to the lighthouse, and which I found half sunk in a creek not far off. Lucky it was that I betook myself to this last task, as the reader shall presently hear.

All this time I saw but little of my neighbours, the islanders. Curiosity brought me several visitors during the first months of my sojourn; but, although I made a point of receiving their calls as urbanely as possible, no particular sympathy could exist between them and myself. It was not that they were rude of speech and boisterous of manners; nor was it that I found myself the only educated person within walking distance. But my amphibious neighbours had in their demeanour, for the most part, something that repelled esteem and discouraged confidence. They seemed sly, with all their uncouthness, and they would now and then give utterance to sentiments too lawless for my taste.

I shall never forget the first visit I paid to the Brown family. Fruit Creek was a long and deep, though narrow inlet, which terminated in a shelving bank, on the smooth sand of which a number of whale-boats and skiffs rested, like fish out of water. The creek was named in consequence of the wreck of a West Indian vessel, laden with pines and shaddocks, near the spot where Daddy Brown had established his long black house of well-calked timber. There were several huts within sight, but Mr. Brown's was by far the best and largest of the tenements; its windows were completely glazed, and it possessed a tolerable garden, fenced from spray and sand by a high wall of solid timber slabs. The inside of the house was even more comfortable than the exterior promised. The Browns were evidently well off, and, as they insisted that I should not leave them before supper, I had an opportunity of seeing how they fared in general.

Daddy Brown himself was a hale old fellow, tall, but much bowed with age, though his flashing black eyes were as keen as a hawk's, and evinced great craft and vigour. I was at first rather disposed to like the old man, he talked so well and glibly. He alone, of the family group, had been a traveller; he had been to China and to Europe, as mate of a vessel, and had coasted repeatedly along the Atlantic seaboard, from Vera Cruz to Halifax. There were three sons, of whom Japhet was the eldest, and three daughters, all tall and well made, with dark complexions and bright eyes. Mrs. Brown, on the other hand, was a soft little woman, with rather a timid look in her round blue eyes, and was, as her husband said, from Pennsylvania. She was a notable housekeeper, and had the northern taste for scrubbing and polishing, since the floor was exquisitely clean, and the copper and tin upon the kitchen-shelves shone brilliantly. The family received me hospitably enough. The young men eyed my thews and sinews with undisguised scorn, and half-jestingly challenged me to "wrastle a fall" with Seth or 'Symmachus, observing that Japhet was too big to make the match a fair one. But they were equally anxious to see some proof of my proficiency with the gun, concerning which they had heard marvels from their elder brother. So, a fowling-piece was taken down from the hooks over the stove, where it usually hung, and half an hour was devoted to shooting at a moving mark, such as Seth's cap, or an old sea-boot belonging to Japhet, which were successively flung up into the air, and riddled with swan-shot, amid general applause.

"Too dark for more! too dark for more!" cried old Daddy Brown; "wall done, Britisher, all the same! I could shoot a bit oncest, but 'twar with the rifle. Come to supper, boys and gals. The old woman's just lit up."

The lamps which Mrs. Brown had just "lit up," were three very large constructions of white metal, the work of some Yankee pewterer, which held a great deal of oil, and gave a blaze of yellow light. The cloth was laid on the walnut-wood table, and on it smoked a profusion of hot viands, flanked by all sorts of bottles and stone jars. The plates were of common delf, but the drinking vessels were most various. Thus, Daddy Brown had a silver tankard; Japhet, a tin pannikin; the girls glasses; and the rest of the party china mugs. I was still more surprised to see that some of the forks were of massive silver, while others were two-pronged steel implements of the cheapest fabric. We had scarcely sat down, before a remarkable incident happened. I chanced, less through inquisitiveness than absence of mind, to be turning round the heavy silver fork assigned to me, when I descried some half-effaced armorial bear-

ings on the handle. Before I could decipher them, however, Seth Brown, the youngest son, who sat near me, and who had watched me, suddenly thrust out his broad bony hand, wrested the fork from me, and tossed it across the table: growling out something about "a spy." I was really too much astonished to resent this rudeness, but Daddy Brown instantly exclaimed in a harsh tone, "For shame, Seth! you're drunk, boy. Ask the stranger's pardon, or——." Daddy Brown did not finish the sentence, but his brows corrugated into an ugly frown, and he shook his fist at his youngest son, who gave me back the fork with a very bad grace, muttering that he meant no harm—"'twar a joke." This was odd, and another trivial circumstance happened soon after. One of the girls who sat near me, a merry black-haired maiden, like her sisters, with a loud laugh and a nut-brown cheek, wore a very pretty brooch, mounted in gold, and delicately executed in enamel, in Louis Quinze style. I happened to praise the beauty of this costly ornament, to the evident gratification of the wearer, until I hazarded the remark that "the workmanship was probably French. I never saw such a brooch in an American jeweller's."

"That's tellins!" answered the girl in a sharp tone.

"Phœbe!" exclaimed her mother in a deprecatory fashion. Her father gave one of his oily laughs. "Our island gals," said he, "don't understand your town ways, Britisher. The gewgaw glittery thing was honestly come by, you may take your oath of it. And that's all that matters the vally of a pinch of gunpowder, whether French or not French."

I parted from the Browns cordially enough, but the more I thought of them the queerer they seemed. Were they really fishermen, I wondered, in spite of all the nets and many-hooked lines ostentatiously displayed around their dwelling? Had those sharp whale-boats no other use than to carry Japhet and Seth to the banks where coalfish and catfish, jewfish and sunfish, were plenty? There were things to be seen in that house of Mr. Brown's, which contrasted forcibly with the oaken benches and clumsy furniture. Silk curtains to the small-paned windows, one or two arm-chairs of frayed velvet, a beautiful Indian cabinet in rare wood inlaid with ivory, and, above all, a small, but handsome mirror, whose richly carved and gilded frame jarred with the coarse coloured prints that were hung on the same wall. Very odd, all this. To be sure, these expensive objects might be relics of Mr. Brown's seafaring days, treasures picked up in the course of his wanderings. And yet—I doubted.

About a week after, something confirmed my doubts. An officer arrived suddenly—a lieutenant in the United States navy—who had been charged with the duty of inspecting all the lighthouses on the Atlantic coast. He found nothing to blame at Cape Hatteras.

"Your lamps and lantern are in pattern order, Mr. Halford," said the lieutenant, very good-humouredly, "and your reflectors do you credit. I wish I had always the power to say as much; but the fact is, Uncle Sam has some shocking bargains along the coast. No accident here, in your time, hey?"

"Accident?" said I, rather perplexed.

"Ah, yes, it's best to call them by that name;" said the lieutenant, dryly: "they are rather famous for their frequency hereabouts, especially in rough or foggy weather. Ships often mistake the lights and run ashore, and are lost—and no wonder, if people will fasten lanterns to horses, and keep moving along the beach, so as to delude poor wretches at sea. I see, Mr. Halford, by your face, that you are surprised. Briefly, then, there are gangs of as rascally wreckers, not a hundred miles off, as ever a country was cursed with. Take care they don't play you a trick some night, that's all."

But nothing whatever occurred, during the long hot summer, to justify the lieutenant's warning. Autumn came, and with it the season of violent gales, heavy rains, and fogs of blinding thickness. I heard rumours of a few wrecks, on remote parts of the chain of sandy islets, but no such misfortune occurred in my own neighbourhood. Day after day I saw ships pass safely by, under shortened canvass, and fighting their way bravely through the angry sea. Night after night my beacon lights answered the friendly blaze to north and south, and along the wave-lashed coast-line the signs of danger were shown, not in vain. By this time I was getting heartily sick of my employment. I had saved a little money. I had made many sketches, and had much improved in my colouring and taste, by dint of study and practice. And as I found my isolation tedious to the last degree, I had written to the authorities to inform them of my intention to resign, as soon as my successor should be ready to assume my duties.

On a blustering and dark autumnal day, when the clouds were driving fast across the threatening sky, and the waves rolled in with a hoarse murmur, I suddenly came, in the course of a lonely ramble along the beach, upon two men. They were standing in a little hollow between two hillocks of loose sand, gazing out earnestly to seaward. My eyes instinctively followed the direction of theirs, and I saw a large ship under double reefed topsails, with her courses brailed up, staggering along the coast line, with her bows turned southwards. The wind was unfavourable to her, and she had much ado to make very slow progress indeed, by dint of incessant tacks. The two men on the shore, not noticing me, as my footsteps fell noiselessly on the soft sand, conversed in loud, unguarded tones. "There she goes on the larboard tack again. At that rate she'll beat about till dark, and never make ten cables' length of way;" said the younger and taller of the two.

"She can't fetch Ocracock Inlet, with the wind where it is, and like to freshen;" observed the other, in an oily, insinuating voice which I

recognised as that of Daddy Brown; "I guess her skipper don't know this coast. The fool's sure to bump ashore, soon or late."

"A good job if she came ashore within our bounds!" exclaimed the younger, who was no other than Japhet Brown; "deep laden as she is; there'd be pickings worth a wet-jacket. We haven't had a clutch at such a critter, not since the ——"

"Hush!" prudently observed old Brown, who had just turned his head, and caught a glimpse of me; "hush! there's ears about."

Japhet reddened and frowned very sulkily as I descended the sandhill and wished him and his father "good-day." But Mr. Brown was very bland. "Glad to tumble on you again, Britisher! Han't seen you these two months agone. Dirty weather!"

Our conversation was not a long one, and we soon parted. But, to my great surprise, when I got near home I heard some one panting after me, and up came Japhet at a run. "Father says," he gasped out, "says yew would do him proud if yew'd look in at Fruit Creek to night. The gals have got a party—a frolic to shell corncobs and string 'em—and there's lots of neighbours comin', both men and women. We have a dance and games, and a supper fit for the President. Will you come?"

Now if I had consulted my own inclinations, I should have declined, but I was anxious to give no offence, and I knew that my refusal would probably be attributed to the pride of superior station and acquirements, so I accepted.

"That's right, chap!" said Japhet, drawing a long breath: "I hate a fellow to be nasty proud, I do. Ah, yew and we might work well together, and yew'd make a better thing of it than the State salary, if yew only knew which side your bread was buttered.

"What do you mean?"

But Japhet turned on his heel with a horse-laugh, saying in a loud voice,

"Never yew mind; recklect yew've promised to come. Folks gather at six. Don't be later nor the half-past, chap!"

Off he went. I went home, and, as I turned my head in the act of crossing the threshold, I saw the same ship still within a mile of the shore. The dusk was deepening fast into the obscurity of night, but I could see that she was making slow progress, while there was every indication of a storm. I went up the ladder, lighted and arranged my lamps with my accustomed care, and then sat down to read for awhile. At half-past five, I made such slight alterations in my dress as were necessary, threw my mackintosh cloak over my shoulders, and after a glance at the beacon, prepared to set out. I had never before left the lamps to burn in my absence.

I had a long and disagreeable walk to Fruit Creek; the wind had begun to moan and shriek, my cloak flew out and tugged at my shoulders as if to hold me back, and my feet stumbled among the sand-hills. It was very dark, and rain and sleet came driving before the gale. After my weary tramp along the desolate shore, I thought that Daddy Brown's house, with a ruddy radiance streaming from its windows, and its principal apartment crowded with men, matrons, girls, and striplings, presented a cheerful scene. There was abundance of fun, laughter, and hearty mirth at this "frolic." An endless country dance was achieved by a score of couples, with an obligato accompaniment of stamping and clapping of hands; songs were sung, games, such as hunt-the-slipper and blind-man's-buff, were played. At another time I should have watched the scene with keen interest; but on this particular evening my spirits were low, and my heart was heavy within me. Something like a foreboding weighed me down, in spite of all my efforts not to play the part of kill-joy. Daddy Brown seemed very glad to see me, and so did Japhet, but it struck me that Mrs. Brown looked at me with rather a scared glance. Curiously enough, though the three daughters were all dancing as vigorously as if life itself depended on their exertions, Seth and 'Symmachus, the younger sons, were absent.

"The boys are all right," said Daddy Brown, in answer to my inquiry; "they're out late; been over to the main, after ducks. We'll see 'em afore supper time, Britisher."

I declined dancing, and for some time contented myself with the part of a spectator. But the fiddling, laughter, and loud talking, jarred on my ears; I became more and more oppressed by the gloom that had clouded my mind, why, I knew not; and at last I could bear it no longer. Watching my opportunity, I slipped out unobserved, and set out on my lonely homeward walk.

About half way from the lighthouse, two men, with their heads depressed, as they pushed their way against the wind and rain, came hurrying rapidly past, and crossed me without seeing me. They were of much the height and build of Seth Brown and his brother; but what errand could possibly have taken them to the Cape, when their father had accounted so plausibly for their absence?

A vague formless misgiving came to chill my heart with dread. What errand could have led those two young men to my desolate dwelling on a night of revelry? I set my teeth and strode on faster. Was that lightning, that red flash through the darkness to seaward? No. After a pause came the sullen boom of a cannon. A signal of distress, no doubt, from some ship in peril. I pressed on. At last I could see the lighthouse, sending, as usual, its friendly beams of radiance far over the roaring sea. As usual? No, for my practised eye soon detected a change. The red light burnt alone; the green lamp was *gone!*

"Great Heaven!" I cried, aloud, "this is some dreadful accident, or else villains have been tampering with the lights! Those young ruffians—the ship—the invitation——I see it!" With a groan I set off to run at my utmost

speed, hoping to arrive in time to light the extinguished lamp before the doomed ship, whose signal I had heard, should be lured to her fate. For, at a glance, I had divined the heartless scheme of the wreckers. The red light burning alone would be taken for that on Cape Look-out, and the captain, utterly deceived, would seek an imaginary channel where the fatal sandbanks lay.

Before I got home, however, flash upon flash, boom after boom, told of the urgent danger which the mariners had perceived when it was too late. Each report was nearer and nearer, and the vessel must be driving fast towards the lee shore. I hurried to the house. Juba was asleep and snoring in a corner of the kitchen, and the negress was rocking herself before the fire, crooning out some plantation ditty. Evidently the blacks knew nothing of what had been done. I ran up to the glazed chamber, where the lamps stood. Hastily I relighted that which had been extinguished, and then approached the glass, and looked out. For a while, I saw nothing but the flashes of the minute guns, but presently a broad and lurid glare arose, and I could see by the light of an enormous fire of tar-barrels and wood, which had been hastily piled upon the beach, that the vessel had already grounded. She had struck, bows foremost, her upper spars and rigging had gone overboard covering her deck with a tangled mass of ruin, the waves breaking furiously over her. Hard-by, I could see a number of men, their swart figures clearly defined in the blood-red light, bustling up and down the sands. They had lighted the fire—the wreckers. Without pausing to consider the possible consequences to myself, I hurried down the ladder, calling on Juba to follow me; and, rushing towards the beach, hoped that I might be in time to reach a helping hand to some of the poor perishing creatures. When I drew near, I heard a great shout. The vessel had parted amidships. The whole sea, crimsom with firelight, was covered all over with floating beams, bales, boxes, fragments of wreck, and struggling human forms. The latter were but few, and their cries for help were disregarded by the greedy wretches on shore, who rushed, with loud shouts, waist-deep into the sea, to secure plunder. Chests, casks, and other prizes, were hurriedly grasped, and rolled or dragged above the reach of the waves, while the wreckers encouraged each other in their unhallowed task. It was a hideous scene, but I saw little of it, for my eye suddenly lighted on something like a bundle of clothes, lashed to a bench of light cane-work, which was floating in an eddy hard-by. The white bundle stirred as it was swept past, and the long golden hair of a child, and the pale pretty face of a child, were clearly visible in the crimson light. In an instant I was standing in the foaming water, which reached above my waist, and I had a firm grasp on the object that had attracted my notice. The undertow nearly bore me off my feet, and I staggered, but I held the child fast, cut the cord that fastened her to the bench, and bore her in my arms to the beach. A sweet face, innocent and beautiful, the face of a seraph! She was wet and cold, but fear had not benumbed her faculties, for she clung to my shoulder with one tiny hand, while with the other she pointed to the sea, and murmured in a weak voice, "Mamma! Please help! Oh pray, pray save mamma!"

Poor child! I looked on her with pity; no doubt was in my mind that her mother had perished in the disaster. The little girl—she could not have been above seven years old—pointed eagerly to a mass of wreck that turned and twirled in the eddy as it drifted past, and begged and prayed me passionately "to help dear mamma."

The child was right: there *was* a human figure lashed to those spars, and the long brown hair and the streaming garments showed that the apparently lifeless form was a woman's. I laid the child lightly on the sandbank, telling her not to be afraid, and, throwing off my coat, plunged into the sea, and with great difficulty dragged the floating mass to shore. The little raft, hastily composed of a couple of studding-sail-booms and a hencoop, lashed together, had drifted far out before I reached it, and the strong current nearly sucked me out to sea as I swam back, panting and dripping wet; but I managed to drag the poor lady from the waves. She was quite insensible, her eyes were closed, and but for the very faintest action of the heart I should have thought life extinct. A pale delicately-moulded face, with some resemblance to that of the beautiful child, though the complexion and colour of the hair were very dissimilar. The little girl put her arms round her mother's neck, and kissed her a hundred times.

I now began very seriously to consider how I should get the sufferer conveyed to safe shelter. To the wreckers I dared not appeal. Fortunately, they had been too busy to notice what was going on at a distance of fifty paces, and if they had seen me at all they probably took me for one of the gang. But I dared not call to them for help. They wanted no living witnesses of their misdeeds, no living claimants of the property which they were lawlessly appropriating.

As I swam back with my second prize, my face had been towards the wreck, and I had distinctly seen two human heads rise above the broken water, and two eager gasping human faces, and the outstretched hands of two half-drowned men. Both were bareheaded and drenched with salt water, but by the momentary glimpse I caught of them I should have said that the elder was a seaman, the other, who wore a dark moustache, a gentleman. They held out their hands, and cried for aid, but none came. Only a tall man, whose face I did not see, but whose figure was like that of Japhet Brown, repulsed them with a boat-hook he carried, and pushed them back into the deep water, amid the jeers and yells of the wretches on shore. And so they sank, murdered for the sake of gain. I felt that my

own life hung on a thread. If any wrecker espied me, the villains would not hesitate at another crime. But how could I go? I could carry the child with ease, but her poor mother!

Thank God! Juba, in person! I had quite forgotten that I had ordered the young negro to follow me; I had far outstripped him, but I looked up and saw his black face. He was dreadfully alarmed at the fierce shouts and excited gestures of the wreckers, and was on the point of making off when I caught him by the collar. Between us, we contrived to carry the young woman over the dreary sandhills between us and the lighthouse, the child being sufficiently recovered to walk. We laid our patient on my bed, and when Aunt Polly had exhausted her first transports of astonishment, she proved an excellent nurse. Thanks to the care and zeal of the kind negress, Mrs. Fairfax gradually revived. It was from her own lips that I learned her name and position in life. She was the young wife of a gentleman of good fortune in North Carolina, and nephew to the Governor of that State. But—poor thing!—I could not disguise from her that she was a widow, though I spared her the additional pang of knowing that her husband had been one of those who had been inhumanely thrust back into the sea to perish, although I had little doubt that one of the murdered men had been Captain Fairfax, whose description tallied with that of the poor victim I had beheld.

Leaving the widow weeping over her recent loss, while she clasped her rescued child as if she feared to lose her too, I went to make preparations for leaving the island. Most fortunately, I had employed my leisure in repairing the dismantled boat. The latter had no mast, but it was now watertight, and a pair of the old oars were fit for use. Before I slept, I brought the boat from the creek, and moored it to the quay, ready for a start. My great fear was that, before we could escape, some of the wreckers might discover that I had been an eye-witness of their crimes, and had saved some of the passengers on board the foundered ship, which I now learned was the Astarte, of Boston. On this account, shortly after daybreak I caused mattresses and pillows to be placed in the boat; and Aunt Polly, Juba, and I, carried down Mrs. Fairfax, who was too much exhausted to walk. The child followed, and Aunt Polly arranged the blankets and cloaks around the invalid, while Juba was to take one oar, and I the other. The black lad was not wholly unused to a boat, having rowed on the river near Wilmington. In case of pursuit, which, however, seemed improbable, I had placed the loaded gun in the boat, had hidden one of the cutlases under my pea-coat, and concealed the other in the sand. We were just ready to push off, when I remembered that my sketches and drawings, which I was loth to leave, were still within the lighthouse. I ran back, put the portfolio under my arm, and was on the threshold of my late dwelling, when the figure of a tall man appeared in the doorway—Japhet Brown!

His face was swollen and coarse with drink, and his fiery eyes drooped as they met mine.

"Whither away, chap? Yew seem in a plaguy hurry;" he growled, and extended his hand.

"I am going out. I have no time for conversation;"

The young villain burst out into oaths and curses.

"Conceited British hound, who be yew, to refuse to shake an honest man's hand?"

"A murderer's hand, you mean!" I cried, indignantly, though I repented the words before they were well out.

Japhet turned livid with passion. "You know too much, my gentleman. I'll stop your jaw pretty smart."

So saying, he threw himself upon me, but I was luckily armed, and I drove him out of the lighthouse, pursuing him, cutlas in hand, for a short distance. Then I went back to the boat. Juba and I were not first-rate rowers, the boat was heavy, and our progress was slow. Before we were half-way across the sound, I descried a swift whale-boat cleaving the waters, on our track. No doubt the wretch Japhet had given the alarm to his comrades, and had we been overtaken, the secret would have been preserved by the sacrifice of all our lives. But a sloop passing within hail picked us up, and carried us to the mainland. Before nightfall we were able to place Mrs. Fairfax and her little daughter under the safe care of her husband's relations.

I have little more to tell. The gratitude of the Fairfax family pressed upon me a large pecuniary reward. This I declined, but I gladly accepted patronage which enabled me to leave for Europe two years later, with—for an artist—a purse reasonably heavy. A States Marshal, backed by an armed force, was despatched to Cape Hatteras, with a warrant for the apprehension of the guilty. But some delay had occurred, and the Browns fled to Texas, in which remote region, years afterwards, I read of the execution, by lynch law, of Japhet and his father, for robbery and murder.

At the completion, in March, of

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S NEW WORK,

A STRANGE STORY,

Will be commenced

A NEW NOVEL, BY MR. WILKIE COLLINS.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER LXXII.

I TURNED back alone. The sun was reddening the summits of the distant mountain range, but dark clouds, that portended rain, were gathering behind my way and deepening the shadows in many a chasm and hollow which volcanic fires had wrought on the surface of uplands undulating like diluvian billows fixed into stone in the midst of their stormy swell. I wandered on, and away from the beaten track, absorbed in thought. Could I acknowledge in Julius Faber's conjectures any bases for logical ratiocination? or were they not the ingenious fancies of that empirical Philosophy of Sentiment by which the aged, in the decline of severer faculties, sometimes assimilate their theories to the hazy romance of youth? I can well conceive that the story I tell will be regarded by most as a wild and fantastic fable; that by some it may be considered a vehicle for guesses at various riddles of Nature, without or within us, which are free to the licence of romance, though forbidden to the caution of science. But, I—I—know unmistakably my own identity, my own positive place in a substantial universe. And beyond that knowledge, what do I know? Yet had Faber no ground for his startling parallels between the chimeras of superstition and the alternatives to faith volunteered by the metaphysical speculations of knowledge. On the theorems of Condillac, I, in common with numberless contemporaneous students (for, in my youth, Condillac held sway in the schools, as now, driven forth from the schools, his opinions float loose through the talk and the scribble of men of the world, who perhaps never opened his page)—on the theorems of Condillac I had built up a system of thought designed to immure the swathed form of material philosophy from all rays and all sounds of a world not material, as the walls of some blind mausoleum shut out from the mummy within, the whisper of winds, and the gleaming of stars.

And did not those very theorems, when carried out to their strict and completing results by the close reasonings of Hume, resolve my own living identity, the one conscious indivisible ME, into a bundle of memories derived from the senses, which had bubbled and duped my experience, and reduce into a phantom as spectral as that of the Luminous Shadow, the whole solid frame of creation?

While pondering these questions, the storm, whose forewarnings I had neglected to heed, burst forth with all the suddenness peculiar to the Australian climes. The rains descended like the rushing of floods. In the beds of water-courses, which, at noon, seemed dried up and exhausted, the torrents began to swell and to rave; the grey crags around them were animated into living waterfalls. I looked round, and the landscape was as changed as a scene that replaces a scene on the player's stage. I was aware that I had wandered far from my home, and I knew not what direction I should take to regain it. Close at hand, and raised above the torrents that now rushed in many a gully and tributary creek, around and before me, the mouth of a deep cave, overgrown with bushes and creeping flowers tossed wildly to and fro between the rain from above and the spray of cascades below, offered a shelter from the storm. I entered; scaring innumerable flocks of bats striking against me, blinded by the glare of the lightning that followed me into the cavern; and hastening to resettle themselves on the pendants of stalactites, or the jagged buttresses of primeval wall.

From time to time the lightning darted into the gloom and lingered amongst its shadows, and I saw, by the flash, that the floors on which I stood were strewed with strange bones, some amongst them the fossilised relics of races destroyed by the Deluge. The rain continued for more than two hours with unabated violence; then it ceased almost as suddenly as it had come on. And the lustrous moon of Australia burst from the clouds, shining, bright as an English dawn, into the hollows of the cave. And then simultaneously arose all the choral songs of the wilderness—creatures whose voices are heard at night, the loud whirr of the locusts, the musical boom of the bullfrog, the cuckoo note of the morepork, and, mournful amidst all those merrier sounds, the hoot of the owl, through the wizard she-oaks and the pale green of the gum-trees.

I stepped forth into the open air and gazed, first instinctively on the heavens, next, with more heedful eye, upon the earth. The nature of the soil bore the evidence of volcanic fires long since extinguished. Just be-

fore my feet the rays fell full upon a bright yellow streak in the midst of a block of quartz, half embedded in the soft moist soil. In the midst of all the solemn thoughts and the intense sorrows which weighed upon heart and mind, that yellow gleam startled the mind into a direction remote from philosophy, quickened the heart to a beat that chimed with no household affections. Involuntarily I stooped; impulsively I struck the block with the hatchet, or tomahawk, I carried habitually about me, for the purpose of marking the trees that I wished to clear from the waste of my broad domain. The quartz was shattered by the stroke, and left disburied its glittering treasure. My first glance had not deceived me. I, vain seeker after knowledge, had, at least, discovered gold. I took up the bright metal;—gold! I paused; I looked round; the land that just before had seemed to me so worthless, took the value of Ophir. Its features had before been as unknown to me as the Mountains of the Moon, and now my memory became wonderfully quickened. I recalled the rough map of my possessions, the first careless ride round their boundaries. Yes, the land on which I stood—for miles, to the spur of those farther mountains—the land was mine, and, beneath its surface, there was gold! I closed my eyes; for some moments, visions of boundless wealth, and of the royal power which such wealth could command, swept athwart my brain. But my heart rapidly settled back to its real treasure. "What matters," I sighed, "all this dross? Could Ophir itself buy back to my Lilian's smile one ray of the light which gave 'glory to the grass and splendour to the flower?"

So muttering, I flung the gold into the torrent that raged below, and went on through the moonlight, sorrowing silently; only thankful for the discovery that had quickened my reminiscence of the landmarks by which to steer my way through the wilderness.

The night was half gone, for even when I had gained the familiar track through the pastures, the swell of the many winding creeks, that now intersected the way, obliged me often to retrace my steps; to find, sometimes, the bridge of a felled tree which had been providently left unremoved over the now foaming torrent, and, more than once, to swim across the current, in which swimmers less strong or less practised would have been dashed down the falls, where loose logs and torn trees went clattering and whirled: for I was in danger of life. A band of the savage natives were stealthily creeping on my track—the natives in those parts were not then so much awed by the white man as now. A boomerang* had whirred by me, burying itself amongst the herbage close before my feet. I had turned, sought to find and to face these dastardly foes; they contrived to elude me. But when I moved on, my ear, sharpened by danger, heard them moving, too, in my rear. Once only three hideous forms suddenly faced me, springing up from a thicket, all tangled with honeysuckles and creepers of blue and vermilion. I walked steadily up to them; they halted a moment or so in suspense, but perhaps they were scared by my stature or awed by my aspect; and the Unfamiliar, though Human, had terror for them, as the Unfamiliar, although but a Shadow, had had terror for me. They vanished, and as quickly as if they had crept into the earth.

At length the air brought me the soft perfume of my well-known acacias, and my house rose before me, amidst English flowers and English fruit-trees, under the effulgent Australian moon. Just as I was opening the little gate which gave access from the pasture-land into the garden, a figure in white rose up from under light feathery boughs, and a hand was laid on my arm. I started; but my surprise was changed into fear when I saw the pale face and sweet eyes of Lilian.

"Heavens! you here! you! at this hour! Lilian, what is this?"

"Hush!" she whispered, clinging to me; "hush! do not tell; no one knows. I missed you when the storm came on; I have missed you ever since. Others went in search of you and came back. I could not sleep, but the rest are sleeping, so I stole down to watch for you. Brother, brother, if any harm chanced to you, even the angels could not comfort me; all would be dark, dark. But you are safe, safe, safe!" And she clung to me yet closer.

"Ah, Lilian, Lilian, your vision in the hour I first beheld you was, indeed, prophetic—'Each has need of the other.' Do you remember?"

"Softly, softly," she said, "let me think!" She stood quietly by my side, looking up into the sky, with all its numberless stars, and its solitary moon now sinking slow behind the verge of the forest. "It comes back to me," she murmured, softly—"the Long ago—the sweet Long ago!"

I held my breath to listen.

"There—there!" she resumed, pointing to the heavens; "do you see? You are there, and my father, and—and——Oh, that terrible face—those serpent eyes—the dead man's skull! Save me—save me!"

She bowed her head upon my bosom, and I led her gently back towards the house. As we gained the door, which she had left open, the starlight shining across the shadowy gloom within, she lifted her face from my breast, and cast a hurried fearful look round the shining garden, then into the dim recess beyond the threshold.

"It is there—there!—the Shadow that lured me on, whispering that if I followed it I should join my beloved. False, dreadful Shadow! it will fade soon, fade into the grinning horrible skull. Brother, brother, where is my Allen? Is he dead—dead—or is it I who am dead to him?"

I could but clasp her again to my breast, and seek to mantle her shivering form with my dripping garments, all the while my eyes, following the direction which hers had taken—dwelt on the walls of the nook within the threshold,

* A missile weapon peculiar to the Australian savages.

half lost in darkness, half white in starlight. And there I, too, beheld the haunting Luminous Shadow, the spectral effigies of the mysterious being, whose very existence in the flesh was a riddle unsolved by my reason. Distinctly I saw the Shadow, but its light was far paler, its outline far more vague, than when I had beheld it before. I took courage, as I felt Lilian's heart beating against my own. I advanced—I crossed the threshold—the Shadow was gone.

"There is no Shadow here—no phantom to daunt thee, my life's life," said I, bending over Lilian.

"It has touched me in passing; I feel it—cold, cold, cold!" she answered, faintly.

I bore her to her room, placed her on her bed, struck a light, watched over her. At dawn there was a change in her face, and from that time health gradually left her; strength slowly, slowly, yet to me perceptibly, ebbed from her life away.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Months upon months have rolled on since the night in which Lilian had watched for my coming amidst the chilling airs under the haunting moon. I have said that from the date of that night her health began gradually to fail, but in her mind there was evidently at work some slow revolution. Her visionary abstractions were less frequent; when they occurred, less prolonged. There was no longer in her soft face that celestial serenity which spoke her content in her dreams; but often a look of anxiety and trouble. She was even more silent than before; but when she did speak, there were now evident some struggling gleams of memory. She startled us, at times, by a distinct allusion to the events and scenes of her early childhood. More than once she spoke of common-place incidents and mere acquaintances at L——. At last she seemed to recognise Mrs. Ashleigh as her mother; but me, as Allen Fenwick, her betrothed, her bridegroom, no! Once or twice she spoke to me of her beloved as of a stranger to myself, and asked me not to deceive her—should she ever see him again? There was one change in this new phase of her state that wounded me to the quick. She had always previously seemed to welcome my presence; now there were hours, sometimes days together, in which my presence was evidently painful to her. She would become agitated when I stole into her room—make signs to me to leave her—grow yet more disturbed if I did not immediately obey, and become calm again when I was gone.

Faber sought constantly to sustain my courage and administer to my hopes by reminding me of the prediction he had hazarded—viz. that through some malady to the frame the reason would be ultimately restored.

He said, "Observe! her mind was first roused from its slumber by the affectionate, unconquered impulse of her heart. You were absent—the storm alarmed her—she missed you—feared for you. The love within her, not alienated, though latent, drew her thoughts into definite human tracks. And thus, the words, that you tell me she uttered when you appeared before her, were words of love, stricken, though as yet irregularly, as the winds strike the harp-strings, from chords of awakened memory. The same unwonted excitement, together with lengthened exposure to the cold night air, will account for the shock to her physical system, and the languor and waste of strength by which it has been succeeded."

"Ay, and the Shadow that we *both* saw within the threshold. What of that?"

"Are there no records on evidence, which most physicians of very extended practice will perhaps allow that their experience more or less tends to confirm—no records of the singular coincidences between individual impressions which are produced by sympathy? Now, whether you or your Lilian were first haunted by this Shadow I know not. Perhaps before it appeared to you in the wizard's chamber, it had appeared to her by the Monks' Well. Perhaps, as it came to you in the prison, so it lured her through the solitudes, associating its illusory guidance with dreams of you. And again, when she saw it within your threshold, your phantasy, so abruptly invoked, made you see with the eyes of your Lilian! Does this doctrine of sympathy, though by that very mystery you two loved each other at first—though, without it, love at first sight were in itself an incredible miracle,—does, I say, this doctrine of sympathy seem to you inadmissible? Then nothing is left for us but to revolve the conjecture I before threw out? Have certain organisations like that of Margrave the power to impress, through space, the imaginations of those over whom they have forced a control? I know not. But if they have, it is not supernatural; it is but one of those operations in Nature so rare and exceptional, and of which testimony and evidence are so imperfect and so liable to superstitious illusions, that they have not yet been traced; as, if truthful, no doubt they can be, by the patient genius of science, to one of those secondary causes by which the Creator ordains that Nature shall act on Man."

By degrees I became dissatisfied with my conversations with Faber. I yearned for explanations; all guesses but bewildered me more. In his family, with one exception, I found no congenial association. His nephew seemed to me an ordinary specimen of a very trite human nature—a young man of limited ideas, fair moral tendencies, going mechanically right where not tempted to wrong. The same desire of gain which had urged him to gamble and speculate when thrown in societies rife with such example, led him, now in the Bush, to healthful, industrious, persevering labour. *Spes fovet agricolas*, says the poet; the same Hope which entices the fish to the hook, impels the plough of the husbandman. The young farmer's young wife was somewhat superior to him; she had more refinemen of taste, more culture of mind, but, living in his life, she was inevitably levelled to his ends and

pursuits. And, next to the babe in the cradle, no object seemed to her so important as that of guarding the sheep from the scab and the dingoes. I was amazed to see how quietly a man whose mind was so stored by life and by books as that of Julius Faber—a man who had loved the clash of conflicting intellects, and acquired the rewards of fame—could accommodate himself to the cabined range of his kinsfolks' half-civilised existence, take interest in their trivial talk, find varying excitement in the monotonous household of a peasant-like farmer. I could not help saying as much to him once. "My friend," replied the old man, "believe me, that the happiest art of intellect, however lofty, is that which enables it to be cheerfully at home with the Real!"

The only one of the family in which Faber was domesticated in whom I found an interest, to whose talk I could listen without fatigue, was the child Amy. Simple though she was in language, patient of labour as the most laborious, I recognised in her a quiet nobleness of sentiment, which exalted above the common-place the acts of her common-place life. She had no precocious intellect, no enthusiastic fancies, but she had an exquisite activity of heart. It was her heart that animated her sense of duty, and made duty a sweetness and a joy. She felt to the core the kindness of those around her; exaggerated, with the warmth of her gratitude, the claims which that kindness imposed. Even for the blessing of life, which she shared with all creation, she felt as if singled out by the undeserved favour of the Creator, and thus was filled with religion because she was filled with love.

My interest in this child was increased and deepened by my saddened and not wholly unremorseful remembrance of the night on which her sobs had pierced my ear—the night from which I secretly dated the mysterious agencies that had wrenched from their proper field and career both my mind and my life. But a gentler interest endeared her to my thoughts in the pleasure that Lilian felt in her visits, in the affectionate intercourse that sprang up between the afflicted sufferer and the harmless infant. Often when we failed to comprehend some meaning which Lilian evidently wished to convey to us—*we*, her mother and her husband,—she was understood with as much ease by Amy, the unlettered child, as by Faber the grey-haired thinker.

"How is it—how is it?" I asked, impatiently and jealously, of Faber. "Love is said to interpret where wisdom fails, and you yourself talk of the marvels which sympathy may effect between lover and beloved, yet when, for days together, I cannot succeed in unravelling Lilian's wish or her thought—and her own mother is equally in fault—you or Amy, closeted alone with her for five minutes, comprehend and are comprehended."

"Allen," answered Faber, "Amy and I believe in spirit, and she, in whom mind is dormant but spirit awake, feels in that belief a sympathy which she has not, in that respect, with yourself nor even with her mother. You seek only through your mind to conjecture hers. Her mother has sense clear enough where habitual experience can guide it, but that sense is confused, and forsakes her, when forced from the regular pathway in which it has been accustomed to tread. Amy and I, through soul guess at soul, and though mostly contented with earth, we can both rise at times into heaven. We pray."

"Alas!" said I, half mournfully, half angrily; "when you thus speak of Mind as distinct from Soul, it was only in that Vision which you bid me regard as the illusion of a fancy stimulated by chemical vapours, producing on the brain an effect similar to that of opium, or the inhalation of the oxide gas, that I have ever seen the silver spark of the Soul distinct from the light of the Mind. And holding, as I do, that all intellectual ideas are derived from the experiences of the body, whether I accept the theory of Locke, or that of Condillac, or that into which their propositions reach their final development in the wonderful subtlety of Hume, I cannot detect the immaterial spirit in the material substance; much less follow its escape from the organic matter in which the principle of thought ceases with the principle of life. When the metaphysician, contending for the immortality of the thinking faculty, analyses Mind, his analysis comprehends the mind of the brute, nay, of the insect, as well as that of man. Take Reid's definition of Mind, as the most comprehensive which I can at the moment remember. 'By the mind of a man we understand that in him which thinks, remembers, reasons, and wills.' But this definition only distinguishes the Mind of man from that of the brute by superiority in the same attributes, and not by attributes denied to the brute. An animal, even an insect, thinks, remembers, reasons, and wills.* Few naturalists will now support the doctrine that all the mental operations of brute or insect are to be exclusively referred to instincts; and

* "Are intelligence and instinct, thus differing in their relative proportion in man as compared with all other animals, yet the same in kind and manner of operation in both? To this question we must give at once an affirmative answer. The expression of Cuvier, regarding the faculty of reasoning in lower animals, 'Leur intelligence exécute des opérations du même genre,' is true in its full sense. We can in no manner define reason so as to exclude acts which are at every moment present to our observation, and which we find in many instances to contravene the natural instincts of the species. The demeanour and acts of the dog in reference to his master, or the various uses to which he is put by man, are as strictly logical as those we witness in the ordinary transactions of life."—(Sir Henry Holland, Chapters on Mental Physiology, p. 220.) The whole of the chapter on instincts and habits in this work should be read in connexion with the passage just quoted. The work itself, at once cautious and suggestive, is not one of the least obligations which philosophy and religion alike owe to the lucubrations of English medical men.

even if they do, the word instinct is a very vague word—loose and large enough to cover an abyss which our knowledge has not sounded. And, indeed, in proportion as an animal, like the dog, becomes cultivated by intercourse, his instincts become weaker, and his ideas, formed by experience (viz. his mind), more developed, often to the conquest of the instincts themselves. Hence, with his usual candour, Dr. Abercrombie, in contending 'that everything mental ceases to exist after death, when we know that everything corporeal continues to exist, is a gratuitous assumption contrary to every rule of philosophical inquiry,'—feels compelled, by his reasoning, to admit the probability of a future life even to the lower animals. His words are: 'To this mode of reasoning it has been objected that it would go to establish an immaterial principle in the lower animals, which in them exhibits many of the phenomena of mind. I have only to answer, be it so. There are in the lower animals many of the phenomena of mind, and with regard to these we also contend that they are entirely distinct from anything we know of the properties of matter, which is all that we mean, or can mean, by being immaterial.'* Am I then driven to admit that if man's mind is immaterial and imperishable, so also is that of the ape and the ant?"

"I own," said Faber, with his peculiar smile, arch and genial, "that if I were compelled to make that admission, it would not shock my pride. I do not presume to set any limit to the goodness of the Creator; and should be as humbly pleased as the Indian, if in

'——yonder sky,
My faithful dog should bear me company.'

You are too familiar with the works of that Titan in wisdom and error, Descartes, not to recollect the interesting correspondence between the urbane philosopher and our combative countryman, Henry More,† on this very subject; in which certainly More has the best of it when Descartes insists on reducing what he calls the soul (l'âme) of brutes into the same kind of machines as man constructs from inorganised matter. The learning, indeed, lavished on the insoluble question involved in the psychology of the inferior animals, is a proof at least of the all-inquisitive, redundant spirit of man.‡ We have almost a literature in itself devoted to endeavours to interpret the language of brutes.§ Dupont de Nemours has discovered that dogs talk in vowels, using only two consonants, G, Z, when they are angry. He asserts that cats employ the same vowels as dogs; but their language is more affluent in consonants, including M, N, B, R, V, F. How many laborious efforts have been made to define and to construe the song of the nightingale! One version of that song by Beckstein, the naturalist, published in 1840, I remember to have seen. And I heard a lady, gifted with a singularly charming voice, chaunt the mysterious vowels with so exquisite a pathos, that one could not refuse to believe her when she declared that she fully comprehended the bird's meaning, and gave to the nightingale's warble the tender interpretation of her own woman's heart.

"But leaving all such discussions to their proper place amongst the Curiosities of Literature, I come in earnest to the question you have so earnestly raised, and to me the distinction between man and the lower animals in reference to a spiritual nature designed for a future existence, and the mental operations whose uses are bounded to an existence on earth, seems ineffaceably clear. Whether ideas or even perceptions be innate or all formed by experience is a speculation for metaphysicians, which, so far as affects the question of an immaterial principle, I am quite willing to lay aside. I can well understand that a materialist may admit innate ideas in Man, as he must admit them in the instinct of brutes, tracing them to hereditary predispositions. On the other hand, we know that the most devout believers in our spiritual nature have insisted, with Locke, in denying any idea, even of the Deity, to be innate.

"But here comes my argument. I care not how ideas are formed, the material point is how are the *capacities to receive ideas, formed.* The ideas may all come from experience, but the capacity to receive the ideas must be inherent. I take the word capacity as a good plain English word, rather than the more technical word 'receptivity,' employed by Kant. And by capacity I mean the passive power* to receive ideas, whether in man or in any living thing by which ideas are received. A man and an elephant is each formed with capacities to receive ideas suited to the several place in the universe held by each.

"The more I look through nature the more I find that on all varieties of organised life is carefully bestowed the *capacity* to receive the impressions, be they called perceptions or ideas, which are adapted to the uses each creature is intended to derive from them. I find, then, that Man alone is endowed with the capacity to receive the ideas of a God, of Soul, of Worship, of a Hereafter. I see no trace of such a capacity in the inferior races; nor, however their intelligence may be refined by culture, is such capacity ever apparent in them.

"But, wherever capacities to receive impres-

* Abercrombie's Intellectual Powers, p. 26. Fifteenth edition.

† Œuvres de Descartes, vol. x. p. 178, et seq. (Cousin's edition).

‡ M. Tissot, the distinguished Professor of Philosophy at Dijon, in his recent work, La Vie dans l'Homme, p. 255, gives a long and illustrious list of of philosophers who assign a rational soul (âme) to the inferior animals, though he truly adds, "that they have not always the courage of their opinion."

§ Some idea of the extent of research and imagination bestowed on this subject may be gleaned from the sprightly work of Pierquin de Gembloux, Idiomologie des Animaux, published at Paris, 1844.

* "Faculty is active power; capacity is passive power."—Sir W. Hamilton, Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic, vol. i. p. 178.

sions are sufficiently general in any given species of creature, to be called universal to that species, and yet not given to another species, then, from all analogy throughout Nature, those capacities are surely designed by Providence for the distinct use and conservation of the species to which they are given.

"It is no answer to me to say that the inherent capacities thus bestowed on Man do not suffice in themselves to make him form right notions of a Deity or a Hereafter; because it is plainly the design of Providence that Man must learn to correct and improve all his notions by his own study and observation. He must build a hut before he can build a Parthenon; he must believe with the savage or the heathen before he can believe with the philosopher or Christian. In a word, in all his capacities, Man has only given to him, not the immediate knowledge of the Perfect, but the means to strive towards the Perfect. And thus one of the most accomplished of modern reasoners, to whose lectures you must have listened with delight in your college days, says well: 'Accordingly, the sciences always studied with keenest interest are those in a state of progress and uncertainty; absolute certainty and absolute completion would be the paralysis of any study, and the last worst calamity that could befal Man, as he is at present constituted, would be that full and final possession of speculative truth which he now vainly anticipates as the consummation of his intellectual happiness.'*

"Well, then, in all those capacities for the reception of impressions from external Nature, which are given to Man and not to the brutes, I see the evidence of Man's Soul. I can understand why the inferior animal has no capacity to receive the idea of a Deity and of Worship—simply because the inferior animal, even if graciously admitted to a future life, may not therein preserve the sense of its identity. I can understand even why that sympathy with each other which we men possess, and which constitutes the great virtue we emphatically call Humanity, is not possessed by the lesser animals (or, at least, in a very rare and exceptional degree), even where they live in communities, like beavers, or bees, or ants; because men are destined to meet, to know, and to love each other in the life to come, and the bond between the brutes ceases here.

"Now, the more, then, we examine the inherent capacities bestowed distinctly and solely on Man, the more they seem to distinguish him from the other races by their comprehension of objects beyond his life upon this earth. 'Man alone,' says Müller, 'can conceive abstract notions:' and it is in abstract notions—such as time, space, matter, spirit, light, form, quantity, essence—that Man grounds not only all philosophy, all science, but all that practically improves one generation for the benefit of the next. And why? Because all these abstract notions unconsciously lead the mind away from the material into the immaterial; from the present into the future. But if Man ceases to exist when he disappears in the grave, you must be compelled to affirm that he is the only creature in existence whom Nature or Providence has condescended to deceive and cheat by capacities for which there are no available objects. How nobly and how truly has Chalmers said: 'What inference shall we draw from this remarkable law in Nature that there is nothing waste and nothing meaningless in the feelings and faculties wherewith living creatures are endowed? For each desire there is a counterpart object; for each faculty there is room and opportunity for exercise either in the present or in the coming futurity. Now, but for the doctrine of immortality, Man would be an exception to this law—he would stand forth as an anomaly in Nature, with aspirations in his heart for which the universe had no antitype to offer, with capacities of understanding and thought that never were to be followed by objects of corresponding greatness through the whole history of his being!

* * * * *

"'With the inferior animals there is a certain squareness of adjustment, if we may so term it, between each desire and its correspondent gratification. The one is evenly met by the other, and there is a fulness and definiteness of enjoyment up to the capacity of enjoyment. Not so with Man, who, both from the vastness of his propensities and the vastness of his powers, feels himself chained and beset in a field too narrow for him. He alone labours under the discomfort of an incongruity between his circumstances and his powers, and unless there be new circumstances awaiting him in a more advanced state of being, he, the noblest of Nature's products here, would turn out to be the greatest of her failures.'*

"This, then, I take to be the proof of Soul in Man, not that he has a mind—because, as you justly say, inferior animals have that, though in a lesser degree—but because he has the capacities to comprehend, as soon as he is capable of any abstract ideas whatsoever, the very truths not needed for self-conservation on earth, and therefore not given to yonder ox and opossum—viz. the nature of Deity—Soul—Hereafter. And in the recognition of these truths, the Human society that excels the society of beavers, bees, and ants by perpetual and progressive improvement on the notions inherited from its progenitors, rests its basis. Thus, in fact, this world is benefited for men by their belief in the next, while the society of brutes remains age after age the same. Neither the bee nor the beaver has, in all probability, improved since the Deluge.

"But, inseparable from the conviction of these

* Sir W. Hamilton's Lectures, vol. i. p. 10.

* Chalmers, Bridgewater Treatise, vol. ii. pp. 28, 30. Perhaps I should observe that here and elsewhere in the dialogues between Faber and Fenwick it has generally been thought better to substitute the words of the author quoted for the mere outline or purport of the quotation which memory afforded to the interlocutor.

truths is the impulse of prayer and worship. It does not touch my argument when a philosopher of the school of Bolingbroke or Lucretius says 'that the origin of prayer is in Man's ignorance of the phenomena of Nature.' That it is fear or ignorance which, 'when rocked the mountains or when groaned the ground, taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,' my answer is—the brutes are much more forcibly impressed by natural phenomena than Man is; the bird and the beast know before you and I do when the mountain will rock and the ground groan, and their instinct leads them to shelter; but it does not lead them to prayer. If my theory be right that Soul is to be sought not in the question whether mental ideas be innate or formed by experience, by the senses, by association or habit, but in the *inherent capacity* to receive ideas,—then, the capacity bestowed on Man alone, to be impressed by Nature herself with the idea of a Power superior to Nature, with which Power he can establish commune, is a proof that to Man alone the Maker has made Nature itself proclaim His existence—that to Man alone the Deity vouchsafes the communion with Himself which comes from prayer."

"Even were this so," said I, "is not the Creator omniscient? if all-wise, all-foreseeing? if all-foreseeing, all-preordaining? Can the prayer of His creature alter the ways of His will?"

"For an answer to that question," returned Faber, "which is so often asked by the clever men of the world, I ought to refer you to the skilled theologians who have so triumphantly carried the reasoner over that ford of doubt which is crossed every day by the infant. But as we have not their books in the wilderness, I am contented to draw my reply as a necessary and logical sequence from the propositions I have sought to ground on the plain observation of Nature. I can only guess at the Deity's Omniscience, or His modes of enforcing His power, by the observation of His general laws; and of all His laws, I know of none more general than the impulse which bids men pray—which makes Nature so act, that all the phenomena of Nature we can conceive, however startling and inexperienced, do not make the brute pray; but there is not a trouble that can happen to Man, but what his impulse is to pray,—always provided, indeed, that he is not a philosopher. I say not this in scorn of the philosopher, to whose wildest guess our obligations are infinite, but simply because for all which is impulsive to Man, there is a reason in Nature which no philosophy can explain away. I do not, then, bewilder myself by seeking to bind and limit the Omniscience of the Deity to my finite ideas. I content myself with believing that somehow or other, He has made it quite compatible with His Omniscience that Man should obey the impulse that leads him to believe that, in addressing a Deity, he is addressing a tender, compassionate, benignant Father, and in that obedience shall obtain beneficial results. If that impulse be an illusion, then we must say that Heaven governs the earth by a lie; and that is impossible, because, reasoning by analogy, all Nature is truthful—that is, Nature gives to no species instincts or impulses which are not of service to it. Should I not be a shallow physician if, where I find in the human organisation a principle or a property so general that I must believe it normal to the healthful conditions of that organisation, I should refuse to admit that Nature intended it for use? Reasoning by all analogy, must I not say the habitual neglect of its use must more or less injure the harmonious well-being of the whole human system? I could have much to add upon the point in dispute, by which the creed implied in your question would enthral the Divine mercy by the necessities of its Divine wisdom, and substitute for a benignant Deity a relentless Fate. But here I should exceed my province. I am no theologian. Enough for me that in all affliction, all perplexity, an impulse, that I obey as an instinct, moves me at once to prayer. Do I find by experience that the prayer is heard, that the affliction is removed, the doubt is solved? That, indeed, would be presumptuous to say. But it is not presumptuous to think that by the efficacy of prayer my heart becomes more fortified against the sorrow, and my reason more serene amidst the doubt."

I listened, and ceased to argue. I felt as if in that solitude, and in the pause of my wonted mental occupations, my intellect was growing languid, and its old weapons rusting in disuse. My pride took alarm. I had so from my boyhood cherished the idea of fame, and so glorified the search after knowledge, that I recoiled in dismay from the thought that I had relinquished knowledge, and cut myself off from fame. I resolved to resume my once favourite philosophical pursuits, re-examine and complete the Work to which I had once committed my hopes of renown; and, simultaneously, a restless desire seized me to communicate, though but at brief intervals, with other minds than those immediately within my reach—minds fresh from the old world, and reviving the memories of its vivid civilisation. Emigrants frequently passed my doors, but I had hitherto shrunk from tendering the hospitalities so universally accorded in the colony. I could not endure to expose to such rough strangers my Lilian's mournful affliction, and that thought was not less intolerable to Mrs. Ashleigh. I now hastily constructed a log building a few hundred yards from the house, and near the main track taken by travellers through the spacious pastures. I transported to this building my books and scientific instruments. In an upper story I placed my telescopes and lenses, my crucibles and retorts. I renewed my chemical experiments—I sought to invigorate my mind by other branches of science which I had hitherto less cultured—meditated new theories on Light and Colour—collected specimens in Natural History—subjected animalcules to my microscope—geological fossils to my hammer. With all these quickened occupations of thought, I strove to

distract myself from sorrow, and strengthen my reason against the illusions of my fantasy. The Luminous Shadow was not seen again on my wall, and the thought of Margrave himself was banished.

In this building I passed many hours of each day, more and more earnestly plunging my thoughts into the depths of abstract study, as Lilian's unaccountable dislike to my presence became more and more decided. When I thus ceased to think that my life cheered and comforted hers, my heart's occupation was gone. I had annexed to the apartment reserved for myself in this log hut a couple of spare rooms, in which I could accommodate passing strangers. I learned to look forward to their coming with interest, and to see them depart with regret; yet, for the most part, they were of the ordinary class of colonial adventurers: bankrupt tradesmen, unlucky farmers, forlorn mechanics, hordes of unskilled labourers, now and then a briefless barrister, or a sporting collegian who had lost his all on the Derby. One day, however, a young man of education and manners that unmistakably proclaimed the cultured gentleman of Europe stopped at my door. He was a cadet, of a noble Prussian family, which for some political reasons had settled itself in Paris; there, he had become intimate with young French nobles, and, living the life of a young French noble, had soon scandalised his German parents, forestalled his slender inheritance, and been compelled to fly his father's frown and his tailors' bills. All this he told me with a lively frankness which proved how much the wit of a German can be quickened in the atmosphere of Paris. An old college friend, of birth inferior to his own, had been as unfortunate in seeking to make money as this young prodigal had been an adept in spending it. The friend, a few years previously, had accompanied other Germans in a migration to Australia, and was already thriving; the spendthrift noble was on his way to join the bankrupt trader, at a German settlement fifty miles distant from my house. This young man was unlike any German I ever met. He had all the exquisite levity by which the well-bred Frenchman gives to the doctrines of the Cynic the grace of the Epicurean. He owned himself to be good for nothing with an elegance of candour which not only disarmed censure, but seemed to challenge admiration; and, withal, the happy spendthrift was so inebriate with hope—sure that he should be rich before he was thirty. How and wherefore rich?—he could have no more explained than I can square the circle. When the grand serious German nature does Frenchify itself, it can become so extravagantly French!

I listened, almost enviously, to this light-hearted profligate's babble, as we sat by my rude fireside—I, sombre man of science and sorrow, he, smiling child of idlesse and pleasure, so much one of Nature's courtier-like nobles, that there, as he smoked his villanous pipe, in his dust-soiled shabby garments, and with his ruffianly revolver stuck into his belt, I would defy the daintiest Aristarch who ever presided as critic over the holiday world not to have said, "There sits the genius beyond my laws, the born darling of the Graces, who in every circumstance, in every age, like Aristippus, would have socially charmed—would have been welcome to the orgies of a Cæsar or a Claudius, to the boudoirs of a Montespan or a Pompadour—have lounged through the Mulberry Gardens with a Rochester and a Buckingham, or smiled, from the death-cart with a Richelieu and a Lauzun—a gentleman's disdain of a mob!"

I was so thinking as we sat, his light talk frothing up from his careless lips, when suddenly from the spray and the sparkle of that light talk was flung forth the name of Margrave.

"Margrave!" I exclaimed. "Pardon me. What of him?"

"What of him! I asked if, by chance, you knew the only Englishman I ever had the meanness to envy?"

"Perhaps you speak of one person, and I thought of another."

"*Pardieu*, my dear host, there can scarcely be two Margraves! The one I mean flashed like a meteor upon Paris, bought from a prince of the Bourse a palace that might have lodged a prince of the blood royal, eclipsed our Jew bankers in splendour, our *jeunesse dorée* in good looks and hair-brain adventures, and, strangest of all, filled his *salons* with philosophers and charlatans, chemists and spirit-rappers; insulting the gravest dons of the schools by bringing them face to face with the most impudent quacks, the most ridiculous dreamers—and yet, withal, himself so racy and charming, so bon prince, so bon enfant! For six months he was the rage at Paris: perhaps he might have continued to be the rage there for six years, but all at once the meteor vanished as suddenly as it had flashed. Is this the Margrave whom you know?"

"I should not have thought the Margrave whom I knew could have reconciled his tastes to the life of cities."

"Nor could this man: cities were too tame for him. He has gone to some far-remote wilds in the East—some say in search of the Philosopher's stone—for he actually maintained in his house a Sicilian adventurer, who, when at work on that famous discovery, was stifled by the fumes of his own crucible. After that misfortune, Margrave took Paris in disgust, and we lost him."

"So this is the only Englishman whom you envy! Envy him! Why?"

"Because he is the only Englishman I ever met who contrived to be rich and yet free from the spleen; I envied him because one had only to look at his face, and see how thoroughly he enjoyed the life of which your countrymen seem to be so heartily tired! But now that I have satisfied your curiosity, pray satisfy mine. Who and what is this Englishman?"

"Who and what was he supposed at Paris to be?"

"Conjectures were numberless. One of your countrymen suggested that which was most generally favoured. This gentleman, whose name I forget, but who was one of those old *roués* who fancy themselves young because they live with the young, no sooner set eyes upon Margrave, than he exclaimed, 'Louis Grayle come to life again, as I saw him forty-four years ago! But no—still younger, still handsomer—it must be his son!'"

"Louis Grayle, who was said to be murdered at Aleppo?"

"The same. That strange old man was enormously rich, but it seems that he hated his lawful heirs, and left behind him a fortune so far below that which he was known to possess, that he must certainly have disposed of it secretly before his death. Why so dispose of it, if not to enrich some natural son, whom, for private reasons, he might not have wished to acknowledge, or point out to the world by the signal bequest of his will? All that Margrave ever said of himself and the source of his wealth confirmed this belief. He frankly proclaimed himself a natural son, enriched by a father whose name he knew not nor cared to know."

"It is true. And Margrave quitted Paris for the East? When?"

"I can tell you the date within a day or two, for his flight preceded mine by a week; and, happily, all Paris was so busy in talking of it, that I slipped away without notice."

And the Prussian then named a date which it thrilled me to hear, for it was in that very month, and about that very day, that the Luminous Shadow had stood within my threshold.

The young Count now struck off into other subjects of talk: nothing more was said of Margrave. An hour or two afterwards, he went on his way, and I remained long gazing musingly on the embers of the fire dying low on my hearth.

LADIES' LIVES.

In a former article* attention was directed to the existence of certain chemical agencies by which linen and other fabrics, naturally of a combustible nature, could be rendered uninflammable. The recurrence of accidents to women by the igniting of their dresses has been so frequent lately as to excuse our returning briefly to this subject, with a view of making our readers aware that there actually exists a preparation, sold by all our principal chemists, or obtainable through them, whose express and sole use is the rendering combustible materials non-inflammable.

The label here copied was in existence long before our article was printed, and the drug which it describes has for some time had a regular sale:

TUNGSTATE OF SODA,

FOR RENDERING MUSLIN, &c., NON-INFLAMMABLE.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

Dissolve four ounces of Tungstate of Soda in an imperial pint of water; immerse the fabric, then squeeze as dry as possible. After which dry in a warm room.

The fabric to be first washed and starched in the usual manner.

In our former article on the important subject to which we now return, it was our principal object to show how necessary it is to adopt every possible precaution against accidents by fires, and also to call attention to certain chemical preparations said to be of a non-inflammable nature. We now propose to turn to the more practical part of our subject.

The muslin dress has been the subject of much thought and labour of learned and scientific heads. Studious men have gone away into laboratories, and passed hours in meditations and experiments solely having to do with its combustible folds. Men on whom all the fascinations of tulle are thrown away, and who hardly know a high dress from a low one, are compelled to become themselves ministers of fashion, and to plunge into the depths of these airy nothings, overwhelmed like everybody else by crinoline and furbelow. It is curious to think how many business-like and sober personages are habitually occupied all through their lives with affairs of the most extraordinarily trivial and unbusiness-like kind. You pass some grave old accountant trudging home in the afternoon to his well, but grimly, ordered home at Hackney. Everything there is strict and precise. There is nothing fanciful nor frivolous in that establishment. The wife is as straight in her apparel as a Noah's ark figure, and the children look as if butter would not melt in their mouths. You track that grim old man to his place of occupation and find that he is head clerk in an artificial flower business. The little scraps of coloured muslin bring in all the money which it is his work to keep account of, and all his "as per invoices" and "yours received and contents noted," and all other formal and unimaginative records, bear reference to artificial daisies and violets that grow on wire. So you see mighty bales and packing-cases swinging from cranes before great city warehouses, and surly and depressed men superintending their removal. Pooh! you need not respect them, they are full of crinoline steel going to the colonies, or perhaps of Christmas masks with red pasteboard noses fresh arrived from Germany. So in the case with which we have now to do, the learned doctors shut themselves up in their studies with no books before them but book-muslin, and literary characters of portentous

* See The Good Servant: the Bad Master, in No. 140.

solemnity, record the opinions of the learned doctors, and careworn compositors set up the types that tell all about it—all about what? Muslin, and how to prevent it from catching fire?

As early as the year 1735, a patent "for preventing combustible substances from flaming" was granted to one Obadiah Wild. From that time this subject has been continually brought before the attention of scientific men, and various experiments have been made with all sorts of chemicals in pursuit of this one object of discovering some composition which might be applied to textile fabrics and which should render them non-inflammable, without either injuring or disfiguring them. To discover any such preparation appears, however, to have been a very difficult thing, and especially when it was necessary to consider economy. A number of chemicals possessed the power of rendering light fabrics non-inflammable, many of which spoiled the article on which they were used, or else required to be employed in expensive quantities. It may be mentioned as an additional difficulty in the way of those engaged in such experiments, that they have been obliged to keep a twofold end in view. They have had to consider, first, what will be applicable to new fabrics to be used without previous washing, and next, what may be fitly employed for materials continually passing through the hands of the laundress. Quoting from the pamphlet of Messrs. Versmann and Oppenheim, we find that "the processes resorted to by finishers and laundresses differ principally in this, that in the manufacturing process the muslin is finished without the application of heat, whereas, in laundries, the ironing with hot irons cannot be dispensed with." Thus it will be seen that a discovery applicable to the purposes of the manufacturer would be useless in the laundry, and vice versâ.

To give some idea of the difficulty environing our subject, we quote, from the above-mentioned work, the names of a few of the chemicals best known as of a non-inflammatory kind, and the different objections to their practical application:

"Of Borax, one of the oldest expedients recommended, a twenty-five per cent. solution is the weakest that can be applied. A piece of muslin prepared with borax, and then ironed, was perfectly rotten, whereby the application of this salt becomes at once impracticable.

"Of Phosphate of Soda, a solution containing thirty-two per cent. of anhydrous salt, or eighty per cent. of crystals, is required, so that the muslin gets perfectly hardened by the large quantity of salt.'

No chemical to which non-combustible properties were attributed appears to have been left unexamined by M. Versmann and Dr. Oppenheim. It is curious to observe how many of the drugs tested by them would have served the purpose but for some one inherent defect.

With regard, however, to the preparations which we previously spoke of as recommended by Dr. Odling, of Guy's Hospital, the case is widely different. The non-combustible properties of tungstate of soda and sulphate of ammonia are borne out by experiments which we ourselves have witnessed, and which any of our readers may try for themselves. It is to these two drugs that Messrs. Versmann and Oppenheim turn as the only preparations practically efficacious for the finishing of new materials, and the getting-up of those which require frequent washing. Let us hear what these gentlemen have to say of sulphate of ammonia:

"Sulphate of Ammonia, the cheapest salt of ammonia, because the ammonia obtained in gas works is generally converted into the sulphate, and then frequently used as a manure. A solution containing seven per cent. of the crystals, or 6·2 per cent. of anhydrous salt, is a perfect anti-inflammable. We have kept for six months whole pieces of muslin prepared in various ways with this salt, some having been even ironed; but we cannot find that the texture was in the least degree weakened. The sulphate of ammonia is by far the cheapest and the most efficacious salt, and it was therefore tried on a large scale. Whole pieces of muslin (eight to sixteen yards long) were finished, and then dipped into a solution containing ten per cent. of the salt and dried in the hydro-extractor. This was done with printed muslins as with white ones, and none of the colour gave way, with the sole exception of madder purple, which became pale. But even this change might be avoided if care be taken not to expose the piece while wet to a higher than ordinary temperature. The pieces had a good finish, and some of them were afterwards submitted to her Majesty for inspection, who was pleased to express her satisfaction. If we repeat our observation that during the space of six months none of the fabrics prepared with sulphate of ammonia have changed either in colour or in texture, we consider it to be an established fact that the sulphate of ammonia may be most advantageously applied in the finishing of muslins and similar highly-inflammable fabrics. We felt, however, the necessity of inquiring further into the effect which ironing would have upon fabrics thus prepared. For all the above-mentioned salts being soluble in water, require to be renewed after the prepared fabrics have been washed. Now, the sulphate of ammonia does not interfere with the ironing so much as other salts do, because a comparatively small proportion is required; but still the difficulty is unpleasant, and sometimes pieces, after being ironed, showed brown spots like ironmoulds. For all laundry purposes, therefore, the tungstate of soda only can be recommended. This salt offers only one difficulty, viz. the formation of a bitungstate of little solubility, which crystallises from the solution. To obtain a constant solution this inconvenience must be surmounted; and it was found that not only phosphoric acid in very small proportion kept the solution in its original state, but that a small per-centage of phosphate of soda had the same effect."

Here, then, we arrive at two distinct conclusions. First, that the sulphate of ammonia may be used for finishing those fabrics which are worn without previous washing; and secondly, that the tungstate of soda is the proper preparation for restoring incombustibility to muslins after they have been washed.

That both these chemicals possess the power of rendering muslins and other fabrics non-inflammable is an undoubted fact, and one of which the writer of these words has had ocular proof. The reader may with perfect ease try the experiment himself. It is one of great interest and importance. At any large druggist's he can get the sulphate of ammonia, or tungstate of soda. Of these it is perfectly easy for him to make a solution separately, the sulphate of ammonia being in the proportion of two ounces to one imperial pint of water, and the tungstate of soda in the proportion of four ounces to the same quantity of water. It is necessary to be very exact. The salts being dissolved completely, the experimentalist should dip a piece of muslin in whichever solution he wishes to try. The muslin having been wrung out, should be placed close to the fire to dry, and then it is ready for the experiment. The writer has held a piece of lawn about four inches square and thus simply prepared in the flame of a candle for one minute, and it was not consumed. This, however, is putting the discovery to an unnecessarily severe test. People are not supposed to stand with their dresses in the fire. All that is necessary to provide for is the contingency of the fabric coming in contact with flame for a brief period. If the fabric be put into the fire and kept there, of course it will in time consume. The only result which it is necessary or possible to attain is, that the fabric shall be so prepared that no part of it but that actually in contact with the fire shall consume, and that the flame shall not spread.

Besides the experiments tried by the writer with the tungstate of soda as sold at the ordinary druggists', he has had the opportunity of making others with this same chemical as prepared and patented by Messrs. Versmann and Oppenheim. Their preparation is intended expressly for laundry purposes. It is called the Ladies' Life Preserver, and is sold by Messrs. Briggs and Co., 20, Great Peter-street, Westminster. It is made up for sale in packets, with full directions for use.

Fabrics prepared with this patent bore every test applied to them. Large pieces of muslin, arranged somewhat to resemble the folds of a dress were brought close to the bars, and then one of the folds was allowed to bulge out into the flame of the fire itself. Not only were the neighbouring folds altogether uninjured, but the very fold brought in contact with the fire was only consumed in that part which actually touched the flame. In short, the conclusion arrived at was that no accident by fire could happen to a lady whose dress was thus prepared.

One would have thought it hardly necessary to say a word as to the extreme and obvious importance of this discovery. Yet there does seem to exist in people's minds some peculiar element which renders them strangely averse to expend even trifling sums, or the smallest pains, in precautions against dangers and losses which, however disastrous when they do occur, occur but seldom. There are some people, for instance, who will keep large sums of money in the house without the least reason for doing so. In the same way, scarcely a week passes but we read of post-office robberies which would never have taken place but for the determination which so many people have that they will send money in hard cash, instead of paying a few halfpence for a post-office order. So with precautions against fire. In the five years from 1852 to '56, nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight deaths were referred in the civil registers of England and Wales to burns; two thousand one hundred and eighty-one are stated to have been caused by clothes taking fire. There is no reason to suppose that the deaths from the same cause have decreased in numbers since, but rather the reverse. It is to no purpose to quote any of these cases individually One is only too much like another. The details of many such disasters are registered in most of our memories. What we do urge is simply that this discovery should have a fair trial. If in its working there should turn out to be any defect—which seems the less likely, that there are testimonials from all sorts of practical persons, to the efficacy of the two preparations we have named—if it should turn out that any ill effect is produced by either the one or other of them on the materials in connexion with which they are used, then it would be time enough to give them up. But to abandon so admirable and valuable a discovery as this, attained at the expense of so much time, labour, and research, without a fair trial, does seem to evince an almost wanton carelessness of life and security.

It is much to be feared that this indifference on the part of our ladies to their own life preserver is in great measure attributable to the fact that this discovery in no sort adds to the beauty of the material on which it is employed. It is not enough that it is innocuous in this respect, and leaves, according to the statement of Messrs Versmann and Oppenheim, the fabric to which it is applied unimpaired. We think it would have been almost a pardonable *ruse*, and a kind of pious fraud, if the patentees had advertised their invention by the name of the "Ladies Skirt Expander." They might then have drawn out an advertisement in which it might have been alleged that ladies using this preparation could be guaranteed to occupy twice the space at a dinner-table or in a theatre which crinoline enables them to monopolise; and in some obscure corner of the prospectus it might just be mentioned, by-the-by, that the "Ladies Skirt Expander" also had the merit of rendering those who patronised it no longer liable to injury by fire.

If there were any difficulty in the application of this invention, there would still be but small

excuse for its neglect. But there is no difficulty. What has the laundress got to do? She has simply to dissolve a certain amount of an easily soluble crystal in water, in certain proportions. The pan containing the solution stands beside her, and after the fabric on which she has been operating in the ordinary way has been washed and starched (when starch is needed) she dips the article into the solution, and wringing it out, puts it in a warm place to dry. Is this much to do on the sure chance of saving a human being from pain, disfigurement, or death? But even some of this trouble can be saved. Mr. Robert Latta, of Glasgow, has invented a compound, which starches and renders garments non-inflammable at one operation.

Young ladies, we have kept our word! Neither in this article, nor that which preceded it, have we said a word against the beautiful and convenient fashion of crinoline. On the contrary. If you will but steep yourselves sufficiently in tungstate of soda, you may wear as much crinoline as you like, may stand close to the fire, and place your candle on the floor when you are looking under the bed for thieves. In fact, all sorts of pyrotechnic liberties may be allowed to those who are provided with this great defensive armour.

THE EARTHQUAKE OF LAST YEAR.

On the evening of Wednesday, 20th of March, 1861, the town of Mendoza lay calmly, quietly, subsiding into the night, as she had done every evening for more than two centuries past. The sun had long since sunk behind the Andes, whose lofty snow-clad peaks no longer reflected his declining rays. It was nearly twenty minutes past eight, vespers were just over, and the churches poured forth their throng of worshippers into the streets. Mendoza never was a busy city in the European or Buenos Ayrean sense of the word, though she was the emporium of all the trade between Chili and the Argentine Provinces, and now that the work of the day was over it was hardly possible to imagine a more perfect calm in any hive of men. A few of the shopkeepers only were still occupied, especially those in the Arcade of Soto Mayor, where the brilliant paraffin lamps attracted crowds of ladies to make purchases in preparation for the Holy Week, then close at hand. The saloons of the Progress Club were crowded with young men, the élite of the city. The cafés were full, their billiard-tables all occupied, and their patios (or central court-yards of the houses) crowded with citizens taking their evening cup of coffee, and smoking their evening cigar. The horses on the cab-stand in the plaza lazily dropped their heads, knowing their day's work to be nearly over. And over all the moon, then entering her second quarter, cast long shadows over the streets, and silvered all the towers and the domes.

Twenty minutes past eight. There seems to be a loud rumbling as of a heavy cart over a stony pavement. Few heed it, few even hear it; but some Chilians, men from the land of earthquakes, who are sensitive to the least warning, shout "An earthquake! an earthquake!" as they rush to the centres of the patios and the street corners. They scarcely get to a safe distance from the walls about them, when with a terrible roar the earth heaves—once, twice, three times—and Mendoza is not. Where Mendoza had been, lies a sepulchre of ruins: not a cry, not a wail breaks the continued stillness of the moonlit night; every voice is hushed in terror or in death. Fourteen thousand people lie under the mound of ruined brickwork, dead, dying, or grievously hurt. The shocks continue at intervals throughout the night, and throughout the next day, and the next, and for a month and more; but they can do no more harm. That first awful space of ten seconds sufficed for perfect ruin; nothing was left standing, not a house, not a wall, nor even a stone fence, for twenty leagues about the city. Men standing in open spaces, at street junctions, in large patios, in the plaza, or on the alameda, are thrown down, and many even there are buried in the ruins of their houses. Those who escape, struck dumb and paralysed with terror, remain where they stood as the town fell, and quake with dread. Horses and oxen that were grazing in the fields being thrown down, dare not rise again for days, till custom gives them courage, and they are driven by hunger to their pasture. The earth in many places opens huge gulfs wherein walls, parts of houses, wretched men also, are swallowed up. The canals are drained, the courses of the rivers altered, and lakes and springs rise in the most unaccustomed places.

When after the first shocks the few survivors muster courage to look about them, they pick their way by moonlight over masses of fallen brickwork, guided by the moan of pain which now first begins to proclaim some living sufferer below. Here is an immense pile of rubbish where the principal street ran by the Church of Santo Domingo. That chief building has fallen outwards, and hundreds of worshippers who had but just risen from prayer, kneeling on the marble pavement under the dome, are there killed—crushed and buried beneath the great walls.

The dealer, thrown out into the street from his own doorstep, finds speedy death under the fall of his own house. His wife, perhaps crossing the patio, is thrown down, but escapes with a few slight bruises. Her children were all within; she is alone in the world, childless and a widow.

The governor escapes almost by a miracle; he steps into the patio to bow out an evening visitor, his house tumbles behind him and the visitor is buried in the doorway, but the host escapes, so stupified, that for days he can do nothing. More active men also escape, and as soon as the first shock of terror is past, their active energies send them to the rescue of those who may yet be saved. Thus many, cowering down in angles and corners formed by beams resting on ruined walls and bridging over a space

beneath, are dragged up again to life. Some are unhurt, most are severely bruised, and many have bones broken. Quickly from deep down under the brickwork, the wounded and dying are dragged out by scores and by hundreds, and are laid under the shady trees in the plaza and in the alameda, till that broad promenade, the pride and the breathing place of the city, becomes one vast open-air hospital. And now as the moon sets, at midnight, come troops of country people from the suburbs. To help in the work of mercy? No. They pass on, heedless of the cry for succour from the wounded and dying at their feet; they come to tear up the ruins with spades and with crowbars, intent only on plunder. They dig down into what an hour or two before were shops and stores, they break open the tills and the iron chests in which money was kept. They dig down into what were salons and luxuriously furnished boudoirs, and are away again to their low wooden huts in the suburbs, that had stood the earthquake shock, laden with plunder in money, gilded ornaments, jewellery, and rich clothing. These hidden, again they grope their way back through the thick darkness to renew their heartless task. A glare now breaks upon the darkness. Where the Arcade stood, the rich shops of the city, and the boasted Club-house, paraffin oil was burnt in abundance. The lamps were all smashed in the ruin, but the burning wicks took the fire down with them. French silks, Manchester cottons, Yorkshire woollens, and rich carpets, soaked in the spilt oil, become as tinder, and the fire creeps along, now smouldering for a space, now leaping up into flame as it finds a vent into the upper air, till at length it bursts forth in a general conflagration. Woe to those buried alive under these ruins, for on comes the remorseless fire, and there are none to stay its course. What the earthquake has left the fire will destroy, and nothing shall be left of the old city but cinders and heaps of broken brickwork. Will they not help now, these savages from the suburbs? Yes, they will help, if they are paid for it.

"Help me out," cried a man who had nothing but his head left visible.

"What will you give us?" said they.

"Two dollars, which is all I have with me."

"Give us six, and we get you out."

"I have not so much," said the poor fellow.

"Then you may stay where you are," and they pointed mockingly to the flames rapidly approaching. The fire rolled on and on and over him, and when it had passed it left only undistinguishable ashes.

Nine of one family were burned to death for want of aid to get them out; they were all in one room, and the roof so fell that they were protected, but without means of egress, until the ruins were removed. Their brother was embedded near them, where he could converse with them, and also speak to those passing near, to whom he appealed for assistance. At last somebody got him out. Then he began to relieve his family, but before he could do so effectually, the flames reached the place from a fire raging on both sides. He remained until he was seriously burnt, encouraging his family with hopes, and calling for assistance, but none came. He was at last obliged to leave the spot, and at that moment he could distinctly hear them praying. I saw the remains of this family when they were clearing away the rubbish. Nothing was left but a large mass of charred bones.

The dead and those who were maimed and could offer no resistance were robbed of their clothes and left naked. Many people were got out alive several days afterwards. One man was found alive after being sixteen days under the ruins; he died three days after his rescue.

Dr. Blancas, who was despatched by the Government of Buenos Ayres immediately on receipt of intelligence of the catastrophe, with succours for the survivors, thus writes to General Mitre, the governor, under date the 25th of April: "It is impossible to paint to your excellency the picture of desolation presented by this unhappy capital. At a distance of forty-two leagues, on entering the province, the traveller first sees the ravages of the earthquake of the 20th of March—fractured walls and fallen ranchos. As he approaches the fallen city, these ravages become more notable, until for a radius of twenty leagues round not a house is to be found, not a fence remains standing, one small hermitage, situated in the northern part of the district, known as Guamayen, alone excepted. The beauteous city of Mendoza, surrounded by pleasant alamedas and water-courses, presents a most moving spectacle, that of an immense heap of ruins under which lie buried more than ten thousand victims, crushed, suffocated, or burnt on that dreadful night. To the shock followed the fire, and to this the plunder by the mob; who, by reason of the nature of their dwellings, escaped without injury. More than two thousand wounded were dug out from under the ruins, of whom a great part are since dead; there are perhaps not two hundred persons in Mendoza who did not spend some hours or days beneath the ruins. The tales that are told are horrible. The inhabitants are at present living under the trees in tents or in huts. The shocks yet continue daily. The great earthquake of the 20th of March came from the north-west, and took a straight course of twenty leagues, terminating at the city of Mendoza, which stretched almost due north and south. It was of an undulating character, and from the explorations made by the English geologist, Mr. Forbes, it seems that there has been no volcanic eruption, but an ejection of a great quantity of gases along the Sierra, and near to the place called Uspallata, where there are great gulfs in the earth, and large masses of rock have been torn from their base. In some of these wide deep gulfs, which may be seen in several parts, a dark-looking water flows, and in one of them a sort of lake has been formed, more than three hundred metres long by fifty wide."

A survivor thus describes his escape: "We

felt the shock of an earthquake and fled to the street, I being the last. As I reached the door of the office, the earth gave so violent a shake, that the shop and office fell together, shutting me in between the walls for a quarter of an hour, suffering from the continual shocks and having no outlet. As soon as the shocks ceased, gaining strength from my fears, I made every exertion to move away the bricks which covered the door; I succeeded in turning over two bricks, and making an opening, by which I got out with much difficulty. What horror! So soon as I stood upon the ruins I looked over the city by moonlight: everything was in the dust, even the churches; not one house remained standing. Crossing the ruins towards my house, to see if I could save my family, I heard, on passing by the shop of Don Juan A. Josa, voices from below calling for help. I could not pass them. I set to work to clear off the rubbish which was above with my hands and nails, and after an hour's work, succeeded in rescuing two of Josa's shopmen. We afterwards saved another who was further on, and then I went on to my house to see if I could not do the same for my family. After much trouble I found my house, and climbed on to the ruins calling for my wife and children; but none answered. I then went to the house of my son who lives in the plaza, but could not find it, such was the sameness of ruin. Don José de la Cruz Centeno, who was seated in the plaza, much bruised, and who lived next door to Merceditas, showed me which was her house. I climbed over the ruins calling to her, till I reached the gable of the room where she slept, which remained standing, but leaning over most dangerously to the north. I called, and she answered me from below the ruins. I went round, and never heeding the risk, set to work to get her out, by taking off the bricks above her. Alone, bruised in spirit, and sorrowful, without tools, I raised the bricks with my hands, and discovered the head of my daughter. As soon as I had given her air, and she told me that the child she had in her arms was not dead, I called to Centeno to hire some peons, or send some who could assist me; many came, but did not dare to help me when they saw the leaning gable, which, if it fell, would bury us all together. One peon only took pity, seeing me at work alone, and after two or three hours' work removing bricks, we got out the child before it died, but it was necessary to cut off all the clothes of my daughter at the waist, and thus only we rescued her bruised and hurt. I have lost Demitita (his wife), my daughter Adela, my son-in-law Emeterio, and my two servants. Also the uncle and aunt of my wife."

For two days such of the city authorities as survived remained paralysed, hardly thinking their lives their own, and not attempting anything; thus the fire raged on unchecked, and the plunderers followed their villanous work unpunished. Already the air was laden with the stench of putrifying bodies; the wounded and dying lay stretched on the ground in the open air, almost destitute of food and water, for the ordinary water-courses were swallowed up, and the market people dared not approach the town to sell, so that it seemed as though famine and pestilence would carry off those few that the earthquake and the fire had spared. The only sound which broke the silence of the desolation was the mournful tolling of a bell raised by some nuns on two posts in a meadow, where they had erected an altar and held daily services for the souls of those who had perished. Nine nuns escaped from the ruins of their convent; one after being five days buried made her way out with no other assistance than her scissors. On the twenty-third the governor killed three bullocks, and distributed the beef, and on the twenty-fifth kindly help arrived from the city of San Juan; next day six plunderers were shot by some soldiers sent from San Juan to preserve order, so the evil was checked, and by this time also the fire had pretty well burnt itself out; but stronger and stronger rose the odour of corruption from the ruin-covered streets, till the search for any who might yet survive was perforce suspended, and the sick under the trees in the plaza had to be removed to the alameda. For the city was become a putrid city of the dead, and living men could not dwell in its atmosphere.

So passed the weary days. Fortunately rain is a rarity in Mendoza, yet hundreds of the wounded died for want of proper attention and food; but soon from all parts came the ready offerings of sympathy and sorrow, from San Juan first, then across the Andes from Chili, then from San Guis and Cordova, and at last munificent assistance from the Central Government at Parana, and from far distant Buenos Ayres. Sheds were erected and fitted up as hospitals, surgeons and physicians vied with each other in eagerness to succour and to save, so that at length many of the dying were brought back again to health and strength, and money was given to them for their sustenance during convalescence. But most of them rose from their couches only to find themselves bereft of all; everything in the city was lost, hardly the ground was left on which the houses once had stood. Even to the end of April shocks continued; generally there were two or three every day, as an English visitor writes on the twenty-second: "I am writing this in a shed, but it is all cracked, and one gable-end is down; twice I have run out. As slight shocks still continue two or three a-day, I feel afraid of the place falling." The same gentleman also writes: "It is useless attempting to describe the suffering that existed when I first arrived; I am not wanting in courage or in strength of mind to witness such scenes, but what I have seen here has completely overpowered me, and made me as inactive as a child and as powerless. The heap of ruins, the corpses strewed in all directions, stripped, and in some cases half eaten by dogs and rats, the stench, and, above all, the sufferings and stupefaction of the survivors, are altogether so appalling that only

stern duty and necessity induced me to stay an hour in the place." Many wounded ladies refused to be placed under shelter, shrieking in their terror that the roofs would fall on them.

By the great earthquake on the 20th March several villages in the neighbourhood of Mendoza were also completely destroyed. Its effects were also slightly felt at Valparaiso and other cities on the western slope of the Andes, and more distinctly at Cordova and throughout the Argentine Confederation, even so far eastward as Buenos Ayres, where, on the night of the 20th, a French watchmaker noticed that all the pendulums of his clocks, which were swinging from north to south, had become endowed with a most singularly irregular motion, concerning which phenomenon he wrote a letter on the day following to the leading journal of the city; but no explanation was given till the next week, when the mail from Mendoza brought the truth.

On the eastern slopes of the Andes the earthquake seems to have exerted its extreme violence, as may be seen in a letter, dated San Juan, 25th March, 1861: "Paula has just arrived from Chili. The earthquake which destroyed Mendoza caught her, with Corina and Emilia, at the foot of the central Cordillera of the Andes. The mercy of God has alone preserved them. It is horrible to hear their account of the fearful scene they witnessed. Deep caverns were opened into the bowels of the mountains; the mountain summits were parted asunder; the road was blocked up with rocks rolled down from above, and with the rubbish brought with them in their fall. The earth in places burst open like a bomb-shell, ejecting water, all the way from Uspallata. Enormous stones were thrown from one mountain to another with the report of cannon. Some passengers on the road were crushed by the falling rocks. It was a scene of indescribable horror which surrounded them; they fearing every moment that they would be buried under the rocks which came rolling down the sides of the mountain."

Professor Forbes, who had been making geological researches in Peru and Bolivia, was in Rosario at the time of the earthquake, and immediately proceeded to Mendoza to examine the phenomena of the catastrophe, concerning which he reports somewhat as follows to the Government of the Argentine Republic, by whom he was appointed their commissioner: "Data have enabled me to arrive at the decisive conclusion that the earthquake was caused by a revival of volcanic action on the eastern side of the principal chain of the Cordilleras, and the endeavour to find outlet for the escape of gases by the fracture of supervening rocks. To examine the effects of the earthquake in the Cordilleras, I proceeded direct to the hills in front of the city, and found the stripe (the course of the earth-wave as marked on a map annexed) here marked in all directions by ruins, which track I followed up to Uspallata for six days. Within its limits rocks had been broken in pieces, and borne or thrown to other places; there were fissures in the earth, and the springs had increased their flow." Mr. Forbes also gives some practical advice concerning the rebuilding of the city. The north-east portion of the old city was built on low marshy ground, which "sunk from one to eight feet, and was torn up as though it had been ploughed for a width of about three hundred varas (about two hundred and eighty yards); and in some places springs had come to the surface." Thus he recommends an extension of the city to the westward, on the rocky slopes of the Sierra. The old city was almost entirely built of adobes, a large thick brick, about two feet long, baked in the sun, and put together without lime, mud only being used to fill the interstices; concerning which he says: "The old system of brick houses will, of course, be rejected, nor ought the streets to be so narrow as before, this having occasioned the chief loss, the hollowed walls falling into them from both sides upon the people. With broad streets, and with houses of wooden framing, filled in with lath and plaster, no danger need be feared from any subsequent earthquake."

M. Bravard, a French naturalist, resident at Mendoza, had predicted the destruction of the city by an earthquake, basing his prediction upon the volcanic formation of the whole of the north-western portion of the province. This peculiarity is also noticed by Sir Woodbine Parish, in his valuable work on Buenos Ayres and the Argentine provinces. Bravard perished while sitting on the corner of his bed pulling off his stockings, on the night of the 20th of March.

Mendoza was one of the most important cities of the Argentine Republic; situated at the foot of the Andes, and commanding the principal pass to Chili at Uspallata, it was the centre of all the traffic with the west coast. The population was variously estimated at from fourteen to seventeen thousand, of whom not more than two thousand escaped. The loss may be estimated at thirteen thousand, which is below the number usually named by men well acquainted with the city; of these the greater part found death and burial at the same moment, but many, it is believed, languished for days under the ruins, there being none to dig them out. A large proportion also of those who were rescued died from gangrene, before surgeons could arrive from Chili to perform the necessary amputations. All the surgeons of the city itself were killed. Numbers of children escaped, and, strange to say, nearly all the blind people! The former were taken charge of by the Chilian government, and removed to an asylum at Santiago de Chili.

To the traveller accustomed to the interminable plains of Buenos Ayres, Santa Fé, and Cordova, or wearied with the sandy deserts of San Juan, the province of Mendoza has always been a most welcome oasis on the tedious journey across the continent of South America; here he finds himself once again in an enclosed country, riding along well-kept roads, between water-

courses, shaded by double rows of magnificent poplars, almost equalling in size those time-honoured trees which line the banks of the sluggish canals of Belgium and the Low Countries. The rocky and volcanic nature of the soil of Mendoza has forced the inhabitants to adopt a mode of agriculture widely differing from that pursued in the other provinces of the republic; they have been forced to dig canals for the artificial irrigation of the whole of their pasturages; and, the natural grasses being very poor, lucerne is very extensively planted throughout the province, the different fields being divided by stone fences to prevent the encroachments of cattle. All these fences were thrown down by the earthquake, and the autumn crops entirely destroyed by straying cattle.

The city is now in process of rebuilding; inhabitants already pour into it from other parts, and though earthquakes become of common occurrence, they will in future be no more destructive than they are in the wood-built cities of Chili and Peru.

SELECT COMMITTEE ON FRENCH SONGS.

TWO SITTINGS. SITTING THE FIRST.

A PAMPHLET, entitled Bulletin du Comité de la Langue, de l'Histoire, et des Arts de la France, contains some curious and suggestive matter. It was printed (not published) in 1853, and contains some curious instructions addressed to the (possible) correspondents of the Ministry of Public Instruction. They are requested to forward information on — 1stly, the popular poetry of France; 2ndly, on philology; 3rdly, history; and 4thly, on archæology. The instructions as to the first, and the grounds on which they are based, are given with the greatest fulness, and present the most interest.

These instructions were drawn up by M. Ampère, who is well known to many English, not merely as a most distinguished member of the Institut, but as a tried and courteous friend, ready to help all literary persons with the resources of his great and varied knowledge, and also as one of those learned and distinguished scholars who have fallen under a political ban. In this case it is probably in consequence of this ban that M. Ampère has been prevented accomplishing a scheme which he had much at heart, the collection of the popular and traditional poetry of France, before the generation had passed away who had learnt much traditional knowledge in their youth, which had never been displaced by their comparatively little reading.

M. Ampère begins by paying a compliment, which is, in fact, no more than rendering justice, to M. Fauriel, who collected the popular songs of modern Greece; but he traces back the first appreciation of popular poetry to Montaigne, a date anterior to the time of Sir Philip Sydney, whose great admiration of Chevy Chase is reported by Addison in the Spectator.

Molière, a century later, says, through the mouth of one of his characters, that he would sooner have written the following fragment of a ballad than all the poetry known in his day. To be sure, when one remembers the inflated and unnatural style of prose and poetry in vogue at the Hôtel Rambouillet, this speech of Alceste's is no great compliment:

Si le roi m'avait donné
Paris sa grand' ville,
Et qu'il me fallût quitter
L'amour de m'amie,
Je dirais au roi Henri,
Reprenez votre Paris,
J'aime mieux m'amie au gué,
J'aime mieux m'amie.

[If the king would give me his great city of Paris, and that I must renounce the love of my dearie, I would say to King Henry, "Take back your Paris, I love better my dearie by the ford, I love better my dearie."]

The supposed composer of this song is Anthony of Navarre, Duc de Vendôme, who led a joyous life at his manor of Gué-de-Lin, in the reign of Henry the Second. The early appreciation of popular poetry thus indicated led the writer of the Instructions to define what is really popular poetry. This appellation is to be earned by success, not given to intention; but the limits assigned to the poetry claimed by France are wider than her present geographical boundary. For instance, what has been handed down by emigrants in Canada, what is recited by the Savoyard in his bastard language (in 1853 Savoy was not French territory), is to be included in the desired collection; nor are the dialects derived from Latin, from German in the eastern districts of France, Flemish in the north, Low Breton in Brittany, Italian in Corsica, Catalonian and Basque for Roussillon and the Pyrenees—all fragments or songs in any of these places, in all these dialects, provided they have found a place in the heart of the people—to be omitted.

In Canada, and the vast deserts and wide forests which stretch out towards the Oregon, it is probable that many French songs linger in the memory of the half-bred descendants of the old French settlers. M. de Tocqueville mentions that he heard a French Indian singing a patriotic air to words of which he caught only the beginning:

Entre Paris et Saint Denis
Il était une fille.

Not long ago an intelligent American gentleman expressed a wish that the fragments of political ballads and rhymes dating from the time of Charles the First and extending downwards to 1745 (that are still extant in the States, but, as he believed, unknown and forgotten in England), might be collected before they faded away, and were lost for ever, as the grounds for their significance were forgotten; and, doubtless, the Creole songs current in the colonies which the French still hold have something of the same relation to the history and traditions of the mother country.

The children in the Basque country are taught to count in a kind of rhyme, which probably dates from the days when the arrière-garde of Charlemagne's army was discomfited by the Gascons in the valley of Roncesvalles, in the Pyrenees:

Un cri s'est élevé au milieu des montagnes d'Escualdunacs.

. . . .

Ils viennent, ils viennent.
Combien sont-ils? Enfant, compte-les bien.
Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six, sept, huit, neuf, dix, onze, douze,
Treize, quatorze, quinze, seize, dix-sept, dix-huit, dix-neuf, vingt.
Vingt, et des milliers encore.
On perdrait son temps à les compter.
Unissons nos bras nerveux, déracinons les rochers,
Lançons-les du haut des montagnes
Jusque sur leurs têtes,
Écrasons-les, tuons-les.
. . . .
Le sang jaillit, les chairs palpitent,
Oh, combien d'os broyés! quelle mer de sang!
. . . .
Ils fuient, ils fuient.
. . . .
Combien sont-ils? Enfant compte-les bien.
Vingt, dix-neuf, &c.
Un! il n'y en a même plus un.
. . . .
La nuit les aigles viendront manger ces chairs écrasées.
Et tous ces os blanchiront durant l'éternité.

[A cry has gone up from the hills of Escualdunacs. They come, they come. . . How many come? Child! count them well. One, two, &c. (up to twenty). Twenty, and tens of thousands besides; it is loss of time to count them. Let us unite our arms of strength; let us uproot the rocks, and hurl them from the heights, down on their heads; let us crush them, let us kill them. . . And the blood spouted forth, and the flesh quivered. How many were the broken bones!—how great the sea of blood! . . They fly, they fly. . . How many of them? Child, count them well! Twenty, nineteen (down to one). One! there is not even one. . . And in the night the eagles shall come and feed on their mangled flesh, and their bones shall whiten through eternity.]

Here, again, is a translation from the Basque of one of their popular songs, which was taken down from the lips of an old woman of Biarritz:

SANTA-CLARA.

Dans Ataratz, les cloches de l'église ont sonné tristement d'elles-mêmes. La jeune Santa-Clara part demain. Les grands et les petits prennent le deuil: Santa-Clara part demain. On dore la selle de son cheval et sa valise d'argent.

"Mon père, vous m'avez vendue comme une vache à un Espagnol. Si j'avais encore ma mère vivante comme vous, mon père, je ne serais pas allée en Espagne, mais je serais mariée au château d'Ataratz."

Au château d'Ataratz, deux oranges ont fleuri; nombreuses sont les personnes qui les ont demandées: on a toujours répondu qu'elles n'étaient pas mûres.

"Mon père, partons gaîment: vous reviendrez les yeux pleurants et le cœur triste, et vous vous retournerez souvent pour regarder votre fille sous sa pierre de tombe.

"Orisson, la longue montagne, je l'ai passée à jeûn. En arrivant de l'autre côté, je trouvai une pomme et je l'ai mangée; elle a touché tout mon cœur.

"Ma sœur va à la chambre du troisième étage pour voir s'il fait Egna ou Iparra. Si Iparra souffle, tu le chargeras de compliments pour Sala, et si c'est Egna, tu lui diras qu'il vienne chercher mon corps.

"Ma sœur, va chercher maintenant ma robe blanche; va chercher ta robe noire." Elle s'habille en blanc, et sa sœur en noir. Elle monte à la croisée pour voir si elle peut apercevoir Sala. Elle le voit arriver de loin: elle se précipite et tombe morte. Personne n'a pu enlever le corps. Sala seul a pu le relever.

[The church bells of Ataratz rang sadly of themselves. The young Santa Clara goes away to-morrow. All are mourning, young and old: Santa Clara goes away to-morrow. They are gilding the saddle of her palfrey, and her travelling-bags are of silver.

"Oh, father! you have sold me like a beast to a Spaniard. If my mother were but alive, like you, my father, I should not be sent into Spain, but I should be married at home, in the Castle of Ataratz."

At the Castle of Ataratz two orange-trees flowered; many a one came to ask for them, but each was told that the fruit was not ripe.*

"Father, let us set off merrily; you will come home with weeping eyes and a heavy heart, and you will go back many a time to look at the headstone of your daughter's grave.

"I was hungry when I climbed over Orisson, that weary hill. On the other side I found an apple, and I ate it; the taste thereof went all through my heart.†

"Sister, go up to the little bedroom, high up in the third story. Look out! see if it blows south, or south-west. If the south-west breeze whispers, freight it with love for Sala; but if it is south, send him word to come and fetch my corpse.

"Sister, go and seek my white robe; go and seek thine own that is black."

She is dressed in white, her sister in black. She goes up to the casement to try and see Sala. She sees him coming afar off. She throws herself down, and lies dead. No one can lift up her body Sala alone can lift it up.]

A sergeant of engineers, stationed in the department of the Pyrenées Orientales, has picked up and sent to the commission many little popular fragments in the Catalonian dialect, which is rather a variation of the Provençal than, as we are inclined to suppose from the name, a Spanish patois. Among these fragments is a pretty little burden to a love-song, with an ending not repeated in the report, as it savours of the burlesque; which, however, only proves it the more to have originated in the people of the district.

Baichate montagne
. . .
Baisse-toi, montagne,
Lève-toi, valion;
Vous m'empêchez de voir
Ma Jeanneton.

[Bow down, O hill!
And rise up, valley!
You hinder my sight
Of my Jeanneton.]

The commission extends its researches into Corsica, where a peculiar kind of funeral chant (vocero), and the better-known class of poetry

* Referring to Santa Clara and her sister.

† "Eating an apple" is a proverbial expression for falling innocently in love.

called "serenades," are the most usual forms of popular songs.

Again, in the old provinces of French Flanders there are many of the ditties whose existence they wish to preserve; and curiously enough one of the popular songs of this district is the same as a Lithuanian ballad familiar to the people on the borders of Russia.

Another is called

LE MESSAGER D'AMOUR.

Un petit oiseau, blanc comme neige, se balançait sur une branche d'épine.

"Veux-tu être mon messager? — Je suis trop petit, je ne suis qu'un petit oiseau.

— Si tu es petit, tu es subtil; tu sais le chemin.

— Oui, je le connais bien."

Il prit le billet dans son bec, et l'emporta en s'envolant.

Il s'envola jusqu'à la demeure de m'amie.

"Dors-tu? veilles-tu? es-tu trépassée?

— Je ne dors, ni ne veille; je suis mariée depuis une demi-année.

— Tu es mariée depuis une demi-année; il me semblait que c'était depuis mille ans!"

[A little bird as white as snow hung poised upon a thorn-tree branch.

"Wilt thou be my messenger?"

"I am so little. I am only a little bird."

"If thou art little, thou art clever; thou knowest the way?"

"Yes, I know it well."

He took the letter in his beak, and flew away with it.

He flew to the house of my sweetheart.

"Sleepest thou? watchest thou? or art thou dead?"

"I neither sleep nor watch. I have been married for half a year."

"Thou hast been married for half a year! It seemed to me like a thousand years ago!"]

Curiously enough, from the eastern provinces of France, those of which she has so often disputed the possession with Germany, no traces of popular songs have been discovered which either in language or subject match those of French origin; a proof to us, who have the calm judgment of foreigners, that the sympathies of the people are with Germany. Alsace and Burgundy are the silent provinces; all the others speak of former times, though often with broken and uncertain voice. At one time the popular language in France was a dialect of Latin, widespread by the multitude of university scholars and the number of ecclesiastics of every grade.

As an instance of the wide-spread knowledge of a kind of bastard-Latin in the seventh century, the commissioners quote the fragment that remains of the song composed to celebrate the victory of Clothaire over the Saxons in 622, which begins as follows:

De Chlotario est canere Rege Francorum,
Qui ivit pregnare in gentem Saxonum.

This song passed from mouth to mouth, and was recited by uneducated people, by women in the true old ballad (ballet) style, being accompanied by dances, gestures, and clappings of the hand.

Next to these songs, of which all the words, however ungrammatically terminated and arranged, have a purely Latin origin, the commissioners would place those which are partly French and partly Latin, such as the chant which was composed by the scholars of Abelard, when that great master announced his determination to quit the Paraclete. This song is composed of three (rhymed) Latin lines, and then comes the refrain, or burden in old French,

Tort a vers nos li mestres.

But these rhymed Latin verses endured for many generations. Long after the uneducated people had ceased to understand their meaning, they formed a burden to popular songs, like our own "Tra, la, la, la, la, la," or "Down, down, derry down," and such meaningless repetitions to madrigals and songs, particularly to those prevalent in England from the reign of Elizabeth to Queen Anne. In France, these Latin refrains may be traced down to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Of course, if such fragments as are preserved in Latin are to be admitted, the mediæval French relics must be collected with care. The worst of it is that too many of these originate with the Troubadours, and are the work of educated men, who mix up feeling with simple narration, often almost to the exclusion of the latter. Their poems are also subject to the rules of art, which, although it makes them be more admired by those who understand the limits, and the reason for such limits, within which they have been composed, takes them out of the range of popular sympathy.

Here the commission felt themselves in a dilemma what to admit. But they decided that whatsoever poems were sung or recited among the common people, or even whatever manuscript poems existed, having a distinctly popular origin, should come within the class which they desired to collect. Moreover, they wished to collect all narrative ballads, all "complaints," all the political songs of a past age which had endured to the present, in whatever form of language they had been preserved, whether in the vulgar tongue or in rhyme; all popular sermons, lives of male or female saints; "moralities," and similar dramatic teachings; sayings about different professions or trades; lays or fables, and the dramatic conversations, which hardly amounted to the dignity of plays, such as Aucassin and Nicolette, Robin and Marion, &c. For in all these kinds of compositions fragments of popular songs, or references to them, may be found, even in sermons. The readers of Latimer's sermons will see the wisdom of the latter part of this injunction.

Moreover, if there is a traditional air to which songs are sung, it is to be noted down with an especial reference to discovering if the ancient laws of thorough-bass are the same as those which prevail at present.

There are numerous legends relating to the Virgin, who, in her maternal character, is supposed to have supreme power in heaven. There is a canticle in the dialect of Périgord that shows how the attribute of mercy seems appropriated

to her in the popular mind. Here is the French translation of this chant:

Une âme est morte cette nuit,
Elle est morte sans confession;
Personne ne la va voir.
Excepté la sainte Vierge.
Le démon est tout à l'entour.
" Tenez, tenez, mon fils Jésus,
Accordez-moi le pardon de cette pauvre âme.
— Comment voulez-vous que je lui pardonne?
Jamais elle ne m'a demandé de pardon.
— Mais si bien à moi, mon fils Jésus,
Elle m'a bien demandé pardon.
— Eh bien, ma mère, vous le voulez,
Dans le moment même je lui pardonne.

[This night there lies one dead, and dead without confession. No one goes to see her, except the Holy Virgin; but all around her hovers the devil. "Listen, listen, Jesus, my son! Grant me a pardon for this poor soul!" "How then must I pardon her, who has never asked pardon from me?" "But from me so often, Jesus, my son! She has asked it so often from me." "Mother, it is thy wish. This moment I grant her pardon."]

Another instance of a popular legend in verse is La Cane de Montfort, which was sung in Brittany towards the end of the last century, as recorded by M. de Chateaubriand in his Memoirs:

LA CANE DE MONTFORD.

La voilà la fille du Maine!
Voilà que les soldats l'emmènent.
Comme sa mère la peignait,
Ils sont venus pour l'emmener.

Oll' n'était pas toute peignée
Que les soldats l'ont emmenée;
Oll' dit, en les regardant doux:
" Soldats, où donc me menez-vous?

— Et à qui veux-tu qu'on te mène,
Sinon à notre capitaine?"
Du plus loin qu'il la vit venir
De rire ne se put tenir.

" La voilà donc enfin la belle
Qui me fut si long-temps rebelle?
— Oui, capitaine, la voilà;
Faites-en ce qu'il vous plaira.

— Faites-la monter dans ma chambre,
Tantôt nous causerons ensemble."
A chaque marche qu'Oll' montait
A chaque marche Oll' soupirait.

Quand Oll' est enfin dans la chambre,
A prié Dieu de la défendre,
A prié Dieu et Notre Dame
Qu'Oll' fut changée de femme en cane.

La prière fut pas terminée
Qu'on la vit prendre sa volée,
Voler en haut, voler en bas,
De la grand' tour Saint-Nicolas.

Le capitaine, voyant ça,
Ne voulut plus être soldat,
Être soldat ni capitaine;
Dans un couvent se rendit moine.

[Look at her, the girl of Maine! whom the soldiers drag along! As her mother combed her hair, they came to drag her off. Olla's hair was yet uncombed when the soldiers carried her off. Olla said with her gentle look, "Soldiers, whither do you take me?" "To whom, I wonder, should it be, but to our gallant captain!" When he saw her coming in the distance he could not contain his laughter. "At last she's here, the pretty one who has rebelled against me so long!" "Ay, ay, my captain, she is here! Do with her what you will." Take her up into my chamber; by-and-by we will talk together!" At every step that Olla took, at every step did Olla sigh. When Olla all alone was left, she prayed to God for saving help. She prayed to God and to Our Lady that to a wild duck she might be changed. Her prayer was scarcely at an end when they saw her fly away, flying high and flying low, from the great St. Nicholas tower. The captain, seeing this strange sight, no longer would a soldier be; a soldier nor yet captain be; but in a convent he turned a monk.]

Christmas carols are also to be collected; and there is a curious custom mentioned as prevalent in French Flanders, where carols in honour of the Magi or Three Kings are sung between Christmas-day and the Feast of the Kings (our Twelfth-night). The carol-singers go about with sticks in their hands, at the end of which a pasteboard star is fastened.

In the middle-ages there were Christmas carols composed of alternate lines, or verses of Latin and French; something of the same mixed description of language as the famous Boar's Head carol, which is annually sung on Christmas-day at Queen's College, Oxford:

The Boar's Head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary,
And I pray you, my masters, be merry
Quot estis in convivio.

In the thirteenth century the French went about singing:

Seigneurs, or, entendez à nous,
De loin sommes venus à vous
Pour querre Noël.

[My masters, now harken to us, for we are come from afar to ask for Noels.]

At the present day they sing the following carol in the neighbourhood of Beauce:

Honneur à la compagnie
De cette maison,
A l'entour de votre table
Nous vous saluons.
Nous sommes v'nus de pays étrange,
Dedans ce lieu,
C'est pour vous faire demande
De la part de Dieu.

[Hail to the company in this house, and here we greet you as you sit around your table all. We come from a foreign land into these parts; it is to make demand for the good God himself.]

In some parts of France the custom is prevalent of the children going round begging from house to house, singing and in honour of spring. It is curious how widely spread is this custom of saluting the coming summer with mirth and songs. In modern Greece, in Germany, in France, they sing the song of welcome to the swallow, summer's harbinger. In Cornwall the same custom exists, mixed up with a good deal of English tradition. The late Bishop of Chichester, when the clergyman at Helstone, collected the words of the song sung in that old Cornish town by all the common people, who turn out

in the streets to greet the May. The day is called "the Helstone Flora Day," thus clearly indicating the mythological origin of the widespread festival:

Robin Hood and little John
They both are gone to Fair, O,
And we will to the merry green wood
To see what they do there, O.
And for to chase O, to chase the buck and doe,
With Halon tow, grennbelow,
And cheerily we all get up
As soon as any day, O,
And for to fetch the summer home,
The summer and the May, O,
For summer is a come, O,
And winter is ago, O.

Where are those Spaniards
That make so great a boast, O?
They shall eat the grey goose feather
And we will eat the roast, O.
In every land, the land that ere we go,
With Hallon tow, &c.

As for St. George,
St. George he was a knight, O
Of all the kings in Christendom,
King George he is the right, O.
In every land, &c.

God bless Aunt Mary Moyes,
With all her power and might, O,
And send us peace in merry England,
Both now and evermore, O.
With Hallon tow, &c.

The odd mixture of dates and ideas in this must be obvious to every one; there is mention of the Spanish Armada so peculiarly interesting to western men; the reference to the custom of eating a goose at Michaelmas is supposed to date from that time; the change of person from Saint to King George; it concludes with blessing the mysterious Aunt Mary Moyes, thus suddenly restricting the interest to some purely local celebrity.

But to return to the French songs of May, a very simple and graceful one is furnished by the school inspector at Saint-Brieuc.

En entrant dans cette cour
Par amour,
Nous saluons le seigneur
Par honneur,
Et sa noble demoiselle,
Les petits enfans, et tous,
Par amour,
Les valets et chambrières.

Madame de céans,
Vous qui avez des filles,
Faites-les se lever,
Promptement qu'ell' s'habillent.
Nous leur passerons un anneau d'or au doigt
A l'arrivée du *mez* de mai,
Nous leur donn'rons des bagues et des diamants
A l'arrivée du doux printemps.

Entre vous, braves gens,
Qu'avez des bœufs, des vaches,
L'vez vous de bon matin
A les mettre aux pâturages:
Ell' vous donn'rout du beurre, aussi du lait,
A l'arrivée du mois de mai,
Ell' vous donn'ront du beurre, aussi du lait,
A l'arrivée du doux printemps.

Entre vous, jeunes filles,
Qu'avez de la volaille,
Mettez la main au nid,
N'apportez-pas la paille;
Apportez dix-huit ou bien vingt,
Mais n'apportez pas les couvains.

Si vous avez de nous donner,
Ne nous fait's pas attendre,
J'ons du chemin à faire,
Le point du jour avance.
Donnez-nous vat des œufs ou de l'argent,
Et renvoyez-nous promptement;
Donnez-nous vat du cidre, ou bien du vin,
Et renvoyez-nous au chemin.

Si vous n'ais rien à nous donner,
Donnez-nous la servante,
Le porteur du panier
Est tout prêt à la prendre;
Il n'en a point, il en voudrait pourtant
À l'arrivée du doux printemps.

Si vous donnez des œufs,
Nous prierons pour la poule;
Si vous donnez de l'argent,
Nous prierons pour la bourse
Nous prierons Dieu, le bienhe'reux Saint Nicolas,
Que la poule mange l' renard,
Nous prierons Dieu et le bienhe'reux Saint Vincent
Qu' la bourse se remplisse d'argent.

En vous remerciant,
Le présent est honnête,
Retournez vous coucher
Barrez port's et fenêtres;
Pour nous, j'allons toute la nuit chantant
À l'arrivée du mez du Mai,
Pour nous j'allons toute la nuit chantant
À l'arrivée du doux printemps.

[We come into your court-yard out of love, and we salute the noble master out of honour; he and his noble damsel, the little children and all, we salute out of love—yes, and the serving-men and maids. Good lady of the house, if you have daughters, make them get up quickly, and dress themselves, and we will put rings of gold on their fingers, for the merry month of May is come; we will give them rings and diamonds, for the sweet spring-time is come. As for you, good people, who have kine and oxen, get up while it is early, and lead them forth to pasture. They will give you butter and milk, for the merry month of May is come, &c. As for you, young girls, who have cocks and hens, put your hands into the nests, and do not bring out straw, bring out eighteen or twenty eggs, but do not touch those that the hen is hatching. If you have anything to give us, do not keep us waiting, for we have a long way to go, and day is dawning quick. Give us eggs or money, and send us away quickly—give us cider or wine, and send us away. If you have nothing to give us, give us the waiting-maid; he who carries our basket is quite ready to carry her off; he has no maid, and he willingly would have one now the sweet spring-time is come. If you give us eggs we will pray for the hen; if you give us money we will pray for the purse. We will pray God and the blessed Saint Nicholas that the hen may eat the fox; we will pray God and the blessed Saint Vincent that the purse may fill itself, and thanking you kindly for your worthy presents, we bid you go back again to bed; but first fasten your doors and windows. As for us, we go singing through the night now the merry month of May is come; we go singing through the night now the sweet spring-time is come.]

There are also certain local festivals held principally in the towns which formerly belonged to French Flanders, each of which is supposed to have belonged long ago to aboriginal giants—such as the Jan and Jannikin of Brussels, who make an annual promenade through that city; and probably no distant relations to Gog and Magog. There are local songs in honour of these municipal giants, embodying their legendary history; and these also the commission desire to collect.

They have not yet received any account of existing remains of the old Roman paganism, but of the religion of the Druids there are many traces in the popular literature, particularly in Brittany. The Druidical doctrine of the metempsychosis, or successive existence in different forms, is to be traced in the following Breton fragment:

La Sainte Marguerite
Qui veut ouïr la chanson
(De Sainte Marguerite)
(Toujours) la mère chante
A la fille qui crie,
Un beau jour la demande.
Qu'avez-vous Marguerite?
J'ai bien des maladies
Et n'ose vous le dire;
Tout le jour je suis fille,
Et la nuit blanche biche;
Toutes les chasseries
Sont après moi la nuit.
Cell' de mon frère Biron
Elle est encor la pire.
Appel' tes chiens, Biron?
C'est ta sœur Marguerite.
Il a corné trois fois
All' son cornet de cuivre.
La quatrième fois
La blanche biche est prise
En ont fait un dîner
Aux barons de la ville,
Nous voici tous illé [ici].
Hors ta sœur Marguerite,
Elle répond du plat,
Suis la première assise;
Mon foie et mon poumon
Sont dans la grande marmite,
Mon sang est répandu
Par toute la cuisine,
Aussi mes blonds cheveux
Pendent à la cheville,
Ha! je les vois d'ici
Que le vent les guenille.

THE HOLY MARGARET.

[Who will listen to the song about Holy Margaret? The mother sings always to the daughter who weeps. One fine day she asked her, "What ails thee, Margaret?" "Alas, my ills are manifold; I scarce dare tell them you. By day I am a maiden; but by night I am a white doe. The huntsmen chase me all night long; my brother Biron is the keenest huntsman of them all. Call off thy hounds, Biron! It is thy sister Margaret." Thrice blew he his horn, his horn of shining brass; the fourth time that he blew it the white doe was taken. A grand dinner was made for the barons of the city." "Here be we all!" "All save Margaret, thy sister!" she spoke from the platter. "I am the first placed at table. My liver and my lungs are in the large caldron; my blood streams over the kitchen-floor. My golden hair hangs on the nail, I see it from here. The wind shakes it to tatters."]

Every one knows the custom of the Beltane fires,* still preserved in some parts of the Highlands, when the fires are lighted to Baal on the hill-tops at the time of the summer solstice, but in those parts of France which border on Germany a similar description of festival, accompanied with fragments of popular song bearing reference to it, is kept on St. Martin's-day, *i.e.*, at the commencement of the winter solstice. This custom may be traced up to Scandinavian ancestry. Another tradition from the same source is embodied in Breton ballads, where three swans are changed into three maidens, a girl is changed into a swan, &c., reminding us of the three Valkyrias in the Edda, who leave their swan's plumage on the sea-shore when they go to bathe. Almost all English children know the interminable legend of the old woman driving her obstinate pig, and her calls upon all things animate and inanimate to aid her in the compulsion of the animal: "Dog, dog, bite pig, pig won't go over the brook, and I shan't get home to night. Stick, stick, beat dog," &c., but perhaps they are not aware that they are repeating one form of a Scandinavian incantation, which in another is still prevalent in many parts of France, entitled the Wizard and the Wolf:

LE CONJURATEUR ET LE LOUP.

Il y a un loup dedans un bois,
Le loup ne veut pas sortir du bois.
Ha, j'te promets, compère Brocard,
Tu sortiras de ce lieu-là.

Le loup n'veut pas sortir du bois:
Il faut aller chercher le chien.
Ha! j'te promets, &c.

Il faut aller chercher le chien,
Le chien ne vent pas japper au loup,
Le loup n'veut pas sortir du bois.
Ha! j'te promets, &c.

[There is a wolf within the wood; the wolf will not come out of the wood. "Ha! I warn you, Gossip Brocard, thou wilt have to come out of that," &c.]

So it goes on through stick, fire, water, calf, butcher, all of whom refuse to act, until at last the devil is applied to, who is willing enough to do anything at all; and Gossip Brocard has to come out of the wood as fast as he can.

The next class named by the commission as one of which they shall be glad to collect instances, are ballads, or songs conveying moral lessons. In the south of France, probably from its near neighbourhood to Spain, the native country of proverbs, such lessons are conveyed in that pithy shape; the dramatic, or ballad form, is more prevalent in the north.

Here is a Breton ballad, showing how shameful a thing is a lie:

"Adieu m'amie, je m'en vas, (*bis*)
Je m'en vas faire un tour à Nantes,
Puisque le roi me le commande.

* See Household Words, vol. xix.

— Ah! puisqu'à Nantes vous allez,
Un corselet m'en rapport'rez;
Un corselet qui aura des manches,
Qui s'ra brodé de roses blanches."

A Nantes, à Nantes il est allé,
Au corselet n'a plus songé,
Il n'a songé qu' à la débauche
Au cabaret, comme les autres.

"Mais que dira m'amie de moi?
Tu mentiras, tu diras,
Qu'i 'n'y a pas de cors'lets à Nantes,
De la sorte qu'elle demande.

— J'aime mieux la mer sans poissons,
Ou les collines sans vallons,
Ou le printemps sans violettes,
Que de mentir à ma maîtresse."

["Farewell, my love! for I must go. I must go to serve at Nantes, as my king desires." "Oh! if you go to Nantes, bring me a bodice thence; a bodice decked with sleeves all worked with roses white." To Nantes, to Nantes, he is gone; no more he thinks of the bodice; he only thinks of evil at the tavern, where are the others.—But what will my love say of me? Speak false, and say to her that bodices, such as she asks, are not to be found at Nantes. I would sooner have the sea without fish, the hills without dales, the spring without violets, than tell a lie to my love."]

There is another ballad, entitled La Femme du Roulier, which turns upon the brutalising nature of a life of vice, and is a popular song in Berri.

BETWEEN THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE.

Ten years ago* we dwelt on the need in London of a Hospital for Sick Children, and we described the effort begun in New Ormond-street to meet that want in the right spirit. There were then but half a dozen children, five girls and a boy, in the new hospital. Now, there are fifty, and there is an infant nursery attached to it; also, a country home, as well as a seaside home for convalescent children. The example of London, moreover, has been followed with great energy in Edinburgh during the last three years, and also in Birmingham and in Liverpool and other places. The good that the institution does by its own work, its example doubles; yet, though it be doubled and re-doubled, still in the sunless corners of our cities lie the little children by thousands with bloodless cheek, and eyes large with sad wonder, wanting all that is life to a child, even before they die. That surest of God's blessings on its helplessness, the cradle or a mother's bosom, is too precious for many a sick innocent in the chambers of those who must go forth to daily work. Is it not horrible to think that, in the civilised society of this great London, the chief camp of civilisation in the contest against all that is yet to be overthrown of barbarism on earth, the order of life is fallen into a disorder so complete, that in despite of the strong working of nature for the joyous health of man in his first years, for the vigour of his maturity, and his resistance to chance hurts that might imperil life before it reaches its appointed season of decay, there should still be in every fifty thousand persons dying yearly, twenty-one thousand of them, children under ten?

Can use make us forget the ghastly perversion of all laws of nature represented by these deaths of little children! Mr. Catlin, who spent much of his life among the North American Indians, says that in a village of two hundred and fifty persons, after the chief and his wife had consulted well together over the answer to his question how many of the children of the tribe had died during the last ten years, or within their memory, they could recollect only three; one was drowned; one was killed by the kick of a horse; the third, by the bite of a rattlesnake. A chief over a tribe of fifteen hundred, made, at Mr. Catlin's request, like inquiry among the women of his people, and could hear of no deaths of children, except by accident, within the memory of any one of them. When living among two thousand Mandans, Mr. Catlin was told that the death of a child under ten years old was exceeding unusual, and this evidence was confirmed by the very small number of skulls of children to be found in the Indian burial-grounds of North America. These deaths are, in fact, against the laws of nature; and that, not against passive laws, but against the striving of every secret and mysterious power bestowed on the human body to prevent them. That of the deaths in our chief centre of civilization there should be two of children under the age of ten for every three above that age—and this understates the truth—would be a shame such as no people could endure unless it was labouring with heart and soul for its removal. Yet all that has been done for the last fifty years has achieved only this improvement—that the mortality among our children is reduced by two per cent.

In London alone, there die in a year young children enough to make an unbroken line of corpses, lying head to foot, along the kerb-stone on each side of the way, from Bow Church down the Bow-road, through Mile-end, and down the Mile-end-road, Whitechapel-road, Whitechapel, Aldgate, and on through Leadenhall-street, the Poultry, Cheapside, and on still through Newgate-street and Skinner-street, to line with dead children both sides of the whole length of Holborn and Oxford-street, to beyond Kensington-gardens.

Disease in children, common as it is, is yet so far a wonder in nature, that its action is peculiar, the action of medicine also is peculiar, and the remedies demand especial adaptation to the undeveloped frame. Children's diseases are so unsuited to treatment in a general hospital for adults, that in one year before the Hospital for Sick Children was established, of two thousand three hundred and sixty-three patients in all the hospitals, only twenty-six were children under ten, suffering from diseases peculiar to their age.

* Household Words. No. 106.

But that is not all. What mother who has bent over the most slightly ailing child, does not know how great and constant is its need of thoughtful love, to lighten its unwonted burdens? Always in all of us, but above all in childhood, the mind acts upon the body. Soothing words, pleasant sights, patience that smiles away the fretful mood, variety of toys, happy occupation that will keep the child's ready attention fastened upon something outside its own little round of daily suffering, these are the medicines for which—who shall say how many?—sick little children in England pine every day in the desolate gloom, and every night make their wail heard in Heaven.

A direct way to much abatement of this wrong, is, through the doors of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond-street. Steadily as it has advanced, generously and wisely as it has been supported, it is yet but the small beginning of a work of duty. In the first five of its ten years of existence, it received into its beds more than eleven hundred children seriously and dangerously ill, and gave the best help of medicine to thirty thousand who were nursed at home. In the second half of its life, nearly two thousand sick children have been sedulously tended in the little beds of the hospital, and almost fifty thousand have received as out-patients gratuitous advice and medicine. The help is gratuitous; need of help is the sole recommendation necessary; but the poor mothers who drop secretly and gratefully their pence into collection boxes, create a Samaritan fund amounting to about two pounds every week, which is spent on sea and country lodging and care, in behalf of those to whose perfect restoration change of air is essential.

So much good and wholesome work on behalf of childhood has been connected with the London Children's Hospital, since we first made its acquaintance, that we hardly know where to begin another report upon it. Let us make a call next door. The adjoining mansion has been bought, and its separate front-door is knocked at, early every morning, by poor mothers with children in their arms, small parcels of humanity here to be left till called for in the evening. Perhaps by the necessity of going forth to labour till the evening, there is many a poor mother in London whose wildest dream would not reach to the keeping of a nursemaid, and who does not know how to dispose of her little ones during the hours of enforced absence. Babies are left constantly in charge of little children, and the risks of accidents are the least evils to be dreaded. Dangerous neglects of food and solace are inevitable, the little creatures tumble up into life, or down into their graves, as well as they can. A few infant nurseries, at which for a small charge, babies are taken care of during the day, had existed in London before there was one associated with the Children's Hospital; but there were none so perfect as that now at work in Great Ormond-street. There each living parcel as it is left, having been booked in the hall, is immediately taken away to be washed and fed. There is a pleasant little room for baby-washing, rich in cupboards and in all sorts of contrivances, that it takes nothing less than a nursing mother to appreciate. Visiting the place not long after Christmas, we found the hall gay with flags and festoons, and the nurseries themselves, always bright with pictures and besprinkled with small toys, transformed with paper flowers, wreaths, and real greenery, into bower as gay as the last scene of a pantomime. There are two of these nurseries formed out of the old parlour of the mansion. In the middle of the floor of one, is the round nest in which the young ravens are fed; it is a circle of tiny seats into which babies can be shut, built on the floor around a central stool. The feeding nurse sits in the middle of the nest with basin and spoon; fourteen of the fledglings can be settled around her; and she then proceeds to revolve on her stool, filling mouth after mouth—finding mouth one, as well as mouths two, three, and four, empty and open, by the time fourteen is filled. After the food, comes sleep; and in the other room the walls are lined with neat little cots. In the middle of the room, is another nest, but here it is a circle enclosed with net and floored with cocoa-fibre mattress, upon which a baby that is in the sprawling stage of existence may tumble and crawl without hurt. There are toys adapted to the youngest fingers; well guarded winter fires; and a smooth and secure summer terrace out of doors, above the garden.

There is a good superintendent nurse, and of her we must add that she takes thought not only on behalf of the little children, but has also young small nurses under her instruction. For, not far off in the same street, Miss Twining is busy with her benevolent work on behalf of poor workhouse girls. A part of the care on their behalf is to have many of them taught how to mind a baby. So they are sent for practical instruction to the nursery beside the Children's Hospital, and there they are found sometimes to begin their studies with so little notion of what they are about to learn, that one of them was stopped in the act of hoisting a baby by its head.

A child left at this infant nursery for a long day of fourteen hours, is as well cared for as if it were in a palace—perhaps better than it would be in many palaces. It has its four meals and its drinks of milk; its washing, brushing, amusing, singing, soothing, putting to sleep, and tucking up; its playthings, and its nursery yacht. The only charge made to the parent is for the bare cost of its food—twopence for milk diet, and fourpence when the diet includes meat. This new institution is not so well known as it will soon become, and has never yet received more than sixteen or eighteen children in one day. We found about ten in it—all awake, for it was morning—and all quiet and happy.

Not only here, but among the fifty sick children in the hospital, we heard not a cry or a murmur of fretfulness. We spent some time

among them, and we saw them uniformly happy. It is the sound rule of the place that the most estimable person in the world cannot be accepted as a nurse, if she prove unable to keep children happy and amused. There is not much needful to that end, beyond love, steady goodhumour, and a perception of the ease with which a child's attention is to be diverted from the thought causing distress, to one that will give pleasure. Love carries the key of all such mysteries. Upon a bit of wall over a table in one of the sick wards, is a cluster of little cheap daguerreotypes of children. They belong to an old nurse who has been in the hospital since its opening. They are gifts from children, or from mothers of children whom she made happy on the sick-bed or the death-bed. She can tell you, with a love yet fresh, and never-dying tenderness, the tale of each, and is as proud of her decorations as if she were a general, and they were medals won upon the battle-field. As truly they are. In the war against all spirits of darkness that fight horribly against the flesh and soul of childhood, this good nurse has fought, and every decoration here speaks of a battle and a victory. This nurse herself is drawing near the day when she also may need the soothing help she has so freely given. When the good time shall be so nearly come, that all is done that ought to be done for the Children's Hospital, it will include among its means a superannuation fund for old and faithful nurses.

We described, ten years ago the pleasant rooms of this hospital, the drawing-room of the old mansion with its pictured panels, in which are arranged the little cots of the sick children. On the tray across each cot that has a child awake in it, we see the Noah's ark, or the sheep and shepherds, or the doll and doll's kitchen, or whatever else may be delightful from among the small machinery of childish pleasures. Wherever the eye rests, a toy or a picture is a part of what we see. The great doll's house is in this window. The rocking-horse is against that wall. There is a grand battle of tin soldiers for the special recreation of those large dark fevered eyes. Yonder, is a Noah's ark large enough for a real gander and goose to waddle into. Children's picture-books, and hymn and song-books, lie scattered about. Gifts of toys and children's books to the hospital are not unfrequent; money is not grudged, but alas, the need of more and ever more! Think of that ghastly line of little corpses that would border a long highway through the town, and of the care and study needful to fight down the unnatural conditions in the life of London that cause nearly all such deaths. The very diseases of the children are yet but half studied, and a valuable addition to this Children's Hospital has been the department of the registrar, who occupies an upper room in the new house. Its upper chambers have been thrown into those of the hospital, and add to its space not only the registrar's department, but also a new convalescent ward.

The business of the registrar is to make punctual and accurate entry of every fact in the medical experience of the hospital that may throw light upon the darker secrets of disease. When a child dies and is taken to the dead-house, minute scrutiny is made after death for the exact discovery and record of the physical causes of death. Where the disease is almost hopeless, children are not turned from the doors of this hospital lest they die there, as it is too likely that they will, and by swelling its death-rate, prejudice it in the eyes of the thoughtless. For, even a high death-rate in such an institution—though the death-rate here is *not* high—would only expose the urgency of many of the cases to which a last chance for life was not denied. We pass through the dispensaries to waiting-rooms for out-patients, that have been lately very much enlarged, and are still crowded with the poor women, who bring their sick children to receive the help they need. It is found necessary, by strict rules of time and otherwise, to check in some way the overwhelming crowd of applicants, who already tax to the utmost, the resources of the hospital and of its staff. The few dead children, who are carried in the white wicker-baskets—coffin-shaped cradles used for the purpose—to the dead-house, along that cool covered passage through whose roof the ivy has struck that it may hang the gloomy path with evergreen for those whose spirits shall be ever young and pure among the Angels, have at least died with a not helpless human love about their beds.

But death here being the exception, and convalescence the rule, let our last word be, not of the dead-house, but of the convalescent-room, still gay with Christmas decorations. Here, this last Christmas was kept: here, forty sick children—all who could leave their beds, or bear to be brought in lying on couches, that they might look on and be cheated of a happy smile—made holiday for an hour, on the evening following Christmas-day, with music and a grand display of fantoccini. Little phantoms themselves, rounding slowly back into substantial health, or into a health they had never known since they were born to privation and suffering, they had a feast of smiles and gentle words more welcome to them even than the puppets, from the friends with hearts warm in their cause, who came that evening to share their simple pleasure.

At the completion, in March, of

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S NEW WORK,

A STRANGE STORY,

Will be commenced

A NEW NOVEL, BY MR. WILKIE COLLINS.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

My Work, my Philosophical Work—the ambitious hope of my intellectual life—how eagerly I returned to it again! Far away from my household grief, far away from my haggard perplexities. Neither a Lilian nor a Margrave there!

As I went over what I had before written, each link in its chain of reasoning seemed so serried, that to alter one were to derange all: and the whole reasoning was so opposed to the possibility of the wonders I myself had experienced, so hostile to the subtle hypotheses of a Faber, or the childlike belief of an Amy, that I must have destroyed the entire work if I had admitted such contradictions to its design!

But the work was I myself! I, in my solid, sober, healthful mind, before the brain had been perplexed by a phantom. Were phantoms to be allowed as testimonies against science? No; in returning to my Book, I returned to my former Me!

How strange is that contradiction between our being as man and our being as author! Take any writer enamoured of a system—a thousand things may happen to him every day which might shake his faith in that system; and while he moves about as mere man, his faith *is* shaken. But when he settles himself back into the phase of his being as author, the mere act of taking pen in hand and smoothing the paper before him, restores his speculations to their ancient mechanical train. The system, the beloved system, re-asserts its tyrannic sway, and he either ignores, or moulds into fresh proofs of his theory as author, all which, an hour before, had given his theory the lie in his living perceptions as man.

I adhered to my system: I continued my work. Here, in the barbarous desert, was a link between me and the Cities of Europe. All else might break down under me. The love I had dreamed of was blotted out from the world and might never be restored; my hearth might be lonely, my life be an exile's. My reason might, at last, give way before the spectres which awed my senses, or the sorrows which stormed my heart. But here, at least, was a monument of my rational thoughtful Me—of my individualised identity in multiform creation. And my mind, in the noon of its force, would shed its light on the earth when my form was resolved to its elements. Alas! in this very yearning for the Hereafter, though but the Hereafter of a Name, could I see only the craving of Mind, and hear not the whisper of Soul?

The avocations of a colonist, usually so active, had little interest for me. This vast territorial lordship, in which, could I have endeared its possession by the hopes that animate a Founder, I should have felt all the zest and the pride of ownership, was but the run of a common to the passing emigrant, who would leave no sons to inherit the tardy products of his labour. I was not goaded to industry by the stimulus of need. I could only be ruined if I risked all my capital in the attempt to improve. I lived, therefore, amongst my fertile pastures, as careless of culture as the English occupant of the Highland moor, which he rents for the range of its solitudes.

I knew, indeed, that if ever I became avaricious, I might swell my modest affluence into absolute wealth. I had revisited the spot in which I had discovered the nugget of gold, and had found the precious metal in rich abundance just under the first coverings of the alluvial soil. I concealed my discovery from all. I knew that did I proclaim it, the charm of my Bush-life would be gone. My fields would be infested by all the wild adventurers who gather to gold as the vultures of prey round a carcase; my servants would desert me, my very flocks would be shepherdless!

Months again rolled on months. I had just approached the close of my beloved Work, when it was again suspended, and by an anguish keener than all which I had previously known.

Lilian became alarmingly ill. Her state of health, long gradually declining, had hitherto admitted chequered intervals of improvement, and exhibited no symptoms of actual danger. But now she was seized with a kind of chronic fever, attended with absolute privation of sleep, an aversion to even the lightest nourishment, and an acute nervous susceptibility to all the outward impressions, of which she had long seemed so unconscious; morbidly alive to the faintest sound, shrinking from the light as from a torture. Her previous impatience at my entrance into her room became aggravated into vehement emotions, convulsive paroxysms of

distress. So that Faber banished me from her chamber, and, with a heart bleeding at every fibre, I submitted to the cruel sentence.

Faber had taken up his abode in my house and brought Amy with him; one or the other never left Lilian, night or day. The great physician spoke doubtfully of the case, but not despairingly.

"Remember," he said, "that, in spite of the want of sleep, the abstinence from food, the form has not wasted as it would do, were this fever inevitably mortal. It is upon that phenomenon I build a hope that I have not been mistaken in the opinion I hazarded from the first. We are now in the midst of the critical struggle between life and reason; if she preserve the one, my conviction is that she will regain the other. That seeming antipathy to yourself is a good omen. You are inseparably associated with her intellectual world; in proportion as she revives to it, must become vivid and powerful the reminiscences of the shock that annulled, for a time, that world to her. So I welcome, rather than fear, the over susceptibility of the awakening senses to external sights and sounds. A few days will decide if I am right. In this climate the progress of acute maladies is swift, but the recovery from them is yet more startlingly rapid. Wait—endure—be prepared to submit to the will of Heaven; but do not despond of its mercy."

I rushed away from the consoler—away into the thick of the forests, the heart of the solitude. All around me, there, was joyous with life; the locusts sang amidst the herbage; the cranes gambolled on the banks of the creek; the squirrel-like opossums frolicked on the feathery boughs. "And what," said I to myself—"what if that which seems so fabulous in the distant being, whose existence has bewitched my own, be substantially true? What if to some potent medicament Margrave owes his glorious vitality, his radiant youth? Oh! that I had not so disdainfully turned away from his hinted solicitations—to what?—to nothing guiltier than lawful experiment. Had I been less devoted a bigot to this vain schoolcraft, which we call the Medical Art, and which, alone in this age of science, has made no perceptible progress since the days of its earliest teachers—had I said in the true humility of genuine knowledge, 'these alchemists were men of genius and thought; we owe to them nearly all the grand hints of our chemical science—is it likely that they would have been wholly drivellers and idiots in the one faith they clung to the most?'—had I said that, I might now have no fear of losing my Lilian. Why, after all, should there not be in Nature one primary essence, one master substance, in which is stored the specific nutriment of life?"

Thus incoherently muttering to the woods what my pride of reason would not have suffered me gravely to say to my fellow-men, I fatigued my tormented spirits into a gloomy calm, and mechanically retraced my steps at the decline of day. I seated myself at the door of my solitary log-hut, leaning my cheek upon my hand, and musing. Wearily I looked up, roused by a discord of clattering hoofs and lumbering wheels on the hollow-sounding grass track. A crazy, groaning vehicle, drawn by four horses, emerged from the copse of gum-trees—fast, fast along the road, which no such pompous vehicle had traversed since that which had borne me—luxurious satrap for an early colonist—to my lodge in the wilderness. What emigrant rich enough to squander, in the hire of such an equipage, more than its cost in England, could thus be entering on my waste domain? An ominous thrill shot through me.

The driver—perhaps some broken-down son of luxury in the Old World, fit for nothing in the New World but to ply for hire, the task that might have led to his ruin when plied in sport—stopped at the door of my hut, and called out, "Friend, is not this the great Fenwick Section, and is not yonder long pile of building the Master's house?"

Before I could answer I heard a faint voice, within the vehicle, speaking to the driver; the last nodded, descended from his seat, opened the carriage-door, and offered his arm to a man, who, waving aside the proffered aid, descended slowly and feebly; paused a moment as if for breath, and then, leaning on his staff, walked from the road, across the sward rank with luxuriant herbage, through the little gate in the new-set fragrant wattle-fence, wearily, languidly, halting often, till he stood facing me, leaning both wan emaciated hands upon his staff, and his meagre form shrinking deep within the folds of a cloak lined thick with costly sables. His face was sharp, his complexion of a livid yellow, his eyes shone out from their hollowed orbits, unnaturally enlarged and fatally bright. Thus, in ghastly contrast to his former splendour of youth and opulence of life, Margrave stood before me.

"I come to you," said Margrave, in accents hoarse and broken, "from the shores of the East. Give me shelter and rest. I have that to say which will more than repay you."

Whatever, till that moment, my hate and my fear of this unexpected visitant, hate would have been inhumanity, fear a meanness—conceived for a creature so awfully stricken down.

Silently, involuntarily, I led him into the house. There he rested a few minutes, with closed eyes and painful gasps for breath. Meanwhile, the driver brought from the carriage a travelling-bag and a small wooden chest or coffer, strongly banded with iron clamps. Margrave, looking up as the man drew near, exclaimed fiercely, "Who told you to touch that chest? How dare you? Take it from that man, Fenwick! Place it here—here, by my side!"

I took the chest from the driver, whose rising anger at being so imperiously rated in the land of democratic equality, was appeased by the gold which Margrave lavishly flung to him.

"Take care of the poor gentleman, squire," he whispered to me, in the spontaneous impulse of gratitude, "I fear he will not trouble you

long. He must be monstrous rich. Arrived in a vessel hired all to himself and a train of outlandish attendants, whom he has left behind in the town yonder! May I bait my horses in your stables? They have come a long way."

I pointed to the neighbouring stables, and the man nodded his thanks, remounted his box, and drove off.

I returned to Margrave. A faint smile came to his lips as I placed the chest beside him.

"Ay, ay!" he muttered. "Safe, safe! I shall soon be well again—very soon! And now I can sleep in peace!"

I led him into an inner room, in which there was a bed. He threw himself on it with a loud sigh of relief. Soon, half raising himself on his elbow, he exclaimed, "The chest—bring it hither! I need it always beside me! There, there! Now a few hours of sleep; and then, if I can take food, or some such restoring cordial as your skill may suggest, I shall be strong enough to talk. We will talk!—we will talk!"

His eyes closed heavily as his voice fell into a drowsy mutter. A moment more and he was asleep.

I watched beside him, in mingled wonder and compassion. Looking into that face so altered, yet still so young, I could not sternly question what had been the evil of that mystic life, which seemed now oozing away through the last sands in the hour-glass. I placed my hand softly on his pulse: it scarcely beat. I put my ear to his breast, and involuntarily sighed, as I distinguished in its fluttering heave that dull, dumb sound, in which the heart seems knelling itself to the greedy grave!

Was this, indeed, the potent magician whom I had so feared? This the guide to the Rosicrucian's secret of life's renewal, in whom, but an hour or two ago, my fancies gulled my credulous trust?

But suddenly, even while thus chiding my wild superstitions,—a fear that to most will seem scarcely less superstitious, shot across me. Could Lilian be affected by the near neighbourhood of one to whose magnetic influence she had once been so strangely subjected? I left Margrave still sleeping, closed and locked the door of the hut, went back to my dwelling, and met Amy at the threshold. Her smile was so cheering that I felt at once relieved.

"Hush!" said the child, putting her finger to her lips, "she is so quiet! I was coming in search of you, with a message from her."

"From Lilian to me—what! to me?"

"Hush! About an hour ago, she beckoned me to draw near to her, and then said, very softly, 'Tell Allen, that light is coming back to me, and it all settles on him—on him. Tell him that I pray to be spared to walk by his side on earth, hand-in-hand to that heaven which is no dream, Amy. Tell him that;—no dream.'"

While the child spoke my tears gushed, and the strong hands in which I veiled my face quivered like the leaf of the aspen. And when I could command my voice, I said, plaintively,

"May I not, then, see her?—only for a moment, and answer her message, though but by a look?"

"No, no!"

"No! Where is Faber?"

"Gone into the forest, in search of some herbs, but he gave me this note for you."

I wiped the blinding tears from my eyes, and read these lines:

"I have, though with hesitation, permitted Amy to tell you the cheering words, by which our beloved patient confirms my belief that reason is coming back to her—slowly, labouringly, but, if she survive, for permanent restoration. On no account, attempt to precipitate or disturb the work of Nature. As dangerous as a sudden glare of light to eyes long blind and newly regaining vision, in the friendly and soothing dark,—would be the agitation that your presence at this crisis would cause. Confide in me."

I remained brooding over these lines and over Lilian's message, long and silently, while Amy's soothing whispers stole into my ear, soft as the murmurs of a rill heard in the gloom of forests. Rousing myself at length, my thoughts returned to Margrave. Doubtless he would soon awake. I bade Amy bring me such slight nutriment as I thought best suited to his enfeebled state, telling her it was for a sick traveller, resting himself in my hut. When Amy returned, I took from her the little basket with which she was charged, and having, meanwhile, made a careful selection from the contents of my medicine-chest, went back to the hut. I had not long resumed my place beside Margrave's pillow before he awoke.

"What o'clock is it?" he asked, with an anxious voice.

"About seven."

"Not later? That is well; my time is precious."

"Compose yourself, and eat."

I placed the food before him, and he partook of it, though sparingly, and as if with effort. He then dozed for a short time, again woke up, and impatiently demanded the cordial, which I had prepared in the mean while. Its effect was greater and more immediate than I could have anticipated, proving, perhaps, how much of youth there was still left in his system, however undermined and ravaged by disease. Colour came back to his cheek, his voice grew perceptibly stronger. And as I lighted the lamp on the table near us—for it was growing dark—he gathered himself up, and spoke thus:

"You remember that I once pressed on you certain experiments. My object then was to discover the materials from which is extracted the specific that enables the organs of life to expel disease and regain vigour. In that hope I sought your intimacy. An intimacy you gave, but withdrew."

"Dare you complain? Who and what was the being from whose intimacy I shrunk appalled?"

"Ask what questions you please," cried Margrave, impatiently, "later,—if I have strength

left to answer them. But do not interrupt me, while I husband my force to say what alone is important to me and to you. Disappointed in the hopes I had placed in you, I resolved to repair to Paris,—that great furnace of all bold ideas. I questioned learned formalists; I listened to audacious empirics. The first, with all their boasted knowledge, were too timid to concede my premises; the second, with all their speculative daring, too knavish to let me trust to their conclusions. I found but one man, a Sicilian, who comprehended the secrets that are called occult, and had the courage to meet Nature and all her agencies face to face. He believed, and sincerely, that he was approaching the grand result, at the very moment when he perished from want of the common precautions which a tyro in chemistry would have taken. At his death the gaudy city became hateful; all its pretended pleasures only served to exhaust life the faster. The true joys of youth are those of the wild bird and wild brute, in the healthful enjoyment of Nature. In cities, youth is but old age with a varnish. I fled to the East; I passed through the tents of the Arabs; I was guided—no matter by whom or by what—to the house of a Dervish, who had had for his teacher the most erudite master of secrets occult, whom I knew years ago at Aleppo—why that exclamation?"

"Proceed. What I have to say will come—later."

"From this Dervish I half forced and half purchased the secret I sought to obtain. I now know from what peculiar substance the so-called elixir of life is extracted; I know also the steps of the process through which that task is accomplished. You smile incredulously? What is your doubt? State it while I rest for a moment. My breath labours; give me more of the cordial."

"Need I tell you my doubt? You have, you say, at your command the elixir of life of which Cagliostro did not leave his disciples the recipe; and you stretch out your hand for a vulgar cordial which any village chemist could give you!"

"I can explain this apparent contradiction. The process by which the elixir is extracted from the material which hoards its essence, is one that requires a hardihood of courage which few possess. This Dervish, who had passed through that process once, was deaf to all prayer, and unmoved by all bribes, to attempt it again. He was poor, for the secret by which metals may be transmuted, is not, as the old alchemists seem to imply, identical with that by which the elixir of life is extracted. He had only been enabled to discover, in the niggard strata of the lands within range of his travel, a few scanty morsels of the glorious substance. From these he had extracted scarcely enough of the elixir to fill a third of that little glass which I have just drained. He guarded every drop for himself. Who that holds healthful life as the one boon above all price to the living, would waste upon others what prolongs and recruits his own being? Therefore, though he sold me his secret, he would not sell me his treasure."

"Any quack may sell you the information how to make not only an elixir, but a sun and a moon, and then scare you from the experiment by tales of the danger of trying it! How do you know that this essence which the Dervish possessed was the elixir of life, since it seems you have not tried on yourself what effect its precious drops could produce? Poor wretch! who once seemed to me so awfully potent, do you come to the Antipodes in search of a drug that only exists in the fables by which a child is amused?"

"The elixir of life is no fable," cried Margrave, with a kindling of eye, a power of voice, a dilation of form, that startled me in one just before so feeble. "That elixir was bright in my veins when we last met. From that golden draught of the life-spring of joy I took all that can gladden creation. What sage would not have exchanged his wearisome knowledge for my lusty revels with Nature? What monarch would not have bartered his crown, with its brain-ache of care, for the radiance that circled my brows, flashing out from the light that was in me? Oh again, oh again, to enjoy the freedom of air with the bird, and the glow of the sun with the lizard; to sport through the blooms of the earth, Nature's playmate and darling; to face, in the forest and desert, the pard and the lion,—Nature's bravest and fiercest,—her first-born, the heir of her realm, with the rest of her children for slaves!"

As these words burst from his lips, there was a wild grandeur in the aspect of this enigmatical being which I had never beheld in the former time of his affluent dazzling youth. And, indeed, in his language, and in the thoughts it clothed, there was an earnestness, a concentration, a directness, a purpose, which had seemed wanting to his desultory talk in the earlier days. I expected that reaction of languor and exhaustion would follow his vehement outbreak of passion; but, after a short pause, he went on with steady accents. His will was sustaining his strength. He was determined to force his convictions on me, and the vitality, once so rich, rallied all its lingering forces to the aid of his intense desire.

"I tell you, then," he resumed, with deliberate calmness, "that, years ago, I tested in my own person that essence which is the sovereign medicament. In me, as you saw me at L——, you beheld the proof of its virtues. Feeble and ill as I am now, my state was incalculably more hopeless when formerly restored by the elixir. He, from whom I then took the sublime restorative, died without revealing the secret of its composition. What I obtained was only just sufficient to recruit the lamp of my life, then dying down—and no drop was left for renewing the light which wastes its own rays in the air that it gilds. Though the Dervish would not sell me his treasure, he permitted me to see it. The appearance and odour of this essence are strangely peculiar—unmistakable by one who has once beheld and partaken of it.

In short, I recognised in the hands of the Dervish the bright life-renewer, as I had borne it away from the corpse of the Sage of Aleppo."

"Hold! Are you then, in truth, the murderer of Haroun, and is your true name Louis Grayle?"

"I am no murderer, and Louis Grayle did not leave me his name. I again adjure you to postpone for this night, at least, the questions you wish to address to me.

"Seeing that this obstinate pauper possessed that, for which the pale owners of millions, at the first touch of palsy or gout, would consent to be paupers, of course I coveted the possession of the essence even more than the knowledge of the substance from which it is extracted. I had no coward fear of the experiment, which this timid driveller had not the nerve to renew. But still the experiment might fail. I must traverse land and sea to find the fit place for it. While in the rags of the Dervish, the unfailing result of the experiment was at hand. The Dervish suspected my design—he dreaded my power. He fled on the very night in which I had meant to seize what he refused to sell me. After all, I should have done him no great wrong; for I should have left him wealth enough to transport himself to any soil in which the material for the elixir may be most abundant, and the desire of life would have given his shrinking nerves the courage to replenish its ravished store. I had Arabs in my pay, who obeyed me as hounds their master. I chased the fugitive. I came on his track, reached a house in a miserable village, in which, I was told, he had entered but an hour before. The day was declining: the light in the room imperfect. I saw in a corner what seemed to me the form of the Dervish—stooped to seize it, and my hand closed on an asp. The artful Dervish had so piled his rags that they took the shape of the form they had clothed, and he had left, as a substitute for the giver of life, the venomous reptile of death.

"The strength of my system enabled me to survive the effect of the poison; but during the torpor that numbed me, my Arabs, alarmed, gave no chase to my quarry. At last, though enfeebled and languid, I was again on my horse; —again the pursuit—again the track! I learned —but this time by a knowledge surer than man's—that the Dervish had taken his refuge in a hamlet that had sprung up over the site of a city once famed through Assyria. The same voice that informed me of his whereabout, warned me not to pursue. I rejected the warning. In my eager impatience I sprang on to the chase; in my fearless resolve I felt sure of the prey. I arrived at the hamlet, wearied out, for my forces were no longer the same since the bite of the asp. The Dervish eluded me still; he had left the floors, on which I sank exhausted, but a few minutes before my horse stopped at the door. The carpet, on which he had rested, still lay on the ground. I dismissed the youngest and keenest of my troop in search of the fugitive. Sure that this time he would not escape, my eyes closed in sleep.

"How long I slept I know not—a long dream of solitude, fever, and anguish. Was it the curse of the Dervish's carpet? Was it a taint in the walls of the house, or of the air, which broods sickly and rank over places where cities lie buried? I know not; but the Pest of the East had seized me in slumber. When my senses recovered I found myself alone, plundered of my arms, despoiled of such gold as I had carried about me. All had deserted and left me, as the living leave the dead whom the Plague has claimed for its own. As soon as I could stand I crawled from the threshold. The moment my voice was heard, my face seen, the whole squalid populace rose as on a wild beast—a mad dog. I was driven from the place with imprecations and stones, as a miscreant whom the Plague had overtaken, while plotting the death of a holy man. Bruised and bleeding, but still defying, I turned in wrath on that dastardly rabble; they slunk away from my path. I knew the land for miles around. I had been in that land years, long years, ago. I came at last to the road which the caravans take on their way to Damascus. There I was found, speechless and seemingly lifeless, by some European travellers. Conveyed to Damascus, I languished for weeks, between life and death. But for the virtue of that essence, which lingered yet in my veins, I could not have survived—even thus feeble and shattered. I need not say that I now abandoned all thought of discovering the Dervish. I had at least his secret, if I had failed of the paltry supply he had drawn from its uses. Such appliances as he had told me were needful, are procured in the East with more ease than in Europe. To sum up, I am here—instructed in all the knowledge, and supplied with all the aids, which warrant me in saying, 'Do you care for new life in its richest enjoyments, if not for yourself, for one whom you love, and would reprieve from the grave? Then, share with me in a task that a single night will accomplish, and ravish a prize by which the life that you value the most will be saved from the dust and the worm, to live on, ever young, ever blooming, while each infant—new-born while I speak—shall have passed to the grave. Nay, where is the limit to life, while the earth hides the substance by which life is renewed?"

I give as faithfully as I can recal them the words in which Margrave addressed me. But who can guess by cold words transcribed, even were they artfully ranged by a master of languages, the effect words produce when warm from the breath of the speaker? Ask one of an audience which some orator held enthralled why his words do not quicken a beat in the reader's pulse, and the answer of one who had listened will be, "The words took their charm from the voice and the eye, the aspect, the manner, the man!" So it was with the incomprehensible being before me. Though his youth was faded, though his beauty was dimmed, though my fancies clothed him with memories of abhorrent dread, though my reason opposed his audacious

beliefs and assumptions, still he charmed and spell-bound me; still he was the mystical Fascinator; still, if the legends of magic had truth for their basis, he was the *born magician;* as genius, in what calling soever, *is* born with the gift to enchant and subdue us.

Constraining myself to answer calmly, I said, "You have told me your story; you have defined the object of the experiment in which you ask me to aid. You do right to bid me postpone my replies or my questions. Seek to recruit by sleep the strength you have so sorely tasked. To-morrow——"

"To-morrow, ere night, you will decide whether the man whom out of all earth I have selected to aid me, shall be the foe to condemn me to perish! I tell you plainly I need your aid, and your prompt aid. Three days from this, and all aid will be too late!"

I had already gained the door of the room, when he called to me to come back.

"You do not live in this hut, but with your family yonder. Do not tell them that I am here; let no one but yourself see me as I now am. Lock the door of the hut when you quit it. I should not close my eyes if I were not secure from intruders."

"There is but one in my house, or in these parts, whom I would except from the interdict you impose. You are aware of your own imminent danger; the life, which you believe the discovery of a Dervish will indefinitely prolong, seems to my eye of physician to hang on a thread. I have already formed my own conjecture as to the nature of the disease that enfeebles you. But I would fain compare that conjecture with the weightier opinion of one whose experience and skill are superior to mine. Permit me, then, when I return to you to-morrow, to bring with me the great physician to whom I refer. His name will not, perhaps, be unknown to you. I speak of Julius Faber."

"A physician of the schools! I can guess well enough how learnedly he would prate, and how little he could do. But I will not object to his visit, if it satisfies you that, since I should die under the hands of the doctors, I may be permitted to indulge my own whim in placing my hopes in a Dervish. Yet stay. You have, doubtless, spoken of me to this Julius Faber, your fellow-physician and friend? Promise me, if you bring him here, that you will not name me, that you will not repeat to him the tale I have told you, or the hope which has led me to these shores. What I have told to you, no matter whether, at this moment, you consider me the dupe of a chimera, is still under the seal of the confidence which a patient reposes in the physician he himself selects for his confidant. I select you, and not Julius Faber!"

"Be it as you will," said I, after a moment's reflection. "The moment you make yourself my patient I am bound to consider what is best for you. And you may more respect, and profit by, an opinion based upon your purely physical condition than by one in which you might suppose the advice was directed rather to the disease of the mind than to that of the body."

"How amazed and indignant your brother physician will be if he ever see me a second time! How learnedly he will prove that, according to all correct principles of science and nature, I ought to be dead!"

He uttered this jest with a faint dreary echo of his old merry, melodious laugh, then turned his face to the wall; and so I left him to repose.

TWO CURES FOR A PINCH.

The pinch of poverty upon the country labourer is often very sharp. In an ideal way he is a privileged man, whose daily labour meets his daily wants, and who for his daily earning is so manifestly dependent on the Giver of health that his religion (when he has any) is, of all things, practical. He can apply the simple principles of his faith to all his labour, and, free from the complexities of business life, find consolation and encouragement where cleverer men in their webs of scheme or speculation sometimes fail to obtain either. When he cannot earn, he is fed by his richer brethren, and may have, therefore, good will to man as well as trust in God. But the man on whom he should depend most, even in the day of sickness and want, may perhaps be himself.

Under the pinch of his poverty, succour may come to the farm-labourer in the shape of relief from the poor-rate, which is one form of the before-named ideal bliss: or from the fruits of his own foresight, when it has been possible for him to lay up provision in a savings bank or a friendly society. The poor-rate dates from the reign of Elizabeth. Development of the friendly societies and savings banks for the poor, belongs almost wholly to the reign of Victoria. But the elder form of provision against the evil day has had the constant and unvarying countenance of the legislature, while the younger has struggled with many difficulties interposed by law.

Savings banks, now encouraged, are only beginning to assume a form that brings them within the reach of the agricultural poor; yet the rural provident institutions represent two millions a year spent in self-help. Parish relief was the austere friend of the sick and destitute. It gave bare life without a smile or a word of encouragement, to thousands who, but for its interference, must have perished miserably. The official system, when substantially improved in character, grew to be even more forbidding in its aspect. Re-arrangements, modifications and improvements introduced by the Poor Law Board, have continued, on the whole, in a better way, all the benefits in the power of the poor-rate at a cost reduced by one-fifth. But this is a very rough cure for the pinch of want. The law awards scanty allowance to the destitute infirm, who prefer the shelter of their own low roofs to the better provision in the "House." In that House, also, husband and wife, if able-bodied, parent and child, are alike separated, the one from the other. At this day an old woman

is in jail for having, by cruel usage, slain in the workhouse a child of three years old; the mother, who was in the same workhouse, being condemned as refractory by the authorities for clamouring to come at, and be the helper of, her child. Not long ago, a mother and her little one being received in a workhouse, the mother pleaded for leave to be the child's nurse, because it was very troublesome, and nobody but she was likely to be patient with it. This law of God being against poor-law system, the mother and child were parted, and the child was given to a workhouse nurse—by whose cruelty it was killed for its provocations of her temper.

Again, provident habits, we are told, should be encouraged. Poor-rate relief joins issue with this principle. The labourer who shall have saved a small sum, or who occupies a couple of roods of land, when past work by illness or decrepitude of age, must first spend all to the last farthing, and give up his little tenancy, before he can be eligible for a relief given in far less degree to the respectable distressed poor than to the idle destitute and sick.

Surely some harm comes of the trampling upon conjugal and parental feelings, the weakening of that desire for self-support which is one of the best stimulants of industry, the substitution for that feeling of interdependence which should exist between rich and poor, of habits of dependence by the poor upon the rich. If they are out of work, whether from some casualty (and it is singular how many casualties befal the idle) or from misconduct, the improvident poor know where to turn for relief, and how to make the best bargain with the officer or the board. This ready resource makes them feel independent of the world. They therefore contract marriage without taking thought how to maintain a wife, and this, too, at an age when few of the other labouring or professional classes can afford to marry. Old age, on the other hand, needs no provision, for there are the gentry, the charities, the clergymen; and the poor-law, which protects them against absolute starvation, will even defray the cost of the pauper's burial. Does the employer urge his labourer to put aside, while he is young and hearty, a yearly trifle to provide for days of age or illness? Does the clergyman lecture copiously in the schoolroom on the benefits of the Post-office Savings Bank just opened in the village, or the Co-operative Society afloat in the next town, or the County Benefit Club? Too commonly the reply to his persuasions is, "Why should I toil for the future? Why lay by money for an annuity when I come to be seventy? To save the rate? To help the parson and the squire? The law compels them to support me when I can't support myself. They live by the sweat of our brow, and when our turn comes, support us they shall." With such reasoning, many are satisfied; they act upon it, and frame their plans in life (so far as they frame any) in accordance with it. The degradation of pauperism is a moral degradation, and with such characters weighs literally nothing.

On the other hand, the true-hearted industrious farm-labourer, who feels as great a natural craving for independence as any of his fellow-countrymen, regards for a while, with a feeling akin to shame, the prospect of pauper relief. To secure provision against days of failing strength, he would toil manfully, but, alas! to the ancient difficulty of earning bread enough by his own toil, is added the demand that he shall earn not less than a competence. Blessed with health, and in constant work at good wages, with a prudent housewife's help, say that he succeeds in rising above possible need of help from the rate: it is well. But if, with interrupted health, or fewer opportunities, or greater pulls upon his means, his success fall only a little short of securing him perfect independence, how is it with him then? The savings of years must vanish altogether before he can be, from the very nature of the poor-law, eligible for relief. To this argument he is then tempted: "A provision, at least as respectable as that which most of my neighbours require is in store for me, on condition that I am eligible to claim it. Why debar myself, my wife and family, from many present comforts on the mere chance of securing independence?" Government security for his little savings, and two and a half per cent per annum in addition, appears to him a mere snare and delusion. It is a hundred to one that his savings will be no real gain to himself, when they constitute him independent in the eye of the poor-law,—though God knows how urgent may be his necessities! The poor-rate is a burden not laid upon him by law: why should he, by saving money, make of it a rod for his own back? He therefore relinquishes all notion of an annuity against old age, and confines the use of his savings to another end. He will strive, notwithstanding grave impediments, to secure provision for the day of sickness.

Such is the influence exerted over our peasantry by the system of poor-rate relief. It does not tend to eradicate the improvidence of the idle, but directly to encourage it. On the other hand, it does discourage the exertions of the industrious poor, when they would strive for an honourable rest to end their lives of toil.

And further; can it be maintained that the present system of pauper relief is a whit more successful in strengthening the bonds of sympathy and good feeling which ought to exist between those who pay, and those who receive the rate? Is the ratepayer induced by the process of a continuous and heavy drain on his income, to regard with a more friendly eye the classes for whose benefit he is so large an involuntary subscriber? Is the pauper grateful who receives the miserable dole? Is not this the result of it: That the line of demarcation between rich and poor, instead of being softened down so as to become imperceptible, becomes more and more strongly defined? How heavily such a result bears upon the moral and social condition of the poor, I say nothing here of the

rich, let those bear testimony who have constantly, from the nature of their occupation, the unhappiness to witness it. The evil influences which are here pointed out are seldom to be charged on the administration of the poor-law. Perhaps no system is more zealously worked by its well-paid, its ill-paid, and its unpaid staff. The defect is one of principle.

Compare the work done by the small farmer nearest to the labourer in station, with that of the farm-labourer himself. The farmer works from early morning until night, and often for some hours into the night. Sunday is not an idle day with him; he may begin an hour or so later on that morning, but his stable must be cleaned, his cows must be milked, and all the ordinary and daily routine performed, that is indispensable to the care and nourishment of animal life. He nevertheless "gets round," as he calls it, by church-time, where he generally attends morning service with his wife and some members of his family, all neatly and substantially clothed. In the evening he has his duties to attend to, after which there is a little leisure for him. Next morning, his lantern may be seen twinkling in his cow-shed long before the dawn. He is at work all day, and, except the time required for market, and an occasional visit at the public-house to hear the news, he works early and late throughout the whole week. His little stock is a cause of constant anxiety to him. The sheep on the distant moor must be daily visited; his foal, it is ten chances to one, will injure itself before it is fit for breaking in; his cows, and calves, and pigs, are at least as subject to the prevalent epidemic diseases, and to the mishaps incidental to stock, as those of his landlord. What, then, is his scale of remuneration? "Something large, doubtless," the amateur farmer of four acres replies—"sufficient to secure him comfortable independence." Would that it were so! We have known cases in which the loss of a cow by disease, the accident in the fold, badness of seed or season, has so crippled the industrious small farmer, that years of self-denying toil were necessary before the little loss could be replaced. To the labourer (unless he be shepherd or wagoner, when higher wages are paid), the whole of Sunday is a holiday. On week days in summer, his work is very little, if at all, in excess of ten hours' out-door labour; his great hardship comes through a poor-law, mercifully modified by the Irremovable Poor Act of last session, which, by its operation on ratepayers, forces him often to reside far from his place of work, and adds a useless six or eight miles' walk to a day's bodily exertion. In winter, he works during daylight. In this regular time for labour, free from care of its own too, he earns a day's wages: certain though sometimes too small. The little farmer pays his way as well as he can, pays his rates, undertakes the duties which devolve upon him as a resident of his parish, and never parades his losses, unless when he pays his tithe. Then he does it constitutionally and periodically. But the other often considers himself an ill-used hard-worked individual, whose best friend is pauper relief; casual now, permanent hereafter.

And yet, in many cases, independence is within his power. As the world goes, what can he do? The notion of a co-operative society has not yet reached the agricultural poor. And the savings banks, much as they deserve to make their way among them, have not done so. The friendly society, however, in one form or another, solvent in a few cases, insolvent in the many, has gained a firm hold on their regard. We only take things as they are. Even with our present safe clubs, which are on the increase, the farm-labourer may join a society which, in his illness or at his death, will secure the benefit it professes to secure, and thus place him (except when under special distress) above the want of relief as a pauper.

The actual state of the friendly society common among the rural poor, will require particular notice.

A little benefit club is to be found in almost every parish where there are fifty or sixty labourers. It is seldom solvent, even when certified by the registrar; but this consideration has never been found to prevent its receiving fresh members, and being able to keep larger and better societies almost entirely out of the field. It will be borne in mind that the benefit club is the poor man's adaptation of the principles of life and sickness assurance, to his own particular requirements. It is the refuge in times of distress, built by the person destined to fly to it, and deserves commendation for the ingenious contrivances resorted to in its construction, even where it is unsound. Diverted by the conditions of poor-rate relief from the necessity of saving money, the farm-labourer joins the sharing-out club, which is to be his part provision for a time of sickness. The club-meetings are usually held at the public-house, and affairs are principally managed by the landlord; sometimes, says Mr. Tidd Pratt, "the club is sold with the good will of the house." These friendly or benefit societies demand particular attention; they are contrived to secure the advantages of the provident society without abandoning the claim on the poor-rate.

The Brummagem Clubs (we guess this to be Mr. Tidd Pratt's meaning, when he speaks of "Birmingham Societies") are paid for on the principle "that a halfpenny a week from each member will secure one shilling a week to a sick member for a term of months: with a reduced allowance subsequently, called half-pay."

Every member pays alike. There are usually two or three middle-aged men who, it is alleged, give the younger men the benefit of their experience. They are, to some extent, associated with the landlord in the management of such a club.

Every member joining is obliged to declare, to the best of his knowledge, whether he has any disease or ailment of a kind likely to throw him on the club. This is a verbal declaration, and, if subsequent events prove it to be false, the member is excluded and forfeits all benefit

in the club, together with the money he has paid. This expedient, which in a small society is good, saves the demand of a medical certificate on joining. In some clubs, however, the practice is different, and a certificate is required: for which the usual charge is a shilling.

Objection is persistently taken to the uniform weekly contribution, on the ground that it causes the insolvency of the club. That it is unjust for a man of forty-five to pay the same contribution as a man of half the age, is a matter of fact on which not a word need be said. But that the custom causes insolvency, is a statement much too readily adopted. So far from being one of the causes of insolvency (which are in truth numerous enough without any needless addition), it will be generally found conducive to the club's prosperity. For, if we take the average age of the members at commencement, ascertain the uniform contribution, and compare it with established tables, we find at once whether it be insufficient. The average age of the members of a society at commencement, quoted by the Registrar, is thirty-one years. On the same authority we learn that a weekly allowance of ten shillings in sickness is given on conditions to males engaged in heavy labour, ceasing at various ages. Taking the highest, seventy years of age, this sum can be insured by a monthly contribution of one shilling and fivepence-halfpenny, or, omitting an inconsiderable fraction, fourpence a week.

But by the rule already stated, the amount which would be paid in a "Brummagem" club, would be fivepence a week. Of the average age of persons on joining the Brummagem clubs we have no returns, and are therefore compelled to restrict ourselves to facts within our own experience, and such information as we could ourselves collect. This, it would appear that the average age of members on the formation of a club is considerably below that quoted by Mr. Tidd Pratt. And when the club has once been set agoing, the recruits are generally on the younger side of twenty. The unfairness of the uniform rate of contribution in the Brummagem society, exists, but not to the glaring extent usually supposed. There is no great injustice in equal payments by persons in early manhood, whose ages are within the range of seven or eight years of each other. And after all, what is the security that the subscriber in such case gets for his contribution? In law, none at all. He cannot recover damages from a club whose rules are not legalised. Even in custom, there is no security worth naming. Let us take the rules and regulations of the Benevolent Society, held at the Blank's Head in the county of Dash. A threefold object is secured by the society; 1. The provision for sickness and burial; 2. The promotion of social intercourse and neighbourly good feeling; 3. The interest of the house where the meetings are held.

1. The first feature in the club is the term of its existence. This is annual. This Phœnix of the taproom undergoes the pangs of dissolution on the first Monday in May, to rise from its tobacco-ashes with new plumage ready for another plucking. On that auspicious day it receives new blood, and the fact is not to be disguised or suppressed, that it not unfrequently avails itself of the opportunity of ridding itself of a member or so who threatens to be burdensome. Here is a security against insolvency at the expense only of good faith. But this proceeding is so managed that it is done by the unanimous consent of the members. They do not anticipate that infirmities and increasing years may bring themselves into a similar position to that which they rid their hands of.

The second article shows that in point of fact, twelve months' pay is given for eleven months' security against the needs of sickness. Including with the regular yearly expenses, the average cost of additional levies on the death of a member's wife or child, the annual payment of each member to the club is about sixpence a week, or one pound six shillings a year: irrespective of the cost of dinners, drink, banners, insignia, ringers, clerks, and sermons. The full pay in sickness is eight shillings per week for three months, minus the weekly premium of fourpence. If the sick member be at that time on the club, he is reduced to half-pay, which, less the weekly premium, is three and eightpence. This he is entitled to claim for three months more. If at the end of this second term he be still on the sick list, he is superannuated on two shillings a week: which after deduction of the regular contribution is twentypence: subject to the doubt whether the superannuated member may not outlive his club, or whether he can escape the annual disposition to clear off encumbrances on the first Monday in May.

The sick member's liberty is also curiously fettered by conditions in the form of rude guarantees of bonâ fide sickness, and due care to restore health: "No member receiving benefit from the club," says one of the rules before us, "shall be allowed to walk more than three miles from home without being fined one shilling; if found drunk, to be fined one shilling; if found working or assisting in anything of the kind; or if he be out after seven o'clock in the evening, he shall be fined or excluded, as the majority think proper."

In practice the sick member is sooner or later compelled to seek pauper relief, which the club is far from securing him against the degradation of receiving. The change from twentypence to half-a-crown, is too obvious an advantage to be lost sight of. The end is expressed in the words of a sick and miserable object, who begged hard for a little more than five shillings a week for breaking stones on the road in his old age. When he was asked about his club, "they sent me," he replied, "my dinner and a couple of shillings on the club-day, and said they would have no more to do with me. I must go to the parish; that would do better for me than they could, and was better able to pay than they were." The poor-rate, in fact, is the real superannuation fund of such societies.

If a member dies, the club makes great capital of his funeral. The amount subscribed for the funeral depends on the number of members. Notwithstanding that enough is obtained to defray the expenses, the family will often apply to the relieving officer for the ordinary cost of a pauper funeral, varying from a pound to five-and-twenty shillings, which is not always refused. The club, especially if the deceased were popular, attends the burial, and brings honour to itself by the decent regard it shows for such last offices.

There is one redeeming feature of the Brummagem club—its promotion of social and neighbourly good will. It seizes on the popular love of a holiday, and turns it to account. On the first Monday in May, there is the procession to the village church, where the sermon is duly preached, for which the rector is invited to dinner. His fee is offered him, which he is, of course, expected to return. With the "parson's sermon and company," the society in the eyes of the peasantry receives the approval of the Church—no slight help to the club. After dinner, come beer, tobacco, music, and dancing.

There is, perhaps, nothing more wearisome to the poor than our model gatherings, at which a lecture to folks who want unrestrained freedom, is substituted for the mirth and excitement of the club-day afternoon. Many friends of the poor appear to be afraid of trusting them with their wives and children at a holiday gathering, unless they can themselves be present to regulate the proceedings. But if we would expect real moral improvement and social mirth not degraded by brutal amusements, we must look elsewhere for aid to get them than to the impertinence of middle or upper class supervision. That Gospel, which was given with special reference to the poor, contains the best means of success. This may and can be brought to bear on the rural poor, with results as beneficial to them as it has proved to the upper classes within the compass of a century, and with the accumulated force with which the good example of the rich cannot fail to influence the poor. The "higher orders" will contribute to the successful issue of the struggle for the social and moral elevation of the poor, in proportion as their example carries weight with it. But the work cannot be done by interfering with their holidays, and attempting to secure among the poor good order by the presence of the rich.

The Brummagem club has another peculiarity on which we need not long dwell. It is the best friend of the alehouse. An examination of the rules and articles above cited will show how especially adapted to create and keep together his "connexion" a society of this kind is to the publican. The clasp of the "Black Bear" and the insidious grip of the "Green Man," prove alike fatal to the farm labourer. From these, he can be best guarded by the means already indicated. The brewers need not be apprehensive that the withdrawal of such clubs from their houses would lessen the demand for beer. The independence and bettered condition of the peasant, would not debar him from the enjoyment of many blessings: and good beer is a blessing to a hard-working man, let who will say that it is not. At the same time there exists no reason, so far as we know, why club accounts should not be audited in the public-house, which is a house open for public use and business as well as for pleasure. But there is excellent reason why the landlord should not be suffered to meddle with the conduct of the club.

Very many members of Brummagem clubs are men as intelligent and respectable as can be found in any class of life; but the influences to retain them in such insecure refuges, are too powerful to be counteracted by any known available means. The attractions are too great, the power is too firmly rooted, for institutions which would raise the peasantry in the social scale to drive them out of the field. Such is the disastrous action of the poor-law relief on the friendly society. We have the misshapen machinery of Brummagem contrivance, so ingeniously adapted to the lowest requirements of the poor, that it withholds its aid at the moment when the member can make good his claim for help from his parish, and resigns him either to half-a-crown a week out-door relief, or (if he has no home and is crippled and broken down) leaves him to spend the remainder of his days in the district union. Yet from the help of legalised provident societies, in time of sickness or age, may be obtained to an amount larger than poor-rate allowance, or than the sharing out club-pay.

A man of average health engaged in heavy labour, aged thirty-one years (and this is much higher than the average age of the rural poor in joining clubs), may secure (1) a sick allowance of ten shillings a week up to sixty-five years, the contribution and benefit then to cease; (2) an annuity of a pound a month, commencing at the age of sixty-five and payable until death: money returnable in case of death before sixty-five; and (3) a sum of five pounds at death; for the following payments. For (1) the sick pay, one shilling and threepence-halfpenny a month, which is between threepence and fourpence a week; for (2) the annuity, two and ninepence a month, which is between sevenpence and eightpence a week; and for (3) the five pounds at death, twopence-halfpenny a month. If four shillings a year be added for medical attendance, the subscriber will be found to pay in round numbers for the whole of these advantages, one shilling and one penny a week.

They who are conversant with the trials of the rural poor, know the difficulty with which in times of pressure the farm labourer would pay one shilling and a penny out of his weekly earnings. The struggle is particularly heavy: not at the outset, nor usually after fifteen or sixteen years of married life, but when there are half a dozen young children depending on a man's work for bread and clothes and shoes—when employment is uncertain, and not one of the family is able to earn fourpence a day as scarecrow on a farm. But as a general rule, our

poor can save the amount if they will try. It is, as they need not be told, a less sum than such a club as that above described usually costs them.

It is the opinion of persons conversant with the present aspect of provident societies, that the industrial classes will in process of time work out their own social and moral regeneration without help from the legislature. Exception, however, must be taken to the classes who look to the poor-rate for relief. Their social improvement is, indeed, a work to be done by themselves, and one which cannot be done for them. Still they may be assisted in it by removal of those barriers which now stand in the path of progress. Let it be remembered that provident institutions furnish a maintenance for those who will take the trouble to secure it. That this maintenance can be obtained and secured without separating man and wife from each other, or parents from children; that this maintenance (unless in certain cases) leaves inviolate the sacred home. And provident institutions, as experience abundantly shows, unite the sympathies of rich and poor for each other. They provide a common ground of meeting—a common interest. Prejudices are removed, and the bonds of sympathy and kindness are strengthened, between all classes, without the least risk of injury to the self-respect of any. And such societies also discourage improvidence and idleness, which are the handmaids of poor-rate relief, and tend to substitute those habits which lead to manliness and independence. However strange a truth it may seem, it is true in very many cases, that independence is within reach of our agricultural labourers. But provident habits are discouraged by the working of the poor-law. We do not, of course, for a moment doubt the necessity of a poor-law administration. Assistance will always be required for casual poor and for the numerous classes which no provident society can help. To these the need by thousands of the special benefit of medical care are to be added, and the distresses which no human foresight can avert.

By the Small Tenements Act, the cottager's rates are paid by the landlord. Rent is rent to the labourer, and he knows and cares nothing about rates and taxes. But if every cottager were liable to payment of a proportionate share of the rate whenever one was levied, he would have the same interest in keeping it within reasonable limits as his landlord has. And the labourer would know better than the landlord which of his neighbours to rouse out of real indolence and thriftlessness. The public feeling of their own class would thus act upon the idle. In the next place, the injustice of compelling the object of relief to make himself a beggar before he can justify his claim on the rate, is monstrous. How numberless are cases of distress in the upper classes, where the sufferer has some small income! If the income be inadequate to relieve the distress, the case is admitted, and the help of friends obtained. Such a friend we think the poor-law ought to be and might be to the poor, though an essential change is requisite to make it so. Particular times of pressure on the industrious poor might also be met on a wiser system than the present, by some well-timed help out of the rate.

But to make provident societies what they should be, and what we believe they will one day become, there is need, probably, of a central board constituted by parliament. The friendly society would not then be subjected, as it has been of late years, to the caprices of legislation: which according to the influences of the passing hour has attempted to prevent it from entering the field with the large assurance societies. Between oppression on the one hand, and prejudice and ignorance on the other, these provident institutions have had to fight against much more than their fair share of difficulties. But if their development should be found sensibly to diminish the burden of the poor-rate, would not the employers of farm labourers have an additional reason to accord cheerful help to their men as fit occasion offered?

A RATHER REMARKABLE PERSON.

I HAPPENED to be at a well-known coast town in South Wales last April, at the time when the census had to be taken, and knowing the Chief Registrar of the district, I offered to become a volunteer enumerator. I had been so long idling, lounging, and making tours without having any particular object in view, that the chance of any useful occupation presented itself to me as an agreeable change. My friend very kindly gave me a choice of ground to go over, and I selected a small island—called Swamp Island—lying out in the Channel, about twenty miles from the coast, which had figured in the census tables of 1851 as possessing a population of three. As a wilderness it was only then beaten by Little Papa, one of the Shetland Islands, which held only one person—an old woman; and by Inchcolm, one of the Fife Islands, which sheltered only one man—a farm labourer. It was a pity, perhaps, that these two solitudes with their two inhabitants could not have been joined together in holy matrimony, forming one decent family on one tolerable island.

Very early on the morning appointed for my journey, I started in a large fishing-smack, the owner of which, for a small consideration, undertook to land me at my destination, and call for me again before night. I was full of curiosity as to what people, and how many, I should find on Swamp Island, but my boatmen could give me no information on this head. As there was no good fishing within several miles of the scrubby patch of sea-land to which I was bound, they had never taken the trouble even to inquire whether it was inhabited.

I landed, with some difficulty, in a not very shallow creek, and should have been soaked through above my knees if I had not been protected by a thick waterproof dress. The weather

had been rather rough during our few hours' voyage from the mainland—much rougher than I expected—and as I am no better sailor than nine-tenths of the human race, I felt a little qualmy. My companions immediately put off again to fish, and I was soon left to make friends with a few seagulls.

Having comforted myself with a little brandy and biscuit that I carried with me, I struggled up through the reeds, stones, and long grass, and prepared to begin my work. I got upon a hillock, and took a survey of the island through a telescope. The prospect was not encouraging. As far as I could see, there was nothing but a dead level of swampy earth and grass, broken here and there with small hillocks, like the one on which I stood. The island was stated by geographical authorities to be about ten miles long, and twelve broad, but the inequalities of the ground would not allow my telescope to range over a third of this space. As there was no house or hut in sight, nor any sign of a human being, I was compelled to walk on in the discharge of my duty. I strode along in the direction of the rising ground in front, now plunging into a hole, now stumbling over grass-covered blocks of stone, and blessing the practical genius who invented roads. One mile of walking on Swamp Island was equal to four miles on the mainland.

In about two hours I reached the distant ridge, and still found no traces of inhabitants. I was rather disappointed at this, though not surprised, for I could see nothing to tempt any one to settle on such a spot. The earth was chalky, and the vegetation scanty, to say nothing of the want of society. If the three inhabitants who had figured in a former census had deserted the place, I felt that I could scarcely blame them.

I altered my course at this point, and followed the line of a shallow valley. I had not proceeded far, when I came to traces of mud, and a little farther on to a narrow channel of water. Keeping along the side of this inland stream, which I soon found to be a long tidal creek running down to the sea, I came suddenly on a large flat-bottomed boat—something between a fishing-punt and a barge—moored close to a bank on which stood a low hut, built chiefly with turf and stones. I lost no time in pushing open the half-closed door of this hut, and was met by a dense cloud of smoke which nearly choked and blinded me. It came from a fire of damp wood. When the fumes had partly blown off, I peeped through the door again, and saw an old man kneeling on the turf-floor, blowing the embers with his mouth. His dress was ragged; almost theatrical in its tatters, and his long dirty beard dragged through the ashes.

"Stand out of the draught," he said angrily, without turning round, "and don't thwart me, pampered menial!"

I thought the style and tone of this address somewhat peculiar, and I soon explained who I was, and on what errand I came.

"Census?" he said, standing up, and looking at me; "why am I hunted about in this way? I come miles beyond the land's-end, for quiet—solitude—air. I can't breathe in cities—no man can breathe in cities;—I fly to nature, and want to be left alone."

"We shall not trouble you again for ten years," I returned, amiably; "perhaps not then."

"Ten years!" he said, contemptuously,—"what's ten years—what's twenty years—to one who has lived for centuries?"

"Eh?" I answered, pricking up my ears at this, "lived for centuries?"

"Yes," he said, "I have just completed my one-hundred-and-seventy-sixth year."

"This sounds very remarkable," I replied, "and it is almost as strange to find you living in such a desert as this."

"You may think so," he said, shortly, "I don't."

"What name will you put down in this paper?" I asked, producing the official form, "and what profession?"

"Profession?" he inquired, vacantly.

"Occupation," I replied, "Calling—in fact. What are you?"

"Ha, ha!"

"That's no answer," I said, in a dignified manner.

"What am I?" he continued; "what am I not? Do you think my history can be crammed into a line, or into a thousand lines? You've asked for it, and you shall have it. Sit down and hear it."

I squatted on the turf floor in obedience to this request, which sounded like a command, and my wild-man-of-the-woods-looking host soon squatted opposite me.

"I am prepared," he began, "for any amount of doubt when I say that I never knew who my parents were; but I despise doubt, and those who feel it. I was found in a wood in a neighbourhood that it is idle to name, because it was destroyed by an earthquake more than a hundred years ago. I was discovered walking on my hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss. The early habits thus implanted in me have never altogether left me, and this is why you find me now living contented on what you contemptuously term 'a desert.' Many ignorant people were frightened at my singular appearance, for my colour, at that time, was nearly black——"

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but what do you call your colour now?"

"No matter," he replied, "I hate to be interrupted."

"A huge dog," he continued, "was set at me, but I awaited his attack without stirring from the place, and gave him such a blow over the head with a club which I held in my hand, that the animal fell dead, and his master became respectful. After this feat I climbed a tree and took a little repose on a branch, but was allured

down by some raw meat (I am still partial to raw meat), a bucket of water, and a rabbit. I stripped off the skin of the rabbit, and devoured the flesh ravenously. I was taken in charge by a shepherd, who washed me, and found that the black colour of my skin was not natural. I was considered fair, and, on the whole, tolerably well formed, although very short; and my fingers and thumbs were uncommonly strong, which was ascribed to my practice of climbing trees. On account of my wildness I was known as the 'shepherd's beast,' and it cost a deal of trouble to render me a little tame. I was very dexterous in making holes in the walls or roofs—too dexterous, no doubt, for the comfort of my shepherd—and one day I crept through a space not larger than a rat-hole, fled once more to the woods, and became a gipsy.

"I was soon initiated into the arts and mysteries of the wandering tribe I had joined, and was foremost in all exploits for which gipsies are famous. Being wonderfully short for my age, which was considered then to be about twenty or twenty-five years, I was exhibited as a famous dwarf. My height was not more than two feet and a half, and my weight fifty-six pounds. I was remarkably agile, and could spring with ease from the ground, to a table or a mantelshelf. I remember being told by a friend, who died about a century and a half ago, that I was rather of a morose temper, and extremely vain of myself, but this I can hardly believe. I was once brought into a room, to amuse the company, enclosed in an ordinary pie. I was often teased by many of the visitors, and once, I admit, I so far lost my temper as to challenge my enemy. He came to the place of meeting armed only with a squirt, and this so increased my anger that a real duel ensued, and, as I was mounted on a chair to put me on a level with my antagonist, I fired, and shot him dead.

"After this unfortunate adventure I fled from the town and my gipsy friends, and sought my fortunes in another direction. I disguised myself as a female, and went on board a large merchant vessel as a cook's attendant. I was looked upon as a mere child, a girl of all work, and so escaped much attention. I discharged my duties to the satisfaction of my employers, and passed a very pleasant though hard-working time until we came to an anchor at a port in the Mediterranean. Here one of the sailors, a second mate, became too idle to mend his own shirts, and he handed them over to me, along with a lot of stockings requiring footing, because I was the only female on board. Of course I knew nothing of needlework, and yet was afraid to confess my ignorance, for fear the deception I had practised upon the captain and owners of the ship should be discovered. I saw no way out of the difficulty except flight: so, throwing the unmended rags down the hold, I watched my opportunity, rowed on shore in a boat, and mixed with the natives of Genoa in my own proper character.

"I lived for several years very comfortably in a number of southern cities, doing little work, because living was cheap, and the climate made it easy to sustain nature on a very small quantity of food. Whether the warmth of this part of the world acted on my system like the atmosphere of a hothouse upon plants, I never clearly understood, but I grew so rapidly in height and strength, during the five or six years of my travelling, that I soon began to excite attention as a giant.

"I was not one of those common giants, who rely upon creating wonder by their unwieldy size. I possessed many accomplishments, both intellectual and physical. As a posturer I was without a rival, and could exhibit in the most natural manner, almost every species of deformity and dislocation. I amused myself with the tailors, by sending for them to take my measure, and contriving so as to have an immoderate rising in one of my shoulders. When the clothes were brought home to be tried on, I had shifted this hump to the other shoulder, and the tailors took back the garments, apologising for their mistake. I played such tricks with the vertebræ of my back, that a celebrated surgeon, before whom I appeared as a patient, was so shocked at the sight he would not even attempt my cure.

"I was now nearly nine feet high, and I made a triumphal tour from town to town. I had gone through the whole circle of the sciences, could speak and write in ten different languages, was an accomplished rider, dancer, and singer, and a skilful performer on several musical instruments."

"Did you ever hear of a person called the 'Admirable Crichton?'" I asked, breaking into my host's narrative at this point.

"Crichton, Crichton," he answered, as if reflecting. "Was he a celebrated miser?"

"Not at all," I said; "he was a half-fabulous wonder of cleverness."

"Never heard of him in all my life," returned my host, pettishly, "and I don't see what the question has to do with my story.

"I will not weary you," he continued, "with a detailed account of my success in disputing with learned doctors, fighting with rampant gladiators, and performing many characters in an Italian play of my own writing. The narrative might possibly annoy you, by exciting envy. It is sufficient for me to tell you that I did all these things before I had reached the age of thirty. I distinguished myself in a much lower sphere by several displays of extraordinary strength, in which I pulled against two horses, lifted three hogsheads of water weighing nearly two thousand pounds, rolled up a very large pewter dish with my fingers, and raised a table six feet long, with half a hundred-weight fastened to it, in my teeth. I tied a kitchen poker round my neck like a cravat, and broke a rope about two inches thick.

"About this period I began to decrease in height, and to increase very much in breadth. Some of the doctors attributed the change to the

fact that I had compressed myself in carrying an enormous weight upon my head during one of my exhibitions. Whatever was the immediate cause, I gradually grew stouter for ten years, until I weighed nearly fifty stone. My size was nearly three yards round the body; my legs measured a yard round the thigh; and a common suit of clothes cost me twenty pounds."

"Have you ever heard of Daniel Lambert?" I asked, again interrupting my host.

"Of course I have," he answered; "he was a running footman."

The coolness of this reply effectually silenced me, and I allowed the story to proceed without any further interruption.

"My excessive and increasing corpulence," he continued, "filled me with alarm, and I at last placed myself under strict rules of diet. This required a vast deal of sustained resolution, for almost from the beginning of my change in size, I had been afflicted with a voracious appetite. I thought little of devouring at one meal as much as sixteen pounds of meat and bread, and there were times when my appetite was even more ravenous. My drinking was also in proportion to my eating, although I was never intoxicated. All this had to be changed, and I therefore copied the plan of Louis Cornaro, of whom *you* may have heard. It was a hard struggle, but I persevered. As I thought it prudent not to make a total alteration in my diet suddenly, I confined myself to a pint of ale a day, and used animal food sparingly. This method I soon found to answer to my satisfaction, for I felt easier and lighter, and my spirits became less oppressed. During the next two months, I struck off half my drink, and more than half my animal food. I next gave up malt liquor, and confined myself entirely to water for about a year, at the end of which period I was able to do without any fluid except what I took in the way of medicine. I next avoided cheese, then butter, and at last was able to turn my back upon animal food, and to sustain myself entirely upon pudding made of sea-biscuit. I allowed myself very little sleep, generally going to bed at eight o'clock in the evening, sometimes even earlier, and rising about one o'clock in the morning. My voice, which I had entirely lost for several years, came back to me clear and strong; my flesh became firm, my complexion a good colour; and I reduced my weight at least forty stone."

"Did you ever weigh yourself, to test the truth of these figures?" I asked.

"Never. Prejudiced by a commonly prevailing superstition, which, of course, I see the folly of now, I never suffered myself to be put in the scales, either during the state of my extreme corpulence, or after my reduction."

"Why did you subject yourself to such very strict rules of diet?" I inquired: "stricter even than those which governed your teacher, Cornaro?"

"Because I was ten years older than Cornaro was when he began his regimen, and I therefore thought, on that account, a more severe and abstemious course was necessary. I was greatly influenced by Dr. Cheyne's opinion that Cornaro would probably have lived longer, had his regimen been more strict. Dr. Cheyne was right, as I have tested by experiment, and I have been right in following the advice of Dr. Cheyne. For more than a hundred years I have been fed upon a pudding, the composition of which you may be curious to learn, especially as you show a tendency to become stout, and are evidently not in very sound health. Take three pints of skimmed milk, boil them and pour them on one pound of the best sea-biscuit, broken into pieces; do this overnight, and then leave the ingredients to stand together until the following morning, when you may add two eggs. This compound, being boiled in a cloth about the space of an hour, will become a pudding of sufficient consistency to be cut with a knife. No matter what may have been the season—what festivities were going on—what temptations there were to a little self-indulgence—I allowed myself only a pound and a half of this pudding at four or five o'clock in the morning, as my breakfast, and the same quantity at noon, as my dinner. What is the result? At the age of a hundred and ninety——"

"I beg your pardon," I said, "you told me you were only one hundred and seventy-six."

"Did I?" he answered; "well, say one hundred and seventy-six, then—we'll not quarrel about fourteen years—at this age I am able to live cheerfully without company in what, as I before remarked, you contemptuously style 'a desert.' I am active and vigorous, and in full possession of more than my proper faculties. I am able, at times, to pick out colours with my eyes closed, and to read a book with my fingers' ends. Sometimes I can walk in my sleep with even more security and speed than when I am awake: which I look upon as a proof that my system of diet is correct."

My host's story might probably have continued for several hours longer, as I really had not sufficient determination to stop it, if we had not been interrupted at this point by the appearance of a third person at the door of the hut. The new comer was a man about forty, and, if dress were any sign of quality, I might have thought that I had been entertained by the servant in the absence of the master. I was not, however, left long in suspense as to the relation in which the two islanders stood to each other, for my ragged host immediately addressed the new comer in a loud authoritative tone:

"Pampered menial! Take off that dandy coat, and blow the fire."

The new comer obeyed this rude command rather slowly and sullenly, muttering something about not being so fond of rags as some people were.

"Silence!" again shouted my ragged host. "If Crusoe and Friday quarrel in private, let them preserve a certain decency before strangers."

I fancied preparations might be made to feed me with the sea-biscuit pudding I had heard described, and had not felt any particular wish to taste; so, as my time on the island was drawing to a close, I rose to go. My host insisted on the "pampered menial" seeing me to the coast, and my proposed guide assured me that no one else was to be found upon the island.

"Worse luck," he said, as we left the hut together, "for he does try the best of tempers."

"You mean our eccentric friend yonder?" I remarked, inquiringly, pointing back to the hut.

"Yes," he said. "If his friend didn't pay me very well, I should pitch him over, like a shot."

"Isn't there something the matter with his head?" I asked, trying to put the question very delicately.

"Sometimes I think there is; sometimes I don't. He took to this place because he was fond of fishing, though we never catch much worth speaking of. Even what the smacks catch is sent up to London, and we have to get it down again by signals."

"Fish?" I said; "I thought he lived upon nothing but pudding."

"Oh, he's been pitching that yarn into you, has he? He eats a precious sight more than I do, and thinks a good deal more about his dinner."

"I suppose," I said, "you have heard the extraordinary story of his life?"

"Heard it?" he returned, "I should think I have! He goes over it about three times a week, or one hundred and fifty times a year. It all comes of reading of one book—the only book he's got with him—called Wilson's Wonderful Characters. He muddles them all up together, and then goes and swears he's been through all the adventures, because his name happens to be Peter Wilson!"

"That looks like madness," I said.

"So his friends think who live on the mainland opposite," returned my guide, "but I think the madness shows itself most in living here. They'll find that out some day, when I leave them, and they have to advertise for another 'companion' to my gentleman."

When we arrived at the coast, we found my boatmen within hail. Before embarking, I inquired my guide's name, and, as he answered me, he seemed to have something on his mind.

"Can I do anything for you on the opposite shore?" I asked, willing to make myself useful to the lonely islander.

"Well," he said, "there's one thing I want to ask you. Is that census return, as you call it, going to be put into print?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied.

"What have you got him down as—the party up at the hut?"

"Peter Wilson: no profession: age, one hundred and seventy-six."

"You can let that stand, if you like, but don't go and call the island a private madhouse, and put me down as a keeper."

"How shall I describe you?" I asked, willing to humour him.

"Call me a shepherd," he said. "Because I've got some friends on the opposite shore—especially a female friend—and I don't want to be laughed at."

I complied with his request in filling up the official form; and he stands in his country's account-books as Giles Storks: profession, shepherd: age, forty-two.

INCORRIGIBLE ROGUES.

Most persons who, when the "Latest Intelligence" from America and elsewhere has been mastered, turn to that part of the daily newspaper which contains the record of what takes place in our law and police courts, must have been especially struck lately by the continual recurrence of cases of violence of a terrible and unusual sort. Murder, manslaughter, and murderous assault are crimes which appear to be decidedly on the increase. At the recent Quarter Sessions at Birmingham, the Recorder, speaking on this subject, says: "In the two last months of November and December, during which the winter assizes have been held, together with the usual sessions at the Old Bailey, the number of convictions for murder has amounted to twenty at the least, passing by culprits who, by verdicts of manslaughter, have escaped the penalty of death in cases which my feeble perspicuity fails to distinguish from foul and detestable murders. This period," the Recorder goes on to say, "as there are three assizes in each twelve months, may be considered to furnish us with the criminal statistics of one-third of the year, and would, therefore, if the growth of the crime be the same in all seasons, yield an annual total of sixty proved murders."

The Recorder admits the possibility that the winter months may show a larger calendar of crime than other parts of the year. He also admits that these offences are infectious, and that criminals imitate each other. Thus, he would extract a hope that this first third of the criminal year may be no criterion of the other two-thirds, and that the total of sixty murders in a year may not be attained. And, indeed, if it were, we might well feel uneasiness, the average of convictions during the last twelve years being only seventeen, while the highest number—namely that in 1856—only amounted to thirty-one.

Independently of exceptional cases, such as the military murders by which the past year has been characterised, deeds of violence committed by persons not previously members of the criminal population, there remains a large amount of crime to which rule and calculation may be applied, and valuable results obtained by doing so. The offences of isolated individuals stimulated by revenge or other bad passions to single acts of crime, can never be considered useful or to the purpose. It is with the criminal population alone that we can deal statistically, and here the ob-

servations of those who make such subjects their especial study are of infinite value.

The chaplain of the Warwickshire county jail states that the year 1857 has been the only year since the prison at Birmingham was opened in which the rate of the commitments to the population has been greater in Birmingham than the average rate throughout England and Wales. The cause of the exceptional increase of crime in this borough during that year can only be traced by the chaplain to the return to it in the same year of an exceptionally large number of convicts returned from penal servitude before the expiration of their sentences." The Recorder, taking this as his text, goes on to say: "I have learnt from your chief superintendent of police that the return to Birmingham of one discharged convict possessing ability and influence has very materially increased the number of commitments in a particular year."

How should the case be otherwise? No one can doubt the great influence of example and companionship upon all classes of society; while, on the lower grade and on the young, it is most powerful of all. Who shall measure the evil brought into a school or university by one black sheep. The contamination is gradual but certain, and many characters of the weaker sort will, by bad association, receive that bias towards evil which was all that was necessary for their ruin. It is so, as we all have opportunities of seeing, among domestic servants. Their power of injuring each other is immense. Take the case of a small establishment, consisting, we will say, of a couple of servant-maids, who have been brought up from the country. They are uninitiated in the slang of the London members of their tribe, and are contented and happy. They can exist without followers. They can do all the work of the house with ease and cheerfulness. They will take what it may be convenient to give them for dinner and supper, rather astonished, in fact, at fare so much superior to what they have been accustomed to in their own poverty-stricken homes. In short, they are good and contented servants, and their mistress congratulates herself with reason, when she hears her friends complaining of domestic troubles.

But how long does this last? On some special occasion of a grand cleaning, or some equally miserable disturbance, "help" is sent for, and the char-woman of discord is flung into this happy family. This worthy lady is kind enough to enlighten the two injured innocents to whose rescue she has come, as to their "rights." For these she exhorts them to stand up, as other servants do. What! will they "put up" with cold meat? are they satisfied to be deprived of the visit of their male relatives and other friends "from the country," whom they might regale so pleasantly and cheaply with their patron's food? Well, they *are* poor-spirited things if they allow themselves to be put upon like that!

If the char-woman does not step in, the tempter will come in another form. One of your provincial maidens is obliged to leave you for some reason or other, and her place is supplied by a metropolitan substitute. How soon is a change observable in the establishment! The new servant has made the other discontented. She objects to do things which she now considers "out of her place." She is perpetually a martyr, is injured, lazy, and at last utterly saucy and insubordinate.

Does not all this go to prove the great influence of the lower classes on each other? Unhappily, the worst among them are ordinarily the strongest—strongest in will, in character, in mind. Their companions are afraid of their sullenness, and afraid of their overbearing natures, while at the same time they admire their daring, and in many cases regard with a kind of interest akin to hero-worship the notoriety which a well-known malefactor obtains as a public character. Surely it is a mistake to send one of these incorrigible rogues back to the society from which he has been temporarily removed. An incorrigible boy is expelled from school lest he should do harm there, and an incorrigible man should be expelled from society for the same reason.

To return once more to the charge of the Recorder at Birmingham. His opinion as to the working of the present ticket-of-leave system is, as one might expect, very discouraging. "It is," says the Recorder, "of much less importance than could be wished, whether the convict be discharged because he has completed his sentence, or upon ticket-of-leave before such completion; because, as we have been repeatedly informed in the speeches of Sir George Grey, the grant of a ticket-of-leave by no means implies reformation in the recipient. And so long as, in addition to this defect in our practice, the executive government in England shall take no steps to enforce the good conduct of the ticket-of-leave man by the revocation of his license until he is convicted of a new offence, but, on the contrary, whatever may be the profligacy of his life, and the notoriety of his want of any visible means of subsistence, shall still leave him at large to follow his evil course; so long will the presence of discharged convicts in any town be a severe calamity to its inhabitants, stimulating veteran criminals to pernicious activity, and augmenting their forces by the addition of many a recruit."

It seems that in Ireland a much stricter supervision is exercised over liberated convicts than with us, and of the result of this surveillance the Recorder speaks in terms of eulogy. "I cannot," he says, "express to you the mortification I endure when I compare the state of things in England with that in Ireland. I have made two visits, at the distance of four years, to that island, for the purpose of scrutinising with care and diligence the working of the Irish convict system under the superintendence of Captain Crofton and his meritorious colleagues. There you will find that the grant of a ticket-of-leave is never made except on strong proofs of reformation; but as the strongest proofs may

be deceptive, and as even a convict truly reformed may relapse when he becomes entirely his own master, the work of supervision is not nominal but real, and is most efficiently continued during his whole probation—that is, until the sentence passed upon him by the judge has expired. If, before that period, he is found to deviate into courses suggestive of relapse into a criminal career, or of proclivity towards crime, his license is instantly cancelled, and he is carried back to jail. . . . The Congress for the Promotion of Social Science, held in Dublin during the last summer, drew there a concourse of English, many of whom were conversant with the treatment of criminals, and deeply interested in its amendment, and a large number of persons, including many magistrates, all competent to form a trustworthy opinion upon the subject, came away convinced of the great superiority of the Irish over the English method of treatment."

If it be true that in Ireland there is a "marvellous diminution in the return of old convicts to jail, so common an occurrence in England," it is certainly obvious that the Irish plan is better than the English, and that a system of supervision exercised over the liberated convict is the right one. The fact is that a Preventive Police Force is as necessary as a Detective Police. In more than one case recently the police have appeared in this phase, and notoriously bad characters have most properly been arrested for loitering about certain localities under such circumstances as to give rise to the presumption that they had a burglary in contemplation. This is as it should be, but even such vigilance as this is not all that is necessary.

What we contend for is simply that the incorrigible rogue—to use a legal phrase—should be kept away from the rest of the community. A more dangerous animal could hardly be at large than one of these often-convicted ruffians, who returns when his sentence is expired to his old haunts and his old companions. Far from being improved by his punishment, he is probably only hardened, and bears an additional grudge against society, by which he has a sort of vague impression that he has been hardly used. What use is it to let that terrible being loose among us? How is he going to live? He has no settled means of occupation. He has been a vagabond from boyhood. Is it likely that now, coming out of prison for the fifth or sixth time, he will suddenly become honest and industrious? He will do nothing of the sort. He has returned among us simply to qualify for readmission into one of those great asylums for rogues, of which he has already had so much experience. Unfortunately, it is only by going through a new curriculum of crime that he can so qualify himself. Before those prison doors open again to receive him, some poor old lady, as in the recent case at Maida-hill, will have been subjected to cruelties which it is intolerable to think or write of, while two or three youngsters hovering on the outskirts of crime will have been induced, by this ruffian's example, to take the fatal plunge. Murderous attacks, robberies in the streets, assaults on the police incapacitating them sometimes for a time, sometimes altogether for the discharge of their duties—these are some of the evils certain to result from the liberation of that incorrigible rogue. And yet, knowing this, we release him. Misplaced leniency!

But is it leniency? Is it leniency to that lonely and invalid lady whose grey hairs are stained with blood? Is it leniency to the wretched lads who are contaminated by this man's example? Is it leniency to the policeman whose life is beaten out of him, or who is left to crawl years afterwards a cripple to the grave? Is it leniency to the sinner himself to leave him to the misguiding of his own corrupt nature, and to suffer him to heap the load of new guilt on his already guilty soul?

The true leniency, both to society at large and to the criminal himself is, to deprive him of that liberty with which he may not safely be trusted; to keep him continually in confinement; to mitigate as far as may be the expense of his maintenance by finding out on what laborious task he may usefully and securely be employed, and to keep him to that task under strong and constant supervision, trusting him no more after he has so many times proved to demonstration his utter untrustworthiness. Trusting him no more? Nay—that is saying too much. At last, towards the end of his days, when years and years have intervened between him and his crimes, when age, if not habit, has unfitted him for violent deeds, then, indeed, some milder sway might be exercised over him, some more tolerable asylum provided, in which he might end his days. For the storm that has lasted through the day will sometimes clear away in the evening, and the sun, though weak and watery, will show for an hour before it finally goes down.

RUSSIAN TRAVEL.

Tula is a large government town of the second class, with more than fifty thousand inhabitants. It lies on the direct southern military road to Odessa, rather more than a hundred miles from Moscow, and five hundred and twenty from St. Petersburg. Famous for cutlery and ironmongery, Tula is called the Birmingham of Russia, and in one sense it is so; for it is astonishing how fond the Tula manufacturers are of English names and marks. The name of Rodgers, figures on many a bad Russian knife and razor. Goods can be, and are, made at Tula almost equal to the best English; the great bulk, however, of the manufacture is bad in material, and worse in workmanship.

A wise trader will endeavour to improve his quality, establish a good name, and beat his rivals. He will classify his wares, and depends for prosperity on the faith of his customers in his desire to let them have exactly what they want. A Russian (there are exceptions to all general rules, but in this matter unusually few) seems to care

nothing for good name in trade, or for the prospect of future transactions with the person whom he serves. He is no speculator, even for his own benefit; he does not look past the first haul; and he gets the better of his customers, if he can, on all occasions. If he can reduce the quality of his goods while maintaining their appearance and prices, he is triumphant and will cross himself in thankful devotion before his joss. I would be loth to libel any class of men, but I appeal to every Englishman who has been in Russia, and has had dealings with the natives, for a confirmation of my own twelve years' experience. I appeal to their own saying that "a Jew in bargain is outdone by an Armenian, but a Russian can outwit them both." There is no denying that a Russian moushick merchant is in all commercial dealings an incorrigible cheat. It takes more than a wide-awake Yankee to make a "deal" with a Muscovite.

The emperor, always honest and earnest for the improvement of the country, on his last visit to Moscow called together a number of the principal merchants and manufacturers, and remonstrated with them on this prevailing bad practice. Great complaints had been made to him by his political agents, in those countries which bought from Russia, regarding the wholesale and shameful cheating used by the Moscow merchants in their dealings with the Orientals. They had, it seemed, not only reduced the qualities of their merchandise to the lowest possible degree, but had sometimes even packed the insides of their bales with rubbish, leaving a slight coating of the real article at the top and bottom. This conduct had given the government agents great trouble in forming treaties and commercial relations, and if not abandoned would bring down upon them (the emperor justly told the merchants) the ruin of their trade. This friendly and sensible remonstrance was accepted by some of them in good and honest faith; they pleaded guilty and promised reformation. Whether the promise has been kept, it is not yet possible to know.

A fair glimpse of the condition of a people may be got through their commercial character. For this reason, I turn from the merchant arraigned before the Czar, to the shopkeeper in the market or bazaar. The system of chaffering, bargaining, beating-down, and wrestling (so to speak), for copecks, is almost universal. I don't think there are half a dozen shops in Moscow and Petersburg together, that sell on the principle of a fixed price, and no abatement. Trade is huckstering, and no common huckstering either; it is hard work—like nothing in England but the sale of an old cow or horse, at a country fair, by a veteran cow or horse couper. To come off with a few articles bought at their value is a work of time, patience, and skill. A newly imported foreigner, of whatever nation, is a mark for plunder. If he go alone to buy, he falls an easy prey. If he be accompanied by professional interpreters, it is not much better, as the shopkeeper expects the interpreter to call next day for twenty or thirty per cent commission on any purchase made. Let me illustrate the system by a case (not uncommon) which is my own case.

I often prefer to do my own bargaining, and being in want of a pair of long fur boots and a portmanteau, before taking a southern survey, I passed all the English magazines, the German, French, and other foreign establishments in Blacksmiths Bridge-street, and descended to the lower regions of Moscow, called the town or "gorod." This part is the old capital of Russia, and walled round, having the Kremlin in the centre. The entrance is under a heavy arch, guarded by images and lamps. One ought to feel the more secure from knavery after passing these representatives of saints, but let the Englishman here mount guard over his own pockets.

My search was along the interminable lines of dark booths, which constitute the "Gostino Dvor," or favourite market-place (and here it is *always* twilight: that being the light in which a customer should examine what an able trader has to sell). At length, after an hour's search, I found the line sacred to Crispin and leather goods, and was hauled into one of its booths by the touter at the door. At first, I could not discern objects distinctly; but when my eyes had adapted themselves to the obscure light of the place, I saw the presiding genius bending before me, in the shape of a venerable mild-visaged man, with flowing beard, who held in one hand a tumbler of smoking tea, and in the other a lump of black bread, on which was a quantity of salt, and half a raw herring. He took the last gulp of his tea, laid down his delicious sandwich, ran his dirty hands through his great beard, stroked it affectionately, rubbed off the remaining grease of his hands on his caftan, turned reverentially to the joss in the corner, crossed himself, and then signified his desire to know what I might want? How could such a man be an extortioner! See his frugality—black bread and herring. Look at his shop: a mere booth, containing no expensive shopmen. Besides, has he not in my presence just appealed to Heaven? Surely that is a guarantee for fair and honest dealing. Let us see.

"I want," I said, "a pair of the best fur boots, and a good portmanteau."

Although the walls and ceiling were crowded with all kinds of articles of his calling, he began to pull out a large drawer. The handle came off while he pulled, and he fell back on a great pyramid of boxes, boots, portmanteaus, and trunks, built up in the centre of the floor, overturning the whole in a confused mass.

"Ough!" he said, "God help me! This is an unlucky omen." And again he crossed himself, with a view, as I supposed, to a fresh start. The wreck having been put to rights, and the drawer opened at length, the dealer produced a pair of long boots lined with fur.

"There, your honour, is the very thing you want. Most excellent boots; of the best quality to be found in Moscow. Yea Boch!" (God's truth.)

Nevertheless, as my experience assured me that a Russian shopkeeper invariably begins by producing the worst article he has, I tossed the boots from me, saying, "Won't do; better." Another drawer was opened, a third and fourth were gone over, with the same result. On the fifth attempt I condescended to examine the articles produced: the good man having declared, with the usual oath, that each in its turn was the best he had. The soles of the boots in my hand were of pasteboard, with a thin coating of leather neatly glued over it, and nicely polished up. The fur was cat's hair (without any skin), also glued to the legs, and the legs themselves were of the thinnest possible horse-hide.

"Listen; these will not do; you must not detain me. If you have not any better, I must go."

"No, your honour, better than these cannot be made. They will wear all your life, Yea Boch!"

"Then I must go to another shop."

"Stop! I will look again. Ah! Heaven help me, here they are!"

Better, but not up to my mark. None of the boots would do; and in despair I made for the door, but was intercepted, and implored to remain a moment. A pair of excellent-looking boots was now fished out from a corner. The legs came considerably above the knees, the fur was a real skin, and the soles were evidently sewed, not pasted on. These I thought would do, and I laid them aside until I should have selected the portmanteau.

I was shown articles made of pasteboard to represent leather, of paper and wood, of paper and leather, and of leather as thin and as useless as paper. As they were produced, I was informed, with the usual solemn asseveration, that each in its turn was the best that could be made, and all solid leather. Another attempted escape to the door brought out the real thing: at least, what had to me all the appearance of a real solid leather portmanteau. Now came the tug of war—the price. The last half-hour had been mere skirmishing. My friend began a long eulogium on the goods: the words pouring in a torrent through his beard. They were everything conceivable that is good; would last an age; were made specially for a prince; I might travel in the boots to Siberia and back, if so inclined, and never cool my feet; the portmanteau would go with me to China, or one hundred times over the Urals; the emperor had no better portmanteau. And between each clause of his eulogy he cried "Yea Boch!" He concluded by asking seventeen roubles for the boots, and thirty-one for the portmanteau: in all forty-eight roubles, or seven pounds ten, and at that price he was making me a present of them, "Yea Boch!"

I offered sixteen roubles, or two pounds ten.

"Sixteen would not pay the making; but hear me! Take them for forty. I shall lose the rest. What's to be done?"

"No, take sixteen, or I go instantly."

"Yea Boch! it is too little by half; but hear for the last time." Here he seized me by one hand, put an arm round my neck, and hissed in my ear, "Thirty roubles. There! I am giving them."

"Sixteen is my last word." I said good day, and made for the door, but had scarcely got outside when he fastened on me by both shoulders, dragged me back into the shop, and bringing his great beard and greasy face close before mine, as if to impart a great secret, recapitulated all his encomiums, with greater force and with more earnest appeals to "Boch" to attest his truth—all which he concluded by asking twenty-five roubles. This time I made so determined a bolt that I succeeded in getting two doors off, on the way to a rival establishment, and was already in the hands of five or six touters pulling me in different directions, when again my old friend came running after me.

"Come back, baron, come! What a hurry you are in"—I had given him a precious hour—"I will take less."

Not wishing to go through the preliminaries in another shop to which I had already submitted, and knowing the shops to be all much alike, I returned to the fray, and after haggling and chaffering for another twenty minutes, during which my friend passed through stages of twenty, nineteen, eighteen and a half, eighteen, &c., we finally concluded the very stiff bargain, at my original offer: sixteen roubles: which the dealer took with most placid satisfaction. I felt victorious, and said, How shameful of you to ask three times more than you take, and tell so many lies! "Oh!" he replied, "words do not rob your pocket. I am no thief. It is all fair bargaining."

As I left the place I saw him signing the cross before the joss, whether in thankfulness for a good bargain or prayer for a pardon I cannot tell; but after I got home I scrutinised the purchases in a good light, and found that I had no cause to be vainglorious. I was no exception to the common rule, but had been so completely cheated that I would gladly have disposed of my bargain at a loss of fifty per cent. I learnt afterwards that this same shopkeeper is a serf, worth four hundred thousand roubles; that he owns ten shops in Moscow, and some in Petersburg; and that while he ate black bread and herring, he had two extravagant sons at the university, and daughters accomplished in all the graces of a Russian education, enjoying horses, equipages, and a grand house. Such instances of wealth accumulated by frugality and extortion, are not rare among the Russians.

In Tula I saw the usual abundance of churches and popes (priests), barracks and soldiers, merchants and hucksters, peasants in dirty sheepskin coats, officers and gospodins in uniform driving in stylish equipages drawn by fast trotters from the steppes, or cobs from Siberia. There were all forms of Russian private vehicle and public conveyances, with two, three, or

four broken-winded bent-kneed sore-backed uncleaned hacks to each, and driven by ragged men in long grey coats of felt, and little hats four inches high, stuck full of the ends of peacocks' feathers. Burnt-down houses by the dozen lay in ruins: the remains of fires. There were streets paved with boulders, picked into confusion and left in a chaos of hills and chasms. The inns were, as usual, full of tobacco-smoke and paved with dirt, alive with tarakans—the Russian representatives of the black beetle—and busy with silent whispering groups of tea-drinkers. But these are only the common outside features of a town in the heart of Russia. Of Tula proper, I saw nothing; my time being occupied in the care of our goods and repacking of our conveyances. We found it necessary to remove all our property to our own rooms, and to keep good watch over it.

We only missed one pillow, a rug, two boxes of sardines, and a bottle of wine, until Harry, who had been storming about the place in search of the lost articles, caught one of the red-shirted waiters coming out of our room with a bottle under his shirt, which proved to be castor-oil stolen out of the medicine-chest. Harry considered it fit punishment to make him swallow a large dose. But when the effects of the dose began to display themselves, the man declared himself poisoned, and was carried to a hospital hard-by, while we and our packages were placed under the surveillance of the police.

Policemen brought to the inn stood sentry at the doors of our rooms, and we were prisoners for nearly two hours, when a doctor from the hospital, fortunately for us a jolly Russ, came with a captain of police. While the captain of police tackled Harry, who, ignorant of the language, answered "Da, da" (yes, yes), to everything, I explained to the doctor what had really happened. The worthy doctor having got hold of the oil-bottle, cried,

"Bravo! Poison! The most excellent medicine in pharmacy. Look here, captain. The pig" (meaning the waiter) "was taken ill with cholera, cramps, spasms, vomiting here—mind you, here in this room—before madame and mademoiselle. They run to the next room, so does my friend here, a great English my lord. What could they do? But, sir, the case was desperate. This gentleman" (pointing to Harry) "is a great doctor, accompanying my lord and his family; there was no time to send for me. What does he do? He opens his great medicine-box—look, there it is—and gives the dying moushick a great dose of apernicocus celantacus heprccaincos masta, the best remedy in the world for cholera. I tell you, 'Yea Boch!' there now, that's the truth."

"But," said the captain, "the moushick, doctor, how is he?"

"Ah! the pig!" (and here he spat on the ground in contempt), "I left the beast quite well and sleeping. I will answer for him. Come, captain, let us go. Poison! That is a good joke! Come, captain. Safe journey. Good-by!"

The police captain was satisfied, however reluctantly. With two bottles of something better than castor-oil, and a fee, which the doctor might or might not divide with the captain, I paid the cost of Harry's thoughtlessness. As we were about to start, Galen approached the carriage, and took me aside.

"Terrible fellow that fierce-looking friend of yours. He looks as if he could fight the town and eat up the governor-general; but tell him to 'box'em,' and don't let him prescribe medicine again for any moushick. No one dares give medicine here but the faculty, and you cannot buy any but through a certificate from one of our noble profession. When you return this way, remember my name; send for me. Grog, beef-steak, box'em, Palmerston! Ha, ha! Adieu."

Thus throwing his whole stock of English into his final speech, he waved his farewell, and off we started for Orel, the next main point of our journey.

We had spent eight hours in Tula, so that it was eight at night before we left, and dark. One of our tarantases had been exchanged for a fresh one, the other not being considered safe: and in the new vehicle I had put my children, taking my own post for the night beside the driver on the box. All had been comfortably arranged for a long four days' journey without stopping, except to change horses. We had proceeded swiftly and comfortably for six hours, when, in leaving a small village where we had changed for the fourth time, and in turning a rather sharp corner, my tarantas upset with a smash. Thanks to the inside packing of pillows and beds, nobody was hurt. Our calls for help brought the "starosta" and his man from the station-house, and by their aid we were enabled to resume our journey. I should not have mentioned this small incident had it not been to show another phase of Russian manners.

The starosta here referred to, was the chief or overseer of the stables, but the word has a more extended sense. It is applied to all overseers, bailiffs, and chief men over the peasant class in stables, hospitals, farms, villages, and estates. The starosta has great influence over the peasants, and should be appointed by the peasants themselves, as was the case in days of yore before the peasantry were serfs. The name implies age and experience, and in those more primitive times discreet elders were elected by the peasants, in public meetings assembled, to represent them and take care of their interests. To these starostas they rendered a willing submission, indeed they and the sotnicks (overseers of a hundred) formed the only defences of the peasant against the baron. Peter the Great found it almost impossible fully to raise his taxes from the migratory peasantry, who in his day possessed the land. The tax-gatherer could never find the same men twice; they were gone, and new tenants, or no tenants, occupied the land. Peter made, therefore, a law that at a certain date every peasant or cultivator of the ground was to be a fixture on the land he was then farming, and that land only

was his. All that became surplus under this arrangement, the emperor appropriated to himself. Peter divided the country into governments or districts; appointed a governor in the principal town of each, giving him soldiers, police, and all the machinery of command. He then established a poll-tax, and, giving to the progenitors of the present barons, grants of land in these districts, made *them* responsible for the yearly payment of this tax. The government looked to the barons for it; and they, backed by the military power of the governor, levied it from the peasants. In the disputes arising out of this arrangement, the starosta represented the people, and he was chosen by them for this purpose, amongst others. They were not then serfs, but the levying of these taxes in course of time furnished the barons with an excuse for enslaving them. Peasants who could not, or who would not, pay, had their land taken from them, and were forced to work the land belonging to the baron. The barons, having to pay for all, introduced compulsory labour, more or less to meet their difficulty; and the peasants, being ignorant and priest-ridden, were easily robbed of their lands and rights by their self-constituted tax-collecting masters. Thus it was that, in course of time, they came to be regarded as the property of these men, and were bought and sold with the land, as beasts of burden. The government connived at all this.

So long as the tax was paid on each soul, all was right, and the passport gave means of determining the numbers upon each estate and village. In this way have the barons gradually, and surely, appropriated to themselves the land, labour, property, and persons, of the peasantry. And, this being the case, instead of calling the new edict an emancipation of serfs, it ought strictly to be called a restoration of the peasants' rights.

But the starosta, while this change was taking place, was not what he was first designed to be—the peasants' delegate. He has become a tool in the hands of the baron and the stewards: chosen not for his age and experience, but more frequently because of a certain kind of superior intelligence, and sometimes for a scrupulous devotion to his masters. Now, if the steward be a bad one, the starosta must be bad, because he is the exponent of the steward's will. Woe to the poor peasant when this is the case! The starosta knows intimately the domestic history, feelings, and conduct, of every serf on an estate; he pairs the young for marriage (not often compelling them against their inclination), and takes them before the baron or steward for his sanction. He selects the conscripts for the army: those who are to be sent out on "obrok:" and those who are to stay at home. He has the appointment of the different gangs of labourers on the estate, and it is he who, either with his own hand or by deputy, punishes the serfs for real or imaginary faults. In plain terms, he is the slave-driver of the American plantations, with this very material difference, that he is invariably a serf himself: one of the class over which he is placed; often, therefore, it will happen that he hates the steward, who is generally a German, and quietly contrives with the other serfs to thwart the steward's plans. Many tales are told of dreadful acts committed by serfs, at the instigation of the starosta, when goaded to madness by the tyranny and cruelty of stewards. I could tell some of these tales of horror, but why rake up the memory of past atrocities, when the whole system is doomed to destruction by the late emancipation edict?—one of those courageous acts for the advance of civilisation by which Alexander the Second will be honoured, centuries hence, whatever may be said in his own time by carping politicians. When this edict comes into force the starosta's occupation is gone.

The starosta who had come to our assistance imagined that my yeamshick was drunk, so, without more ado, he began to kick and beat the poor man in a most brutal manner. Not content with his own blows, he caused two of his satellites to aid in the kicking and beating. The poor man, notwithstanding our continual remonstrances, was kicked, beaten with a stick, slapped in the face, and bore it all without saying a word. Abuse and blows rained on him, until my friend Harry could stand it no longer. His English love of fair play was scandalised at seeing one man thus beaten by three, and, had I not restrained him, he would soon have made short work of the starosta and his gang. But the hindrance of a police difficulty could not be risked. We waited, therefore, impatiently until the men were tired of knocking the poor driver about. He was then sent back to the stables, and a boy of twelve years, or rather less, was put in his place on the box. Against this proceeding I strongly protested, for I thought the exchange much for the worse. Remonstrance, however, had no effect. The starosta assured me that he had not in all his gang a better driver than the boy; besides, he was brother to the pig who had overturned us; and as the horses belonged to them—or rather to their master—they must be driven back by one of them to the station whence they came. So, to the very tender mercies of the boy we were committed until daybreak.

MEMBERS OF THE V.C.

"Two other thieves, of the names of M'Kenzie and Holmes, were captured last evening by our patriotic fellow-citizens, the members of the V.C. (Vigilance Committee)." This I read in the Alta California, on a certain morning ten years ago. Too well I knew the interpretation of this paragraph. Two more wretched creatures, arrested perhaps for comparatively venial crimes, were about to be imprisoned, tortured, and finally put to death, by a merciless body of men, who having taken all power out of the hands of an effete police, perpetrated unheard-of horrors under the sole authority of Judge Lynch. I need not say that to me, as to all English residents in San Francisco, the American institution of "lynching" was revolting. It was un-

doubtedly true, that before the V.C. was organised, theft was usual and murder common. Nearly every morning, corpses of men killed in the dark by slung shot were found in the streets. I, like others, had had more than one escape from such assassination, and I owe my life probably to the possession of a feeble-minded pistol, which, though declining to go off above once in six times, had a highly-burnished barrel, easily seen; and a noisy lock, easily heard; which weapon I always cocked and handled ostentatiously when passing dangerous corners at night, on my way home to Happy Valley. It is also true that the police were thought to be aiders and abettors of crime. But better—a thousand times better—even this, than the open day murdering by the "Vigilance," who had gone on from one excess to another, until some of its more sanguinary members openly announced their intention to hang any one, even for the theft of a "red cent," or, as we should say at home, of a brass farthing.

Yet on the evening of the day on which I read the before cited paragraph, I entered myself as a member of the Vigilance Committee! Yes. Inconsistent as the act may seem, considering my opinion of that body, I not only joined it, but also persuaded a good friend of mine to do the same. His christian name was "Dave." He was a stalwart hunter from Texas, who, if he had had brains in proportion to his inches, would have been a prodigy; but as he hadn't, he wasn't.

Our committee consisted of several hundred men, well armed, who were compelled each to take his turn of duty when it came round, and fulfil to the letter the orders of the "almighty majority." They were chiefly American residents of San Francisco, and were popularly supposed to be the most well-to-do and respectable merchants in the city. We, that is my friend Dave and I, entered the premises of the V.C. with considerable curiosity, and found them to consist of a large wooden building of two stories, which had formerly been a store. Business was transacted in the top story: a long naked-looking room, with two doors at the front instead of windows, over which were placed outside, a couple of small cranes fitted with pulleys and ropes, formerly used to hoist goods out of the street. They were now used to hoist men into another world. In a word, they were the ready-to-hand gallows of the Vigilance Committee. At the end of the room opposite these doors, was a post to which were then chained two miserable objects, the prisoners Holmes and M'Kenzie. Six armed men, regularly relieved, kept guard over them night and day.

A few days passed away, during which, as usual, "sensation" articles on the "new" prisoners appeared in the papers, which were eagerly read by the public. In fact, other amusements being fearfully expensive, the public—that is, the American element of it—owed at that period its chief and cheapest excitement to the enterprising operations of the V.C. If the men of other nations did not relish this sort of literature, their disgust is partly to be referred to the fact that they were called upon to furnish the hangable material. But as the V.C. used great delicacy in meddling with representatives of its own nation, the American public breakfasted cheerfully, with a "sensation" for relish at ten cents: that being the price of a morning paper. The confessions of the prisoners were continued from day to day, and consisted chiefly of rambling reminiscences of highway robberies, burglaries, and petty larcenies. In giving them to the public, the V.C. had no doubt a certain end in view, and that was, to excuse or palliate its own proceedings.

"But," the reader may inquire, "were these confessions valid?" To this query, as a respectable ex-member of the V.C., I reply that they were as valid as the witch confessions of old times, and as confessions generally are, when wrung out by torture.

If I were a hapless prisoner, not knowing from one minute to another when a cruel death would overtake me, and if, while I lay in this anguish, a mob of drunken rowdies were in the habit of invading my prison at all hours—midnight for choice—and putting a rope round my neck, and dragging me about the floor, swearing with horrible imprecations that they would there and then put me to death if I did not confess something; would that be torture? The V.C. did this to their prisoners, when I and Dave were present. At length, no more confessions were to be got out of them. Their memories or their imaginations failed. So much the worse for *them*. "Nothing now remained," as an eloquent morning paper remarked, "but for the majesty of the people's justice to assert itself." In other words, the prisoners were to be *hanged*, and execution was accordingly ordered for the morrow.

That evening I secretly held "deep converse" with a certain middle-aged determined-looking American gentleman. Dave also was present, and might have held deep converse too if he liked; but being in nowise deep, he didn't. Nevertheless, he paid great heed to what was going on. Here is the fag end of our interview.

"At what time do you go on guard to-night?" asked the Determined One.

"At ten o'clock, and are relieved at six in the morning."

"Good; at two o'clock I shall be with you. That will give you plenty of time for your operations. And lookee hy'ar," added the speaker, waxing star and stripy in his accent as he became excited, "if so be you do your parts, gentlemen, sure as shooting I shall do mine. Yes, sir. I guess they reckon up my men pretty considerable mean in this har city; but if I wasn't short of hands—which I am, dreadful—I want to know whose got the grit to work well and risk his skin, when his salary's paid in city scrip at seventy-five cents discount, as my poor fellows' salaries air? Wal, sir! I reckon a few hours will jest figure up whether they kin do their duty or kin not. I'm bound to hev them

pris'ners this night or die, sure as my name's M'Kay!"

M'Kay was the name of the stout sheriff of San Francisco: "a good man and true," as he has often proved himself. In a word, Dave and I had enrolled ourselves in the ranks of the V.C. in pursuance of a covert understanding with the sheriff, which had for its express object the rescue of these unhappy prisoners. We should have made the attempt sooner, but that until now we had not been able to get ourselves detailed for guard. In selecting Dave as my comrade in this enterprise, I had not been guided by any great respect for his intellect—which, as I have hinted, was not well developed—but because he was the best-hearted of men, with unlimited strength and pluck, and, above all, was a man who could be thoroughly depended on. Such qualities were wanted for our enterprise, which was of a ticklish nature. The slightest suspicion of our purpose on the part of the V.C. would either doom us to the gallows, or cause our immediate extradition from the state: the lightest punishment inflicted upon those who made themselves obnoxious to the ruling powers. With a sensitive knowledge of our position, I repeated Dave's instructions over and over again to him, before we went on guard.

"Ah's me!" he ejaculated, as he listened rather impatiently, "if we'd only jest a score of mountain boys from down Texas way along now, we'd chaw up yon Vig'lance, right away!"

I was obliged to administer a "clincher" upon this digression.

"Dave, have you got a score of mountain boys along?"

"Wal, no."

"Have you got one?"

Dave "guessed he hadn't. Wished he had."

"Then what's the use of talking about 'em?"

Waiting until Dave recovered from this poser, I proceeded: "Remember, there will be six of us on guard to-night. That's four beside ourselves, isn't it? Out of those four, two are neutral. They belong to a moderate party in the V.C., disgusted with its doings, but not daring to confess themselves disgusted. They will not interfere with us if they can keep quiet without compromising themselves. So, there remain only two men point blank against us. With one of these I am acquainted; he is a bar-keeper much given to drams, and I can engage to make him 'safe.' The fourth man, Doctor Jonah Fisk, is hardest to manage of the whole lot. He is one of the chiefs of the V.C., has a great name for 'smartness,' and though he, likewise, drinks, it takes an immense quantity of stuff to shut his eyes. So, Dave, we look to *you* to account for this man."

"I'll give the black snake eternal goss!" responded Dave, feeling in his boot for his bowie.

"I tell you that violence will never do, and is not to be used. Dave, your instructions are, to engage the doctor at cards; he is a great gambler, and, as we know you are 'some pumpkins' at the 'monongahela' (namely, whisky), only contrive to drink him 'blind,' and all will be well."

"Don't you fear, squire," said Dave; and we parted to make preparations for the evening.

Ten o'clock came. Dave and I arrived at the Vigilance rooms separately, in order to avoid suspicion, and our men were there before us. I found time to shake hands with Sims the bar-keeper, and to exchange a significant look with our two demi-allies: a pair of honest-looking storekeepers. I then turned my attention to the doctor, and surveyed him with eagerness, as an antagonist with whom I was about to engage in a duel of wits to the death. He was a tall lathy man, with a low forehead and small cruel eyes, but by no means wanting in resolution and energy; there was evidence of that in his high cheek-bones and massive lower jaw.

"Well, gents," he said, taking the initiative, "we must be spry to-night, and keep our eyes skinned. There's a report that the sheriff has said he won't let us keep our prisoners nohow. Guess he's jest out there, *he* is! To-morrow night he may have 'em and welcome, not afore; no, sir, ha! ha!" Making this cruel jest ring in the ears of the prisoners, he laughed discordantly. "By-the-by," he resumed, "have those fellows' chain fixings been looked to?"

"I will see to that," I replied; and, hastening to the prisoners under pretence of examining their chains, I passed to each a couple of small watch-spring files and a bottle of sweet oil. What a look of gratitude those broken-down men gave me in return! "Work for your lives," I whispered; "the chain must be cut through in five hours."

Returning to the fire stove, about which the guard was grouped, I found to my vexation that the dunder-headed Dave had got hold of Sims the bar-keeper, and was making insane proposals of drink and cards to him. He had mistaken him for the doctor. "Dave," said I, making my fingers and thumb nearly meet in the brawny arm of the giant as I slewed him round, "this is the doctor."

"Glad to see you, squire," said Dave, with a shambling bow, rubbing his arm.

Two hours passed away in desultory conversation, during which I plied the bar-keeper, nothing loth, with liquor from a demijohn of "monongahela," always kept in the rooms for the refection of the committee, until he was quite stupified and went to sleep. The two neutrals feigned to drink, as a pretext for following his example, and Dave, who had now contrived to get on good terms with the doctor, sat a little apart with him, playing "old sledge." The prisoners couched in an attitude of repose in the obscurity of the end of the room, and no doubt worked away with a will at their fetters. All seemed to be going on well. "Two hours hence," I thought, "and the thing is done, without risk or bloodshed; for the doctor—seasoned vessel though he is—must certainly succumb before then, to the innumerable 'smiles' with which Dave is plying him."

Thus time passed on, and from time to time I watched the face of the doctor, rapidly reddening under the influence of his potations, as anxiously

as a pilot consults his compass to be certain of his bearings.

Suddenly, to my unspeakable mortification, I saw him, as if he were struck by a sudden afterthought, throw down his cards, rise from his seat, and walk with unequal steps towards the prisoners, evidently to inspect them. How if he should discover their filed chains! It was a moment of intense suspense to me. But he came back to his seat again, apparently satisfied. "Squire," said Dave, approaching me at this juncture, "yon darned skunk won't play nor drink no more, nohow." I looked at my watch. To my dismay it was half-past one; there was only half an hour to spare before the sheriff would arrive.

The time had come when it was necessary to play my last card.

"Dave," I whispered, "there is only one thing to be done. Pick a quarrel with the doctor and disable him; but remember you must use no weapons."

"All right," replied my cool Texian partisan; adding, admiringly, "what smart head fixins you have got, squire, surely! Why ain't you a land jobber? You'd make a fortin at it down our way."

A few minutes after this, a "difficulty" occurred between the late pair of card-players, arising from a discussion on the last game. It ended in Dave picking up the doctor by his waistband, before he could draw knife or pistol, carrying him in spite of his struggles to the door, and hurling him violently down stairs. This performance achieved, I had the effrontery to go and pick up the fallen man, and condole with him on his misfortune. Though terribly shaken, he was not seriously injured. As I had foreseen, he declined to go up into the room again, but with hideous imprecations against Dave, limped off home.

Shortly after his departure, all the guards were asleep, or shamming sleep. Two o'clock—time up! To the minute, I heard the forcing of the lower door. Then I heard stealthy steps ascending the stairs, and suddenly the door of our room was sent in with a crash, and a dozen policemen leaped upon and disarmed us before one of us could draw a weapon in defence. The sheriff of San Francisco then stood forth.

"M'Kenzie and Holmes," he said, addressing the prisoners, "come forward!"

The persons addressed sprang to their feet. Their chains fell from them to the ground, and they hastened towards the sheriff, who gave them into the custody of his men.

"And now, gentlemen," he said, turning to us, "I wish you good morning. Tell your committee that M'Kay and his men have done their duty. Bring on the prisoners, boys, to the jail; hurry!"

Taken by surprise and disarmed, what were we five disconsolate members of the V. C. to do? Simply, all that we could do, to save our reputations. This was not much, and consisted in rushing to the engine-house near at hand and tolling the Vigilance bell, never rung save in cases of executions or fires. In a few minutes the whole city was alarmed, and turned out. Scores of half-dressed Vigilance men, weapons in hand, poured into the committee-rooms, but they came too late. M'Kay and his party, having gained the protection of the jail, were safe.

This affair caused a great sensation. Never before had the V.C. met with such a check. They were furious. Luckily for us they did not suspect treachery, and were satisfied with expelling us all from their ranks, except the doctor. I need not say that to Dave and myself this was no calamity.

I wish my story ended happily here, like the old story-books. But, as these miserable details are unfortunately true, I am compelled to add, that the efforts made to save the prisoners, eventually proved futile, owing to the treachery or the carelessness of the police. The V.C., smarting under their defeat, determined to recapture their prisoners, and recover their lost prestige, at any hazard. About three weeks after the night I have described, all the prisoners of the state jail were attending prayers in the chapel one Sunday afternoon. In the midst of the service, a forlorn hope, sworn to succeed or die, organised by the V.C., and composed of some half-dozen young fellows armed to the teeth, burst into the chapel. As there was, by a suspicious coincidence, only one jailer present, they instantly seized on M'Kenzie and Holmes, and bore them away without resistance. A light waggon with a team of six blood horses was ready waiting in the street, and, flinging their miserable victims into it, the desperadoes drove at full gallop through the city to the Vigilance rooms, about three-quarters of a mile distant. As the most effectual means of putting their prey beyond all chance of recapture, it was determined at a hurried consultation of the V.C. to hang the men at once. And so, on the calm summer afternoon of that day sacred to God's service, the deep tones of the Vigilance bell tolled forth its deadly warning.

Wedged in an immense crowd, I stood before the committee-rooms, and looked on at the tragedy I had risked my life to prevent. I dare not give the details of what I saw. Enough that the wretched creatures were put to death in the most shocking manner, and that every wanton atrocity and shameful indignity that the worst passions of man could invent were heaped upon them.

At the completion, in March, of

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S NEW WORK,

A STRANGE STORY,

Will be commenced

A NEW NOVEL, BY MR. WILKIE COLLINS.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER LXXV.

I FOUND Mrs. Ashleigh waiting for me in our usual sitting-room. She was in tears. She had begun to despond of Lilian's recovery, and she infected me with her own alarm. However, I disguised my participation in her fears, soothed and sustained her as I best could, and persuaded her to retire to rest. I saw Faber for a few minutes before I sought my own chamber. He assured me that there was no perceptible change for the worse in Lilian's physical state since he had last seen me, and that her mind, even within the last few hours, had become decidedly more clear. He thought that, within the next twenty-four hours, the reason would make a strong and successful effort for complete recovery; but he declined to hazard more than a hope that the effort would not exhaust the enfeebled powers of the frame. He himself was so in need of a few hours of rest that I ceased to harass him with questions which he could not answer, and fears which he could not appease. Before leaving him for the night, I told him briefly that there was a traveller in my hut smitten by a disease which seemed to me so grave that I would ask his opinion of the case, if he could accompany me to the hut the next morning.

My own thoughts that night were not such as would suffer me to sleep.

Before Margrave's melancholy state much of my former fear and abhorrence faded away. This being, so exceptional that fancy might well invest him with preternatural attributes, was now reduced by human suffering to human sympathy and comprehension. Yet his utter want of conscience was still as apparent as in his day of joyous animal spirits. With what hideous candour he had related his perfidy and ingratitude to the man to whom, in his belief, he owed an inestimable obligation, and with what insensibility to the signal retribution which in most natures would have awakened remorse!

And by what dark hints and confessions did he seem to confirm the incredible memoir of Sir Philip Derval! He owned that he had borne from the corpse of Haroun the medicament to which he ascribed his recovery from a state yet more hopeless than that under which he now laboured! He had alluded, rapidly, obscurely, to some knowledge at his command "surer than man's!" And now, even now, the mere wreck of his former existence—by what strange charm did he still control and confuse my reason! And how was it that I felt myself murmuring, again and again, "But what, after all, if his hope be no chimera, and if Nature do hide a secret by which I could save the life of my beloved Lilian?"

And again and again, as that thought would force itself on me, I rose, and crept to Lilian's threshold, listening to catch the faintest sound of her breathing. All still, all dark! and the great physician doubts whether recognised science can turn aside from her couch the stealthy tread of death, while in yon log-hut one whose malady recognised science could *not* doubt to be mortal has composed himself to sleep confident of life! Recognised science! recognised ignorance! The science of to-day is the ignorance of to-morrow! Every year some bold guess lights up a truth to which, but the year before, the schoolmen of science were as blinded as moles.

"What, then," my lips kept repeating—"what if Nature do hide a secret by which the life of my life can be saved? What do we know of the secrets of Nature? What said Newton himself of his knowledge? 'I am like a child picking up pebbles and shells on the sand, while the great ocean of Truth lies all undiscovered around me!' And did Newton himself, in the ripest growth of his matchless intellect, hold the creed of the alchemists in scorn? Had he not given to one object of their research, in the transmutation of metals, his days and his nights? Is there proof that he ever convinced himself that the research was the dream which we, who are not Newtons, call it?* And that

* "Besides the three great subjects of Newton's labours—the fluxional calculus, physical astronomy, and optics—a very large portion of his time, while resident in his college, was devoted to researches of which scarcely a trace remains. Alchemy, which had fascinated so many eager and ambitious minds, seems to have tempted Newton with an overwhelming force. What theories he formed, what experiments he tried, in that laboratory where, it is said, the fire was scarcely extinguished for weeks together, will never be known. It is certain that no success attended his labours; and Newton was not a man—like Kepler—to detail to the world all the hopes and disappointments, all the crude and mystical fancies, which mixed themselves up with

other great sage, inferior only to Newton—the calculating doubt-weigher, Descartes—had he not believed in the yet nobler hope of the alchemists—believed in some occult nostrum or process by which human life could attain to the age of the Patriarchs?"*

In thoughts like these the night wore away, the moonbeams that streamed through my window lighting up the spacious solitudes beyond—mead and creek, forest-land, mountain-top—and the silence without broken by the wild cry of the night-hawk and the sibilant melancholy dirge of the shining chrysococyx;*—bird that never sings but at night, and obstinately haunts the roofs of the sick and dying, ominous of woe and death.

But up sprang the sun, and, chasing these gloomy sounds, outburst the wonderful chorus of Australian groves, the great king-fisher opening the jocund melodious babble with the glee of his social laugh.

And now I heard Faber's step in Lilian's room—heard, through the door, her soft voice, though I could not distinguish the words. It was not long before I saw the kind physician standing at the threshold of my chamber. He pressed his finger to his lip, and made me a sign to follow him. I obeyed, with noiseless tread and stifled breathing. He waited me in the garden under the flowering acacias, passed his arm in mine, and drew me into the open pasture-land.

"Compose yourself," he then said; "I bring you tidings both of gladness and of fear. Your Lilian's mind is restored: even the memories which had been swept away by the fever that followed her return to her home in L—— are

his career of philosophy. Many years later we find Newton in correspondence with Locke, with reference to a mysterious red earth by which Boyle, who was then recently dead, had asserted that he could effect the grand desideratum of multiplying gold. By this time, however, Newton's faith had become somewhat shaken by the unsatisfactory communications which he had himself received from Boyle on the subject of the golden recipe, though he did not abandon the idea of giving the experiment a further trial as soon as the weather should become suitable for furnace experiments."—Quarterly Review, No. 220, pp. 125-6.

* Southey, in his Doctor, vol. vi. p. 2, reports the conversation of Sir Kenelm Digby with Descartes, in which the great geometrician said, "That as for rendering men immortal, it was what he could not venture to promise, but that he was very sure he could prolong his life to the standard of the patriarchs." And Southey adds, "that St. Evremond, to whom Digby repeated this, says that this opinion of Descartes was well known both to his friends in Holland and in France." By the stress Southey lays on this hearsay evidence, it is clear that he was not acquainted with the works and biography of Descartes, or he would have gone to the fountain-head for authority on Descartes's opinions—viz. Descartes himself. It is to be wished that Southey had done so, for no one more than he would have appreciated the exquisitely candid and lovable nature of the illustrious Frenchman, and the sincerity with which he cherished in his heart whatever doctrine he conceived in his understanding. Descartes, whose knowledge of anatomy was considerable, had that passion for the art of medicine which is almost inseparable from the pursuit of natural philosophy. At the age of twenty-four he had sought (in Germany) to obtain initiation into the brotherhood of the Rosicrucians, but unluckily could not discover any member of the society to introduce him. "He desired," says Cousin, "to assure the health of man, diminish his ills, extend his existence. He was terrified by the rapid and almost momentary passage of man upon earth. He believed it was not, perhaps, impossible to prolong its duration." There is a hidden recess of grandeur in this idea, and the means proposed by Descartes for the execution of his project were not less grand. In his Discourse on Method, Descartes says, "If it is possible to find some means to render generally men more wise and more able than they have been till now, it is, I believe, in medicine that those means must be sought. **** I am sure that there is no one, even in the medical profession, who will not avow that all which one knows of the medical art is almost nothing in comparison to that which remains to learn, and that one could be exempted from an infinity of maladies, both of body and mind, and even, perhaps, from the decrepitude of old age, if one had sufficient lore of their causes and of all the remedies which nature provides for them. Therefore, having *design to employ all my life in the research of a science so necessary, and having discovered a path which appears to me such that one ought infallibly, in following, to find it*, if one is not hindered prematurely by the brevity of life or by the defects of experience, I consider that there is no better remedy against those two hindrances than to communicate faithfully to the public the little I have found," &c. (Discours de la Méthode, vol. i. Œuvres de Descartes, Cousin's edition.) And again, in his Correspondence (vol. ix. p. 341), he says, "The conservation of health has been always the principal object of my studies, and I have no doubt that there is a means of acquiring much knowledge touching medicine which, up to this time, is ignored." He then refers to his meditated Treatise on Animals as only an entrance upon that knowledge. But whatever secrets Descartes may have thought to discover, they are not made known to the public according to his promise. And in a letter to M. Chanut, written 1646 (four years before he died), he says ingenuously, "I will tell you in confidence that the notion, such as it is, which I have endeavoured to acquire in physical philosophy, has greatly assisted me to establish certain foundations for moral philosophy; and that I am more easily satisfied upon this point than I am on many others touching medicine, to which I have, nevertheless, devoted much more time. So that" (adds the grand thinker with a pathetic nobleness)—"so that, *instead of finding the means to preserve life, I have found another good, more easy and more sure, which is—not to fear death.*"

* Chrysococyx lucidus—viz. the bird popularly called the shining, or bronzed cuckoo. "Its note is an exceedingly melancholy whistle, heard at night, when it is very annoying to any sick or nervous person who may be inclined to sleep. I have known many instances where the bird has been perched on a tree in the vicinity of the room of an invalid uttering its mournful notes, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that it could be dislodged from its position."—Dr. Bennett's Gatherings of a Naturalist in Australasia.

returning, though as yet indistinct. She yearns to see you, to bless you for all your noble devotion, your generous, great-hearted love; but I forbid such interview now. If, in a few hours, she become either decidedly stronger or decidedly more enfeebled, you shall be summoned to her side. Even if you are condemned to a loss for which the sole consolation must be placed in the life hereafter, you shall have, at least, the last mortal commune of soul with soul. Courage—courage! You are man! Bear as man what you have so often bid other men submit to endure."

I had flung myself on the ground—writhing worm that had no home but on earth! Man, indeed! Man! All, at that moment, I took from manhood was its acute sensibility to love and to anguish!

But after all such paroxysms of mortal pain, there comes a strange lull. Thought itself halts, like the still hush of water between two descending torrents. I rose in a calm, which Faber might well mistake for fortitude.

"Well," I said, quietly, "fulfil your promise. If Lilian is to pass away from me, I shall see her, at least, again; no wall, you tell me, between our minds: mind to mind once more—once more!"

"Allen," said Faber, mournfully and softly, "why do you shun to repeat my words—soul to soul?"

"Ay, ay—I understand. Those words mean that you have resigned all hope that Lilian's life will linger here, when her mind comes back in full consciousness; I know well that last lightning flash and the darkness which swallows it up!"

"You exaggerate my fears. I have not resigned the hope that Lilian will survive the struggle through which she is passing, but it would be cruel to deceive you—my hope is weaker than it was."

"Ay, ay. Again, I understand! Your science is in fault—it desponds. Its last trust is in the wonderful resources of Nature—the vitality stored in the young?"

"You have said: Those resources of Nature *are* wondrous. The vitality of youth is a fountain springing up from the deeps out of sight, when, a moment before, we had measured the drops oozing out from the sands, and thought that the well was exhausted."

"Come with me—come. I told you of another sufferer yonder. I want your opinion of his case. But can you be spared a few minutes from Lilian's side?"

"Yes; I left her asleep. What is the case that perplexes your eye of physician, which is usually keener than mine, despite all the length of my practice?"

"The sufferer is young—his organisation rare in its vigour. He has gone through and survived assaults upon life that are commonly fatal. His system has been poisoned by the fangs of a venomous asp, and shattered by the blast of the plague. These alone, I believe, would not suffice to destroy him. But he is one who has a strong dread of death. And while the heart was thus languid and feeble, it has been gnawed by emotions of hope or of fear. I suspect that he is dying, not from the bite of the reptile, not from the taint of the pestilence, but from the hope and the fear that have overtasked the heart's functions. Judge for yourself."

We were now at the door of the hut. I unlocked it: we entered. Margrave had quitted his bed, and was pacing the room slowly. His step was less feeble; his countenance less haggard than on the previous evening.

He submitted himself to Faber's questioning with a quiet indifference, and evidently cared nothing for any opinion which the great physician might found on his replies.

When Faber had learned all he could, he said, with a grave smile, "I see that my advice will have little weight with you; such as it is, at least reflect on it. The conclusions to which your host arrived in his view of your case, and which he confided to me, are, in my humble judgment, correct. I have no doubt that the great organ of the heart is involved in the cause of your sufferings; but the heart is a noble and much-enduring organ. I have known men, in whom it has been more severely and unequivocally affected with disease than it is in you, live on for many years, and ultimately die of some other disorder. But then life was held, as yours must be held, upon one condition—repose. I enjoin you to abstain from all violent action; to shun all excitements that cause moral disturbance. You are young: would you live on, you must live as the old. More than this—it is my duty to warn you that your tenure on earth is very precarious; you may attain to many years; you may be suddenly called hence to-morrow. The best mode to regard this uncertainty, with the calm in which is your only chance of long life, is so to arrange all your worldly affairs, and so to discipline all your human anxieties, as to feel always prepared for the summons that may come without warning. For the rest, quit this climate as soon as you can—it is the climate in which the blood courses too quickly for one who should shun all excitement. Seek the most equable atmosphere—choose the most tranquil pursuits—and Fenwick, himself, in his magnificent pride of stature and strength, may be nearer the grave than you are."

"Your opinion coincides with that I have just heard?" asked Margrave, turning to me.

"In much—yes."

"It is more favourable than I should have supposed. I am far from disdaining the advice so kindly offered. Permit me, in turn, two or three questions, Dr. Faber. Do you prescribe to me no drugs from your pharmacopœia?"

"Drugs may palliate many sufferings incidental to organic disease; but drugs cannot reach organic disease itself."

"Do you believe that, even where disease is plainly organic, Nature herself has no alterative and reparative powers by which the organ assailed may recover itself?"

"A few exceptional instances of such forces

in nature are upon record; but we must go by general laws, and not by exceptions."

"Have you never known instances, do you not at this moment know one, in which a patient whose malady baffles the doctor's skill, imagines or dreams of a remedy? Call it a whim if you please, learned sir; do you not listen to the whim, and, in despair of your own prescriptions, comply with those of the patient?"

Faber changed countenance, and even started. Margrave watched him, and laughed.

"You grant that there are such cases, in which the patient gives the law to the physician. Now, apply your experience to my case. Suppose some strange fancy had seized upon my imagination—that is the doctor's cant word for all phenomena that we call exceptional—some strange fancy that I had thought of a cure for this disease for which you have no drugs; and suppose this fancy of mine to be so strong, so vivid, that to deny me its gratification would produce the very emotion from which you warn me as fatal—storm the heart, that you would soothe to repose, by the passions of rage and despair—would you, as my trusted physician, concede or deny me my whim?"

"Can you ask? I should grant it at once, if I had no reason to know that the thing which you fancied was harmful."

"Good man and wise doctor. I have no other question to ask. I thank you."

Faber looked hard on the young wan face, over which played a smile of triumph and irony; then turned away with an expression of doubt and trouble on his own noble countenance. I followed him silently into the open air.

"Who and what is this visitor of yours?" he asked, abruptly.

"Who and what! I cannot tell you."

Faber remained some moments musing, and muttering slowly to himself, "Tut; but a chance coincidence—a hap-hazard allusion to a fact which he could not have known!"

"Faber," said I, abruptly, "can it be that Lilian is the patient in whose self-suggested remedies you confide more than in the various learning at command of your practised skill?"

"I cannot deny it," replied Faber, reluctantly. "In the intervals of that suspense from waking sense, which in her is not sleep, nor yet altogether catalepsy, she has, for the last few days, stated accurately the precise moment in which the trance—if I may so call it—would pass away, and prescribed for herself the remedies that should be then administered. In every instance the remedies so self-prescribed, though certainly not those which would have occurred to my mind, have proved efficacious. Her rapid progress to reason I ascribe to the treatment she herself ordained in her trance, without remembrance of her own suggestions when she awoke. I had meant to defer communicating these phenomena in the idiosyncrasy of her case until our minds could more calmly inquire into the process by which ideas—not apparently derived as your metaphysical school would derive all ideas, from preconceived experiences—will thus sometimes act like an instinct on the human sufferer, for self-preservation, as the bird is directed to the herb or the berry which heals or assuages its ailments. We know how the mesmerists would account for this phenomenon of hygienic introvision and clairvoyance. But here, there is no mesmeriser, unless the patient can be supposed to mesmerise herself. Long, however, before mesmerism was heard of, medical history attests examples in which patients who baffled the skill of the ablest physicians have fixed their fancies on some remedy that physicians would call inoperative for good or for harm, and have recovered by the remedies thus singularly self-suggested. And Hippocrates himself, if I construe his meaning rightly, recognises the powers for self-cure which the condition of trance will sometimes bestow on the sufferer, 'where' (says the father of our art) 'the sight being closed to the external, the soul more truthfully perceives the affections of the body.' In short—I own it—in this instance, the skill of the physician has been a compliant obedience to the instinct called forth in the patient. And the hopes I have hitherto permitted myself to give you, were founded on my experience that her own hopes, conceived in trance, had never been fallacious or exaggerated. The simples that I gathered for her yesterday she had described; they are not in our herbal. But as they are sometimes used by the natives, I had the curiosity to analyse their chemical properties shortly after I came to the colony, and they seemed to me as innocent as lime-blossoms. They are rare in this part of Australia, but she told me where I should find them—a remote spot which she has certainly never visited. Last night, when you saw me disturbed, dejected, it was because, for the first time, the docility with which she had hitherto in her waking state obeyed her own injunctions in the state of trance, forsook me. She could not be induced to taste the decoction I had made from the herbs; and if you found me this morning with weaker hopes than before, this is the real cause—viz. that when I visited her at sunrise, she was not in sleep but in trance, and in that trance she told me that she had nothing more to suggest or reveal; that on the complete restoration of her senses, which was at hand, the abnormal faculties vouchsafed to trance would be withdrawn. 'As for my life,' she said, quietly, as if unconscious of our temporary joy or woe in the term of its tenure here—'as for my life, your aid is now idle; my own vision obscure; on my life a dark and cold shadow is resting. I cannot foresee if it will pass away. When I strive to look around, I see but my Allen——'"

"And so," said I, mastering my emotions, "in bidding me hope, you did not rely on your own resources of science, but on the whisper of Nature in the brain of your patient?"

"It is so."

We both remained silent some moments, and

then, as he disappeared within my house, I murmured:

"And when she strives to look beyond the shadow, she sees only me! Is there some prophet-hint of Nature there also, directing me not to scorn the secret which a wanderer, so suddenly dropped on my solitude, assures me that Nature will sometimes reveal to her seeker? And oh, that dark wanderer; has Nature a marvel more weird than himself!"

CHAPTER LXXVI.

I STRAYED through the forest till noon, in debate with myself, and strove to shape my wild doubts into purpose, before I could nerve and compose myself again to face Margrave alone.

I re-entered the hut. To my surprise, Margrave was not in the room in which I had left him, nor in that which adjoined it. I ascended the stairs to the kind of loft in which I had been accustomed to pursue my studies, but in which I had not set foot since my alarm for Lilian had suspended my labours. There I saw Margrave quietly seated before the manuscript of my Ambitious Work, which lay open on the rude table just as I had left it, in the midst of its concluding summary.

"I have taken the license of former days, you see," said Margrave, smiling, "and have hit by chance on a passage I can understand without effort. But why such a waste of argument to prove a fact so simple? In man, as in brute, life once lost is lost for ever; and that is why life is so precious to man."

I took the book from his hand, and flung it aside in wrath. His approval revolted me more with my own theories than all the argumentative rebukes of Faber.

"And now," I said, sternly, "the time has come for the explanation you promised. Before I can aid you in any experiment that may serve to prolong your life, I must know how far that life has been a baleful and destroying influence?"

"I have some faint recollection of having saved your life from an imminent danger, and if gratitude were the attribute of man, as it is of the dog, I should claim your aid to save mine as a right. Ask me what you will. You must have seen enough of me to know that I do not affect either the virtues or vices of others. I regard both with so supreme an indifference, that I believe I am vicious or virtuous unawares. I know not if I can explain what seems to have perplexed you, but if I cannot explain I have no intention to lie. Speak; I listen. We have time enough now before us."

So saying, he reclined back in the chair, stretching out his limbs wearily. All round this spoilt darling of Material Nature the aids and appliances of Intellectual Science! Books, and telescopes, and crucibles, with the light of day coming through a small circular aperture in the boarded casement, as I had constructed the opening for my experimental observation of the prismal rays.

While I write, his image is as visible before my remembrance as if before the actual eye—beautiful even in its decay, awful even in its weakness, mysterious as is Nature herself amidst all the mechanism by which our fancied knowledge attempts to measure her laws and analyse her light.

But at that moment no such subtle reflections delayed my inquisitive eager mind from its immediate purpose—who and what was this creature boasting of a secret through which I might rescue from death the life of her who was my all upon the earth?

I gathered rapidly and succinctly together all that I knew and all that I guessed of Margrave's existence and arts. I commenced from my Vision in that mimic Golgotha of creatures inferior to man, close by the scene of man's most trivial and meaningless pastime. I went on: Derval's murder; the missing contents of the casket; the apparition seen by the maniac assassin guiding him to the horrid deed; the luminous haunting Shadow; the positive charge in the murdered man's memoir connecting Margrave with Louis Grayle, and accusing him of the murder of Haroun; the night in the moonlit pavilion at Derval Court; the baneful influence on Lilian; the struggle between me and himself in the house by the sea-shore;—The strange All that is told in this Strange Story.

But, warming as I spoke, and in a kind of fierce joy to be enabled thus to free my own heart of the doubts that had burdened it, now that I was fairly face to face with the being by whom my reason had been so perplexed, and my life so tortured, I was restrained by none of the fears lest my own fancy deceived me, with which in his absence I had striven to reduce to natural causes, the portents of terror and wonder. I stated plainly, directly, the beliefs, the impressions which I had never dared even to myself to own without seeking to explain them away. And coming at last to a close, I said: "Such are the evidences that seem to me to justify abhorrence of the life that you ask me to aid in prolonging. Your own tale of last night but confirms them. And why to me—to me—do you come with wild entreaties to lengthen the life that has blighted my own? How did you even learn the home in which I sought unavailing refuge? How—as your hint to Faber clearly revealed—were you aware that, in yon house, where the sorrow is veiled, where the groan is suppressed, where the foot-tread falls ghostlike, there struggles now between life and death my heart's twin, my world's sunshine? Ah! through my terror for her, is it a demon that tells you how to bribe my abhorrence into submission, and supple my reason into use to your ends?"

Margrave had listened to me throughout with a fixed attention, at times with a bewildered stare, at times with exclamations of surprise, but not of denial. And when I had done, he remained for some moments silent, seemingly stupified, passing his hand repeatedly over his brow, in the gesture so familiar to him in former days.

At length he said, quietly, without evincing any sign either of resentment or humiliation:

"In much that you tell me I recognise myself; in much I am as lost in amazement as you in wild doubt or fierce wrath. Of the effect that you say Philip Derval produced on me I have no recollection. Of himself I have only this; that he was my foe, that he came to England intent on schemes to shorten my life or destroy its enjoyments. All my faculties tend to self-preservation; there they converge as rays in a focus; in that focus they illume and—they burn. I willed to destroy my intended destroyer. Did my will enforce itself on the agent to which it was guided? Likely enough. Be it so. Would you blame me for slaying the tiger or serpent—not by the naked hand, but by weapons that arm it? But what could tiger and serpent do more against me than the man who would rob me of life? He had his arts for assault, I had mine for self-defence. He was to me as the tiger that creeps through the jungle, or the serpent uncoiling his folds for the spring. Death to those whose life is destruction to mine, be they serpent, or tiger, or man! Derval perished. Yes! the spot in which the maniac had buried the casket *was* revealed to me—no matter how; the contents of the casket passed into my hands. I coveted that possession because I believed that Derval had learned from Haroun of Aleppo the secret by which the elixir of life is prepared, and I supposed that some stores of the essence would be found in his casket. I was deceived; not a drop! What I there found I knew not how to use or apply, nor did I care to learn. What I sought was not there. You see a luminous shadow of myself; it haunts, it accosts, it compels you. Of this I know nothing. Was it the emanation of my intense will really producing this spectre of myself? or was it the thing of your own imagination—an imagination which my will impressed and subjugated? I know not. At the hours when my shadow, real or supposed, was with you, my senses would have been locked in sleep. It is true, however, that I intensely desired to learn from races always near to man, but concealed from his every-day vision, the secret that I believed Philip Derval had carried with him to the tomb; and from some cause or another I cannot now of myself alone, as I could years ago, subject those races to my command—I must, in that, act through or with the mind of another. It is true that I sought to impress upon your waking thoughts the images of the circle, the powers of the wand, which, in your trance or sleep-walking, made you the involuntary agent of my will. I knew by a dream—for by dreams, more or less vivid, are the results of my waking will sometimes divulged to myself—that the spell had been broken, the discovery I sought not effected. All my hopes were then transferred from yourself, the dull votary of science, to the girl whom I charmed to my thraldom through her love for you, and through her dreams of a realm which the science of schools never enters. In her, imagination was all pure and all potent, and tell me, oh, practical reasoner, if reason has ever advanced one step into knowledge except through that imaginative faculty which is strongest in the wisdom of ignorance, and weakest in the ignorance of the wise. Ponder this, and those marvels that perplex you will cease to be marvellous. I pass on to the riddle that puzzles you most. By Philip Derval's account I am, in truth, Louis Grayle restored to youth by the elixir, and, while yet infirm, decrepit, murdered Haroun—a man of a frame as athletic as yours! By accepting this notion you seem to yourself alone to unravel the mysteries you ascribe to my life and my powers. Oh, wise philosopher! oh, profound logician! you accept that notion, yet hold my belief in the Dervish's tale a chimera! I am Grayle made young by the elixir, and yet the elixir itself is a fable!"

He paused and laughed, but the laugh was no longer even an echo of its former merriment or playfulness—a sinister and terrible laugh, mocking, threatening, malignant.

Again he swept his hand over his brows and resumed:

"Is it not easier to so accomplished a sage as you to believe that the idlers of Paris have guessed the true solution of that problem—my place on this earth? May I not be the love-son of Louis Grayle? And when Haroun refused the elixir to him, or he found that his frame was too far exhausted for even the elixir to repair organic lesions of structure in the worn frame of old age, may he not have indulged the common illusion of fathers, and soothed his death-pangs with the thought that he should live again in his son? Haroun is found dead on his carpet—rumour said strangled. What proof of the truth of that rumour? Might he not have passed away in a fit? Will it lessen your perplexity if I state recollections? They are vague—they often perplex myself; but so far from a wish to deceive you, my desire is to relate them so truthfully that you may aid me to reduce them into more definite form."

His face now became very troubled, the tone of his voice very irresolute: the face and the voice of a man who is either blundering his way through an intricate falsehood, or through obscure reminiscences.

"This Louis Grayle! this Louis Grayle! I remember him well, as one remembers a nightmare. Whenever I look back, before the illness of which I will presently speak, the image of Louis Grayle returns to me. I see myself with him in African wilds, commanding the fierce Abyssinians. I see myself with him in the fair Persian valley—lofty, snow-covered mountains encircling the garden of roses. I see myself with him in the hush of the golden noon, reclined by the spray of cool fountains; now listening to cymbals and lutes; now arguing with greybeards on secrets bequeathed by the Chaldees. With him, with him in moonlit nights, stealing into the sepulchres of mythical kings. I see myself with him in the aisles of dark caverns, surrounded by awful shapes, which have no likeness amongst the creatures of earth.

Louis Grayle! Louis Grayle! All my earlier memories go back to Louis Grayle! All my arts and powers, all that I have learned of the languages spoken in Europe, of the sciences taught in her schools, I owe to Louis Grayle. But am I one and the same with him! No. I am but a pale reflexion of his giant intellect. I have not even a reflexion of his childlike agonies of sorrow. Louis Grayle! He stands apart from me, as a rock from the tree that grows out from its chasms. Yes, the gossip was right; I must be his son."

He leant his face on both hands, rocking himself to and fro. At length, with a sigh, he resumed:

"I remember, too, a long and oppressive illness, attended with racking pains; a dismal journey in a wearisome litter, the light hand of the woman Ayesha, so sad and so stately, smoothing my pillow or fanning my brows. I remember the evening on which my nurse drew the folds of the litter aside, and said, 'See Aleppo! and the star of thy birth shining over its walls!'

"I remember a face inexpressibly solemn and mournful. I remember the chill that the calm of its ominous eye sent through my veins—the face of Haroun, the Sage of Aleppo. I remember the vessel of crystal he bore in his hand, and the blessed relief from my pains that a drop from the essence which flashed through the crystal bestowed! And then—and then—I remember no more till the night on which Ayesha came to my couch and said, 'Rise.'

"And I rose, leaning on her, supported by her. We went through dim narrow streets, faintly lit by wan stars, disturbing the prowl of the dogs, that slunk from the look of that woman. We came to a solitary house, small and low, and my nurse said, 'Wait.'

"She opened the door and went in; I seated myself on the threshold. And after a time she came out from the house, and led me, still leaning on her, into a chamber.

"A man lay, as in sleep, on the carpet, and beside him stood another man, whom I recognised as Ayesha's special attendant—an Indian. 'Haroun is dead,' said Ayesha. 'Search for that which will give thee new life. Thou hast seen, and wilt know it, not I.'

"And I put my hand on the breast of Haroun—for the dead man was he—and drew from it the vessel of crystal.

"Having done so, the frown on his marble brow appalled me. I staggered back, and swooned away.

"I came to my senses, recovered and rejoicing, miles afar from the city, the dawn red on its distant walls. Ayesha had tended me; the elixir had already restored me.

"My first thought, when full consciousness came back to me, rested on Louis Grayle, for he, also, had been at Aleppo. I was but one of his numerous train. He, too, was enfeebled and suffering; he had sought the known skill of Haroun for himself as for me; and this woman loved and had tended him as she had loved and tended me. And my nurse told me that he was dead, and forbade me henceforth to breathe his name.

"We travelled on—she and I, and the Indian, her servant—my strength still renewed by the wondrous elixir. No longer supported by her; what gazelle ever roved through its pasture with a bound more elastic than mine?

"We came to a town, and my nurse placed before me a mirror. I did not recognise myself. In this town we rested obscure, till the letter there reached me by which I learned that I was the offspring of love, and enriched by the care of a father recently dead. Is it not clear that Louis Grayle was this father?"

"If so, was the woman Ayesha your mother?"

"The letter said that 'my mother had died in my infancy.' Nevertheless, the care with which Ayesha had tended me induced a suspicion that made me ask her the very question you put. She wept when I asked her, and said 'No, only my nurse. And now I needed a nurse no more.' The day after I received the letter which announced an inheritance that allowed me to vie with the nobles of Europe, this woman left me, and went back to her tribe."

"Have you never seen her since?"

Margrave hesitated a moment, and then answered, though with seeming reluctance, "Yes, at Damascus. Not many days after I was borne to that city by the strangers, who found me half-dead on their road, I woke one morning to find her by my side. And she said, 'In joy and in health you did not need me. I am needed now.'"

"Did you then deprive yourself of one so devoted? You have not made this long voyage—from Egypt to Australia—alone; you, to whom wealth gave no excuse for privation?"

"The woman came with me; and some chosen attendants. I engaged to ourselves the vessel we sailed in."

"Where have you left your companions?"

"By this hour," answered Margrave, "they are in reach of my summons; and when you and I have achieved the discovery—in the results of which we shall share—I will exact no more from your aid. I trust all that rests for my cure to my nurse and her swarthy attendants. You will aid me now, as a matter of course; the physician whose counsel you needed to guide your own skill enjoins you to obey my whim—if whim you still call it,—you will obey it, for on that whim rests your own sole hope of happiness;—you, who can love—I love nothing but life. Has my frank narrative solved all the doubts that stood between you and me, in the great meeting-ground of an interest in common?"

"Solved all the doubts! Your wild story but makes some the darker, leaving others untouched; the occult powers of which you boast, and some of which I have witnessed; your very insight into my own household sorrows, into the interest I have, with yourself, in the truth of a faith so repugnant to reason——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Margrave, with that

slight curve of the lip which is half smile and half sneer, "if, in my account of myself, I omitted what I cannot explain, and you cannot conceive: let me first ask how many of the commonest actions of the commonest men are purely involuntary and wholly inexplicable? When, for instance, you open your lips and utter a sentence, you have not the faintest idea beforehand what word will follow another; when you move a muscle, can you tell me the thought that prompts to the movement? And, wholly unable thus to account for your own simple sympathies between impulse and act, do you believe that there exists a man upon earth who can read all the riddles in the heart and brain of another? Is it not true that not one drop of water, one atom of matter, ever really touches another? Between each and each there is always a space, however infinitesimally small. How, then, could the world go on if every man asked another to make his whole history and being as lucid as daylight before he would buy and sell with him? All interchange and alliance rest but on this,—an interest in common;—you and I have established that interest. All the rest, all you ask more, is superfluous. Could I answer each doubt you would raise, still, whether the answer should please or revolt you, your reason would come back to the same starting-point—viz. In one definite proposal have we two an interest in common?"

And again Margrave laughed, not in mirth but in mockery. The laugh and the words that preceded it were not the laugh and the words of the young. Could it be possible that Louis Grayle had indeed revived to false youth in the person of Margrave, such might have been his laugh and such his words. The whole mind of Margrave seemed to have undergone change since I last saw him; more rich in idea, more crafty even in candour, more powerful, more concentred. As we see in our ordinary experience that some infirmity, threatening dissolution, brings forth more vividly the reminiscences of early years, when impressions were vigorously stamped, so I might have thought, that as Margrave neared the tomb, the memories he had retained from his former existence in a being more amply endowed, more formidably potent, struggled back to the brain, and the mind that had lived in Louis Grayle moved the lips of the dying Margrave.

"For the powers and the arts that it equally puzzles your reason to assign or deny to me," resumed my terrible guest, "I will say briefly but this: they come from faculties stored within myself, and doubtless conduce to my self-preservation—faculties more or less, perhaps (so Van Helmont asserts), given to all men though dormant in most;—vivid and active in me because in me self-preservation has been and yet is the strong master-passion, or instinct; and because I have been taught how to use and direct such faculties by disciplined teachers; some by Louis Grayle, the enchanter; some by my nurse, the singer of charmed songs. But in much that I will to have done, I know no more than yourself how the agency acts. Enough for me to will what I wished, and sink calmly in slumber, sure that the will would work somehow its way. But when I have willed to know what, when known, should shape my own courses, I could see, without aid from your pitiful telescopes, all objects howsoever afar. What wonder in that? Have you no learned puzzle-brain metaphysicians, who tell you that space is but an idea, all this palpable universe an idea in the mind and no more! Why am I an enigma as dark as the Sibyl's, and your metaphysicians as plain as a hornbook?" Again the sardonic laugh. "Enough: let what I have said obscure or enlighten your guesses, we come back to the same link of union, which binds man to man, bids states arise from the desert, and foemen embrace as brothers. I need you and you need me; without your aid my life is doomed; without my secret the breath will have gone from the lips of your Lilian before the sun of to-morrow is red on yon hill-tops."

"Fiend or juggler," I cried in rage, "you shall not so enslave and enthral me by this mystic farrago and jargon. Make your fantastic experiment on yourself if you will: trust to your arts and your powers. My Lilian's life shall not hang on your fiat. I trust it—to——"

"To what—to man's skill? Hear what the sage of the college shall tell you, before I ask you again for your aid. Do you trust to God's saving mercy? Ah, of course you believe in a God? Who, except a philosopher, can reason a Maker away? But that the Maker will alter His courses to hear you; that, whether or not you trust in Him, or in your doctor, it will change by a hair-breadth the thing that must be—do you believe *this*, Allen Fenwick?"

And there sate this reader of hearts! a boy in his aspect, mocking me and the greybeards of schools.

I could listen no more; I turned to the door and fled down the stairs, and heard, as I fled, a low chant; feeble and faint, it was still the old barbaric chant, by which the serpent is drawn from its hole by the charmer.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE IN PERSIA.

When a poor man has a pretty daughter about eleven or twelve years old—the age at which Persian ladies are supposed to have matrimonial views—a marriage-broker waits upon him, and endeavours to strike a bargain for her. The broker, generally a moolah or priest, will perhaps offer from two to four hundred tomauns, or, say, from one to two hundred pounds English money, as a fair price for a young lady. The bargain completed, the girl probably becomes a wife of some khan, rich enough to afford himself such a luxury, and to give the broker a handsome profit on the transaction. It is usually all a matter of business, and a man posting up his accounts at the end of the year might note down that upon such a day he bought a lady, pretty much as if he had purchased a fine Turcoman horse or an English rifle: only the

price of the two latter articles would be considerably higher than that of the first. It is seldom that either of the parties have previously seen each other, so that the lifting of the veil upon the wedding-day may be a delightful surprise, or a glum disappointment, according to circumstances.

A Persian bride, when first bought, is a queer little body, fattened up with rice and sweetmeats for the occasion, and sadly besmeared with cosmetics. Collyrium has been put into her eyes to make them dark and languishing, and they are also elongated by some means, so that they may have the shape of almonds. Her hair is dyed of a coal black by indigo, or of a reddish brown by indigo and henna mixed with it, according to her own fancy or that of the broker. Her eyebrows are plastered, and painted so thickly that they look like a large piece of court-plaister cut into arches stuck upon her face. I say a large piece, because they are joined artificially by a thick line across the nose. Her cheeks are painted in excessively bright colours, and two shiny locks of hair, gummed together, are stuck flat on each side of them in the shape of number sixes, placed the wrong way. Her hands and feet, finger-nails, and toe-nails, are dyed a light mahogany colour with henna. She has no more shape or figure than a bolster. Poor little thing! She plays such tricks with herself generally, that at twenty she is an old woman, with her skin all shrivelled and burnt up by caustics and poisoned pricks of needles.

This odd undersized creature waddles about the apartment of her new lord in the finest and largest trousers possible. She puts on a great many pairs of them, and is as proud of the size of her legs as a British damsel is of the size of her crinoline. She wears a smart embroidered jacket with short sleeves, and a pretty chemisette of some light white silk material, embroidered with gold threads; but her arms, and legs, and neck are bare. She hangs upon her little person, as many jewels, gold coins, and trinkets as she can possibly get at. She is especially fond of pearls and diamonds, but is not particular as to their beauty or value; a diamond is a diamond for her, whatever flaw it may have; a pearl is a pearl, whatever its shape or colour may be. She is very fine, but never elegant. Her mind is entirely uncultivated. She has neither education nor accomplishments: but she has a good deal of flowery talk about roses and nightingales, with an under-current of strange roundabout wit and drollery. There is an utter want of delicacy and modesty in her conversation. She knows a great many things which she ought not to know, and child as she is in years, she would outwit the wisest man who ever wore a grey beard.

One of the first visits she receives after her marriage will most probably be from her father, who will tell her that his home is cold and cheerless since she has left it, and that her mother is getting old. This pathetic appeal is certain to touch her heart, and she will employ the first money she can coax out of her husband, to buy her father a new young wife.

All Persia seems fairly wife mad, according to our Northern notions. A beggar asking for alms in the street will found his strongest claim to your charity, on the startling fact that he has five wives at home, and has just married a young one. You take a servant from rags and hunger, and he spends the first few tomauns he can scrape together in your service, in buying a bran-new wife. But the eldest, or first married wife, is usually housekeeper and mistress. She even distributes rations of food to the rest, who hold her in much respect and some awe. The number of marriages is undoubtedly increased by the strange conditions under which some of them take place. A marriage contract is seldom intended to last the life of either party. A lady may be taken on lease, like a house, for a definite period; and this species of matrimony is much encouraged by the moolahs, who derive liberal fees from it.

Indeed, the proceeding of taking a lady on a short lease, is common even among Christians residing in Persia. A friend of mine informed me that he visited Vannek, a village near Tehran, some years ago, for the purpose of making a marriage of this kind. He and a companion sat down under a tree, smoking kaleons, while the village damsels under command of the priest filed past for inspection. When his choice was fixed, the lease was drawn out in due form. Forty tomauns (a high rent, about twenty pounds) was paid for dresses and fine clothes, and thirty tomauns more were agreed upon as the price of divorce. The average price of an Armenian lady is from ten to fifteen tomauns. They are horribly coarse and ugly. The small-pox makes shocking ravages among them, too.

Boys usually marry between twelve and fourteen. They frequently marry their cousins, but the race does not degenerate in consequence, as it has been clearly ascertained to do in other countries.

Children are not the source of embarrassment, even to poor people, that they are supposed sometimes to be in more civilised countries. There need be no anxiety at all about them, indeed. They can always pick up rice enough to live somewhere, and the family of a rich man is often far too numerous for his children to expect to be rich men too. Hence it happens that poverty, far from bringing contempt on a man in the East, seems even to be invested with a kind of majesty. All men, therefore, think that they have nature's own right to marry; and few trouble themselves at all about the care of a family: the world is wide enough for everybody, they say.

The shah, however, is under some difficulty occasionally in finding a new wife. A shah sent to one of the great khans to propose for his daughter, a very beautiful woman. But her father begged that she might be excused so inconvenient an honour, for that when his majesty had enjoyed her society for a month he would

probably forget all about her, and she must then, according to custom, remain in a state of widowhood for the rest of her life. A shah being an awful person in Persia, his majesty is said to have expressed such resentment at being crossed in his caprice, that for a long time the khan did not dare to marry his daughter to any one.

There appears to be no such thing as a mésalliance in Persia. One of the innumerable sons of Fat-ali Shah fell in love with a very old and ugly woman in humble life. The king tried to joke the young man out of this strange fancy. "Ah, sir," replied the prince, "if you could only see her with my eyes!" This vague answer of sententious Oriental flavour was considered to settle the affair completely, and to reply to all objections: which perhaps it did. Even the present king has illustrated the prevailing sentiment of his subjects very prettily. His queen and favourite wife, Geiran, or she-Antelope, was a peasant's daughter who attracted his majesty's eyes one day as he rode through a village, and whom he has loved ever since with an unchanging affection and most manly tenderness. His passion for her, appears to be the master feeling of his life. Once upon a great day, when her son was proclaimed heir-apparent to the throne, and when all his women-kind appeared before him arrayed in their best apparel, his quick eye saw at once that she was not among them; turning coldly away from the rest, he asked, "Where is the Khanum?" No festival could be a festival without her, and there was no light for him in his palace or his court until she came.

Persians have not the same jealousy about their women as the Turks have. If you are really intimate with a man, he would be very likely to introduce you to his wife; and the anderoon is by no means closed like the harem.

The life of the anderoon is made up of domestic plots and quarrels, gossiping, visiting, smoking, bathing, and pulling about finery. It is chiefly governed by doctors and old women, who pretend to a knowledge of necromancy and magic, with the making of love philters. Fearful cruelties are said to be practised among the women, especially towards their servants; and it is to be more than suspected that the deep inner nature of the Persian khanum is that of the panther or the tigress. There are no fiercer virago es in the world than some of these dyed and painted Orientals. An acquaintance of mine having lost a sum of money, suspected his Armenian housekeeper of having stolen it; he was imprudent enough to tell her so; and the next morning, as he was taking tea, he was disturbed by strange noises, which appeared to him to come from a room at the other side of the house. He went to see what was the matter there, and found that the Armenian woman, having discovered the real thief, had enticed him into a room with some of her female friends; they had then thrown him down upon the ground, gagged him, trussed him like a fowl with his legs and arms behind him, and had then proceeded to nip little pieces out of his body with red-hot pincers, which they heated in a pan of charcoal. They were thus agreeably employed when my friend found them, and they would doubtless have extracted a confession of the robbery if they had not been interrupted.

The women's apartments are usually very dirty and slovenly, untidy, and out of order. Beautiful china, cut glass, gold trays, and jewelled pipes, everything to eat, everything to drink, the sweetmeats, the sherbets, the coffee, the tea, the fruit, are all equally and abominably dirty.

There is little furniture in the anderoons, except carpets, and cushions, and a great many looking-glasses of the very worst quality; but the walls and ceilings are usually painted very prettily, and have a gay and cheerful appearance. Still, carpets, curtains, cushions, shawls, and ladies, all reek with dirt. Even the use of toothbrushes seems unknown, although the women over-eat themselves sadly with coarse kabobs and garlic.

There is great licence in manners at Tehran: women of the highest rank pay visits to men without scruple: usually coming dressed like beggars, to avoid observation. The visits of ladies to each other are interminable. They call at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, and stop all day, smoking and eating and bragging about their clothes and their husbands.

Public scandals are rare. If a husband should be too inquisitive, he is apt to be poisoned; and if a lover should be indiscreet, he may chance to be short-lived. A great khan was stabbed by an unseen hand in broad daylight not long ago, at Tabreez, for boasting of a love affair.

Owing to the almost unrestrained liberty they enjoy, women mix themselves up with everything in Persia; nothing is done without them; they have immense political influence; and they, with the wretched tribe of beldames and fortune-tellers who hang about the anderoons, overturn viziers and ministers at will.

Human life is held cheap in Persia; and the majesty of death has neither awe nor terrors there. A criminal who has been executed will be left a ghastly and fearful object in the market-place, for the dogs to gnaw at. My horse has often stumbled and shied at the uncanny thing; but the heedless crowd, any one of whom might be singled out in a minute for the same fate, pass by jesting or unconcerned.

As there is neither comfort, cleanliness, repose, nor attraction in Persian houses; as wives are neither companions nor friends, and the sweet ties of home are almost unknown; so there is little domestic affection. A good-natured old lady of two or three-and-twenty, once told me, with a sly look, "My husband would have divorced me long ago, but that I am such a good cook." "He likes *me* best,"

said a plump little lady, proudly speaking of her position in the anderoon, to a lady of my acquaintance—"he likes me best, because I am fat and soft, like a feather-bed." So it happens that the connexion between husbands and wives being of so light a kind, when a man falls into disgrace his wives and relatives take part against him, and their first concern is to ask for their dowry and divorce.

When a man dies, his widows go, according to an immemorial custom in the East, to his nearest relative, who is bound to support them. If they be young, he finds them new husbands; if old, food, raiment, and a home.

Besides the regular wives, there is a class of legalised concubines called "Seegas;" but the seega is merely looked upon as a servant: never eating or associating habitually with her master. These women, however, are said to be more faithful in misfortune than wives are. Their children, as well as natural children generally, inherit property just as if they had been born of wives.

I cannot close this paper upon Persian women without telling a true and pathetic story which seems to unsay much that I have written. It is indeed a bright and noble exception to the sad and general fact. The ex-prime minister of Persia was married to a sister of the king. All accounts concur in representing the ameer as a man of a most princely and gallant presence. He was essentially a Persian minister, and most enlightened and patriotic in his endeavours to serve the country which he governed with almost unlimited power. His morals were stainless; his honour was untainted by suspicion. Magnanimous, uncorrupt, merciful, liberal, forgiving, history in vain looks for his parallel among the modern Persians. He made roads, he encouraged agriculture, he fostered trade, he suppressed the torture and cruel punishments, he erected hotels for travellers, and new bazaars. Fairly judged, he was, perhaps, the most remarkable Oriental ruler of his time.

But it was said that he had the love of state and splendour often noticeable in such men: the fondness for display which characterised Bacon, Wolsey, and Cardinal Richelieu. If the charge were true—as perhaps it was—it is still a question whether policy had not more to do with it than ostentation. For in many places in this world—and in Persia especially—it is necessary to govern a great deal by the eye; and a great man, to be duly respected, must carry his rank about with him. It was whispered that he went abroad with more magnificence than the king. A kitchen boy was then got to say that he had been bribed to poison meat for the royal table. So, in a day, the ameer was hurled from power, and became a fugitive and an outlaw.

By the intervention of the European embassies his life was spared for a time, but he was ordered to leave the capital. His wife, as devoted as she was beautiful, good, and young, accompanied him. She never left him, by day or by night, always making a point of eating with him: for she knew that they would not poison *her*. Still, for greater precaution, they lived chiefly upon boiled eggs. But his enemies feared him as long as he remained alive, and they determined to destroy him by stratagem. They sent one of those cunning old women who always do the mischief in Persia, and who decoyed the royal lady into the garden under pretence of seeing a messenger from the king. This messenger told her that her husband was pardoned, and that he was to go to the bath, where a robe of honour awaited him, and he would be reinvested with all his former dignities. She let him go. When in the bath, the chief executioner came to him. The ameer was a strong man, and the executioner was afraid. Perhaps, too, his conscience smote him, for he owed place and fortune to the fallen minister. But nothing is more remarkable in Persia than the despotic power of the king, and the abject slavishness with which his most cruel edicts will be executed. The ameer, being offered his choice of deaths, selected poison, and as it did not act quickly enough, veins were opened in his arms and thighs. As soon as he was dead, his wife was given in marriage to the son of his successor in office. But it is said that she was inconsolable, and that she never forgot the husband she had loved so well, and whom she had tried to save with devoted tenderness.

ON THE WASTE.

Woe-begone and weak, and thinly clad,
Struggling o'er the moorland through the gloom,
Why should one so innocent and sad
Rove so late, on such an eve, from home?
Then—it was a child who did reply—
"One is left at home, about to die;
Nothing of the rain, and nought of wind
Makes me chill, while on I haste, to find
Aid and relief."

Proud rode by, upon his horse all fire,
Soldier, glorious in array to see,
Swart his lip, his eyes astir with fire:
Why so fierce, in such lone place is he?
Then, with anger tossed upon the wind,
Swore the knight, "My comrade is maligned;
What care I for wine-cup on the road?
What care I for miscreant foes abroad,
Who seek one thief?"

Both have passed; the pale and weary child,
Next, the man of war; and, darker brown,
Lo! on pool and tuft of heather wild,
How the storm from Heaven is bursting down!
Now, a barefoot priest, the weltering moss,
Will, despite of night and tempest, cross.
"Stay me not, but Benedicite,"
With a smile and panting voice, says he,
"There waiteth grief."

O three pilgrims of the wilderness,
Where love starves and beauty chills to death,
I think how each takes part in some distress,
Old as earth, the eternal Heaven beneath;

Therefore child, and therefore soldier brave,
Therefore priest, whose cell is nigh his grave,
Love, ye three, who cross the moor by night,
All who brave its hardships in the might
Of true belief.

THE COST OF COAL.

In the midst of a bare and barren country that offered nothing attractive to the eye, and possessed every element that could impress the imagination with a sense of gloom—in the midst of a country stretched out in an interminable flat, with here and there some dark gully or ravine, or some little wood—brown and wintry and leafless—there stood before me a kind of tower of rough grey stone, of mean altitude, and surrounded by many dingy sheds and outbuildings.

The tower itself was approached on one side by a high and narrow wooden bridge, of somewhat slender construction, which connected the great stone building with a large mound or hillock at a little distance, and on the other by a flight of rude stone steps. The tower was surmounted by a strange and sinister apparatus of wheels and ropes and beams. This apparatus, raised high into the air, looked like the machinery of a rack, and imparted to this building the look of a great lonely torture-chamber, or a place of execution. The wheels and the ropes which went round them were in motion, but from time to time they would stop for a little while, and presently, as if at some given signal, would turn and work again, revolving noiselessly and smoothly.

The inside of that tower-like building, with the grim apparatus above it, was the end and destination of the journey which I had undertaken, and hardly pausing to note what is here set down, lest that dogged resolution which I felt should weaken or change, I made straight for the flight of steps which I have mentioned as giving access to the building. There were some men stationed on those steps to guard the place from intruders; but I had a certain pass-word, which I spoke as they advanced to meet me, and when they heard it they stood aside and let me by.

There is a kind of half-averted glance with which one looks towards a thing that one dreads to see, approaching it with hesitating eyes. Just thus I approach the mention of what is to come with a half-reluctance, and write with an unwilling hand and with a hesitating pen.

I paused on a wooden stage, across which a bitter wind was driving keenly. There yawned at my feet a great black abyss, fenced in by a wooden rail. Above the abyss, and at a great elevation over my head, I saw what I had seen before from below, the two rack-like wheels. They were still revolving slowly and noiselessly, and the sliding ropes which passed over them were lost in the great black chasm at my feet. Doubtless the wheels were so arranged as to lower or to raise those ropes at pleasure, and now they were raising them, silently, smoothly, and the spiral twist of the cordage was coming up out of the darkness, strand by strand, and inch by inch. There were two ropes, one thicker and whiter than the other, and they were both ascending.

What a depth that dark hole must be that those ropes should go on rising and rising out of it, and still the line not come to an end! I watched it long, and it rose and rose still, and no end seemed possible. So I drew close to the mouth of the great black hole, and holding firmly to a wooden rail which guarded it—holding on against the Demon which said "Jump in"—I looked down into the darkness, and so waited straining my eyes, and saying "No," as the Demon said "Jump in."

At last, as I watched, there was a sudden change in one of the ropes. I think it was turned into an iron chain; and in the next moment two strange-looking and darkly-clad men appeared, clinging to the chain. Swiftly they rose up out of the blackness into the light. But this was not all. There was more of a burden hanging to the rope than this, for the chain was tightened that hung below the two darkly-clad men, and something more was rising out of the dark hole which another turn of the wheel would bring to light.

The end of the chain that hung below was clasped and girt about the bodies of two dead men. It was grappled about their waists, and so their heads had fallen back, their faces were turned up to the sky, their hair streaming down in ragged locks, their arms and legs swung helplessly and heavily, and the weight of death was in every limb and in every part of every limb. This ghastly apparition rose out of the black abyss, and it was not a dream. While I was looking, the second rope turned into a chain, and one strangely-clad man, with a pale face, clung to it. Below him there hung grappled to the end of the chain a single corpse, with streaming locks and upturned face, like the others, and with powerless limbs that hung down as if the darkness claimed them, and was loth to give them up. This was not a dream either.

I left the platform chilled to the soul, and with a blank and sickening heart; and descending again the stone steps, I passed round the tower-like building to its other side, and looked up to where the high and long viaduct of wood was to be seen bridging across the space between the tower and the great mound or hillock of which I have spoken before. I saw that at the farther end of it, and all about the mound, and on the flat ground beneath, was gathered a great concourse of pale and silent people, who all looked towards the tower and towards the high and slender viaduct or bridge. While I waited, and looked with them in the same direction, I saw a low truck pushed out from the tower and wheeled swiftly across the bridge, and on that truck was a black coffin. Presently a tall and gaunt figure of very strange appearance, with long hair and beard floating out on the cold wind, came after the coffin from within the tower, and he leaned

over the bridge, his figure showing against the sky, and he pointed suddenly towards the coffin as it rolled, and cried aloud to the people below and around:

"This is Christopher Wandless!"

I saw all this. The dark stone building, and the high bridge and the coffin wheeled across it, and the gaunt man who called out the name of him who lay within it. And this was not some strange stage play. It was not a picture from some new Dance of Death. It was not a dream. It was reality.

I went, then, to the other side of the great mound on which the crowd was assembled, and at the foot of it I saw a train of carts of all sorts and kinds waiting to receive the dead, some with straw in them to give the corpse a softer bed. When a coffin was brought down from the mound and placed in one of the carts, those who had not been able, for the press upon the hillock above, to get near and look upon the dead man's face, would crowd round the cart, and clamber up upon it, and stand upon the wheels, and the coffin-lid would be pushed aside, and all who could get a chance would gaze upon the sight within it.

And as I looked towards the stone building with the high structure of beams and wheels above it, I saw that those wheels were still revolving slowly, and the ropes again ascending. Again the dark truck was pushed out upon the wooden viaduct, and this time it was followed by another; then, as before, the weird figure of the man with the long hair and beard was seen upon the bridge, and again he pointed with his hand to the coffins, and again he called aloud to the people:

"These are John Liddell and Oswald Gleghorn!"

After I had stood looking up at that terrible bridge for a time, watching the rolling of the coffins, and listening to the calling of the names, I turned about, and saw at a distance a long, long row of small low houses—a single row some quarter of a mile or more from end to end. Towards this row of houses I observed that the carts were driven as soon as they had received their terrible burden.

I was half afraid of intruding upon grief which I had no right to meddle with in going near that village; but still I followed one of the carts at a distance, and, when it had at length reached the farther end of the row of houses and the coffin had been taken into one of them, I drew near to the door. A crowd of people was assembled on the threshold and in the room within. At the doors of the adjoining houses stood a few women, some with a strange sullen look on their faces, and some with a stupid stunned expression very miserable to see. But from within the house into which the body had been carried there came from some person whom I could not see for the bystanders, a sound of such lamentation as I never heard before. It was a woman's wailing cry fast repeated, and perfectly monotonous, but of such a terrible and peculiar sorrowfulness, so passionate and heart-broken, that I could not, dared not, remain there and listen to it. It was an unbearable cry which I may never forget, and I turned and went away from it. I could bear the horrors of this scene but indifferently, but the grief I could not bear at all. The cry I heard may have been that of a mother with her dear, dear boy brought back to her—and this I fancied to be the case; or it may have been the wail of some widow—but I know of it that it was unbearable to hear, and that I went away from its sound with a miserable heart.

And so I passed by all this row of houses and saw that they were filled with coffins. Some were piled upon the bedsteads, and some propped on benches and stools on the floor and covered with sheets, through which their hideous outlines showed. Over some, newly arrived, the neighbours were standing in groups, and loving hands were arranging the dead, and wiping the stains from their faces, as it seemed. Some were silent, which was very terrible, and some were moaning and weeping; but none were crying with the same peculiar wail which I had heard issuing from that house at the end of the village.

Most of the houses had their doors standing open, and in one instance, where two of the doors came very near together, a couple of children—a girl and boy, I think—were playing at bo-peep, in and out.

Was that not a dream either? No. I neither heard the sound of the woman's wail, nor saw the children playing at bo-peep in a terrible dream, any more than the other horrors that I had witnessed.

I was awake and standing on English soil, in the village of New Hartley, in Northumberland. The grey stone building like a tower was the fatal Hartley Colliery. The rack-like wheels and cords that rose above it formed part of the apparatus for lowering the pitmen into the shaft, and bringing them up again; and the bodies which I had seen brought up from that black chasm were those of the miners who perished in the depths three hundred feet below..

Before returning to the colliery, I lingered a little longer in the village and noticed more of that sullen expression of which I have spoken appearing in many faces. I noticed, too, to my surprise, that there was a sort of gala-look about the inside of the houses. Far from having neglected to put things straight, as one would have thought they would, the miserable inhabitants seemed to have brightened everything up, and arranged their abodes with a more than common care and neatness. I have also an impression that the women were smartly and carefully dressed. Among the people outside the houses this certainly was so, and artificial flowers were stuck in their bonnets in most cases—flowers of the brightest kind. A couple of drunken men were reeling along the main thoroughfare, and I lost sight of them as they plunged into one of the houses where the crowd was thickest round a corpse. The little Methodist chapel in the middle of the village was open and full of people,

who went there to identify a body which was laid on one of the benches. It was that of a boy, whose face was not disfigured as some of the others were.

From the village I went back to the colliery, and ascended once more to that dreadful platform. The wheels were still turning, and the ropes ascending with their awful load. One could hardly find standing room for the piles of coffins which were placed about in readiness, and for those which were being borne past to the particular spot on the platform where the bodies were laid out. At that place an old woman was standing with a quantity of linen, which she tore into pieces for winding-sheets. These were stretched out and kept from blowing away by weights on their corners till they were wanted, and round about stood those who unfastened the chains with which the corpses were girt about, besides those who were wanted to identify the dead, the doctors, and others. The colliery boys were there to recognise the faces of the other boys who were brought up from below. One after another, at intervals of about a quarter of an hour, the loads of dead were raised, the bodies were reached from the abyss over which they hung by the men who stood there for the purpose, and laid, clothed as they were, upon the outstretched sheet. Poor men, and poor boys, their faces and limbs were grimed with black, and many disfigured in an awful degree. Poor patient hard-working men! It was a sight almost as touching as it was ghastly to see them brought up thus, and lain in their coffins the sheet folded over them, clothed as they were—clothed only in a few scant garments, however, for the air below, though damp, is, I believe, not cold, and they want but little clothing when they are at work. The bodies did not seem to be stiff, and the limbs were easily composed. Some were much more frightful to look upon and more decomposed than others, and some of the boys had colour in their lips certainly, and if I remember rightly—it is difficult to be accurate in such a case—had some tint of redness in their faces. "A laddie's coffin" would sometimes be called for by those who laid out the bodies, and a large one asked for at the same time; the two would be pushed across the bridge together, and it may be that the large coffin held the father, and that "the laddie" was his son.

This dreadful operation continued all through that long afternoon without intermission. Relays of men, clad in mining costume, were ready to go down when others came up. They sat across a short beam of wood fastened to the chain, and the word was given to the engine-house, "Lower the gin," and then the wheels were at work again, and soon the men were lost in the darkness of the shaft, to appear again in time with that dangling lifeless mass grappled on to the chain beneath them.

Death on this wholesale scale it rarely falls to any man's lot to witness, and especially death attended with such circumstances of blackness and desolation. Not on the battle-field, where there is colour and brightness of regimentals and glittering of arms, could such a scene of horror as this be found. That great hole, and the gallows-like machinery above it, and the disfigured, sordidly attired, blackened corpses rising from the dark chasm, can anything more terrible be conceived? The long preparation for what was coming, of that ever-rising rope watched so eagerly, the piles of coffins in all directions, the wild aspect of those pale miners standing about the fires, the horrid and suggestive smell of chloride of lime—which even clung to my clothing next day—can any more hideous combination of things be conceived?

Once more I went below and wandered a little way into some purer air, but still keeping near the place. The sun was setting when I turned again towards that Tower of Death. It was behind the building within which these things that I have spoken of were concealed, and it blazed through it and around it, its beams passing over the village to which the dead were taken. All was enveloped for a time in a sort of fiery nimbus, and then the sun went down.

The sun went down, and the chilling icy cold increased as the darkness began to fall over the scene. Again I stood upon the platform beside the shaft. Still that sinister machine was at work. Again the smoothly-working ropes were gliding up out of the black place, and then the pale miners, who looked like corpses themselves, came up into the shadowy and fading light; and the indistinct bundles of clothing, with the hanging heads and swinging legs and arms, came up too. Then, with a hollow sound, the coffins rolled across the bridge. And now the preparations for the night were made, and fires kindled in the beacon-irons, to give light. One such beacon was slung with ropes aloft over the spot on which the recovered bodies were laid, and another stood near upon a sort of tripod. The light from them began to gleam upon the woodwork of the scaffold, upon the broken brattice, upon the smoothly-rising ropes, upon the strange dresses of the miners and their pale faces, and lastly on those ever-arriving masses of corruption which swung up from the depths below. Looking aside to where the stone steps gave access to the platform, one could see against the sky the shapes of fresh coffins arriving in continuous succession.

Volleys of sparks flew from the beacons, driving before the cutting wind. The linen for the winding-sheets waved and fluttered, but was soon pressed down with such a deadly weight as kept it still enough. The twilight deepened, and still the wheels were at work. Still the two ropes descended, and the men who clung to each would swing against the others' rope and disappear below. Then came the interval while they were busied with their dreadful task; and then again the long ascent, the ropes steadier, perhaps, with the added weight. The names of the dead called aloud—unless, as I remember once, the poor disfigured corpse was recognised by no one, when the word "Unknown" was written on the coffin.

As to the stories of what the searchers found below, we must take them upon hearsay. That the men did not survive the blocking-up of the pit mouth for more than thirty-six hours seems sure. They were saved the pangs of starvation, and their death was easy and painless. We know that they held a prayer-meeting before they died, and we know little more. With most of the accounts of touching scenes disclosed to the eyes of those who descended the shaft, every one is acquainted; and we have heard that fathers and children were found together, and that one man especially was found kneeling with his little boy's arms clasped about his neck. There seems no reason to doubt these statements; but they are almost too heartrending to dwell upon.

I was very glad at last to turn away from the dreadful place. When I looked back towards it for the last time, the rack-like wheels, relieved against the fast darkening sky, were still turning, and the strained ropes ascending still.

Great as has been the sensation created by this terrible affair at New Hartley Colliery, it has yet not been fully commensurate with its importance. In the Black annals of disaster, this particular case stands out in many respects alone. The men, it must be remembered, were not killed at once when this accident happened. They were there *alive* within a few feet of their comrades, but shut in, in a prison to which none could penetrate. That dungeon was indeed inaccessible. The men were there close to their friends and relations. These last cried, "Give us our husbands, our brothers, our fathers, our sons!" but the cry was in vain.

In the case of another great catastrophe commemorated in these pages—in the wreck of the Royal Charter—those who suffered were also separated from their fellows by only a very small space. But another of the elements it was that held those sufferers bound. The water was their jailer, as the earth was the captor of the miners at Hartley. Truly it is not the fire and the water only of which it may be said that they are good servants but bad masters. It is so with all the elements: even the soft air which lashed into a storm becomes so terrible a power; even to the gentle mother earth which blasts with her poison, and holds in such a deadly hug, those who trust themselves unguarded to her embrace.

Against all the elements we now take due precaution. We have defences against fire, and defences against water, and the law of storms seem well enough understood to afford us some sort of protection against the angry air. It is time that the earth was thought of as a deadly power too, and that we should look upon her also as an ally that may at any time be turned into a deadly foe. No doubt the day will come when we shall look back to these times, and think incredulously of the victims she has swallowed up, and wonder at the small precaution taken to prevent such sad disasters.

It is to be hoped that the apathy with which we have looked on, while one after another of these dreadful colliery accidents have occurred, will be finally shaken off, now that public attention has been riveted to this, surely the worst of all upon the list. Let no other topic of interest that may arise divert us from this one till all that can be done in legislating for the miner's safety has been effected. It is much to be hoped, indeed, that the men themselves, who are most interested in this matter, will act, as they seem likely to do, with the most firm determination. That they are, indeed, aroused at last to a sense of their great injuries, is evident from what came out at the meeting held at Newcastle on the very day when the terrible scene described above was actually going on. A short passage from the report of that meeting may be worth transcribing here, as showing the laxity of the arrangements hitherto in force as to the duties of the government inspector, and as showing also that the men, however roughly expressing themselves, are certainly in earnest:

"Mr. Dunn," the government inspector, "referred to the circular from Sir George Grey, in showing that up to the present time the government themselves had not the power of making double shafts. He went on to read, from his official report for 1858, a passage showing that at a meeting of inspectors in Manchester he had suggested that each inspector should be empowered to require returns from colleries as to the principal details of their working. A good deal of discussion, he said, took place on the suggestions, but no specific resolution was come to. He thought they would see the advantage to be derived from an inspector if such a plan as he had proposed was followed out, but he was almost ashamed to say that it was not encouraged by the inspectors; and Mr. Dunn went on to state that the men of Heworth had sent a deputation to complain of the state of the colliery, and demanded his visitation. He did visit, and made suggestions immediately for an improvement, and he had the satisfaction of telling them that the owner had made preparations for commencing on Monday to complete a half-sunk shaft. As to the Hartley Pit, he knew nothing about the shaft. Was it to be expected that an inspector was to go and hunt out particulars of a shaft that had been in use for years? It was the fault of the pitmen themselves if they did not call the inspectors more frequently he hoped they would take warning from this time, and take the thing into their own hands. They had the power of making the inspector work; if they did not do it for their own safety they had to blame themselves.

"A Miner.—I believe you have something like one hundred and fifty collieries to inspect?

"Mr. Dunn.—More.

"Miner.—And you have something like twenty-eight in Cumberland?

"Mr. Dunn.—Yes.

"Miner.—Do you think you are quite able to inspect all these collieries?

"Mr. Dunn.—If the government thinks I am able, you know. (Laughter.)

"MINER.—Well, then, sir, I have heard a complaint that you are too old to fill the office. (Uproar, and cries of 'Shame!' 'Perfectly right!' 'Sit down!' and 'No, I will not!')

"MR. DUNN.—You know, sir, if I am very old I should be very experienced. I may say I am the most experienced of any of the inspectors; they all admit that.

"ANOTHER MINER asked if Mr. Dunn was satisfied with the one shaft at Hartley, and if not, what steps he had taken to remedy the defect?

"MR. DUNN said that at this very moment there were three of the largest collieries in Northumberland—Seaton Delaval, North Seaton, and Newsham—managed by the most talented in Northumberland, all with single shafts. What would they have him say: did they think it was his duty to call in question the management of those men?

"MINER.—Is that an answer to my question, whether you are satisfied with the single shaft?

"MR. DUNN.—I do not say I am quite satisfied, but I have no power to alter it."

Here there was some more discussion, after which

"The Chairman interposed and put a stop to the discussion. He remarked, with regard to the advice Mr. Dunn had given, that the miners had no protection; they had only their labour to depend on, and *when they spoke they were turned off work.*"

It is curious in these days when for all sorts of small and paltry reasons workmen are continually out on strike—it is curious when one sees fully-paid artisans dictating terms of the most exorbitant kind to their employers, and "knocking off" if they are not complied with—to see these poor miners enduring a state of things which they might well and honestly protest against. Men working in a colliery like that at New Hartley are working at the risk of their lives from moment to moment. Nor is that colliery an exceptional one. The single-shaft system is largely adopted, and most new collieries are so worked. And so life is sacrificed: sacrificed not only by insufficient means of egress in case of disaster, but for the want of the better ventilation which two shafts would supply. Among technical men there is, I hesitate not to say, a great indifference manifested towards the human engines, who are the tools they use to acquire their wealth, and these interested persons should not be allowed to have too powerful a voice in any matter where property hangs in one scale and life in the other. Let the miners themselves by all means be listened to. They behave well, and they deserve to be heard. They have not shown themselves a rebellious set, they have borne much, and borne it patiently. Their work is, and must always be to a certain extent, attended with danger, and is certainly, under any circumstances, the most distressing form of labour there is. They have a right to be protected from every danger that money can shield them from, and if The Cost of Coal must be raised in order that proper precautions may be taken for the safety of the men who live away from daylight, and in air always more or less polluted, to gain them for us, in Heaven's name let it be raised; for otherwise, as Hood affirmed of the linen which we wear, so we should have to say of the fuel which we use—that coal is not what we are burning, but "human creatures' lives."

In deep sorrow for this terrible disaster at Hartley, the public has been glad to find some relief in helping those whom the slaughtered miners have left behind. But this is a small part of what we have to do to repair their loss. The coal-owners, and all those who live out of the produce of the mine, are evidently not to be left to the exercise of their own judgment as to the manner in which the mine shall be worked.

Deep repentance—shown as all repentance should be—in acts, should be felt by all those who, directly or indirectly, have shared in the negligence which has cost these men their lives. Prompt reform, with no half measures—no compromises to meet the views of those who are partly for reform and partly for economy—is loudly called for.

OUR OLD ABBEY.

WE always know least of what lies nearest to us. Every one says this, and makes the saying an excuse for much local indolence. A chance guest in London, guide-book in hand, ferrets out all the interesting movements, goes to all the shilling sights, and makes acquaintance with quaint old remnants of the bygone times, which the born Londoner never so much as heard of. There is our grand old Abbey at Westminster; how many of us know anything about it, beyond the bare fact that it is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture (that conveniently comprehensive term!) in England? Mr. Gilbert Scott has, however, made himself our cicerone in his beautiful book of Gleanings, and we, following at a distance in his steps, propose to tell part of his story in our own way.

When the old bearded Heptarchist, King Offa, was doing his little bit of mosaic towards the creation of a kingdom, by laying violent hands on Ethelbert and East Anglia, killing the first and joining the second to his own domain of Murcia—that is, in the latter half of the eighth century—a smaller and less ambitious church stood on the spot where the grand old Abbey stands now. Edward the Confessor, that sweet-smelling saint of monkery, finding that nearly three centuries of neglect and exposure had done no kindly work by the old building, refounded the Abbey as a saint should, and increased the number of monks to seventy; but, what was more than either, he rebuilt the church "with costly expenditure," and in the Norman style, and thus gave an exemplar to English architects, which, luckily for us, they were not slow to profit by. This was the first building in the Norman style raised on English ground, and it was only fitting that Ed-

ward should have raised in it his own mausoleum, and that he should be buried in the noblest temple yet known in the land. Part of his work still remains; some massive columns with the full square capitals roughly chopped into forms preparatory for the sculptor, a window here and a doorway there, with a bit of the refectory wall—for his seventy monks wanted eating as well as sleeping room, and must be fed under decent housing. But the chief work of his remaining is the Chapel of the Pyx, with its wide Norman joints and massive masonry; of which the government took possession in after days, using it as a kind of treasury. It is still government property, and requires special favour to be allowed to visit; and when Mr. Scott went there he was accompanied by the representatives of the Treasury and Exchequer, with attendants bearing boxes containing six big keys; all with mighty form and solemnity, to see —a few empty chests—one only containing the paraphernalia for the trial of the Pyx. This was the place whence certain thieves on June tenth, one thousand three hundred and three, took one hundred thousand pounds (some say two millions) of gold, plate, and jewels, belonging to Edward the First, and laid up there by him to be used in the Scotch wars; for which theft the abbot and forty monks were sent to the Tower on suspicion, and diligent search made for the missing treasure. Most probably it was all recovered in time, for we have the record that Richard de Podelicote, one of the principal thieves, was found with two thousand two hundred pounds' worth of gold and jewels in his purse, and that others followed. His confession gives a curious picture of mediæval burglary. And as this is not a grave or scientific paper, with absolute laws in the matter of chronology, we may as well gossip about the robbery now that is on hand, and save the trouble of a future "loop." Mr. Burtt's extract is the most graphic description to be had, so it shall be given entire:

Richard de Podelicotê was a travelling merchant for wool, cheese, and butter, and was arrested in Flanders for the king's debts in Bruges, and there were taken from him fourteen pounds seventeen shillings, for which he sued in the King's Court at Westminster at the beginning of August, in the thirty-first year, and then he saw the condition of the refectory of the Abbey, and saw the servants bringing in and out silver cups and spoons and mazers. So he thought how he might obtain some of those goods, as he was so poor on account of his loss in Flanders, and so he spied about all the parts of the Abbey. And on the day when the king left the place for Barnes, on the following night, as he had spied out, he found a ladder at a house which was near the gate of the palace towards the Abbey, and put that ladder to a window of the chapter-house, which he opened and closed by a cord; and he entered by this cord, and thence he went to the door of the refectory, and found it closed with a lock, and he opened it with his knife and entered, and there he found six silver hanaps in an ambry behind the door, and more than thirty silver spoons in another ambry, and the mazer hanaps under a bench near together; and he carried them all away, and closed the door after him, without shutting the lock. And having spent the proceeds by Christmas he thought how he could rob the king's treasury. And as he knew the ways of the Abbey, and where the treasury was, and how he could get there, he began to set about the robbery eight days before Christmas with the tools which he provided for it, viz. two "tarrers," great and small knives and other small "engines" of iron, and so was about the breaking open during the night-hours of eight days before Christmas to the quinzain of Easter, when he first had entry, on the night of a Wednesday, the eve of St. Mark (April 24th); and all the day of St. Mark he stayed in there, and arranged what he would carry away, which he did the night after, and the night after that, and the remainder he carried away with him out of the gate behind the church of St. Margaret, and put it at the foot of the wall beyond the gate, covering it with earth, and there were there pitchers, cups, with feet and covers. And also he put a great pitcher with stones, and a cup in a certain tomb. Besides he put three pouches full of jewels and vessels, of which one was "hanaps" entire and in pieces. In another a great crucifix and jewels, a case of silver with gold spoons. In the third "hanaps" nine dishes and saucers, and an image of our lady in silver-gilt; and two little pitchers of silver. Besides he took to the ditch by the mews a pot and a cup of silver. Also he took with him spoons, saucers, spice dishes of silver, a cup, rings, brooches, stones, crowns, girdles, and other jewels which were afterwards found with him. And he says that what he took out of the treasury he took at once out of the gate near St. Margaret's Church, and left nothing behind within it.

Another robber also confessed, but he spoke of about fourteen accomplices as present at the "debrusure;" among them two monks, two knights, and two foresters. But the chief portion of the guilt lay with the sacrist of Westminster, the keeper of the palace, and Richard de Podelicote, helped by their immediate retainers and friends. The robbery was planned with much cunning and foresight. For Christmas time was chosen because the cemetery, being sown with hemp in the early spring, would then be thick and green; "so that the said hemp should grow high enough by the time of the robbery, that they might hide the treasures there, and the misdeed be unknown." Edward the First, however, was not the man to submit very quietly to a thing of this kind. He sent writ upon writ to the magistrates of the different burghs, and so harassed and hunted the thieves that they gave up the game, and surrendered themselves and the treasure. Some of it was found among the hemp in the cemetery; some was found in the sacrist's house; a linendraper, at St. Giles's, had a large pannier full of broken vessels of gold and silver sent to him, which so terrified him, when the royal proclamation was issued, that he sent them all by a shepherd-lad to be hidden in Kentish-town—where they were found. So by degrees, from across the water and down the river, and here and there and everywhere, the lost treasure was recovered, and the angry justice of the law satisfied. After this bold robbery the "defences" of the treasure-chamber were looked to, and the king finding that easy

locks and slight doors—though covered with the tanned skins of flayed sacrilegious thieves—were not always to be relied on, remodelled the chamber, and trusted for the future to double massive doors and multitudinous locks, still with the terror of flayed thief-skin superadded. A few pieces of ironwork yet remain, which evidently once belonged to some large leather bag or 'forcer' as it was called; indeed, "one of these bags, characteristically ornamented, is still in the Pyx chamber. There are notices of their being used for the conveyance of the stolen treasure, and they are referred to as regular places of deposit in Bishop Stapleton's Calendar."

Now we will go back to the Abbey as it is.

The Cathedral, as we know it, is substantially of Henry the Third's time. After-additions, enrichments, debasements, and alterations have been made, but the roots lie down among the years when the third Henry was chastising his revolted barons, and being chastised of France. But he did not build the beautiful chapel of St. Katherine which stood on the eastern side of the Little Cloisters; for in 1176, when Henry the Second was on the throne, one of the rude, coarse, prelatical conflicts of those times took place there, to the edification of the laity standing round. A synod was held in the chapel—the Pope's legate in the chair, and the Archbishops of York and Canterbury attending. Quietly he of Canterbury seated himself in the place of honour at the legate's right hand; rudely he of York attempted forcible dispossession; when the retinue of Canterbury, holding their master's honour as their own, sprang upon the intruding archbishop, and, consecrate as he was, sacred as were the precincts, and thrice holy the Pope's representative, laid on him with bats and fists, till the Archbishop of Canterbury, for sake of their common order, was fain to rescue him from their hands. Very lovely was the work which our third Harry did. Exquisite capitals of natural foliage; a "divine liturgy" of beautiful angels; arch, and column, and spandril, and boss, and specially one rose window, the like of which England had never yet seen; a portal which, from its surpassing richness and majesty, was called by some Solomon's Porch, though the real "Solomon's Porch" was erected by Richard the Second; windows of the richest and most elaborate tracing—trefoils and quatrefoils, intermingled in a labyrinth of beauty; and a chapter-house which all the world said was "incomparable," but which now, unhappily, is a mere collection of shelves and drawers for public records, with every beauty hidden save the light, slender shaft springing up in the centre like a stone fountain, and such portions of the wall columns as are left exposed between the shop-looking fittings.

It was in this degraded chapter-house that Mr. Scott made some interesting discoveries. In the first place, he found one of the windows walled up with the moulded ribs of a lost vaulting, the ribs carefully packed like wine-bottles in a bin, with their moulded sides inwards. Then, one day, while peeping and peering about the wooden presses for records, he pulled away an arris fillet which closed the space between the press and the wall, and came upon an arched recess with something lying at the bottom. On lowering a small bull's-eye lantern by a string, he saw that it was the head of a beautiful full-sized statue in a niche, which afterwards proved to be a statue of the Virgin, with angels censing in the adjoining spaces. Then he found, at the back of the stalls, some rare old painting of the fourteenth century, containing, among others, hosts of cherubim and seraphim with blue wings, but eyed, like peacock's feathers; one of the angels bearing on his wing-feathers the names of all the Christian virtues, as charity, almsgiving, simplicity, fidelity, humility, &c.

All the outer portions, such as the doorway, &c., of this beautiful building, are falling rapidly to ruin; the surface of the stone being in such a state of decay that it cannot bear to be touched, though never so lightly. But Mr. Scott, first blowing away the dust by means of a pair of bellows, gently syringes a certain solution of his which he is using all through the Abbey, and which immediately hardens the stone and sets the surface in exactly its present condition; by which means it is possible to re-collect all the fast-vanishing fragments of ornamentation and design, and to re-construct the whole from the "bricks of Babylon" remaining. On a certain door, leading into what is called the Chapel of St. Blaise, but which is rightfully the Old Revestry, were formerly nailed tanned human skins to deter the sacrilegious from unlawful entering; and even yet Mr. Gilbert Scott found strips of white leather hanging beneath the hinges of another door, which, Mr. Quekett and his microscope pronounced to be indubitable human parchment. Mr. Scott believes that door to be the door, covered with human skin, which formerly led into the chamber of the Pyx. It was here, too, in what he calls this chamber of mystery, that he found the heaps of parchment rolls and small, turned, wooden seal-boxes, which the Westminster boys, creeping in through a door left for an unguarded moment open, carried off in triumph; to the great scandal of the authorities and the future exclusion of the architect and antiquarian. Afterwards, when this exclusion of ten years was supposed to have atoned for the forgetfulness of a moment, Mr. Scott was again admitted to examine the parchments. He found them to consist of records from the time of Henry the Third to that of Edward the Third; none of any public importance for they mostly belonged to private matters of sale, transfer, and title-deeds; but many very curious and interesting, and, for the most part, well preserved.

In Edward the Third's time the star of the old Abbey was once more in the ascendant. Many things were done then for the embellishment of this glorious pile; and some "Pipe rolls," containing the exact accounts of work and wages for many consecutive weeks, have been found, and are appended to Mr. Scott's

book. In one year there is an entry for fifteen shillings—equal to eight or ten pounds of our money—for a fur robe for the chief mason; but no such entry on another year, for the chief mason was an independent gentleman, and refused to receive his gratuity "on account of the delay in its delivery." The outlay for the first fifteen years would, if translated into our money value, have considerably exceeded half a million. So Edward the Third did his duty by the stonemasons and wood-carvers, and set a good example to his successors. Then the abbots aided in the enrichment of their beloved building. Simon Langham, one of the abbots of Westminster, left the residue of his vast property to the "fabric" of the monastery; and his successor, Nicholas Litlington, set his hand to the work with energy and vigour. He made two new cloister walks, rebuilt the abbot's residence, and the conventual buildings which now form the eastern side of Dean's-yard; the hall of the abbot's residence, which was the College-hall of the Queen's scholars on the Elizabethan foundation, was his work also; for these old fellows well knew the art of caring for themselves, even when they had sufficient grace to care for their neighbours. Many parts of his work still remain, but the chief thing is the famous Jerusalem chamber, where Henry the Fourth died, in accordance with an ancient prophecy which said that he would not die save in Jerusalem.

In this year, and 20th day of the month of November, was a great council holden at the White Friars of London, by the which it was among other things concluded that, for the king's great journey, that he intended for to take in visiting the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, certain galleys of war would be made, and other purveyance concerning the same journey. Whereupon all hasty and possible speed was made; but after the feast of Christenmasse, while he was making his prayers at S. Edward's shrine, to take there his leave, and so speed him upon his journey, he became so sick that such as were about him feared that he would have died there. Whereupon they for his comfort bare him into the abbot's place, and lodged him in a chamber, and there upon a pallet laid him before the fire, where he laid in great agony a certain of time. At length, when he was comen to himself, not knowing where he was, he freyned (asked) of such as then were about him, what place that was; the which showed to him that it belonged unto the Abbot of Westminster, and for he felt himself so sick he commanded to ask if that chamber had any special name, whereunto it was answered that it was named Jerusalem. Then, said the king, "Loving be to the Father of Heaven; for now I know that I shall die in this chamber, according to the prophecy of me before said, that I should die in Jerusalem." And so after he made himself ready, and died shortly after.

In this same Jerusalem chamber, too, was afterwards born and baptised Edward the Fifth; so at least says tradition, which sometimes is more pleasant than history.

More than all did munificent Nicholas Litlington. Besides many very beautiful building additions, he gave a mitre of the value of a hundred marks, a pastoral staff worth fifteen pounds, a huge missal for the high altar, and two silver-gilt chalices for the service of the church, besides an incense pyx, a bell, a basin, and a pyx of silver-gilt, with rich and costly priestly vestments; and silver dishes, chargers, salt-cellars, and flagons, for the use of the monks in the refectory, and to be used nowhere else; and others of silver, too, for their use in the misericordia house (where they had *indulgence* fare, by the abbot's permission), and to be used nowhere else; for the brave old abbot had a generous idea of creature comforts. For all whose benefactions it was ordered by the convent that he should be remembered by them in their graces after dinner and supper, and at mass, together with the souls of the faithful departed. So the good Abbot got his reward, both in time and eternity.

Henry the Seventh's chapel, that orbis miraculum, or world's miracle, as it was called, is filled with beautiful fan tracery vaulting, and rich ornamentation of detail and design. It was wrought by royal masons under the immediate direction of the king himself. He and the men divided the Saints' days between them; each alternate festa belonging to them, and the other to their royal employer: theirs, it is supposed, they kept as a holiday, but on the king's they were made to work. This was not peculiar to Henry the Seventh, but to all the royal architects who added stones to their buildings, and built monuments to their fame. Henry had no half-heart or niggard hand towards this beautiful Lady Chapel of his. Nine days only before his death, he gave Abbot Islip five thousand pounds "in ready money before the honde," and directed that if that sum should be insufficient to complete the vaulting, his executors should advance the Lord Abbot what sum or sums might be necessary for the finishing of the building. He died on the twenty-second of April, one thousand five hundred and nine, and was buried in the chapel, on May the eleventh, with such pomp and style as England had never seen before. Torregiano made the royal tomb, and by November the first, one thousand five hundred and nineteen, the canopy and altar were up, the "closure" of the tomb complete, and the Lady Chapel, perfected in all its details, thrown open to believers, and challenging the admiration of the world.

From that time the star of the old Abbey, stationary for some years, gradually sank behind dark clouds. One such cloud was Sir Christopher Wren and his "restorations;" another, the great fire of one thousand eight hundred and three; another, the ignorance and bad taste of the rulers, who understood nothing of Gothic beauty and put their faith in a spurious Italian style, than which nothing could be more incongruous or less harmonious; and a fourth—and the densest cloud of all—was the fatal whitewash which choked the star out of all human vision. Consequently we have a chapter-house, almost unique in its original loveliness, degraded into a receptacle for shelves and papers, and a collection

of the vilest monuments that ever disgraced a Christian church, with all kinds of make-believe mythological and allegorical beings capering through their eternal stone antics, about as much in character and keeping with the place as if they were a fossilised ballet. Perhaps the purer taste of the times will lead to a thorough "restoration," and we shall once more have our old Abbey completed, perfected, and the orbis miraculum as of yore.

A TRIAL AT TOULOUSE.

In the city of Toulouse there is an old cemetery called the Cemetery of Saint Aubin. One out-of-the-way corner of the burial-ground is surrounded by high and rugged walls. Of these, one separates it from the garden of an adjacent monastery; the other, from a street called the Rue Riquet. The little oratory for mourners is close by. The place is desolate, and shut out from the merry world.

Early in the morning of a day in the new spring of the year 1847, the porter and the gravedigger of the cemetery as they go their rounds, wander into this retired corner. Much rain has fallen in the night; the tiny blossoms of the young year gleam through the glittering grass; the sun flings long purple shadows on the ground; the birds chirp gaily. What a time for the discovery of a crime! The men look into the nook, and see in the far corner what they fancy to be a young girl asleep. Strange, for a girl to be asleep in a cemetery at six o'clock in the morning! They go nearer. Yes; she is asleep: but hers is the sleep from which there is no awakening on earth. Her attitude is as though she were praying. Her knees are bent, and she leans on her elbows. Her face is hidden on the ground. On a stake, fixed in the ground close by, the discoverers find a blue handkerchief with white spots, of which the corners are knotted. The sexton, forgetting how important will be every item of evidence, however minute, alters the position of the corpse in his anxiety to behold its features, and to assure himself that no spark of life remains. He and his companion then hasten to inform the authorities of the place: but an hour elapses before the authorities are on the spot. In the mean time the news of the tragedy has spread through the town. A curious crowd besieges the dead girl's resting-place. Some trample on the grass. Others clamber on the wall of the monastery and of the Rue Riquet, and sit staring at the unrecognised body.

The body did not lie long unclaimed. The neighbours said it was the corpse of Cécile Combettes. Cécile's station in life was humble. Her father worked in a manufactory of files. Her mother added to the family store by lamp-lighting. Cécile herself, nearly fifteen years of age, was apprenticed to a bookbinder of the name of Conte. Eager inquiries were made as to when Cécile had last been seen alive, and who had been her companions. On the eve of the discovery of the corpse, Conte had to deliver at the monastery certain books which he had bound. He packed them in two parcels, and impressed Marion Roumagnac, an old woman in his service, and Cécile Combettes, to carry the burdens in two baskets. On arriving at the dwelling of the "frères," he dismissed the old woman, and told Cécile to wait in the lodge to bring back the empty baskets. He was absent some time in the interior of the establishment unpacking his books and receipting his bill. On his return to the lodge there was no Cécile. The umbrella Conte had left in her charge, was leaning against the wall; but the girl had disappeared. The porter had not seen her go out. Conte supposed she had gone home. It was discovered that she had not returned, and a search was instituted. It is never easy for women to gain access to a monastery, and it was now late at night. Her friends could not hunt for her among the "Brothers," till morning. They hunted elsewhere in vain.

The next act of the tragedy is the medical examination of the corpse. Cécile, said the doctors, was still a mere child. She had been cruelly ill-used. Her face was bruised and swollen; her eyelids were swollen; the skin was torn. Her mouth and neck, however, showed no sign of strangling or suffocation. Her right cheek was grazed, and stained by mould. The lobes of her ears were torn, and caked with clotted blood. Her hands were scratched and torn, and had been strained in some violent struggle. The examination of the exterior of the body established nothing as to the immediate cause of death. It was only evident that Cécile, after a long conflict, had been subjected to brutal treatment. A careful observation of the neck and throat confirmed the opinion that she had not been strangled or suffocated. But there were marks of several frightful blows on the head, and the faculty affirmed that of these any one would have been sufficient to cause immediate death. It was evident that murder in its worst form had been committed; but by whom?

Suspicion fell at once upon the "frères." The corpse had been discovered at the foot of the wall of their garden. Their enforced celibacy was an accusation in itself. Before the public authorities had apprehended any one as the possible murderer, the voice of the populace declared loudly that he could be no other than a "frère."

The first step in the hunt for the assassin was to discover by what means the body had been deposited where it was found. A minute examination was made of the abbey—cellars, garrets, stables, dormitories, were all carefully searched. Had the murderer carried his victim through their garden, it was hoped that some traces of his passage would be left on the soft ground. There was a broken place at the top of the cemetery wall, near the oratory, but it was supposed that this had been made by the crowd, who climbed up to view the corpse. The long grass at the foot of the wall, immediately

beneath the breach, was untrodden, and there were no appearances to warrant the suspicion that the corpse had been conveyed into the cemetery at that spot. The walls were covered with grass and wall-plants. On the top of the wall of the garden, close to its junction with that of the street, were found lying several broken stalks of groundsel; and, close by, the grass appeared crushed and broken, as though a hand had rested on it. The searchers had discovered in the hair of the corpse, some cypress-leaves, the petals of a flower, and a strip of twisted hemp, which seemed to have been torn from a rope. There were cypress-trees growing near the wall and sweeping parts of its summit with their branches. There were also some plants of geranium growing on the walls, the petals of whose blossoms were similar to the petals that fell from Cécile's hair. It was even remarked that one blossom had lost all its petals. Moreover, on the one spot on the wall whence the corpse could have been thrown, there were signs of some heavy body having passed. A tuft of grass was torn from its place, and hung by a single fibre of the root. And a cypress-bough had been snapped.

The strongest argument against the supposition that the body had been thrown from the wall of the Rue Riquet, was the fact that on the roof of the orangery of the "frères"—a building close to the corner of the two walls, and the front of which ran flush with the inner side of the garden wall—was placed a reflecting light. It was improbable that the murderer should, of all other places, have chosen that portion of the Rue Riquet which was lighted by a lamp, for the disposal of his burden. If the corpse were not thrown from the Rue Riquet, said the police, it must have come from the garden of the "frères." It did not come from the Rue Riquet; and there were marks of something having passed over the garden wall. Therefore it did come from the garden of the "frères." The bare logic is not unassailable. But other reasons may be urged why the conclusion of the police showed a want of sagacity. They were very ready to limit the "venue" of the murder to the precincts of the "frères." They scarcely made a pretence of examining a neighbourhood where they should have examined every square inch. But the strangest thing of all, is, their neglect to account for the position in which the body was found. Their hypothesis is directly contradicted by the facts of the case. They suppose the corpse was thrown from a wall. It is found in an attitude in which it is all but impossible to suppose it could by any possibility have fallen. The clothes are disposed round it, as though it had been deposited with some care. It showed anything but the disorder of a fall from a considerable height. Much rain had fallen in the night. The corpse was entirely dry. The weather had been wet for the last fortnight. The soil must have been soft and easily impressible. There was little or no mark in the ground where the body lay. And yet it was said to have been thrown from the wall.

The police should not have been satisfied with a merely cursory examination of the other parts of the cemetery wall. There was one means by which it might have been deposited in the cemetery by a person in the garden, which does not seem to have occurred to the police, although it might be deemed sufficiently obvious. Supposing the murderer to have lowered the body from the wall, by a rope passed round the waist, it might have descended to the ground in just such an attitude as that in which it was found. It would have descended with no violent shock, and would have made no mark of depth in the soil. The murderer might have drawn up the rope after it had done its work. It showed no marks, they said, but they said so almost before they could have looked. It is probable that the fact of slight marks having been found on the garden wall, aided their belief that there were no other and stronger marks. But it was possible that the corpse might have been conveyed to its place by some other way than over the wall. The cemetery was used as a short cut during the day, and so slight was the security ensured by the lock on the gate, that it was commonly "picked," by any one who might wish to pass through, with any instrument that happened to be at hand. The gate was opened daily in this manner, and the fact was notorious in Toulouse. Why, then, *could* the corpse have come from no other place than from the garden of the "frères"?

Having settled how the corpse came into the Cimetière St. Aubin, the next point for the authorities to decide was, where was the crime committed? They found, or fancied they found, tracks by which they traced the murderer into the garden. At the base of the wall, on the garden side, were footprints, and marks as of the ends of the uprights of a ladder. The latter were very faint; so faint, that there was a doubt whether they had been caused by a ladder. The prosecution admitted them as weighty facts against the "frères," though the footprints might have been made by any one of the constant loungers in the garden; and though their theory was, that the criminal had mounted the ladder laden with a heavy load. There being no doubt that the guilty man would be found among the "frères," the difficulty was to fix on any one of them as more likely to be guilty than the rest.

Now, suspicion had fallen on the bookbinder Conte. He had insisted on Cécile's accompanying him to the monastery on the morning of the day of her disappearance, although the books he had to deliver might have been conveyed with perfect ease in one basket. He showed signs, it is true, of astonishment and perturbation at the disappearance of his apprentice. But within a few hours after her disappearance, he set off on the Diligence to Auch, urging, as the reason of his sudden departure, his obligation to discharge a loan, the time for the payment of which would not arrive for nearly a

week. His pretext was a pretence, and he was evidently anxious to be out of the way. In two days he returned, and immediately communicated with the police on the subject of the missing girl. Before any one accused him, he exclaimed, "Anyhow, *I* am innocent!" He was arrested on suspicion, on the day of his reappearance, and at first said that Cécile had probably been enticed into some improper house. It was not until the following day that he made a statement which implicated Brother Léotade. It is not unlikely that the popular rumour which reached him in the interval, suggested the statement. This was to the effect that on his arrival at the door of the "Noviciat," with his books, he had seen in the lobby two of the inmates—Frères Jubrien and Léotade. He showed considerable ingenuity in selecting these two, if he did not really see them. They held a kind of bursar's office in the monastery, and had free access to all parts of the building. Conte not only swore positively to their having been in the vestibule, but volunteered a theory how the crime was perpetrated. Jubrien might have enticed Cécile into a room where unbound books were kept. Léotade might have induced her to go and see rabbits in the stable. A "frère" named Luc had promised to make Cécile a present, and Frère Luc slept in a room on the ground floor, away from the common dormitory. It was on the 23rd of April, eight days after the murder, that Conte made these depositions. Up to this point the crime was merely localised in the monastery. Several of its inmates were suspected, but no individual specially. On the 26th, Conte said that he had seen Léotade disgrace himself by obscene gestures, and had heard him use accordant words. Léotade was arrested, and with him Jubrien, and Marion Roumagnac, the old woman who had accompanied Conte and Cécile when they carried the books. She was treated in her prison with much severity; and, by losing her support, her fatherless children became utterly destitute. The sole pretext for this woman's arrest was the fact of her testimony being contrary to that of Conte. She persisted in stating that she had not seen Jubrien and Léotade in the lobby of the monastery.

One or two circumstances appeared indeed specially to criminate Léotade. In the folds of the dress of the deceased were found some scraps of fodder, and a wheat straw stained with blood. The clothes and one of the shoes of Cécile were clotted with white mud, and adhering to this mud was a tiny piece of straw. The scraps of fodder appeared to be clover. Now, in a room over the stable of the "freres" was stored both wheat and clover. But, admitting that a body covered with moist mud and hidden among dry grain, would have carried away traces of the place of its concealment, it would appear probable that more than one or two snips of fodder would adhere to the mud. Moreover, according to this theory, the mud is left altogether unaccounted for.

After so fierce a struggle as the lacerated state of the corpse indicated, it might be supposed that the person of the murderer would show some marks of violence. After an examination to which the whole of the "frères," from the venerable superior to the youngest in the "Noviciat," submitted, nothing of the kind was discovered. The only little circumstance which seemed to confine the crime to Léotade was, that on some of his clothes there were found seeds of the common fig; and similar seeds had been found on the body of Cécile. There was a question whether Léotade had or had not taken pains to conceal the garments on which these seeds were found. According to the prosecution, Cécile was induced to leave the lobby immediately after the disappearance of Conte with the books. Léotade knew well that on that day of all others it would be easy for him to carry out his hideous design. It was Thursday; and on Thursday the "frères" were not permitted to leave their classrooms until eleven o'clock. Léotade, in his capacity of house-steward, had access to all those parts of the building which were most favourable to his attempt. He might have enticed Cécile, it was urged, into the loft over the stable, have there committed the cruel murder, and have concealed the corpse. When night fell—so said the prosecution—he conveyed the body to the wall, and deposited it in the cemetery.

Further preliminary inquiries resulted in the liberation of Frère Jubrien and Marion Roumagnac. From the day of his arrest to that of the trial, Léotade was kept in close confinement, and was not permitted to communicate with his counsel. In the mean time he was subjected to repeated examinations. The trial did not take place until February 7, 1848: nearly a year after the discovery of the crime.

To understand the judicial proceedings, it is necessary to remember that our neighbours deem an accused person guilty until proved innocent. The judge is counsel for the crown rather than for the accused. In England, so far from a prisoner being tempted to criminate himself, he is scarcely permitted to do so even if he desire it. The English law is, in some cases, more jealous of the character of a prisoner than he is himself. In France, one of the most important parts of the trial is the examination of the prisoner, and the prisoner is examined by the judge.

When Léotade appeared at the bar, his demeanour was calm and dignified. His countenance was remarkable. It would have been singularly bluff and good humoured, had it not been marked by thick black eyebrows. His eyes were bright and intelligent. He appeared to be naturally a strong man; but confinement and anxiety had sorely weakened him. He was defended by Messieurs Gase and Saint-Gresse. The "président," or judge, M. de Labaume, may almost be said to have led, on the other side; and to have taken a more active part against the prisoner than even the procureur-général.

"Rise!" said the president, as Léotade ap-

peared before him; and added, addressing the crowded audience, "the prisoner's voice is very weak; I must therefore demand the most profound silence."

It would seem that M. de Labaume had conceived the idea that the "frères" had organised a conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice in the defence of one of their number, and that they might even interrupt the court. His first words to Léotade pre-supposed the prisoner's guilt. "Accused," he said, "before the reading of the detailed act of accusation, we are of opinion that it will be convenient to question you as to the remarkable contradictions and prevarications in your answers on previous occasions. Weigh well all your replies. Remember that your life hangs on the result of this inquiry. Did you know Cécile Combettes?"

"No. I never saw her, nor knew her."

"Did you ever go to Conte's?"

"Sometimes; on business connected with the house; but I never saw any apprentice there—at least, as far as I can remember."

"You have already made use of like reservations. Let us have done with them. No equivocation, if you please. Have you, or have you not, seen an apprentice at Conte's? Did you, or did you not, know Cécile Combettes?"

"I did not know her."

"Is it true that a few days before the murder you went to Conte's?"

"I do not remember."

"I will remind you of the reason of your visit. Did you ask for a pocket-book, or an account-book?"

"I beg your pardon; I remember now."

"Did you not on that day say to Conte, 'Do not send the book by any one but the girl'?" (La petite.)

"Having no acquaintance with any such young girl, I could not have said so."

The president repeated the question, and again Léotade asserted more vehemently, "I never saw any young girl working for Conte."

The president then examined Léotade as to the occupation of every hour of the day of Cécile's disappearance. Léotade told him all he could remember (so he said), and on being told that his present statements differed in some slight particulars from what he had said before, he complained with much bitterness of the manner in which he had been treated before the trial, and said that the severity of the procureur-général was the cause of much of his hesitation.

The president inquired if Léotade had ever used the words imputed to him in connexion with the gestures, and he cried indignantly, "Never did such an expression escape my lips!"

"I prefer," said the president, "to hear you lie, than to give me evasive answers."

On the question who were in the lobby on the arrival of Conte and his companions, the president asked, "Were you in the vestibule at a few minutes after nine, talking to Frère Jubrien?"

"I was not. On that morning I never left the Pensionnat." And on the president repeating some of the evidence of Conte, and asking if the prisoner persisted in denying his having been in the "Noviciat" on the morning in question, Léotade cried with warmth, "I declare solemnly—I shall declare to the day of my death—that Conte has lied!"

The only new fact alleged was, that Léotade had first heard of the murder from some boys who were talking of it, and who had seen the corpse. Léotade lowered his voice as he alluded to the murder, and when it appeared that he was about to particularise what he had heard, stopped without finishing his sentence. It was not altogether impossible that a young monk should be modest. The president thought otherwise. Even in France, the severity with which an accused is treated is relaxed so far, that he is usually permitted to confer with his counsel at all times during the trial. M. Gasc made some suggestions to Léotade during his examination, but the president, speaking as though he considered himself slighted by any such remarks, forbade all interference between himself and the accused.

The first witnesses examined were Raspaud the gravedigger, and Lévêque the cemetery-porter. They detailed the facts already set forth, connected with the discovery of the corpse. One Monsieur Lamarle, an authority of the police, corroborated the statement that crowds had trampled the soil in and near the spot where the body lay, and complained that his investigations had been made much more difficult thereby. M. Estévenet, a physician, explained the result of the post-mortem examination, and gave it as his opinion that the wounds on the head of Cécile, were too severe to have been inflicted by the blow of the hand, or even by a stick. He thought it more probable that they had been caused by a hammer, by violent concussion with a wall or stone, or by a fall from a considerable height.

A multitude of witnesses followed on several successive days, but their depositions related either to what has been already related, or to circumstances that had no real bearing on the points at issue. It was not until the 15th that Conte appeared in the witness-box. "I swear to tell nothing but the truth!" he cried, as he took his place. The judge rebuked him, and bade him keep to the words of the oath. Before he began his evidence, he produced a plan he had had made, of the lobby of the monastery, and on which he had indicated the places averred to have been occupied by Léotade and Jubrien. He was ordered to pocket his plan, and proceed. He told his tale. Why, he was asked, had he made no mention of the presence of the two "frères" in the vestibule on the occasion of his first examination? He replied, "I said nothing about it because no one asked me. But I declare positively that there were two "frères" there; and that they were Jubrien and Léotade."

After giving some details of the gestures

which he said he had seen made by the accused, he was asked, "Did Léotade request you to forward his account-book to him by '*a* girl,' or by '*the* girl'?"

"I am not sure."

At the end of certain statements concerning the immorality of the accused, Léotade broke through his reserve, and exclaimed, "I was not —indeed I could not be—in the vestibule at a quarter past nine. He lies! My whole life contradicts the possibility of my being guilty of what he lays to my charge! From my childhood my conduct has been good. In my own village I was the only one out of fifty children, chosen to receive my first communion; and it was not for my birth or because I was a clever child, but because I was a good child, that I was chosen. When I left my home, I had even the esteem of my neighbours. Even then my thoughts were turned to a religious life; but I was obliged to work because my mother was poor. When my mother died, still wishing to give myself up to a religious life, I went to ask the advice of our curé at home; he took an interest in me, and was glad to help me to my calling. At last he gained me admission to the "frères" of Toulouse. I set off with joy; I finished my novitiate; I was then sent to Mirepoix, and afterwards to Bordeaux. Then I returned to Toulouse—against my own wish; but wherever I have been, my good character speaks in my favour. You can bring no period of my life against me. I was made house-steward because I was trusted. My prison has not changed my faith. I pray to God unceasingly; and I pray for you (turning to the jury); I shall pray for you whatever be your decision. You may condemn me to death, but you shall not lose my prayers. I am not fearful for the future, and, if you condemn me, I shall die as cheerfully as missionaries and martyrs die in distant lands."

"Do you persist in saying you saw Léotade and Jubrien in the vestibule?" said the judge to Conte.

"Before God and man, I swear it. They were both there."

"The evidence will show which of us has lied," answered Léotade.

"Accused," observed the president, "the quality, not the quantity, of evidence is valuable. It is possible that, considering the circumstances of the case, Conte's statement may be preferred to yours, though yours be corroborated by many more."

"Conte will be judged sooner or later by Him who is the judge of all."

"Divine justice is the auxiliary of human justice. If you are condemned by man, you will find your sentence confirmed in another world!"

This is, to say the least of it, rather remarkable on the part of a judge. Every suggestion of the counsel of the defence was slighted; they were rarely allowed to object to the questions of the procureur-général, or to put any of their own. To the unanimous testimony of the whole religious confraternity it was deemed a sufficient refutation that they *were* a confraternity. They were, ipso facto, banded together to lie and defeat the ends of justice.

The procureur-général made a long and elaborate address. The most telling part of his really brilliant speech was an imaginary description of the details of the double crime. With vivid power of representation, he led his hearers from the vestibule to the stable, and there showed them what he pictured to himself as all the horrid details of the murder. The audience were intensely excited, and where the logician failed, the orator triumphed.

M. Gasc followed for the defence, turning the attention of the court to the celebrated Calas case. He laid special stress on the improbability, if not impossibility, that Léotade could have traversed all those long corridors and courts with his victim, without encountering a soul. Even during his speech he was more than once interrupted by M. de Labaume.

The procureur-général waived his right of reply, and the president demanded of the accused if he wished to add anything to his case?

"I have no wish," he replied, "to prolong this discussion; but I declare again that I have said nothing false before the court. I have spoken with sincerity; and if there have been apparent inconsistencies in some of my depositions, made at different times, attribute them to the rigour of my solitary confinement. Ah, sirs, you little know what that solitude is! Let justice judge me as she will! I am innocent!"

By a majority of more than nine voices, the accused was found guilty, and condemned to the "travaux forcés" for life.

Léotade survived in the "Bagne" until 1850. His conduct was exemplary during his miserable imprisonment. He did much good among his fellow-prisoners, and even in the midst of the horrible wickedness of the hulks, induced many of them to lead a Christian life. They were hushed and awed when he lay on his death-bed. Some rough fellows who did not know, or did not respect, the dying monk, made some disturbance in the room:

"Hush!" whispered the rest. "Be still. The frère is praying."

At the completion, in March, of

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S NEW WORK,

A STRANGE STORY,

Will be commenced

A NEW NOVEL, BY MR. WILKIE COLLINS.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

To those of my readers who may seek, with Julius Faber, to explore, through intelligible causes, solutions of the marvels I narrate, Margrave's confession may serve to explain away much that my own superstitious beliefs had obscured. To them Margrave is evidently the son of Louis Grayle. The elixir of life is reduced to some simple restorative, owing much of its effect to the faith of a credulous patient: youth is so soon restored to its joy in the sun, with or without an elixir. To them, Margrave's arts of enchantment are reduced to those idiosyncrasies of temperament on which the disciples of Mesmer build up their theories; exaggerated, in much, by my own superstitions; aided, in part, by such natural, purely physical magic as, explored by the ancient priestcrafts, is despised by the modern philosophies, and only remains occult because Science delights no more in the slides of the lantern which fascinated her childhood with simulated phantoms. To them, Margrave is, perhaps, an enthusiast, but, because an enthusiast, not less an impostor. "*L'Homme se pique*," says Charron. Man cogs the dice for himself ere he rattles the box for his dupes. Was there ever successful impostor who did not commence by a fraud on his own understanding? Cradled in Orient Fable-land, what though Margrave believes in its legends; in a wand, an elixir; in sorcerers or Afrites? that belief in itself makes him keen to detect, and skilful to profit by, the latent but kindred credulities of others. In all illustrations of Duper and Duped through the records of superstition—from the guile of a Cromwell, a Mahomet, down to the cheats of a gipsy—professional visionaries are amongst the astutest observers. The knowledge that Margrave had gained of my abode, of my affliction, or of the innermost thoughts in my mind, it surely demanded no preternatural aids to acquire. An Old Bailey attorney could have got at the one, and any quick student of human hearts have readily mastered the other. In fine, Margrave, thus rationally criticised, is no other prodigy (save in degree and concurrence of attributes simple, though not very common) than may be found in each alley that harbours a fortune-teller who has just faith enough in the stars or the cards to bubble himself while he swindles his victims; earnest, indeed, in the self-conviction that he is really a seer, but reading the looks of his listeners, divining the thoughts that induce them to listen, and acquiring by practice a startling ability to judge what the listeners will deem it most seer-like to read in the cards, or divine from the stars.

I leave this interpretation unassailed. It is that which is the most probable, it is clearly that which, in a case not my own, I should have accepted; and yet I revolved and dismissed it. The moment we deal with things beyond our comprehension, and in which our own senses are appealed to and baffled, we revolt from the Probable, as it seems to the senses of those who have not experienced what we have. And the same Principle of Wonder that led our philosophy up from inert ignorance into restless knowledge, now winding back into Shadow-land, reverses its rule by the way, and, at last, leaves us lost in the maze, our knowledge inert, and our ignorance restless.

And putting aside all other reasons for hesitating to believe that Margrave was the son of Louis Grayle—reasons which his own narrative might suggest—was it not strange that Sir Philip Derval, who had instituted inquiries so minute, and reported them in his memoir with so faithful a care, should not have discovered that a youth, attended by the same woman who had attended Grayle, had disappeared from the town on the same night as Grayle himself disappeared? But Derval had related truthfully, according to Margrave's account, the flight of Ayesha and her Indian servant, yet not alluded to the flight, not even to the existence, of the boy, who must have been of no mean importance in the suite of Louis Grayle, if he were, indeed, the son whom Grayle had made his constant companion, and constituted his principal heir.

Not many minutes did I give myself up to the cloud of reflections through which no sunbeam of light forced its way. One thought overmastered all: Margrave had threatened death to my Lilian, and warned me of what I should learn from the lips of Faber, "the sage of the college." I stood, shuddering, at the door of my home; I did not dare to enter.

"Allen," said a voice, in which my ear detected an unwonted tremulous faltering, "be firm—be calm. I keep my promise. The hour

is come in which you may again see the Lilian of old—mind to mind, soul to soul."

Faber's hand took mine, and led me into the house.

"You do, then, fear that this interview will be too much for her strength?" said I, whisperingly.

"I cannot say; but she demands the interview, and I dare not refuse it."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

I LEFT Faber on the stairs, and paused at the door of Lilian's room. The door opened suddenly, noiselessly, and her mother came out with one hand before her face and the other locked in Amy's, who was leading her as a child leads the blind. Mrs. Ashleigh looked up, as I touched her, with a vacant dreary stare. She was not weeping, as was her womanly wont, in every pettier grief, but Amy was. No word was exchanged between us. I entered, and closed the door; my eyes turned mechanically to the corner in which was placed the small virgin bed, with its curtains white as a shroud. Lilian was not there. I looked round, and saw her half-reclined on a couch near the window. She was dressed, and with care. Was not that her bridal robe?

"Allen—Allen," she murmured. "Again, again my Allen—again, again your Lilian!" And, striving in vain to rise, she stretched out her arms in the yearning of reunited love. And as I knelt beside her, those arms closed round me, for the first time, in the frank, chaste, holy tenderness of a wife's embrace.

"Ah!" she said, in her low voice (her voice, like Cordelia's, was ever low), "all has come back to me—all that I owe to your protecting, noble, trustful, guardian, love!"

"Hush! hush! the gratitude rests with me—it is so sweet to love, to trust, to guard!—my own, my beautiful, still my beautiful! Suffering has not dimmed the light of those dear eyes to me! Put your lips to my ear. Whisper but these words: 'I love you, and for your sake I wish to live!'"

"For your sake, I pray—with my whole weak human heart—I pray to live. Listen. Some day hereafter, if I am spared, under the purple blossoms of yonder waving trees I shall tell you all, as I see it now, all that darkened or shone on me in my long dream, and before the dream closed around me, like a night in which cloud and star chase each other! Some day hereafter, some quiet, sunlit, happy, happy day. But now, all I would say is this: Before that dreadful morning." Here she paused, shuddered, and passionately burst forth, "Allen, Allen! you did not believe that slanderous letter! God bless you! God bless you! Great-hearted, high-souled—God bless you, my darling! my husband! And He will! Pray to him humbly as I do, and He will bless you." She stooped and kissed away my tears, then she resumed, feebly, meekly, sorrowfully:

"Before that morning I was not worthy of such a heart, such a love as yours. No, no; hear me. Not that a thought of love for another ever crossed me! Never, while conscious and reasoning, was I untrue to you—even in fancy? But I was a child—wayward as the child who pines for what earth cannot give, and covets the moon for a toy. Heaven had been so kind to my lot on earth, and yet with my lot on earth I was secretly discontented. When I felt that you loved me, and my heart told me that I loved again, I said to myself, 'Now the void that my soul finds on earth will be filled.' I longed for your coming, and yet when you went I murmured, 'But is this the ideal of which I had dreamed?' I asked for an impossible sympathy. Sympathy with what? Nay, smile on me, dearest!—sympathy with what? I could not have said. Ah! Allen, then, then, I was not worthy of you; Infant that I was, I asked you to understand me. Now I know that I am woman, and my task is to study you! Do I make myself clear? do you forgive me? I was not untrue to you; I was untrue to my own duties in life. I believed, in my vain conceit, that a mortal's dim vision of heaven raised me above the earth, I did not perceive the truth that earth is a part of the same universe as heaven! Now, perhaps in the awful affliction that darkened my reason, my soul has been made more clear. As if to chastise, but to teach me, my soul has been permitted to indulge its own presumptuous desire; it has wandered forth from the trammels of mortal duties and destinies; it comes back, alarmed by the dangers of its own rash and presumptuous escape from the tasks which it should desire upon earth to perform. Allen, Allen, I am less unworthy of you now! Perhaps in my darkness one rapid glimpse of the true world of spirit has been vouchsafed to me. If so, how unlike to the visions my childhood indulged as divine! Now, while I know still more deeply that there is a world for the angels, I know, also, that the mortal must pass through probation in the world of mortals. Oh, may I pass through it with you;—grieving in your griefs, rejoicing in your joys!"

Here language failed her. Again the dear arms embraced me, and the dear face, eloquent with love, hid itself on my human breast.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

THAT interview is over! Again I am banished from Lilian's room; the agitation, the joy of that meeting has overstrained her enfeebled nerves. Convulsive tremblings of the whole frame, accompanied with vehement sobs, succeeded our brief interchange of sweet and bitter thoughts. Faber, in tearing me from her side, imperiously and sternly warned me that the sole chance yet left of preserving her life was in the merciful suspense of the emotions that my presence excited. He and Amy resumed their place in her chamber. Even her mother shared my sentence of banishment. So Mrs. Ashleigh and I sat facing each other in the room below; over me a leaden stupor had fallen, and I heard, as a voice from afar or in a dream, the mother's murmured wailings:

"She will die—she will die! Her eyes have the same heavenly look as my Gilbert's on the day on which his closed for ever. Her very words are his last words—'Forgive me all my faults to you.' She will die—she will die!"

Hours thus passed away. At length, Faber entered the room; he spoke first to Mrs. Ashleigh — meaningless soothings, familiar to the lips of all who pass from the chamber of the dying to the presence of mourners, and know that it is a falsehood to say "Hope," and a mockery, as yet, to say "Endure."

But he led her away to her own room docile as a wearied child led to sleep; stayed with her some time, and then returned to me, pressing me to his breast, father-like.

"No hope—no hope!" said I, recoiling from his embrace. "You are silent. Speak! speak! Let me know the worst."

"I have a hope, yet I scarcely dare to bid you share it; for it grows rather out of my heart as man, than my experience as physician. I cannot think that her soul would be now so reconciled to earth—so fondly, so earnestly cling to this mortal life—if it were about to be summoned away. You know how commonly even the sufferers who have dreaded Death the most become calmly resigned to its coming, when Death visibly reveals itself out from the shadows in which its shape has been guessed and not seen. As it is a bad sign for life when the patient has lost all will to live on, so there is hope while the patient, yet young and with no perceptible breach in the great centres of life (however violently their forts may be stormed), has still intense faith in recovery, perhaps drawn (who can say?) from the whispers conveyed from above to the soul.

"I cannot bring myself to think that all the uses for which a reason, always so lovely even in its errors, has been restored, are yet fulfilled. It seems to me as if your union, as yet so imperfect, has still for its end that holy life on earth by which two mortal beings strengthen each other for a sphere of existence to which this is the spiritual ladder. Through yourself I have hope yet for her. Gifted with powers that rank you high in the manifold orders of man; thoughtful, laborious, and brave; with a heart that makes intellect vibrate to every fine touch of humanity; in error itself, conscientious; in delusions, still eager for truth; in anger, forgiving; in wrong, seeking how to repair; and, best of all, strong in a love which the mean would have shrunk to defend from the fangs of the slanderer—a love, raising passion itself out of the realm of the senses, made sublime by the sorrows that tried its devotion; with all these noble proofs in yourself, of a being not meant to end here—your life has stopped short in its uses, your mind itself has been drifted, a bark without rudder or pilot, over seas without shore, under skies without stars. And wherefore? Because the Mind you so haughtily vaunted has refused its companion and teacher in Soul.

"And therefore, through you, I hope that she will be spared yet to live on. She, in whom soul has been led dimly astray, by unheeding the checks and the definite goals which the mind is ordained to prescribe to its wanderings while here; the mind taking thoughts from the actual and visible world, and the soul but vague glimpses and hints from the instinct of its ultimate heritage. Each of you two seems to me as yet incomplete, and your destinies yet uncompleted. Through the bonds of the heart, through the trials of time, ye have both to consummate your marriage. I do not—believe me—I do not say this in the fanciful wisdom of allegory and type, save that, wherever deeply examined, allegory and type run through all the most commonplace phases of outward and material life. I hope, then, that she may yet be spared to you; hope it, not from my skill as physician, but my inward belief as a Christian. To perfect your own being and end, *each of you has need of the other!*"

I started—the very words that Lilian had heard in her vision!

"But," resumed Faber, "how can I presume to trace the numberless links of effects up to the First Cause, far off—oh, far off—out of the scope of my reason. I leave that to philosophers, who would laugh my meek hope to scorn.

"Possibly, probably, where I, whose calling has been but to save flesh from the worm, deem that the life of your Lilian is needed yet, to develop and train your own convictions of soul, Heaven in its wisdom may see that her death would instruct you far more than her life. I have said: Be prepared for either; wisdom through joy; or wisdom through grief. Enough that, looking only through the mechanism by which this moral world is impelled and improved, you know that cruelty is impossible to wisdom. Even a man, or man's law, is never wise but when it is merciful. But mercy has general conditions; and that which is mercy to the myriads may seem hard to the one; and that which seems hard to the one in the pang of a moment may be mercy when viewed by the eye that looks on through eternity."

And from all this discourse—of which I now, at calm distance of time, recal every word—my human, loving heart bore away for the moment but this sentence, "Each has need of the other;" so that I cried out, "Life, life, life! Is there no hope for her life? Have you no hope as physician? I am physician, too; I will see her. I will judge. I will not be banished from my post."

"Judge then, as physician, and let the responsibility rest with you. At this moment, all convulsion, all struggle has ceased, the frame is at rest. Look on her, and perhaps only the physician's eye could distinguish her state from death. It is not sleep, it is not trance, it is not the dooming coma from which there is no awaking. Shall I call it by the name received in our schools? Is it the catalepsy in which life is suspended, but consciousness acute? She is motionless, rigid; it is but with a strain of my own sense that I know that the breath still

breathes, and the heart still beats. But I am convinced that, though she can neither speak nor stir, nor give sign, she is fully, sensitively, conscious of all that passes around her. She is like those who have seen the very coffin carried into their chamber, and been unable to cry out, 'Do not bury me alive!' Judge then for yourself, with this intense consciousness and this impotence to evince it, what might be the effect of your presence—first an agony of despair, and then the complete extinction of life!"

"I have known but one such case. A mother whose heart was wrapt up in a suffering infant. She had lain for two days and two nights, still, as if in her shroud. All, save myself, said, 'Life is gone.' I said, 'Life still is there.' They brought in the infant, to try what effect its presence would produce; then her lips moved, and the hands crossed upon her bosom trembled."

"And the result?" exclaimed Faber, eagerly. "If the result of your experience sanction your presence, come; the sight of the babe rekindled life?"

"No; extinguished its last spark! I will not enter Lilian's room. I will go away; away from the house itself. That acute consciousness! I know it well! She may even hear me move in the room below, hear me speak at this moment. Go back to her, go back! But if hers be the state which I have known in another, which may be yet more familiar to persons of far ampler experience than mine, there is no immediate danger of death. The state will last through to-day, through to-night; perhaps for days to come. Is it so?"

"I believe that for at least twelve hours there will be no change in her state. I believe also, that if she recover from it, calm and refreshed, as from a sleep, the danger of death will have passed away."

"And for twelve hours my presence would be hurtful?"

"Rather say fatal, if my diagnosis be right."

I wrung my friend's hand, and we parted.

Oh, to lose her now! now that her love and her reason had both returned, each more vivid than before! Futile, indeed, might be Margrave's boasted secret; but at least in that secret was hope. In recognised science I saw only despair.

And, at that thought, all dread of this mysterious visitor vanished—all anxiety to question more of his attributes or his history. His life itself became to me dear and precious. What if it should fail me in the steps of the process, whatever that was, by which the life of my Lilian might be saved!

The shades of evening were now closing in. I remembered that I had left Margrave without even food for many hours. I stole round to the back of the house, filled a basket with aliments, more generous than those of the former day; extracted fresh drugs from my stores, and, thus laden, hurried back to the hut. I found Margrave in the room below, seated on his mysterious coffer, leaning his face on his hand. When I entered, he looked up and said:

"You have neglected me. My strength is waning. Give me more of the cordial, for we have work before us to-night, and I need support."

He took for granted my assent to his wild experiment; and he was right.

I administered the cordial. I placed food before him, and this time he did not eat with repugnance. I poured out wine, and he drank it sparingly, but with ready compliance, saying, "In perfect health I looked upon wine as poison, now it is like a foretaste of the glorious elixir."

After he had thus recruited himself, he seemed to acquire an energy that startlingly contrasted his languor the day before; the effort of breathing was scarcely perceptible; the colour came back to his cheeks; his bended frame rose elastic and erect.

"If I understood you rightly," said I, "the experiment you ask me to aid can be accomplished in a single night?"

"In a single night—this night."

"Command me. Why not begin at once? What apparatus or chemical agencies do you need?"

"Ah," said Margrave. "Formerly, how I was misled! Formerly, how my conjectures blundered! I thought, when I asked you to give a month to the experiment I wished to make, that I should need the subtlest skill of the chemist. I then believed, with Van Helmont, that the principle of life is a gas, and that the secret was but in the mode by which the gas might be rightly administered. But now, all that I need is contained in this coffer, save one very simple material—fuel sufficient for a steady fire for six hours. I see even that is at hand, piled up in your outhouse. And now for the substance itself—to that you must guide me."

"Explain."

"Near this very spot is there not gold—in mines yet undiscovered?—and gold of the purest metal?"

"There is. What then? Do you, with the alchemists, blend in one discovery—gold and life?"

"No. But it is only where the chemistry of earth or of man produces gold, that the substance from which the great pabulum of life can be extracted by ferment, is found. Possibly in the attempts at that transmutation of metals, which I think your own great chemist — Sir Humphry Davy — allowed might be possible, but held to be not worth the cost of the process, — possibly, in those attempts, some scanty grains of this substance were found by the alchemists, in the crucible, with grains of the metal as niggardly yielded by pitiful mimicry of Nature's stupendous laboratory; and from such grains enough of the essence might, perhaps, have been drawn forth, to add a few years of existence to some feeble greybeard,—granting, what rests on no proofs, that some of the alchemists reached an age rarely given to man. But it is not in the miserly crucible, it is in the matrix of Nature herself, that we must seek

in prolific abundance Nature's grand principle—life. As the loadstone is rife with the magnetic virtue, as amber contains the electric, so in this substance, to which we yet want a name, is found the bright life-giving fluid. In the old gold mines of Asia and Europe the substance exists; but can rarely be met with. The soil for its nutriment may there be well-nigh exhausted. It is here, where Nature herself is all vital with youth, that the nutriment of youth must be sought. Near this spot is gold—guide me to it."

"You cannot come with me. The place which I know as auriferous is some miles distant; the way rugged. You cannot walk to it. It is true, I have horses, but——"

"Do you think I have come this distance, and not foreseen and forestalled all that I want for my object? Trouble yourself not with conjectures how I can arrive at the place. I have provided the means to arrive at, and leave it. My litter and its bearers are in reach of my call. Give me your arm to the rising ground, fifty yards from your door."

I obeyed mechanically, stifling all surprise. I had made my resolve, and admitted no thought that could shake it.

When we reached the summit of the grassy hillock, which sloped from the road that led to the seaport, Margrave, after pausing to recover breath, lifted up his voice in a key, not loud, but shrill and slow and prolonged, half cry and half chant, like the nighthawk's. Through that air, so limpid and still, bringing near far objects, far sounds—the voice pierced its way, artfully pausing, till wave after wave of the atmosphere bore and transmitted it on.

In a few minutes the call seemed re-echoed, so exactly, so cheerily, that for the moment I thought that the note was the mimicry of the shy mocking Lyre-Bird, which mimics so merrily all that it hears in its coverts, from the whirr of the locust to the howl of the wild dog.

"What king," said the mystical charmer—and as he spoke he carelessly rested his hand on my shoulder,—so that I trembled to feel that this dread son of Nature, Godless and soulless, who had been—and my heart whispered, who still could be—my bane and mind-darkener, leant upon me for support, as the spoilt younger-born on his brother—"what king," said this cynical mocker, with his beautiful boyish face,—"what king in your civilised Europe has the sway of a chief of the East? What link is so strong between mortal and mortal, as that between lord and slave? I transport yon poor fools from the land of their birth—they preserve here their old habits; obedience and awe. They would wait till they starved in the solitude—wait to hearken and answer my call. And I, who thus rule them, or charm them—I use and despise them. They know that, and yet serve me! Between you and me, my philosopher, there is but one thing worth living for—life for oneself."

Is it age, is it youth, that thus shocks all my sense, in my solemn completeness of man? Perhaps, in great capitals, young men of pleasure will answer, "It is youth; and we think what he says!" Young friends, I do not believe you.

CHAPTER LXXX.

Along the grass track I saw now, under the moon, just risen, a strange procession—never seen before in Australian pastures. It moved on, noiselessly but quickly. We descended the hillock, and met it on the way. A sable litter, borne by four men, in unfamiliar Eastern garments; two other swarthy servitors, more bravely dressed, with yataghans and silver-hilted pistols in their belts, preceding this sombre equipage. Perhaps Margrave divined the disdainful thought that passed through my mind, vaguely and half consciously; for he said, with the hollow, bitter laugh that had replaced the lively peal of his once melodious mirth:

"A little leisure and a little gold, and your raw colonist, too, will have the tastes of a pacha."

I made no answer. I had ceased to care who and what was my tempter. To me his whole being was resolved into one problem: Had he a secret by which Death could be turned from Lilian?

But now, as the litter halted, from the long dark shadow which it cast upon the turf, the figure of a woman emerged, and stood before us. The outlines of her shape were lost in the loose folds of a black mantle, and the features of her face were hidden by a black veil, except only the dark-bright, solemn eyes. Her stature was lofty, her bearing majestic, whether in movement or repose.

Margrave accosted her in some language unknown to me. She replied in what seemed to my ear the same tongue. The tones of her voice were sweet, but inexpressibly mournful. The words that they uttered appeared intended to warn, or deprecate, or dissuade, for they called to Margrave's brow a lowering frown, and drew from his lips a burst of unmistakable anger. The woman rejoined, in the same melancholy music of voice. And Margrave then, leaning his arm upon her shoulder, as he had leant it on mine, drew her away from the group into a neighbouring copse of the flowering eucalypti—mystic trees, never changing the hues of their pale green leaves, ever shifting the tints of their ash-grey, shedding, bark. For some moments, I gazed on the two human forms, dimly seen by the glinting moonlight through the gaps in the foliage. Then, turning away my eyes, I saw, standing close at my side, a man whom I had not noticed before. His footstep, as it stole to me, had fallen on the sward without sound. His dress, though Oriental, differed from that of his companions, both in shape and colour; fitting close to the breast, leaving the arms bare to the elbow, and of an uniform ghastly white, as are the cerements of the grave. His visage was even darker than those of the Syrians or Arabs behind him, and his features were those of a bird of prey—the beak of the eagle, but the eye of

the vulture. His cheeks were hollow, the arms, crossed on his breast, were long and fleshless. Yet in that skeleton form there was a something which conveyed the idea of a serpent's suppleness and strength; and as the hungry, watchful eyes met my own startled gaze, I recoiled impulsively with that inward warning of danger which is conveyed to man, as to inferior animals, in the very aspect of the creatures that sting or devour. At my movement the man inclined his head in the submissive Eastern salutation, and spoke in his foreign tongue, softly, humbly, fawningly, to judge by his tone and his gesture.

I moved yet farther away from him with loathing, and now the human thought flashed upon me: was I in truth exposed to no danger in trusting myself to the mercy of the weird and remorseless master of those hirelings from the East?—seven men in number, two at least of them formidably armed, and docile as blood-hounds to the hunter, who has only to show them their prey. But fear of man like myself is not my weakness; where fear found its way to my heart it was through the doubts or the fancies in which man like myself disappeared in the attributes, dark and unknown, which we give to a fiend or a spectre. And, perhaps, if I could have paused to analyse my own sensations, the very presence of this escort—creatures of flesh and blood—lessened the dread of my incomprehensible tempter. Rather, a hundred times, front and defy those seven eastern slaves—I, haughty son of the Anglo-Saxon who conquers all races because he fears no odds—than have seen again on the walls of my threshold the luminous, bodyless Shadow! Besides; Lilian—Lilian! for one chance of saving her life, however wild and chimerical that chance might be, I would have shrunk not a foot from the march of an army.

Thus reassured, and thus resolved, I advanced, with a smile of disdain, to meet Margrave and his veiled companion, as they now came from the moonlit copse.

"Well," I said to him, with an irony that unconsciously mimicked his own, "have you taken advice with your nurse? I assume that the dark form by your side is that of Ayesha!"

The woman looked at me from her sable veil, with her steadfast, solemn eyes, and said, in English, though with a foreign accent, "The nurse, born in Asia, is but wise through her love; the pale son of Europe is wise through his art. The nurse says 'Forbear!' Do you say 'Adventure?'"

"Peace!" exclaimed Margrave, stamping his foot on the ground, "I take no counsel from either; it is for me to resolve, for you to obey, and for him to aid. Night is come, and we waste it; move on."

The woman made no reply, nor did I. He took my arm and walked back to the hut. The barbaric escort followed. When we reached the door of the building, Margrave said a few words to the woman and to the litter-bearers. They entered the hut with us. Margrave pointed out to the woman his coffer; to the men, the fuel stowed in the outhouse. Both were borne away and placed within the litter. Meanwhile, I took from the table, on which it was carelessly thrown, the light hatchet that I habitually carried with me in my rambles.

"Do you think that you need that idle weapon?" said Margrave. "Do you fear the good faith of my swarthy attendants?"

"Nay, take the hatchet yourself; its use is to sever the gold from the quartz in which we may find it embedded, or to clear, as this shovel, which will also be needed, from the slight soil above it, the ore that the mine in the mountain flings forth, as the sea casts its waifs on the sands."

"Give me your hand, fellow-labourer!" said Margrave, joyfully. "Ah, there is no faltering terror in this pulse. I was not mistaken in the Man. What rests, but the Place and the Hour?—I shall live—I shall live!"

M.D. and M.A.D.

The mad-doctors have been making an auto-da-fé of themselves in connexion with the shameful scandal of a Commission of Lunacy, out of which the public, after a long drench of evidence—lasting nearly as many days as the Deluge—has got only an opinion anything but flattering either to the victim of the inquiry or to its promoter; some pity for the one, no very frantic admiration for the other, and a strong conviction that the case for the imbecility of the mad-doctors has been at any rate made out. The sooner those gentlemen, as witnesses to the wits of their neighbours, are put under strong restraint, the better for us all.

Let us suppose that there is flying somewhere in space, a Beneficent Uncle, who was not eager to have a fat nephew declared carrion. Let us say that where the carcase of that nephew was, the eagles gathered themselves together in a battle royal for the benediction of the repast. Let us say that the victim—all combatants, except the Disinterested Uncle, being now gorged with the meat that was on him—has been suffered to pick up his bones and depart. And let us make an end of the whole matter by saying, Let him go, and let us know no more of nephew or of uncle. But the mad-doctors are not to be so lightly shaken off. Again and again they reappear, claiming to be considered authorities.

One eminent authority cries Sound! Another equally eminent cries Rotten! In this wretched case, as in almost every other, the eminent authority who happens to be consulted on one side gives his evidence in strong support of the side that has retained him: while the eminent authority consulted on the other side is ready to meet with point-blank contradiction, the opinions of his eminent brother. Dr. Forbes Winslow was to have been retained for the defence, and a witness states that he went to his house for that purpose; but, seeing the chief accuser in the doctor's waiting-room, he knew it was of no use to apply there. Dr. Winslow said in evidence, that, in preparing himself to

examine the young man whose folly it was desired that he should pronounce legal imbecility, he got only the affidavits on one side; that he was instructed by the solicitor for his accusers; that he had seen the chief accuser five or six times for half an hour or an hour at a time; and that he went wholly upon the assumption that the information he got from the prosecutor was correct. He had two interviews with the unhappy youth, and admits that, "supposing I had met him with my mind a tabula rasa, I should have been loth to form the opinion I have expressed to-day with respect to his imbecility. I repeat, that the opinion I have stated is partly founded upon the assumption"—that he, the doctor, was to believe what he had heard to the patient's prejudice.

And what opinion, after all, *did* the doctor "express to-day"? He said, "Mental unsoundness may be appreciated; it is easily recognised; but it cannot be defined." The case under inquiry, he said, "in medical language would be a case of amentia." On the other side, said Dr. Hood, the resident physician to Bedlam, who should be an authority, "I do not think he is suffering from 'amentia,' which I consider an exploded term. He is not suffering from natural imbecility." "Amentia," said on the other side Dr. Conolly, the first English authority upon these matters, "Amentia is an obsolete term, but when it was used it meant extreme imbecility. This person is assuredly not in an imbecile state."

Let us at once declare that we do not for an instant, or in the remotest degree, attribute to Dr. Winslow, or to any other of these medical gentlemen, a conscious action under mercenary motives. The public danger arising from their influence would be infinitely insignificant if the fact were so. They are highly trained men, who have honestly devoted themselves to a special study of the most difficult questions that can occur to a physician. There is no clear dividing line between sickness and health of mind; unsoundness of mind is, no doubt, as various and common as unsoundness of body; and perfect health of mind or body is the gift of one man in a million in civilised society. Every natural defect of temper is unsoundness. All crime is unsound; the criminal, as Coleridge said, being only a fool with a circumbendibus. But we do not condemn our bodies as unfit for use when there are corns on our toes, or when the sallow tinge on our cheeks supplants the hue of health. We walk even upon one leg, breathe by help of a single lung, do our duty in the world as far as our infirmity permits. So it is with the mind. Every man has his weak place; his twist, his hobby. One man may rise to honour, and do noble service to his country, by help of an unhealthy restlessness that Dr. Winslow's fingers would itch to put under lock and key. Dr. Winslow edits a journal called the Medical Critic, which is psychological, and likes to point out how many criminals are lunatics. In honest truth, every criminal is a lunatic; but he is a lunatic who would admit, except under the most obviously exceptional conditions, any such plea as a bar to responsibility. We even inherit characters or forms of mind as well as forms of body, and a neglected untaught man may be no more able to control this or that evil turn of character, than he may be able to control the shape of his nose. Nevertheless, human judges who are not All Wise, must give up society to anarchy, or shut their eyes on such metaphysical distinctions. In all human justice, said Montaigne, there is an element of injustice required to make it work.

When our justice, even in search of truth, gets out of its depth, how far it may be carried out to sea we learn from the mad-doctors. There being much unsoundness in the mind of a wise man, and more in the mind of a fool, a genuine mad-doctor has only to be supplied with such a fool as any man may meet a dozen times a day; and, being prejudiced beforehand by an attorney with an adverse statement, will be quite prepared to certify the fool imbecile.

The manner in which the particular youth of whose name we have had more than enough was solemnly examined for a certificate of imbecility by Dr. Forbes Winslow and by Dr. Thomas Mayo, President of the College of Physicians, is most edifying to the public. At the first interview the young man sat at a table with his judges—strongly prejudiced against him, as they admit, by their belief in the instructions of the adverse attorney—and for two hours he submitted to their adverse questions that raked up his follies and misdeeds. The public, knowing the truth as to details, can now see that as to some points of fact the doctors had been wrongly instructed. Dr. Forbes Winslow, for example, felt himself to be very shrewd in his cross-examination about a certain contract for the sale of timber, and a person whom he supposed to have been secretly and dishonestly at the bottom of it; and he inquired, If you heard this, and if you heard that, what should you say then? The young man, not believing that he ever should truly hear this or that, discrediting what it is now shown was not the fact, said only, "I will wait till the matter comes before the court." This sensible reply was entered and quoted against him; but the imbecility here—if so we are to call weakness of judgment—was on the side of the doctor. The victim of inquiry was found imbecile by the doctors for the prosecution, because, they said, his answers were childish. But the questions put to him were often worse than childish. Dr. Mayo owns that he tempted the young man, whose morals he knew to be loose, with an extravagant suggestion, which, he says, and more shame to himself, "he had no reason to believe well founded." And he considered the youth's mind unsound, because he treated with levity the idle accusation. Dr. Mayo is the President of the College of Physicians, and the author of Croonian Lectures on the art of giving evidence in such cases as this; but of all the evidence in the case, his particular evidence is the most unreasonable.

Dr. Winslow, having wandered hither and thither in uncertainty of statement, told us that if he were asked to test the sanity of a man, "I am satisfied that I should be able to arrive at a safe conclusion if I were to place before the alleged lunatic a series of designedly fictitious facts, asking him how he would conduct himself, supposing those facts were true." Yet he can but make his own measure of discretion the standard whereby to estimate that of his neighbour. What if he asked a sane man how he would deal with a youth accused of imbecility by such and such persons, under such and such conditions; whether he would put implicit faith in the instructions of the attorney working against such a youth, and whether he would take care to examine him from that attorney's paper, in the way least likely to put him at his ease? Would he certify the sane man imbecile for answering, No? But Dr. Winslow owns that in this case his opinion was influenced by his instructions, and he declares honestly that every such case "speaks for itself, and laymen of the world are quite as competent as professional witnesses to come to a right conclusion, provided they have all the facts before them" With admitted equal power, therefore, of arriving at a decision, the jury of laymen of the world came to a decision contrary to Dr. Winslow's. What confidence does this give us in a mad-doctor's accuracy of opinion concerning the sanity of any one of us?

Dr. Mayo detected that the victim under examination "made disjointed remarks," but he was in vain pressed to give an instance. Some of our most thoughtful men are such disjointed talkers that we fear they will henceforth dread the critical ears of the President of the College of Physicians. "I did not," Dr. Winslow had said, "draw this young man's attention to the sinfulness of his conduct; in fact, we did not go into the ethics of the matter at all." But Dr. Winslow was not aware that, whatever he might suppose, it was precisely and especially "the ethics of the matter" that were being gone into by his fellow examiner, the President of the College of Physicians. "Speaking of the ethical part of the case—by far the most important"—Dr. Mayo begins, referring to the same examination in which, according to Dr. Winslow, the ethics of the matter were not gone into at all! Dr. Mayo tells us, however, that "all the phenomena" of the ethical part of the subject "were correctly stated by Dr. Winslow." The only oddity was, that Dr. Winslow himself didn't know how ethical he was. Or, probably the doctors differ as to what they would call ethics, just as easily as they can differ as to what they will call unsoundness of mind.

So Dr. Mayo deduced legal unsoundness from defect of morals, and was not to be appeased, though upon one point the culprit, "seeing that he had produced an unfavourable impression upon us, very cunningly said"—what of course, being in his own favour, was an additional proof of his imbecility; the perception of this being an illustration of the cunning usual in mad doctors. Then, again: having repeated to the court his highly objectionable and uncalled-for question, the Chief of Physicians observes of the young man severely, that "he treated the question with great levity." Levity, indeed!—when he ought to have read a moral lecture to his interrogator! Again: because the foolish but not ill-natured youth had the merit—not rare in men of his sort—of sticking by his chosen friend—the friend of his choice not being, as Dr. Mayo would perhaps require him to be, a Socrates—"the adhesiveness he showed in his attachment to that friend, in spite of admitting a low opinion of him, was another circumstance which indicated an indifference to decency and decorum. It suggested to me his incapacity in another sense—incapacity in regard to the management of affairs—for such a man would be sure to have bad associates, and give way to them." All sorts of insane inferences are to be drawn from fidelity to an ill-chosen friend. To Bedlam then with the Lovelaces! Let the College of Physicians sit in judgment upon every man's choice of companions, and let none but the discreet be reckoned sane. "There are too many names for insanity," says Dr. Mayo. "My own judgment would direct me to be satisfied with the simple expression that Mr. Lovelace is of unsound mind. The power of making bargains and doing certain sums is consistent with this sort of unsoundness." Dr. Mayo observed, also, that his victim had a good memory for events; "but that," he made haste to add, "is not an extraordinary phenomenon in cases of unsoundness of mind. I entered," says this doctor, "upon the examination of Mr. Lovelace with the belief that there was a large body of evidence which would prove that his mind was unsound." Once started by the attorney for the prosecution with such a belief, the rest was easy. For himself, he had only to reconcile what he found with what had been told him, and he tells us—after positive testimony in his character of skilled witness, that he had found the young man to be of unsound mind—that his opinion of the uncontrollable character of such unsoundness "is not founded upon my own observation. *I* observed sufficient to convince me that he is cunning enough to seem to be aware of social obligations"!

When about to be released from his two hours of torture, the young man was asked to write a letter—no subject being suggested to him. The letter, however, was unexpectedly and undeniably pertinent and good, and, as the doctor says, "far more consistent with soundness of mind than with unsoundness, but it is not inconsistent with the latter." Nothing is inconsistent, in fact, with an unsoundness which, as Dr. Mayo says, "is a fitter subject for description than for definition," and which he shows himself as little able to describe as to define. He says that "moral obliquity, supposing it to mean perversion," is one sign of it; but "vice is not perversion." Will Dr. Mayo give some more Croonian lectures at the College of Physicians to explain

how he distinguishes practically, or even in any defined way theoretically, between "vice that is not perversion," and "moral obliquity, supposing it to mean perversion"?

The perfect honesty and simplicity of faith with which these doctors follow the lead suggested to them, appears in the complete frankness of their admissions. Both Dr. Mayo and Dr. Winslow state as matter of course that they took for granted what they were told of the person whose state of mind was in question before they examined him, and that they read him by the light of their instructions. Dr. Tuke, on the other side, who is part author of a text-book on Psychological Medicine, being first called in on behalf of the defence, forms immediately, and also quite honestly, all the opinions that suit the defence, goes down to consult with the attorney for the defence, calls the whole matter at the outset a "disagreeable family quarrel"—"never during all his interviews with Mr. Lovelace saw *the least indications* of unsoundness of mind"—and when asked why he did not push home this or that line of interrogation, says, as candidly on his side as the other doctors had said on their side, "I wish you to understand that I entirely wiped out of my mind the notion that Mr. Lovelace was labouring under delusions." Taking his facts from the defendant, to whose sanity he was to bear witness, "I always," he says frankly, "took his truthfu'ness for granted, and never thought of testing it." It "could not ever enter his mind" that his client was imbecile, "considering his powers of observation, the manner in which he instructed his solicitor about his defence, and his delicacy in conversation."

Dr. Sutherland, again—applied to by the friends of the defendant—gave the high authority of his opinion in support of the defence. He dissented in court from the published authority of Dr. Copland as to the right description of an imbecile, chiefly because he desired to add the physical signs of a small head and thick knuckles. We should like to hear from an observant hatter whether the most intelligent of his customers are those who require the largest hats, and from a shrewd glover whether he estimates the ability of *his* customers by the knuckle test. Yet Dr. Sutherland is, no doubt, an accurate observer. He is assuredly right in demanding physical as well as other evidence of imbecility. But let us suppose that Mr. Lovelace's head had been a little smaller and he a little wiser, instead of his head being a little larger and he a little less wise than the average, and that his knuckles had been thick, what might have been his fate had Dr. Sutherland, possessed with an ex-parte case against his soundness of mind, been asked to examine him for signs of imbecility?

Dr. Seymour, again, a physician of wide special experience, invited to examine the accused, and getting the affidavits made on his behalf instead of those against him, found him only "a very young man for his age;" adding, that he has known "many young men of his age in possession of their property who have weaker minds." We ought not to find fault with evidence, endorsed by the verdict, wherein we agree;—and we beg to add that we do not believe that any amount of instruction and affidavit for the accusation would have made Dr. Conolly's admirable evidence other than what it is—a distinct scouting of the whole attempt to convert what is but a too wretchedly common default of right training and good sense, into legally disqualifying imbecility. Dr. Hood, the physician of Bethlehem Hospital, also evidently went with pen and ink before him very honestly about his work, and did not omit the effort to be helpful to a foolish and neglected youth, with manly reasoning, reproof, and counsel.

What opinion are we to form upon the whole case of the facility with which a mad-doctor can insensibly adapt his theories to either side? Even in the less uncertain fields of science, we have seen in great criminal trials eminent chemists as well as eminent mad-doctors retained for the defence, flatly contradicting eminent chemists as well as eminent mad doctors retained for the prosecution. The value of the skilled witness has usually its visible measure in questions of material fact that concern the body. In questions that concern the mind, the less heed we pay to the theorist, and the more distinctly we require none but the sort of evidence patent to the natural sense of ordinary men in determining what citizen shall suffer the privations, or what criminal shall enjoy the privileges, that belong to proved unsoundness of mind, the better it will be for us. Let us account no man a lunatic whom it requires a mad-doctor to prove insane.

THE LOCOMOTIVE IN SLIPPERS.

The railway in the East has been like a lancet thrust into an apoplectic and sleepy sick man. It has saved the patient from death, but it has not restored him at once to health. The railway itself has become sleepy in the land of Nod, and has lost somewhat of its European energy. The details of management are conducted in a careless drowsy way. There is a good deal of screaming, wrangle, and torpid delay. The trains run once a day where they ought to run five times; information about them is difficult to obtain; there is no proper foresight or provision to remedy accidents, and no proper tariff for refreshment; in fact, the railway system in the East has become Orientalised. It has already put itself into slippers, crossed its legs, shut its eyes, and taken to the chibouque. A train in Egypt is rather a caravan drawn by steam, than a railway train. I cannot better illustrate the way in which the railway system works, or rather does not work, in the East, than by sketching a railway accident that I was witness of, on the grand trunk railway that runs between Cairo and Alexandria.

It was just one month after the subsidence of the highest inundation known in Egypt for twenty years. The river had been "too good,"

as the Italian vine-dresser said, when his village saint, after a long drought, sent more than enough of rain. The miraculous drop from the star, as the Moslem legend has it, has been potent in its working as any drop ever brewed by high-charging medicine man. The street crier who proclaims the rise of the river had been joyful in his pious announcement.* The pieces of Nile earth had been duly eaten by the superstitious Cairo women, with, I hope, the usual nausea. Everybody rejoiced and was glad. The black fields sang together. The soft green sugar-canes nestled together and kissed each other. The glad lark over the millet-fields sang solos of joy and hope, and only the man who had not paid his taxes to the basha was sad, and toiled on lazily and slow after his herd of thirsty buffaloes.

Everywhere the fields were slimy black with moisture, and the green blades came up keen, fine, and sharp, all in the livery colour of the Prophet, like so many files of true believers ranged in procession. The water was in every stage of subsidence; here a pool, there a slimy drift; now a lake, presently a black swamp where the grey crows waded to the worm they were about to swallow whole. The cotton was getting fast into a pale yellow brown, not unobserved by Manchesterian eyes. The great lavish doora with the flag-leaf tossed its great branches of grain into the rainless air. The dark-skinned peasants were toiling with the heavy adzes that serve them as spades as well as hoes. The bullock-ploughs crept sleepily along. The sowers were out, tossing their broad handfuls. All Egypt sang for joy—from the pasha in the first-class carriage, to the meanest scavenger in Cairo.

But why "the pasha in the first-class carriage"? asks an inquiring, controversial, and healthily sceptical mind. Be it known to the healthy sceptic that the present pasha has a passion, not for improving and increasing the number of railways, but for employing them. He "lives along the line," in fact, as Pope's sensitive spider formerly did. He spends whole nights in railway carriages. It is even said, such is the playful freshness of his despotic fancy, that it took the whole band of European consuls some weeks, to induce him to abstain from trying the effects of a collision between two full trains. It is, perhaps, vexing to have your business trains shunted off for three hours into a siding, whilst the pasha's harem passes by; but still I say, in the name of the whole railway interest of Egypt, God bless the pasha, with all his little eccentricities, for he disbands armies (being, by-the-by, obliged) where Mohammed Ali collected them, and he employs clever heads, where Mohammed used to lop them off.

But sending on the pasha by an express train, let us observe for ourselves an Egyptian railway station, taking any of the larger ones—say Ben Haramee. It is a long scattered white and yellow washed building, without shape and without order. The large fenced-off place, with great wooden rails like a bear's den, is the luggage department. The dark fellow with the red fez and nondescript Oriental dress, is the clerk, who spends half his time in telling a fellah boy in a blue smock not to open the great door, at which half a dozen noisy Arabs wanting tickets, and not knowing where to go, are bawling and clamouring. If a parcel comes for you, it is almost impossible to wring it from such a man as this. If you do not come all in arms and shouting for it, he will let it remain until it gets mouldy in his den, uttering over it now and then great ejaculations regarding its size and weight, as "Wullah!" "Ageeb!" "Kayf Kebeer!" The telegraph department up-stairs, on a sort of out-of-the-way terrace, is equally well managed. An old Arab hag is there, squatting over a pan at which she rinses clothes; she stares at you as you fill up the telegraph form, the clerk sleepily takes it, and the answer from a place thirty miles away comes some five hours after you have despatched the inquiry. The poor people waiting to go by the train are rather naked, somewhat dirty, but picturesque in the extreme. One tall fellow, with his right arm and shoulder bare, carries a bundle of green palm-boughs, upon which a bright little brown nude boy, with his head shaven, all but one frightened little top-knot, strides and scrambles. Others, with only loin clothes, and looking like antique Egyptian figures, carry the heavy shipwright's adze with which they hoe and dig. There are women with nose-rings and blue tattooed chins. They carefully hide their hideous faces, all but one painted eye, as we pass. A Copt tax-collector in a dark turban—the modern Egyptian is generally white—passes with writing-case in his sash: unhappy the poor fellah in arrears whose name in those magical-looking Arabic characters his reed pen shall to-night write down in anger! Those two brotherly dervishes, in smooth brown felt caps, walking together so blandly, like quiet men of God going out to seek where to do good, and scatter their words of love, may be, for anything I know, notorious serpent-charmers, mad eaters of small glass lamps, or of snakes, at public festivals. But a water-seller, carrying at his back a finely-shaped jar of greyish clay, the base cased in a cord net, and the spout guarded with metal, comes, holding a cup in his hand, and shouting his hope that God will reward him. I take my draught, and pay for it in infinitesimal coppers. A jostle of turbans, a clamour of Arabic, draws my attention to quite another quarter. There has been a quarrel just outside the station between two Greeks—clerks, I think, or small peddling dealers. The weaker of the two, a Memnonian-nosed and vacant-looking cheat, in swaying trunk-hose, pale and frightened, kneels on one knee, looking with horror at the blood that flows on the ground from his Memnonian nose. His opponent, yellow with rage, retires from him, holding in one hand the wires of a frail pink French umbrella: the weapon with

* "I extol the perfection of Him who spread out the earth, and hath given running rivers through whom the fields become green."

which he has beaten down the glory of the young Achilles.

At last, out of the intense white sunshine into the shadowy station comes the sluggish train, slow and sombre as any fresh puntful of ill-starred dead arriving in Hades. No busy bell rings. There is no sign of any real guards to marshal passengers. A young man, in a bright red fez and a brighter sash than his companions, opens the carriage-doors, and that is all. I see no one in my carriage but two Cairene youths, and an old imperturbable Turk in red turned-up slippers and a sweltering curry-powder-coloured pelisse—a great Turk, with grizzly beard and a huge sealing-wax-looking signet-ring, mounted in silver, on the rugose forefinger of his right hand. In a wash-leather bag in the breast-pocket of his third jacket he carries a large chased gold watch, to which he occasionally applies his tawny old eyes. The boys are limp pert hobbledehoys in Greek dress, whose whole attention seems absorbed by the cotton-fields we pass. The blue gowns and bare feet, the water jugs, and palm mats, and prayer carpets, and tins, and brass waiters, are all stowed away, and we burst into the sunshine.

The ibises, whiter than letter-paper, wade in the creeks; the vulture whirls and poises in the sky; the crows croak under the feather umbrellas of the palms; the brown children, clothed only in sunshine, roll and play about the mud-fort villages, where the pigeons veer grey and white in the shifting clouds, and where the palm-trees rise in thickest columns; everywhere through the soft black mud of the newly subsided Nile, rises the sharp green corn blade. All Egypt wears the Prophet's favourite and sanctified colour.

The Arabs in the train are just getting into a social condition—for every Egyptian is by birth-right courteous, affable, and gracious in manner, though he may be envious, greedy, and slippery, having, indeed, a little too much of the newly escaped slave about him. The Arab is a story-teller, a proverb quoter, a creature fond of hearing poems read over his coffee, a humorist, and by no means a fool, though very ignorant and very superstitious; not the less ignorant because quick-witted, not the less superstitious because his religion is dying out.

The Turk is dozing in a dignified way, as much as to say, "I know I'm giving way to sleep, but it is under perfect control, and I can open my eyes the moment I like." As for the two clerkly bipeds, they are performing small religious ceremonies preparatory to a cold lunch, or it may be dinner. Each has got out his water-bottle from under the seat, and each has placed a large heavy bread bun on his knees for a table-cloth; each then produces some soaked lupins and a cold pigeon, which he sets to work dismembering in the Eastern way with his dexterous fingers. Just as the more stupid of the two has got to his merry-thought, and the perter to his bishop's nose, the train wheezily slackens its speed, and men with red flags betokening DANGER, come trotting down the line in a most un-Oriental hurry. The train tries to elbow its way farther; one half-hour of struggle, followed by half an hour of stoppage, becomes alarming; for the train from the central part of Egypt is nearly due, and I know that at the next refreshment station we have to be shunted for his majesty to pass. I begin to feel the climate of Egypt rather warm, for I was once in a small railway collision, and I know what it was. The greasy bipeds and the yellow-eyed Turk sit, and staringly ejaculate "Wallah!" in the broadest and slowest manner of a torpid and fatalistic race.

Another half-hour, and crowds of half-naked fellahs passing in different tints of blue bed-gown and brown cocoa-nut cap, come shouting past our windows. From these shouts—"Emsig!" (look alive)—"Gallough!" (be sharp)—"Iggerree!" (run)—"Wallah!" (by Allah)—"Rovah!" (get away)—we discover that the train from Cairo has broken down on our line of rails a quarter of a mile farther on; and that four or five hundred fellaheen, employed to repair the railroad from the effects of the late devastating inundation, are at work, with screw-jacks and main force, essaying to heave up the collapsed engine from the metals, but at present without much result.

"Y-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-allah!" Hear the shout of the straining five hundred, and the measured cadence of their heaving cries! All in vain; a neat brown-skinned guard, in red fez and brown Greek bags (I know no other word for his two swaying balloons), runs along under the carriage-windows and informs some lucky dozen, who happen to hear him, that as the engine cannot be righted, those who wish to go on to Cairo must get out of their train, and remove themselves and baggage into the carriages whilom drawn by the now-foundered engine.

Wallah! An Arab mind has struck out a great—shall I not say a vast?—idea. The people in the broken-down train are to get into our train, and we are to get into the broken-down train, which is then to be drawn back again to Cairo. I have heavy chests and ponderous bags, and I entreat the guard to send Arabs to carry them. Presently Arabs appear,—full four or five, for a train full of passengers. The people in the first carriages seize them as slaves, load them with treasure, and drive them on with blows, kicks in sensitive places, shouts of encouragement, shrieks and yells. I ask the Rev. Mr. Cruster, Britannic missionary to the Bactrians, for advice. Forcing on his Arabs laden with tent-making materials and heavy portmanteaus full of fishermen's nets, he passes by on the other side, with a grunt and growl about "Number One;" and "Take care of oneself." I get desperate, for to lose train, fare, and perhaps luggage, is no joke anywhere—certainly not in Egypt—besides the certainty of having to sleep in a peasant's mud-hut, surrounded by goats, fowls, ophthalmia, dirty children, and too industrious fleas. I take up arms against a sea of troubles, and I run to the luggage-van, now

unloaded. I throw a carpet-bag over my shoulder (it is as heavy as poor Christian's burden), I give my dragoman one handle of a portmanteau to carry, I sling round me my pistol whips and sticks and umbrellas, I buckle on my courier's bag, and set forth on the tramp across the loose sand embankment.

Such confusion—such wonderful people; no road but two loose strips of sand on the edge of an embankment running down to a canal. Greeks, Jews, and Gentiles, laden with their luggage, perspiring, jostling, elbowing, cursing, hurrying to the train, and all this under a vertical sun. One Jew—a red-bearded, simpering Jew—in a bright crimson robe, and a brass crutch-headed walking-stick; Frank officers, with swords in oil-skin cases, and cocked-hats in tin-boxes; live colonels, reddening under their own valises; old Arabs, removing wood bit by bit, and cucumbers one at a time; Cariene ladies, their black silk cloaks blowing out in the disrespectful wind, looking scared and vexed, in spite of their white-veiled faces, and followed by their remarkable luggage—white tin-boxes and red trunks, flourished over with brass-work, and bird-cages and round brass trays; black slaves, in white tunics, carrying these things in the smallest doses—one man strutting under a pair of water-bottles, and so on. But what amused me most, was to see a French lieutenant, a Creole—newly risen from the ranks, I dare swear—grand in cherry-coloured trousers, blue coat and red facings, who drove before him a tall old Arab, with legs thinner than those of most chairs, who perspired under the responsibility of a small linen knapsack, bound for Cochin China. I am afraid to relate how many times I saw angry Egyptian gentlemen on this day spit at or cuff the poor impromptu Arab porters, for dropping pipe-cases, tobacco-pouches, water-bottles, or saddle-bags.

Two hours of solid, irrecoverable time, did that transfer cost us, and great the loss of breath and temper—of saliva, exudations, and Arabic. At the end of our stumbling and scalding tramp (what a dreadful and spiteful tendency a full portmanteau has, to jerk itself round when carried, and so to sprain your wrist—astaghfer Allah!—God forefend!), I found that half an hour still remained for refreshment. I found out this from a casual conversation I heard under my window, between an English engineer and two English stokers. They were all dressed in plain shirts and trousers, which gave them rather a cricketing air. They sat together—let us call them Smith, Brown, and Jones—on the steps under my carriage-window. They all wore red tarboushes, dirty sashes, down-at-heel slippers. Smith smoked a cherry-stick pipe; Brown carried a gourd nearly as big as a barrel of oysters, under his left arm, and now and then, as he spoke, slashed out a huge slice with his knife; Jones munched and tore in a captious way at a white chunk of sugar-cane, about a foot and a half long and as thick as a stair banister. I asked Brown, who spoke in a hoarse, stage-tyrant's voice, how he liked the life? "Pretty well," he said, "now he knew the lingo, and the ways of the chaps." Jones, who was heard imperfectly through a sappy crust of sugar-cane, was believed to express his opinion that "Egypt was a precious hot place." Smith begged to say that "the pay was good, and the grub not so bad." On asking the reason of Mr. Brown's distressing catarrh, I was informed that it arose from his having fallen, engine and all, last week, into the Nile, through the sudden failure of an embankment.

The dinner was very bad and ludicrously dear; beef ligneous in fibre, greasy swabs of cabbages, dates thick with flies, were not redeemed by the neatness of the room or the care of the waiters. The place was an outhouse; the butcher, with a goat on his shoulders, bullied through us on the way to his slaughter-house; the dirty Arab servants bounced against each other as they ran about. The only redeeming point of the dinner—nay, its sweet crowning—was the concluding dish, the *mish-mish*, a common, but great delicacy in Egypt. It consists of dried apricots stewed and served warm in their own juice, seasoned with scented little clubs of cloves, and delicious little papyri rolls of Indian cinnamon.

TWO NIGHTS IN THE CATACOMBS.

It is rather difficult to obtain access to the catacombs of Paris, simply, I believe, because the government consider that it is morbid and valueless curiosity which induces people to desire to visit such a spot; but there is an impression more or less prevalent in the French provinces that the reason why so many difficulties are thrown in the way of paying a visit to these gigantic galleries is owing to the fact that there is an entry into this underground world from the palace of the Tuileries. The provincials reverently believe that the reigning potentate, whether king or emperor, is afraid of assassins being able to penetrate into the palace by this entry if the catacombs become publicly known, and their intricacies made comprehensible. Say to any one of these provincials that the case would be met by blocking up this palatial entrance to the vaults, and you will get in return a violent shake of the head. "No, no," your countryman will answer; "if majesty is afraid of assassins entering *from* the catacombs, remember the catacombs would give a means of escaping if assassins, in the shape of rebels, entered at the open gate. No, no; *they'll* not block up the palace entrance to the catacombs. No, no!"

Let this be as it may, it is certain that I and a party of four, exclusive of the guide, obtained permission to visit underground Paris. And it is worthy of remark, as illustrating upon what small hinges serious events turn, that if I had not said the following words to the cabman who took me to the entrance, I should never have had to endure what I am about to describe. These words were: "If I do not return in half an hour,

drive off." So saying, I paid the man in advance for waiting, and followed my party to the entrance-door, which was of heavy wood.

My reason for retaining the cabman was this: I had been waiting some days for the official permission to visit the catacombs, and, on the very morning when it arrived, I was preparing to start for London upon business of moment. Now, the train started at twelve, and the written permit arrived at ten. I was undesirous of losing the opportunity for my underground exploration, and I was desirous of starting by the twelve o'clock train. I therefore came to the conclusion that if half an hour in the catacombs (from eleven to half-past) would satisfy me, I could then catch the train by twelve if I had a cab ready: whereas if I found the exploration sufficiently attractive to occupy more time, I would then defer my departure until the evening.

I found the catacombs extraordinary, but monotonous. Everybody knows that they were originally the stone mines which supplied the building material of Paris; in fact, it has been aptly said that Paris has been built of her own entrails. Let there be the least volcanic shock below Paris—she lies in a volcanic line—and her stupendous palaces, her whole being, would be swallowed in the tomb she herself has excavated.

At the beginning of this century, Napoleon decreed extramural interment, and all the graveyards within the walls of Paris were broken up and built over. The bones of centuries were moved into the catacombs. Millions of the bones of dead French were carried thither, and fantastically arranged. The visitor passes between two walls of skulls, which all seem to stare at him with a ghastly blind stare.

Ten minutes were quite enough to satisfy my curiosity; but our guide, true to his trade, kept on making the widest promises of coming wonders, and, as a couple of my party were ladies, I need not add that the party's curiosity was stimulated by the assertions of our leader.

We each carried a little lamp, and we looked an odd group.

"Well," said I, at last, "I really think I will leave you to your promenade. I can find my way back, I feel sure, and I have yet time to catch the train."

The guide laughed at the idea of my finding my way back to the entrance. I looked at my watch. It wanted ten minutes to the half-hour; if I did not go back at once, the cab would be gone.

We had passed many transverse passages in our way; indeed, the catacombs, as I saw them, seemed a wide street, intersected at regular intervals by smaller streets, and courts, and alleys. I was the last of my party, and perhaps, reluctant as I felt to go on, I lagged behind. At all events, I was looking about me from one side to the other, when, as the lamp of my companions crossed one of the transverse cuttings, I noticed, a few steps along this passage, an immense skull, in which all the teeth were singularly perfect, white, and gleaming. I turned into the passage, meaning to inspect this skull more narrowly, when, as I moved my head towards it, a horrible rat, frightened at my presence, leaped in its fright against my cheek. I fell as though I had been shot. We all have antipathies more or less, and my antipathy is rats. I abhor them. I am almost ashamed to say it, but the shock of the sudden appearance and touch of that rat, caused me to faint. I must have lost my senses for many minutes.

When I knew myself again, I was utterly in the dark. The blackness seemed absolutely to hit me. I heard not a sound at first; then a rumbling; it was a passing carriage rolling above my horrible tomb. For a few moments I think I lost my consciousness once more. I am not sure, however, on this point. Having again recovered it, I endeavoured to grasp the full truth of my position.

My friends were not near me, that was certain.

Now, had they left the catacombs, or were they searching for me? That they discovered they had lost me, almost immediately after I had fainted, seemed to me certain. Then how was it they had left the spot near which they had last seen me? It was certain that, in looking for me, they would take the line we had traversed. Then why had they not found me? Suddenly the awful truth flashed upon me. They had thought, after calling to me many times and receiving no answer, that I *had* tried to make my way to the entrance. When they reached it the half-hour was ended, and, the driver being gone, they had believed him to have taken me away, and so supposed me on my road to England.

It was a terrible knowledge to gain, but I did not utterly despair. I felt sure that the alarm would be taken before I had been long enough in my living tomb to die of starvation. But to pass even four or five days underground, without food or water, in a darkness which was positively maddening——

I could not remain inactive; I *must* do something. What could I do?

My first question was, should I remain where I lay? In the first place, such inaction would kill me; in the second, it was needless: for, as when the alarm should be taken every inch of this subterranean world would be searched till I should be found, it mattered not whither I might have wandered—I should be equally safe anywhere.

I got up, stretched my hand, and touched the wall of skulls. I shrank to the ground again. A few moments and I conquered my cowardice. I declare to you, that within a few moments, and purely by dint of gravely and kindly reasoning with myself, I was able to touch the dead about me with absolute calmness; nay, I could run my hand over the shape of the skull with a kind of curiosity.

My lamp was shivered into a thousand pieces.

I cannot tell to this day how it was my companions did not hear the crash. I can only suppose that a carriage was rumbling along the road overhead, when I fell.

Suddenly I thought of the rat. If the horrible thing came towards me, what should I do? The thought was parent to the belief that the execrable thing was there. I struck out instinctively, and, my hand coming upon some of the broken glass of the lamp, it was cut, and I felt blood flowing from the wounds. I bound my handkerchief, my gloves, my cravat, round and round the wounds, rather than a drop of my life's blood should fall, to become food for the horrible creature that had brought me to this pass.

But I felt I must move—I must seek to free myself while help was coming. Which way should I turn?

I remembered that I had entered the passage on my right, and that the skull was on the left; then, to leave it, in order to reach the road by which we had come, I must let it be on my right hand, and when I had reached the road I must turn to the left. I soon discovered the inordinately large skull, left it on my right, and groped my way the few steps to the roadway. I knew when I reached it by the angle of bones. Immediately, my highly-pitched senses perceived a change. My right cheek experienced an increase of temperature. Mind—my *right* cheek.

I asked myself to what this change could be attributable? I soon answered myself. It was a current of air from the outer world. Now, thought I, this current of air—for current it was, though I could detect no movement in the atmosphere—must come from an opening; that opening must be at or near a door; then, if I follow up against this current, I shall ultimately reach the spot at which it enters.

Next moment, I know I must have turned pale, for, when I turned full face towards the current I could detect no difference of temperature. It required a contrast between the two cheeks, as it were, to ascertain the difference. I have since been told by a scientific friend that this can be accounted for. The nerves of the face, when I stood sideways, were struck by the current laterally, and therefore, not so naturally as when the face was set towards it: because, as all the provisions of nature exhibit preservation of forces, the nerves of the face in meeting the wind naturally—that is, when the man is walking—are so placed in relation to the wind, as to offer the least possible amount of nervous surface to its influence.

As suddenly as I had been struck with the cause of the current I obtained another means of ascertaining my way. I turned to the wall of skulls which flanked the main road, and against which my right hand still was. Now, I thought, that side of each skull which receives the warm current precisely as my face received it, will, from its action, be drier than the other side, which has been infinitely less open to the influence of the comparatively drying influence of this external atmosphere.

It was as I thought. The right side of the skull—that is, the side which was right when I stood with my back to the wall—was smoother than the left; so it was with twenty other skulls. I was not in error, and my heart beat wildly. It was clear, let me follow this clue, and sooner or later it must lead me to the entrance.

But there was a fault!

I knew that we had come along the road which lay to my left; the current blew from the right. One of two causes accounted for this. Either I had become confused in my memory of the locality, and the right was my road, or there was more than one entrance to these vaults. I decided to move to the right. I never learnt afterwards how many miles I really did travel; to me it seemed hundreds. I went on and on. Sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly, but always surely. I knew that sooner or later I must come to a door. When I came to one of the transverse cuttings, of course I had to make several steps at random. The duration of those steps seemed years. My fingers trembled with agony until they touched once more, the reassuring line of skulls. Sometimes I missed the clue both of the drier side of the skull and the test of heat on my face by turning it sideways, but I soon regained it by continuing on. I suppose that at those times I was skirting curves. How many hours I spent in that wondrous walk, that logical deduction, if so I may call it, I only knew when I was once more in the open air. If I had sat down and *waited* for help I should either have gone mad or idiotic, or have killed myself. Depend on it, reader, no matter how bad your condition, in whatever fix you may be placed, there is no help like your own.

I used to hear—I am speaking of my incarceration as though it lasted months—I used to hear the rumbling of the carriages overhead more or less distinctly, according to the depth of the stone above me. Yet it was company. That was the only noise which broke my silence—for *I* seemed to have gained the faculty of walking without sound—except on one dear occasion, when my heart beat so fast that I almost feared I was going to die. This was when I heard a voice—a brave, brisk, human voice—singing a blithe French chansonnette. I saw no light, but I felt sure I must be near an aperture from the catacombs, or at least a hole made for ventilating purposes, opening in some yard or workshop.

And then to think that I had to leave the spot at which I heard the pleasant sounds, and continue my journey till I found the origin of the current! I did not quit it, however, till long after the song had ceased. I called and halloaed, but no reply came.

Reverting to that current once more, it was astonishing how easily I learnt its growing force, for I concentrated my whole mind upon the lesson. Ultimately, I could almost calculate the increase in its motion and temperature which so

many hundred steps would yield. At last, suddenly, without any warning, the line of skulls ceased, and I touched WOOD!

It was a door of open lattice-work.

All looked dark beyond! But I knew I was at the exit. I had known that, for many thousands of steps—many; and yet, when I touched the door, how I started!

What a celestial glory the day had, as it broke upon my eyes, streaming in exquisite blue rays through the chinks of the outer door which was beyond the lattice-work! I have no occasion to tell how I broke that lattice-work, how I hammered at the outer door, how I was at last released in the presence of half a dozen gendarmes (who had drawn their swords), and of a score of wondering workmen.

This was not the gate by which I had entered. If I had been immured forty-two hours (as they told me), I had passed *two nights* in the catacombs, and all that time I had never once sat down.

I found my friends in a great fright. They had only just learnt, by telegraph, that I had not reached England, and that nobody in London knew anything about me. I was ill for some time, of course; but I recovered to claim the distinction of having touched more skulls than any other man living.

FAMINE IN INDIA.

OUR subject is a sad one, but we are fortunately enabled to take a cheerful view of it, and promise not to inflict upon the reader any purposeless pain. We can assure even that particularly uncomfortable person, known as "the most delicate female," that she may peruse these pages without danger of having her feelings harrowed up by any unpleasant details of suffering such as nature, in a coarse and vulgar way, will make occasionally manifest. Our object, indeed, is not to describe what Indian famines are, but what they might be made; for a very good authority has come to the conclusion that they are by no means so inevitable as is generally supposed, and that there are means by which they may in a great measure be "put down."

Of course famines may be put down by the rude expedient of feeding the people; but we do not intend to propose any such preposterous remedy. It would be preposterous to feed people by charitable contributions, if we could at a less cost enable them to feed themselves, without any charity at all. Prevention is always better than cure, and in a case where prevention may be made nearly perfect, and cure can be effected only to a very small extent, the former is preferable in an even greater degree. It is the latter process that has been tried in the North-West Provinces during the famine with which they have been desolated for some months past. The efforts which have been made to mitigate the horrors of the crisis reflect honour upon all concerned. The Indian government and the public, both Indian and English, contributed gallantly to the good work; but they could not prevent many thousands of persons from dying of starvation, although they certainly saved many thousands more. Had the question been merely one of money, the means might have been found to procure subsistence for all the sufferers. But the difficulty was to get at them. The entire population could not be brought into the large towns and stations to receive food, even had sufficient been forthcoming for the number. It was necessary to go to the persons requiring relief, and to convey the food to them. As it is impossible even for government officials to be everywhere at once, and as hunger will not wait, the difficulties attendant upon the work may be conceived. These were, moreover, aggravated by absence of means of communication, caused by the want of roads and conveyance. The cure was thus necessarily imperfect. How far the recurrence of the evil can be prevented it is most desirable to examine; and for this purpose we cannot do better than follow the facts set forth by Colonel Baird Smith in his report upon the subject, presented to the Indian government.

There are several questions connected with famine in India. The system of irrigation has naturally a great deal to do with their force, if not their frequency, as famine, in most cases, arises from drought. The system of internal communication has also not a little relation to the subject, for reasons already alluded to. But the most important question in connexion with the subject is the land revenue settlement—the terms upon which the land is held and the adjustment of the government demand upon it. It lies, we are told, far nearer to the root of the matter, because of its intimate and vital relation to the every-day life of the people, and their growth towards prosperity or towards degradation, than any such accessories as canals or roads, however important both of these may be. In order that the reader may test the truth of this assertion we will make a dive into the colonel's statistics of the famines which have taken place during a period of more than a hundred years past. From 1733 to 1861, it appears that there were thirteen droughts, causing a greater or less degree of scarcity. These happened at intervals varying from four to twenty-four years, which is a not unimportant fact, as it disposes of a popular theory that such calamities are of regular periodical recurrence, to be accepted as matters of course. Of the thirteen visitations the most destructive were those of six seasons between and including those of 1770 and 1861. These occurred with a greater approach to regularity, that is to say, the intervals between them varied from thirteen to twenty-four years; but even this difference is sufficient to show that the idea of their periodical recurrence is a delusion. Of these six great famines, that of 1770 was the greatest of all. It is believed to have been the most severe that has ever fallen upon India. It is worthy of remark, by the way, that this famine although included among the

droughts, is declared by the natives to have resulted from an exactly contrary cause—an excess of rain, which caused inundation, and washed away the crops. But one of the worst of these visitations was that of 1837-38, when it is considered probable that no less than eight hundred thousand persons perished of starvation. It is with the famine of this period that Colonel Smith compares that of 1860-61, and it is from the result of that comparison that we are enabled to draw the cheering conclusions at which we have arrived. The two areas which he has compared are much the same in extent, and it appears that other things were equal enough during the two periods to warrant the anticipation of similar effects from similar causes. But although the conditions during the former period were in almost every respect more favourable, the mortality was far greater, and the amount of general suffering must have been immensely in excess of that of 1860-61. Food during that former period was at an average price, in the worst localities, of twelve and a half seers for a rupee, or twenty-five pounds for two shillings, according to English computation; while in the worst localities in the latter period the same sum of money purchased only from seventeen to nineteen pounds. This is the surest indication that the former famine was not so great in its pressure as the latter, and yet its victims were far more numerous! In the former period, too, there were signs of disorganisation of society such as have had no existence in the latter. Every exertion was made in 1837-38 to alleviate the general distress, as in 1860-61. Many thousands of persons were employed upon extraordinary public works, and the government remitted a large amount of revenue, while private subscriptions were raised to a considerable extent. But, notwithstanding every exertion, it was found impossible in many parts to preserve order. Driven to desperation by starvation, large bodies of the population gathered into bands for plunder, attacking the grain stores, and carrying off their contents. Disorganisation, indeed, threatened to become general, and could only be repressed by force. Troops had to be employed upon some occasions, and during the whole period of the famine it was found necessary to maintain a largely augmented body of police, both horse and foot. Of such disorganisation as this, Colonel Smith tells us, there has been no sign during the famine of 1860-61, nor has the amount of revenue remitted been anything comparable. It is evident that during the intervening period society had, by some means, been strengthened, and had become better able to resist the effects of the scourge. Of this there is abundant proof in the improved condition of the smaller proprietors. In 1837-38 they suffered in common with the humblest tillers of the soil. Landlords as well as labourers perished of starvation, or were reduced to pauperism along with them. And this, notwithstanding that they still held their lands. But these lands were useless to their owners unless the owners could keep them in cultivation. They could not sell them, for nobody would buy them. They could not mortgage them, for nobody would lend money upon them. The average selling price in 1837 was at one year's rent, or about a third more than the amount of the government demand on the total area sold. This was the rate when sales could be effected at all; but it may easily be supposed that in time of distress they would be generally out of the question. And this state of things was owing not so much to any unbearable pressure of taxation, although that was bad enough, as to the uncertainty of the tenure, and the knowledge that it was in the power of government to increase the demand from time to time, and to throw any burden upon the soil that it pleased.

In 1860-61, notwithstanding that food was higher, and the general conditions less favourable, the mortality was far less; there was no social disorganisation, and the small proprietors generally managed to tide over their difficulties. Land, which, as we have seen, in the former period was worth only a third more than the government demand upon it, had in the latter period risen to five times the revenue, which is its present rate. The total amount of the land revenue in 1837-39, in those parts of the North-West and Delhi territory under long settlements, was, in round numbers, three and a half millions sterling; the value of the land was somewhat more than four and a half millions. In the succeeding twenty-four years the value of the land having risen to five times the amount of the former public demand, or to seventeen and a half millions; the wealth of the landowners is shown to be augmented by no less a sum than thirteen millions.

The direct cause of this happy change is undoubtedly the improved system of land revenue settlement in operation since the famine of 1837-38, or rather the successful working of a system which had then but recently been enacted. When the North-West Provinces first came under British rule, Lord Wellesley promised that the Permanent Settlement, as introduced by Lord Cornwallis into Bengal, should be extended to them. This Permanent Settlement has its friends and its enemies, like most other things. It was granted by Lord Cornwallis with the object of raising the position of the cultivators by the encouragement—or, we may almost say, the creation—of an upper class who should be responsible to the government for the revenue, which revenue being assessed at a certain rate in perpetuity, would give the proprietor the benefit of all improvements, and through him, it was hoped, benefit the cultivator in a proportionate degree. Nothing appears more fair than such an arrangement. It was certainly a most liberal one on the part of the government; but though considered by many to involve an unnecessary sacrifice of state interests, it has proved successful in its working, and the government have no reason to object to it, though it has been found generally distasteful to the subordinate official mind. The great objection

urged to it is, that it has, by conferring too sweepingly upon the zemindars—whose original status was that of farmers of the land revenue, the position and powers of proprietors of the soil—injustice was done in some cases to other claims, and that, in fact, the wrong man was not unfrequently put into the wrong place; and further, that while the settlement has benefited both the government and the proprietors, it has not been equally favourable to the peasantry, whom it has tended to depress.

That there is some truth in these objections cannot be denied; but the defects pointed out are accidental, and not a necessary part of the system. As far as the invasion of individual rights is concerned, the errors were those of ignorance, haste, and want of proper precautions, and these are errors which need never occur again. The depression of the peasantry was certainly very great for a time, and up to 1830, when Rammohun Roy made a representation on their behalf in England, their condition must have been very bad indeed. But that it has materially improved since then there can be no doubt; and so wretched a state of things would never have existed at all had the government not consented to remove the restriction by which the zemindars were at first prevented from ejecting any ryot who paid the then existing amount of rent. It would be a difficult matter, undoubtedly, to maintain a subordinate permanent settlement between landlord and tenant; but means might surely be found to protect the latter from tyrannical exactions without forfeiting the advantages of the system. And this, too, must be admitted—that whatever was the condition of the Bengal peasant five-and-twenty years ago, under the Perpetual Settlement, it was better than that of the Madras peasant under the ryotwar system—the rival scheme of Sir Thomas Munro; and whereas the condition of the Bengal peasant has been improving since that period, the condition of the Madras peasant remains as bad as ever. Sir Thomas Munro's scheme was founded upon exactly opposite principles to that of Lord Cornwallis. Its main object was to abolish all intervention between the government which collected the revenue and the people who paid it. The functions of the zemindars were swept away. Every peasant was to have his field measured and assessed, and to pay his tax direct to the state, the amount, as in Bengal, to be fixed in perpetuity. Nothing seemed more just than such an arrangement. There was only one objection to it. It would not work without gross invasion of private rights; but it has endured in the greater portion of the Madras presidency to this day, with some modifications, the principal of which is the substitution of an annual for the permanent settlement originally intended, while annual settlement is of course considered a tax upon improvement, and works accordingly. As far as oppression and corruption is concerned, things are doubtless not so bad as they were; but Sir Thomas Munro soon discovered that the native subordinates whom it was found necessary to employ in the elaborate machinery of the system, abused their powers in the grossest manner, to an extent, indeed, which would not have been possible under a zemindaree settlement.

It was the ryotwar system of Madras, combined with a system of village leases, that was first introduced into the North-West Provinces. Lord Wellesley, as we have said, promised a permanent settlement as in Bengal, but this was disallowed by the home authorities. The other plan was adopted by a regulation of 1822; but it was found too elaborate to be carried out, and by a regulation of 1833 the present settlement of the North-West Provinces was enacted. This was not completed until 1842, twenty years after it was first designed, the principle being the same as that of the scheme first introduced. The settlement, however, besides being made with communities or their representatives instead of with every individual peasant, has the advantage of being for thirty years instead of for one. It was originally intended to be for twenty, but it was considered advisable to make the extension. The result has been an amount of prosperity and confidence such as was not expected by anybody but the immediate promoters of the measure, who expected a great deal more. And it is to its successful operation that the comparatively mild effects of the famine must be mainly ascribed. Colonel Smith, in his report, bears undeniable testimony to the fact that, foremost among the means by which society in Northern India has been strengthened, so as to resist with far less suffering far heavier pressure from drought and famine in 1860-61 than in 1837-38, is the creation of a vast mass of readily convertible and easily transferable agricultural property, which is the direct result of the limitation for long terms of the government demand on the land, and the careful record of individual rights accompanying it, which have been in full and active operation since the existing settlements were made.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that, although the last famine has not been so destructive in its effects as the former one, the amount of destruction has been deplorable indeed. Colonel Smith does not venture to estimate the sum total of the mortality; but we may gain some idea of it when we hear that it is not nearly so great as in 1837-38, when the number of deaths were estimated at eight hundred thousand. Are we to understand that it may have been anything like half that number? In any case, it is clear that if there are means to be found to avert such horrors for the future, it is our duty to find them. A complete system of canals and roads would work wonders towards the object, and this may now be considered in progress. But there is more to be done still; and the excellent working of the long settlement leads us to the necessary conclusion, as Colonel Smith recommends, that it should be made longer, and be extended, in part, in perpetuity, like that of Bengal. We have glanced at the objections made to that settlement, and repeat our conviction that what-

ever faults attach to it are not part of the system. We have nothing to do in these days with any original invasion of private rights; these evils are beyond remedy, but need not of course be repeated; while, as regards the condition of the peasants, we shall soon have ample protection for them in proper courts, and, it is to be hoped, in an improved police. Nor is there any real sacrifice involved on the part of the government. The right to increase the land revenue is sacrificed, it is true; but that right is one which can never be exercised without exciting discontent, and perhaps disaffection, while the mere knowledge that the right is reserved is alone sufficient to destroy confidence and prevent prosperity. Even under the thirty years' settlement in those parts of the North-West Provinces and Delhi territory under notice, there are at the present time nearly eight million acres of culturable but uncultivated land, being equal to one-third part of the whole present cultivation, and to about one-sixth part of its total area. Since the existing settlement has been in operation, one million acres of new land have been brought into cultivation; it may be therefore supposed that a settlement in perpetuity would speedily increase that amount—eventually, perhaps, to the full extent of the culturable area; in which case, not only would the proprietors of the soil have gained proportionately in profits, but they would have lightened the burden of the state demand by not less than eight hundred thousand pounds per annum. This is Colonel Smith's calculation, and may be accepted as trustworthy. The colonel might have added that, with honest courts to protect them, and a respectable police to preserve order, the condition of the peasantry could not fail to be improved by augmented cultivation, as it has been to a great degree in Bengal without either of these aids; while, as far as government interests are concerned, it must be a ruling power rather hard to please which would not consider itself to be a gainer, both financially and politically, by the spread of prosperity and contentment.

The report to which we have referred touches upon another topic intimately connected with the subject of famines—the redemption of the land-tax by a capital payment, a measure strongly advocated by the writer, and since conceded by the government. This, as well as the sale of waste lands in fee-simple, which is a companion measure, indicates that our rulers have entirely thrown over their former restricted policy, and are prepared to join earnestly in the cause of the regeneration of India. The government waste lands may now be bought by anybody who has the money to pay for them, at ten shillings an acre for cleared, and five shillings an acre for jungle land. The land-tax may be redeemed by anybody who desires to redeem it, at twenty years' purchase, which, considering that money is worth ten per cent. in India, is no such bad bargain. The natives, it is said, will not avail themselves of it, at any rate for the present: in the first place, because they are never prone to part with capital except for some very strong reason; and, in the second place, because they do not believe in the stability of our rule; but the Europeans will, and will by these means, implant themselves permanently on the soil, where they cannot fail eventually to get the upper hand. In the North-West the Permanent Settlement is still wanting, but there can be little question of its being granted very speedily, not in every part of the provinces at once, but first, as recommended by Colonel Smith, in all those parts of the country not under the influence of canals executed at the exclusive cost of government, where prolonged settlements have previously existed, and where there is reason to suppose that those settlements are fair and equitable, doubtful settlements to be set right as soon as possible, and brought under the same law; those parts where expense has been incurred on account of canals being allowed to remain under present conditions, until the water-rate can also be settled in perpetuity. Under some arrangement of this kind, with a complete system of irrigation and internal communication, such as we now find suggested, it is scarcely too much to say that droughts would be impossible to any great extent, and famines, whether arising from these or any other causes, would be so easily met as to be deprived of all their horrible features—becoming, in fact, a mere question of expense which the local community could be generally relied upon to meet. But it is highly desirable that, in any change of the kind, encouragement should be given to the creation of an upper class, as in Bengal, which, besides being a bulwark for the peasantry in case of distress, shall be a bulwark for the government in case of disaffection. Whatever argument was wanting in favour of the superior wisdom of this policy, is supplied by the events of 1857, which left our authority in the greater part of Bengal absolutely untouched, while in the North-West, where the aristocracy had been broken down by our revenue system, the government collapsed at the first shock. It would be a glorious triumph, indeed, if we could cure the double evil by the same enlightened means, and kill two such birds of prey as Famine and Rebellion with one liberal stone!

We promised to take a cheerful view of a sad subject; but it is with mournful feelings that we must conclude after all. Colonel Baird Smith, while the above lines were being penned, was dying on board ship. He was on his way home, broken down in health by labours from which relief came too late. The famine report which gained for all India a fee simple tenure of land, and will gain for the North-West Provinces a perpetual settlement, gained nothing for its author but a grave at Madras. His constitution, already weakened by a wound received at the siege of Delhi, where he conducted the engineering operations, finally succumbed to the exposure which he incurred during the last rainy season while engaged upon his last and not least important work. Colonel Baird Smith belonged to the best type of the old "Company's officer."

He was a soldier, a scientific man, and was possessed of literary talents and attainments in no ordinary degree. He was allied, too, to literature in another sense, for he was the son-in-law of Thomas de Quincey. He died in middle life, but his public career had extended over a quarter of a century of almost continual labour and usefulness.

BLACK FLAGS IN THE CHANNEL.

When Scaliger gave it as his opinion that piracy was practised by the English in a peculiarly able manner, the compliment was accounted for by the circumstance that public opinion had not wholly dissociated the corsair from ideas of chivalry and honour. There were still nobly-born and accomplished sea-rovers—Robin Hoods of the wave—disappointed penniless adventurous eccentric gentlemen, choice in their quarry, not always athirst for gore; and there were also mean skulkers, island-haunting thieves, the scamps of the profession, who would cut the throats of a whole crew for the matter of a basket of Greek apples.

Thus the worthy critic was able to discern degrees of merit in the buccaneering art, and resigned to a later age the task of pointing out that the forcible seizure of your neighbour's goods is robbery; the cutting of peaceful throats, murder; a profession that shall embrace these features, piracy; and the end of piracy, Execution Dock.

Something might, indeed, be advanced in excuse of our former excellence, on the ground that Great Britain has always been of an insular character. "I have never so much as heard of a Dutch pyrate," writes Captain Charles Johnson (A.D. seventeen hundred and twenty-four). "It is not that I believe 'em to be a whit honester than their neighbours, but 'tis a reproach to ourselves for our want of industry. The reason I take to be that, after a war, when the Dutch ships are laid up, they have a fishery, where their seamen find comfortable bread."

As touching the bold, yet tender buccaneer—he of the long low clipper and never-missing gun, who danced around king's cruisers as if they were but floating logs, executed manœuvres undreamed of by any board of naval examiners, and finally popping into an inaccessible haven, burned his clipper and became a wealthy and respected burgess—*he*, fine fellow! yet survives.

These lawless lawgivers had by no means bad ideas of what was needful for the commonwealth. There is an air of wisdom and sobriety about some of the following enactments:

1. Every man has a vote in affairs of moment, and an equal title to the strong liquors.

2. Every man to be called fairly in turn—by list, on board of prizes—because (over and above their shares) they shall be, on these occasions, allowed a shift of cloaths. But if they defraud the company to the value of a dollar, marooning [sitting on shore, on some desolate cape or island] shall be their punishment.

3. No person to game at cards or dice for money.

4. Lights and candles to be put out at eight o'clock. If any of the crew remain inclined for drinking, they shall do it decently on deck.

6. No woman to be allowed amongst us. If any man be found seducing any of that sex to go to sea, he shall suffer death. If any woman fall into our hands, a sentry shall be put over her, to prevent ill consequences from so dangerous an instrument of division.

8. No striking one another on board, but every man's quarrels to be ended on shore, at sword or pistol—thus: The quarter-master accompanies the parties with what assistance he thinks proper, and turns the disputants back to back, at such a distance. At the word of command, they turn and fire immediately (or else the piece is knocked out of their hands). If both miss, they come to their cutlasses.

9. No man to talk of breaking up our way of living, till each had shared a thousand pounds. The wounded to have compensation.

11. The musicians to have rest on the Sabbath-day.

After such articles, it is painful to add that certain, whose numbers are omitted, were of so terrible an import, that even the repentant criminals whose confessions furnished the above, could not be induced to reveal them. An excellent law, by the way—the ninth—that against secession. It took some time to provide every pocket, down to that of the smallest boy, with a thousand pounds in hard money; and, usually, before that period, everybody was either too deep in crime to find safety elsewhere, or too much imbued with the greed of gain to wish for change:

> Too late would the captain recede,
> He laments his sad trade, and would doff it;
> Which nothing prevented—indeed—
> Excepting the very great profit.

The system of privateering—letters of marque, now justly discountenanced—proved a very hot-bed of piracy, and turned out many a skilful professor. The distinctions were sometimes remarkably fine, insomuch that even doctors disagreed. There was a very pretty quarrel in sixteen hundred and ninety-three, when some gentlemen-rovers having been captured in the very chops of the Channel, Dr. Oldish, king's advocate, was directed to prosecute them. To the surprise of the public, the doctor flatly refused: giving it as his opinion that "they were no pirates, nor ought to be prosecuted as such;" whereupon, being summoned before the Cabinet Council, Mr. Secretary Trenchard demanded the reason of his opinion.

Dr. O. "Pirates be common enemies to all mankind, but these have a commission, signed 'J. R.,' and dated at the Court of Saint Germains, for to bring prizes and judgment into the Court of Admiralty, before Thomas Shadford, at Brest or elsewhere. This agreeth not with piracy."

Sec. T. "But King James hath lost his so-

vereignty, in that he hath parted from the crown, and therewith the power of granting such commissions."

Dr. O. "A king may be deposed of his crown, and yet hath a right to war—and with it all the ways and consequences of war—pignorations and reprisals."

Sec. T. "Yea, that is law, when the king is deposed. But how if he abdicate?"

Dr. O. "If he did truly abdicate, then he is no other than a private gentleman, and cannot grant commissions." (The doctor went on to point out that King James, though driven from England, renewed the war in Ireland, where his followers were treated as enemies, not as "rogues," and that a colourable authority remained in King James, at all events, in France, where his abdication was still unrecognised.)

Lord Devon. "What if Monsieur Pompone, or any other minister of state, should grant the like commissions?"

Dr. O. "Why, then they would not be good, such power being only given to the admiral."

Sec. T. and Lord Faulkland (in great heat). "I—— Pray, doctor, let us deal more closely with you, for your reasons are such as amount to high treason! Pray what do you think of the abdication?"

Dr. O. "That is an odious, ensnaring question. I think of the abdication as you do; for since it is voted, 'tis binding in England. But these men were in a foreign country, and though King James be not king *here*, yet the common reputation of him as king *there* shall excuse them."

Sir Thomas Pinfold declared himself of the same opinion. Doctor Newton desired space to consider. Doctor Wallner scrupled to meddle with an affair of blood.

Doctor Littleton wound up the question: "King James was as a private person. We had no war with such; and, if he did desire any—"ærarium non habet'—he has no cash, no treasury, no capacity for making war. Wherefore these persons who adhere to him are not privateers, but pirates."

Doctor Oldish thereupon resigned; and Doctor Littleton, who had so successfully snubbed him, succeeding to his post, tried and condemned the prisoners.

The latter drew up a petition, showing, with much acuteness, how, after the surrender of Limerick, thousands of soldiers, with guns, horses, ammunition, &c., had been fairly exchanged, and allowed to pass into the service of the King of France. If so, why should King James's *sea*-service commissioners be considered "annul?"

"However, some of them, if not all, were executed."*

The palmy days of maritime knight-errantry were, perhaps, about the beginning of the last century. The bold British captain had his full share. In justice let us say, he did not always begin it; but when the grasping Spanish West Indian authorities, on pretence of stopping free trade, commissioned armed vessels to seize every ship that ventured within fifteen miles of their coast; and when many an honest, innocent Jamaica ship fell a victim to a liberal interpretation of that decree; mercantile patience gave way, and "something" in the way of reprisal being winked at, soon grew into a very bulky matter indeed.

For, quite a little fleet—two ships and three sloops—sailing from Jamaica, under Captain Henry Jennings, to the Gulf of Florida, there found the Spaniards busy, at the bottom of the sea, groping for the relics of their plate fleet, lost there two years before. A little exchange of civilities ensued, ending in the departure of Captain Henry Jennings with the whole of the recovered treasure (excepting what had been previously sent to the Havannah), amounting, with the proceeds of a Spanish vessel bagged on the way home, to four hundred and ten thousand pieces of eight, or about ninety thousand pounds.

The Spaniards complained to the Jamaica government. The latter—first permitting the adventurers to dispose of their cargo to good advantage—and furnish themselves with all necessary stores—frankly repudiated the entire transaction; and Captain Jennings, placed without the pale of the land, put to sea.

Reprisal begets reprisal. The Spaniards, with some small war-ships, fell upon our vessels, twenty-one in number, cutting logwood in Campeachy Bay. The prisoners, crowded into three sloops, were set at liberty, and, in their despoiled and desperate condition, falling in with the rovers, threw in their lot among their countrymen.

Even these children of the sea need some friendly haven, and an occasional dockyard; and Providence, the largest of the Bahamas, with a fine harbour, was henceforth their chosen refuge. From this point, the gentlemen carried on their game so much to the discontent of the whole sea-going public, that some vigorous steps became indispensable. George Rex accordingly sent a proclamation, and a fleet numbering fourteen vessels, with three hundred and thirty-six guns (not Armstrong's) to enforce it.

The proclamation went first, and was captured, ship and all. But, the fleet approaching, things took a turn, and a somewhat disorderly debate resulted in the surrender of Commodore Jennings and his most distinguished lieutenants, including the honoured names of Hornigold, Teach (the renowned black-beard), Martel, Fife, Williams, La Bouche, Pennar, England, Burgess, Cocklyn, Sample, and Vane.

If it be permitted to dispose at once, parenthetically, of this band of illustrious men, it is only more effectually to point the moral of their tale. Thus then it befel:

Hornigold, Williams, Burgess, La Bouche—cast away.

Teach and Pennar, slain, and their crews taken.

Fife, killed by his own men.

* Cobbett's State Trials, v. xii.

Martel, left on an uninhabited island.

Cocklyn, Sample, Vane—hanged.

England (most hapless of all), married, at point of stake, to an aged princess of Madagascar.

Some of these worthies, as may be surmised, from the nature of their end, merely made a feint of surrendering, and returned, on the first opportunity, to their former mode of life. Among the rest, Vane escaped at once in a small swift vessel, firing a gun at the nearest king's ship as he departed.

The royal commodore, Rogers, now established himself in the island, and, forming the remainder of the quondam rovers into a sort of naval reserve, under proper command, endeavoured to employ them in legitimate trade.

This, however, was not so easy: as was soon exemplified in the case of John Augur, a steady and respectable old pirate, whose good conduct had induced the governor to entrust him with the command of a provision-sloop. Unluckily, on John's very first trip, two strange sloops spoke him. During the dialogue, the old corsair's impulse came upon him with such irresistible power, that, in the twinkling of an eye, the two strangers were despoiled of money and goods, and he himself was on his way in search of fresh adventures. The expedition, however, was cut prematurely short by a tornado, which dismasted the sloop, and forced her back on the Bahama group: where the crew were captured, taken back to Providence, tried, and condemned, ten in number, on the evidence of the eleventh.

Crowds of their ancient comrades stood round the scaffold; but the power of law was dominant; there was no thought of rescue. "I had never thought to see the time," shouted one of the criminals, in despair, "that ten such men as we should be tied up, and hanged like dogs, with four hundred of their sworn companions standing by!"

The taking of Providence, though it broke up a dangerous combination, scattered the elements of piracy far and wide. The backsliding of John Augur augured badly for any future confidence that might be reposed in pirate penitence, and, inactivity soon becoming intolerable, one by one the ex-professors slipped off, and renewed their former course. Nor was it always prudent to pursue. So catching was the epidemic, that the officer frequently became the thief. For example, these unlucky captains, George Dew and Richard Ten, having been commissioned to attack the French at Goree, set sail with honest enough purpose; but, George being driven back in a storm, Richard, continuing his voyage alone, encountered temptation in the shape of a rich Indiaman. So he plundered the rich Indiaman, and, sharing with his crew wealth sufficient to give even the common sailors three thousand pounds apiece, steered for Rhode Island.

How pirate made pirate is well illustrated by the fact that four of the most remarkable rover-captains of their time had been prisoners to each other. Wynter (himself a prisoner to pirates) took England, England took Davis, Davis took the renowned Bartholomew Roberts. England's maiden essay was the capture of a British barque, the Pearl, which he fitted up "on the piratical account," and therewith took, in one cruise, nine other British vessels: out of the crews of which at least one-half took voluntary service with their captors. Good Captain England was a remarkably successful commander, but, having an objectionable taint of generosity about him, gradually lost credit with his men, and was marooned, with two other over-gentlemanly persons, on the coast of Madagascar. His lamentable fate has been told.

Davis, taken by the above, was a native of Milford; honest and brave, he refused to sign the piratical articles, swearing he would rather be shot, as they had shot his captain: whereupon the rover bade him return on board his own ship, and make sail. He also gave him sealed orders to be opened in a certain latitude: which, being done, they were found to contain a free gift of both ship and cargo to Davis and his men. Again the tempter had all but triumphed. Davis, indeed, desired to follow the liberal instructions they had received, but the men refused, and, proceeding to their proper destination, gave him up to the authorities. Nevertheless, having as yet been guilty of no act of piracy, he was speedily released, and thence sailed for Providence, intending to join the rovers. Finding the island in possession of the Government, he took service in a small trading sloop, corrupted the crew, and, seizing the vessel, captured a larger, and commenced a career seldom equalled in the history of wild adventure.

Roberts, taken by the above, sailed from London "in an honest employ"—that is to say, for Guinea, to take in slaves—when he was himself made prisoner. This occurred immediately before the death of his captor; an event which threw the honourable company into great disorder, there being at the moment no one worthy to succeed him. A sort of cabinet council was, therefore, convened, at which the leading members of the company, who had given themselves the title of "lords," expressed their views.

So far as cabinet secrets have been suffered to transpire, my Lord Ashplant (over a bowl) proposed:

"That it was no signification who was dignified with title, seeing that all good Governments had the supreme power lodged in the community. Should a captain be so saucy" (such were his Lordship's emphatic words) "as at any time to exceed prescription, why *down with him!* It will be a caution to his successor. However, it is my advice that, before we get fully drunk, we pitch upon a man of courage (and navigation) who shall ward us from the dangers of an instable element, and the consequence of falling by the ears, and such a one I take Roberts to be. A fellow, I think, in all respects entitled to your esteem and favour."

The noble lord's address was received with

much applause, but my Lord Sympson, an ambitious, and, at that moment, somewhat intoxicated person, swore that in his opinion they had made a foul choice—yet, after all, it mattered little who was chosen, so it wasn't a Papist; and, his religious scruples having been set at rest, he staggered sulkily away.

Mr. Roberts was then called in, and having been duly informed of the honour conferred on him, accepted it in a speech of much modesty, but of doubtful compliment: concluding that, "Since he had dipt his hands in muddy water, and *must* go a-pirating, 'twas better being a commander than a common man."

The new captain's success bade fair to eclipse that of his predecessor, and he was yet in the full tide of prosperity, when my Lord Walter Kennedy—a turbulent peer, who acted as first mate—availed himself of the temporary absence of his chief to make off with the ship and treasure. His lordship, however, whose early education had been confided to an eminent pick-pocket, possessed so little skill in navigation, that he quickly lost influence with his men, and, the company breaking up, my lord, with a few followers, made sail for the Irish Channel. Here, they encountered such severe storms, that, so far from making prizes, they had the utmost difficulty in preserving their own precious lives. At length, they made the north-west coast of Scotland, ran their vessel ashore in a small estuary, and landing, marched up the country. Betrayed by their own riotous roaring manners, seventeen of the number were presently lodged in gaol: nine of whom were afterwards hanged. Lord Kennedy, with one attendant, escaped for the time, but imprudently venturing to London, was recognised by the mate of a plundered ship, and committed to the Marshalsea.

Nothing now remained to the persecuted noble but to turn king's evidence; he accordingly lost not a moment in denouncing some fifteen of his most intimate and particular friends. Unluckily, he was not able to give their addresses, and, one only being taken (who was acquitted), my lord was himself arraigned, and made his last public appearance, amidst a large concourse of unsympathising persons, on the nineteenth of July, seventeen-hundred and twenty-one.

To return to our true hero, Captain Roberts. That energetic officer, losing no time in weak regrets, at once reorganised his band, supplied himself with a fresh ship, and went to work again as vigorously as ever. We may not follow him step by step, but must jump at once to the crowning exploit of his illustrious career.

What gallant stranger is this, gliding into Whydah Roads, with the ensign of St. George, a black silk flag at his mizen-peak, and a jack and pennant of the same? The flag hath a death in it, with an hour-glass in one hand and cross-bones in the other; and underneath, a heart, dropping three drops of blood.

Here are eleven sail in the road—of all nations, some carrying thirty guns; but one glance at the black silk flag is enough for them. All strike, and pay different amounts of ransom. The ceremony is presided over by a gallant figure, dressed in a rich crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain round his neck with a diamond cross appended to it, a sword in his hand, and two pair of pistols at the end of a silk sling, flung over his shoulders. The receipt he gives, is as follows:

"This is to certify whom it doth or doth not concern, that we, GENTLEMEN OF FORTUNE, have received —— pounds of gold-dust, for ransom of the ——, Captain ——, so that we discharge the said ship."

It is signed by two noble lords—Sutton and Sympson—who, however, being in a waggish mood, prefer subscribing themselves by the names of

"AARON WHIFFLINGPEN,
"SIMON TUGMUTTON,"

which is held not to invalidate the instrument, but rather to legalise it, as showing the perfect good will and humour with which the whole affair was conducted.

This was his last adventure:

Here ends thy glory, here the fates untwine
The last bright remnant of so fair a line.

From that day forth, the avenger—in the shape of his majesty's ships Swallow and Weymouth—dogged his every step, until, on the morning of the tenth of February, as Captain Roberts is at breakfast in his cabin, in company with a gentleman whose vessel he has just captured—the meal being composed of a savoury dish of "Solomon Gundy," and some of the prisoner's beer—the king's cruiser suddenly rounds the Cape. The greater part of the crew are drunk, passively courageous, unfit for service. Notwithstanding, the dauntless rover, in pursuance of a hastily-arranged plan, steers straight for the man-of-war, receives and returns her fire, and then, hoisting his black flag, shoots away with all the sail he can pack. The helmsman is unsteady, the ship is taken aback, and the enemy is again at hand. At this critical moment, a grape-shot struck the rover in the throat. He settled himself on the tackles of a gun, which one Stephenson observing, ran to his assistance; but, not seeing his hurt, swore at him, and bade him stand up and fight like a man. However, when he found his captain was certainly dead, he gushed into tears, and wished the next shot might be his lot. They presently threw him overboard, with his arms and ornaments on, as he had ordered in his lifetime.

Roberts was one of the latest of his type of sea-ranger. The peace of Ryswick, which laid up the privateer, deprived many an honest thief of the only means of livelihood he had taught himself to relish. "A merry life, and a short one," might still be his motto; but if it were merry, it was also unquestionably short; for the police of the seas was vindicating itself, and the pirate no longer possessed a single haven that he could call his own. Some petty buccaneering, hardly deserving of the name, continued, however, to be done; and, oddly enough, our own well-guarded coasts were generally the scene;

the honest industrious Dutchman the victim. Thus, in seventeen hundred and sixty-eight, a band of daring fellows, hovering on the Kent and Sussex shores, defied for a long period all attempts to catch them. Making the port of Hastings their rendezvous, they boarded and robbed numbers of ships coming up Channel, and lived for seven years wholly upon the fruit of their depredations. At length the ruffians, encountering a large richly-freighted Dutch ship that offered unusual resistance, murdered the whole crew and burned the vessel; after which, they returned to Hastings to dispose of the plunder and enjoy themselves. Fortunately, one of the miscreants was overheard jesting with a comrade, respecting the entertaining manner in which one of the murdered Dutchmen "wriggled" about, after having his backbone nearly severed with an axe. Information was forwarded to the authorities in London, who despatched a strong party of military to Hastings, while a vessel of war anchored in the roadstead.

On the day following the arrival of the soldiers, which had been managed with great secresy, the mayor was openly accosted by one of the pirate gang, who demanded the meaning of the war-ship's appearance, and the rumour of the arrival of military. His worship, refusing explanation, was instantly set upon by his questioner, and by others of the band who had been lurking near; but some soldiers opportunely arriving, a fight ensued, resulting in the capture of the pirates, who, with other of their associates subsequently taken, were sent to London and lodged in the Marshalsea.

In seventeen hundred and twenty-nine occurred the singular case of John Smith, whose real name was Gow. This worthy sailed as mate in the George, from a Scotch haven. The crew consisted of twenty-four. At the head of eight of these, Gow rose one night upon the officers, murdered the captain, surgeon, chief mate, and supercargo, and, hoisting the black flag, steered for Spain. Four more of the crew had voluntarily cast in their lot with them; the rest were retained to do the harder work of the ship and treated with extreme cruelty. They had a tolerably successful cruise, but, having become somewhat notorious in that locality, it became advisable to shift the scene, and Gow accordingly steered for the Orkneys. While lying at anchor in a secluded bay, one of the crew, who had been detained against his will, escaped, and hastening to Kirkwall, alarmed the authorities. Ten more of the dissatisfied crew departed in the long-boat. In spite of these ominous circumstances, the daring leader not only did not put to sea, but organised a land expedition, in which they plundered the house of Mr. High-Sheriff Honeymar of all that was portable: compelling that gentleman's piper to head the return procession, playing a triumphal march.

From hence, Gow proceeded to call upon (and plunder) an old friend and schoolfellow, Mr. Fea, who resided at the small adjacent island, Calf Sound. Mr. Fea was a man of courage and discretion. By the joint exercise of these qualities, he not only made prisoners of the party sent ashore, but ultimately of the whole of the dangerous and desperate band, twenty-eight in number. Gow, and six others, suffered at Execution Dock; the former's case being rendered more notable by his obstinate refusal to plead. However, when on the point of being pressed to death, he relented, and was convicted with the rest.

Among the last of the "gentlemen of fortune" who courted that goddess's favour in British waters, was Mr. George Wood, who sailed from Bristol in seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, in the Black Prince. They were barely at sea before the crew mutinied, made the officers prisoners, and were debating as to the mode in which they should be put to death, when the earnest entreaties of the victims induced them to consent that they should be simply turned adrift in a small boat, slenderly provisioned. After doing this at such a distance from land that the unfortunate men set adrift were never heard of again, the pirates hoisted the black flag and sailed for Brazil, making prizes in their way. While in port, one of their company fell under the suspicion of a purpose to run away: whereupon a regular court-martial was held and the culprit sentenced to be hanged at the yard-arm, the execution being deferred only long enough to enable the exemplary captain to read a long printed sermon to the condemned.

It was reserved for a brutal miscreant, named Philip Roche, to cap the horrors of modern piracy. This man, residing at Cork, resolved to turn sea-robber, and, drawing one Neal, a fisherman, two brothers, Cullen, and a man named Wise, into a confederacy, took passage with them in a French vessel about to sail for Nantz. Roche was himself so able a sailor, that he was frequently allowed to take charge of the ship. One dark November night—the master and mate being both asleep in their cabin—Roche and his accomplices seized and murdered the four Frenchmen left on deck; not, however, without resistance; Roche himself declaring, in his subsequent confession, that they were "all over wet with blood, as if they had been dipped in water. Nor did they regard it more." The poor master and mate, alarmed, and hastening on deck, were seized, tied back to back, and thrown into the sea.

Roche now steered for Lisbon; but meeting with very bad weather, ran back, and put into Dartmouth, where he hired three more hands, and sailed again for Rotterdam. Here a gentleman, named Annesley, freighted and took passage in their vessel to England; but on the way, in a rude and stormy night, "it being very dark, they took up their passenger, and flung him overboard—who swam about the ship a pretty while, calling out for life, and telling them they should have all his goods for ransom, but in vain." Roche was shortly afterwards taken, and immediately proposed to turn evidence, promising to convict three others, "worse

than himself." Justice readily accepted these conditions; and Roche only discovering two, who were comparatively innocent, paid well-deserved forfeit at Execution Dock.

It may be permitted, by way of postscript to these notes, to refer to a very singular story lately revived by a gentleman who addressed a public meeting on the subject of the American "difficulty," and who, in doing so, also named Captain Wilkes, of the San Jacinto, as the hero of the tale. Friends of the latter gentleman, have since separated his name from any concern in the matter; but seeing that time has let slip some few of the attendant circumstances and has misrepresented others, here, in brief, is the true narrative:

The United States brig-of-war Somers, ten guns, the ship's company numbering in all seventy-five persons, was returning home in December, eighteen hundred and forty-two, from the African station, under the command of Lieutenant-Commander Slidell Mackenzie—brother, it is understood, of the Southern Commissioner, he having assumed the latter name.

When within three days' sail of St. Thomas's, it came to the captain's knowledge that a mutiny was projected on board, under the direction of Midshipman Philip Spencer, a youth of nineteen, the son or nephew of the then secretary-at-war. The other ringleaders being Samuel Cromwell, boatswain's mate, and Elisha Small, seaman.

The informant was the purser's steward, Wales, to whom the conspirators had imparted a portion of their scheme, and who affected co-operation in order to learn more. He was, nevertheless, so narrowly watched, that, finding it impossible to communicate with the captain, he revealed the whole to the purser, who promptly made it known. Thereupon Spencer, Cromwell, and Small were secured, and the former's papers being examined, the whole nefarious plot appeared, set forth to the minutest detail.

The brig was to be captured at Saint Thomas's, because at that port she could be best provided with stores, water, &c., for the piratical cruise which was to follow. (It may be mentioned that the Somers was a new vessel, a very fast sailer; in fact, in construction, size, and speed, the beau ideal of a pirate!) At the time agreed upon, a scuffle was to be raised on the forecastle, while the deck was in charge of Midshipman Rogers, who was to be seized and flung overboard. Spencer was then to enter the cabin and kill the captain: while others, stationed at the steerage-hatch, were to murder the whole of the remaining officers as they came up: the surgeon excepted. The crew were then to be mustered, and all who refused to join the mutineers were to be thrown overboard.

This completed, they were to make for the Isle of Pines, where they were to meet a confederate, then cruising off New York, capture every ship they could, murder all the males, and sink the vessel, so that nothing should be left to tell the horrible tale. The arrangements for division of spoil, and the allotment of female prisoners, with other laws, were also drawn up in detail in Spencer's handwriting.

The whole plan was interlarded with Greek characters, by way of disguise; and the test oath was to be:

"Do you swear that you have no fear of shedding blood?"

A painful responsibility rested upon Captain Mackenzie, in dealing with a case so new and terrible. Who could say how far the contamination had spread? To crush it at all hazards was his solemn duty. A drum-head court-martial was convened, and it was decided that the safety of the vessel and the lives of all on board, demanded nothing short of the prompt and immediate execution of the three ringleaders.

One hour was accorded to the guilty and unhappy men, and, at its expiration, the three were hanged at the yard-arm, in presence of the whole crew. Between ten and twenty sailors, suspected of complicity, were placed in irons, and conveyed to New York for trial.

Some attempt has been made to fix upon Captain Mackenzie the charge of over-severity, as also to show that the extreme penalty was thus promptly carried out in opposition to the wishes and earnest entreaties of most of the officers. There is no ground whatever for the latter assertion. As to the former, we may leave Captain Mackenzie's defence to the pen of an American commentator of the time:

"Let the mind for a moment picture to itself the fastest vessel in our service, fully manned and equipped, a piratical brig, hovering on our shores, and laying wait for vessels between this port and every other in the world. Imagine but a portion of the horrors that must have resulted from the consummation of this hellish purpose, and then, if you can, condemn him who has fearlessly discharged a most painful duty, and assumed the power to carry into effect the *spirit* of our laws, when in a position where its *forms* could not be complied with."

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

MARGRAVE now entered the litter, and the Veiled Woman drew the black curtains round him. I walked on, as the guide, some yards in advance. The air was still, heavy, and parched with the breath of the Australasian sirocco.

We passed through the meadow-lands, studded with slumbering flocks; we followed the branch of the creek, which was linked to its source in the mountains by many a trickling waterfall; we threaded the gloom of stunted, misshapen trees, gnarled with the stringy bark which makes one of the signs of the strata that nourish gold; and at length the moon, now in all her pomp of light, mid-heaven amongst her subject stars, gleamed through the fissures of the cave, on whose floor lay the relics of ante-diluvian races, and rested, in one flood of silvery splendour, upon the hollows of the extinct volcano, with tufts of dank herbage, and wide spaces of paler sward, covering the gold below—Gold, the dumb symbol of organised Matter's great mystery, storing in itself, according as Mind, the informer of Matter, can distinguish its uses, evil and good, bane and blessing.

Hitherto the Veiled Woman had remained in the rear with the white-robed skeleton-like image that had crept to my side unawares with its noiseless step. Thus, in each winding turn of the difficult path at which the convoy, following behind me, came into sight, I had seen first the two gaily-dressed armed men, next the black bier-like litter, and last the Black-veiled Woman and the White-robed Skeleton.

But now, as I halted on the table-land, backed by the mountain and fronting the valley, the woman left her companion, passed by the litter and the armed men, and paused by my side, at the mouth of the moonlit cavern.

There for a moment she stood, silent; the procession below mounting upward laboriously and slow; then she turned to me, and her veil was withdrawn.

The face on which I gazed was wondrously beautiful, and severely awful. There, was neither youth nor age; but beauty mature and majestic as that of a marble Demeter.

"Do you believe in that which you seek?" she asked, in her foreign melodious, melancholy accents.

"I have no belief," was my answer. "True science has none. True science questions all things, takes nothing upon credit. It knows but three states of the mind—Denial, Conviction, and that vast interval between the two, which is not belief, but suspense of judgment."

The woman let fall her veil, moved from me, and seated herself on a crag above that cleft between mountain and creek, to which, when I had first discovered the gold that the land nourished, the rain from the clouds had given the rushing life of the cataract, but which now, in the drought and the hush of the skies, was but a dead pile of stones.

The litter now ascended the height; its bearers halted; a lean hand tore the curtains aside, and Margrave descended, leaning, this time, not on the Black-veiled Woman but on the White-robed Skeleton.

There, as he stood, the moon shone full on his wasted form; on his face, resolute, cheerful, and proud, despite its hollowed outlines and sicklied hues. He raised his head, spoke in the language unknown to me, and the armed men and the litter-bearers grouped round him, bending low, their eyes fixed on the ground. The Veiled Woman rose slowly and came to his side, motioning away, with a mute sign, the ghastly form on which he leant, and passing round him silently, instead, her own sustaining arm. Margrave spoke again, a few sentences, of which I could not even guess the meaning. When he had concluded, the armed men and the litter-bearers came nearer to his feet, knelt down, and kissed his hand. They then rose, and took from the bier-like vehicle the coffer and the fuel. This done, they lifted again the litter, and again, preceded by the armed men, the procession descended down the sloping hill-side, down into the valley below.

Margrave now whispered, for some moments, into the ear of the hideous creature who had made way for the Veiled Woman. The grim skeleton bowed his head submissively, and strode noiselessly away through the long grasses; the slender stems, trampled under his stealthy feet, relifting themselves, as after a passing wind. And thus he, too, sank out of sight down into the valley below. On the table-land of the hill remained only we three—Margrave, myself, and the Veiled Woman.

She had reseated herself apart, on the grey crag above the dried torrent. He stood at the entrance of the cavern, round the sides of which clustered parasital plants, with flowers of all colours, some amongst them opening their petals and exhaling their fragrance only in the hours of night; so that, as his form filled up the jaws of the dull arch, obscuring the moonbeam that strove to pierce the shadows that slept within, it stood now—wan and blighted—as I had seen it first, radiant and joyous, "literally framed in blooms."

CHAPTER LXXXII.

"So," said Margrave, turning to me, "under the soil that spreads around us, lies the gold which to you and to me is at this moment of no value, except as a guide to its twin-born—the regenerator of life!"

"You have not yet described to me the nature of the substance which we are to explore, nor of the process by which the virtues you impute to it are to be extracted."

"Let us first find the gold, and instead of describing the life-amber, so let me call it, I will point it out to your own eyes. As to the process, your share in it is so simple, that you will ask me why I seek aid from a chemist. The life-amber, when found, has but to be subjected to heat and fermentation for six hours; it will be placed in a small caldron which that coffer contains, over the fire which that fuel will feed. To give effect to the process, certain alkalies and other ingredients are required. But these are prepared, and mine is the task to commingle them. From your science as chemist I need and ask nought. In you I have sought only the aid of a Man."

"If that be so, why, indeed, seek me at all? why not confide in those swarthy attendants who doubtless are slaves to your orders?"

"Confide in slaves! when the first task enjoined to them would be to discover, and refrain from purloining, gold. Seven such unscrupulous knaves, or even one such, and I, thus defenceless and feeble! Such is not the work that wise masters confide to fierce slaves. But that is the least of the reasons which exclude them from such confidence, and fix my choice of assistant on you. Do you forget what I told you of the danger which the Dervish declared no bribe I could offer could tempt him a second time to brave?"

"I remember, now; those words had passed away from my mind."

"And because they had passed away from your mind, I chose you for my comrade. I need a man by whom danger is scorned."

"But in the process of which you tell me I see no possible danger, unless the ingredients you mix in your caldron have poisonous fumes."

"It is not that. The ingredients I use are not poisons."

"What other danger, except you dread your own Eastern slaves? But, if so, why lead them to these solitudes? and if so, why not bid me be armed?"

"The Eastern slaves fulfilling my commands, will wait for my summons, where their eyes cannot see what we do. The danger is of a kind in which the boldest son of the East would be more craven, perhaps, than the daintiest Sybarite of Europe, who would shrink from a panther and laugh at a ghost. In the creed of the Dervish, and of all who adventure into that realm of nature which is closed to philosophy and open to magic, there are races in the magnitude of space unseen as animalcules in the world of a drop. For the tribes of the drop, science has its microscope. Of the hosts of yon azure Infinite, magic gains sight, and through them gains command over fluid conductors that link all the parts of creation. Of these races, some are wholly indifferent to man; some benign to him, and some dreadly hostile. In all the regular and prescribed conditions of mortal being, this magic realm seems as blank and tenantless as yon vacant air. But when a seeker of powers beyond the rude functions by which man plies the clockwork, that measures his hours and stops when its chain reaches the end of its coil,—strives to pass over those boundaries at which philosophy says, 'Knowledge ends;' then, he is like all other travellers in regions unknown; he must propitiate, or brave, the tribes that are hostile, must depend for his life on the tribes that are friendly. Though your science discredits the alchemist's dogmas, your learning informs you that all alchemists were not ignorant impostors; yet those whose discoveries prove them to have been the nearest allies to your practical knowledge, ever hint in their mystical works at the reality of that realm which is open to magic—ever hint that some means less familiar than furnace and bellows, are essential to him who explores the elixir of life. He who once quaffs that elixir, obtains in his very veins the bright fluid by which he transmits the force of his will to agencies dormant in nature, to giants unseen in the space. And, here, as he passes the boundary which divides his allotted and normal mortality from the regions and races that magic alone can explore, so, here, he breaks down the safeguard between himself, and the tribes that are hostile. Is it not ever thus between man and man? Let a race, the most gentle and timid and civilised, dwell on one side a river or mountain, and another have home in the region beyond, each, if it pass not the intervening barrier, may with each live in peace. But, if ambitious adventurers scale the mountain, or cross the river, with design to subdue and enslave the populations they boldly invade, then all the invaded arise in wrath and defiance—the neighbours are changed into foes. And, therefore, this process by which a simple though rare material of nature is made to yield to a mortal the boon of a life which brings with its glorious resistance to Time, desires, and facultics to subject to its service beings that dwell in the earth, and

the air, and the deep, has ever been one of the same peril which an invader must brave when he crosses the bounds of his nation. By this key alone, you unlock all the cells of the alchemist's lore; by this alone, understand how a labour, which a chemist's crudest apprentice could perform, has baffled the giant fathers of all your dwarfed children of science. Nature, that stores this priceless boon, seems to shrink from conceding it to man—the invisible tribes that abhor him, oppose themselves to the gain that might give them a master. The duller of those, who were the life-seekers of old, would have told you how some chance, trivial, unlooked for, foiled their grand hope at the very point of fruition; some doltish mistake, some improvident oversight, a defect in the sulphur, a wild overflow in the quicksilver, or a flaw in the bellows, or a pupil, who had but to replenish the fuel, fell asleep by the furnace. The invisible foes seldom vouchsafe to make themselves visible where they can frustrate the bungler, as they mock at his toils from their ambush. But, the mightier adventurers, equally foiled in despite of their patience and skill, would have said, 'Not with us rests the fault; we neglected no caution, we failed from no oversight. But out from the caldron dread faces arose, and the spectres or demons dismayed and baffled us.' Such, then, is the danger which seems so appalling to a son of the East, as it seemed to a seer in the dark age of Europe. But we can deride all its threats, you and I. For myself, I own frankly I take all the safety that the charms and resources of magic bestow. You, for your safety, have the cultured and disciplined reason which reduces all phantasies to nervous impressions, and I rely on the courage of one who has questioned, unquailing, the Luminous Shadow, and wrested from the hand of the magician himself the wand which concentred the wonders of will!"

To this strange and long discourse I listened without interruption, and now quietly answered,

"I do not merit the trust you affect in my courage; but I am now on my guard against the cheats of the fancy, and the fumes of a vapour can scarcely bewilder the brain in the open air of this mountain-land. I believe in no races like those which you tell me lurk viewless in space, as do gases. I believe not in magic; I ask not its aids, and I dread not its terrors. For the rest, I am confident of one mournful courage—the courage that comes from despair. I submit to your guidance, whatever it be, as a sufferer whom colleges doom to the grave submits to the quack, who says, 'Take my specific and live!' My life is nought in itself; my life lives in another. You and I are both brave from despair; you would turn death from yourself, I would turn death from one I love more than myself. Both know how little aid we can win from the colleges, and both, therefore, turn to the promisers most audaciously cheering: Dervish or magician, alchemist or phantom, what care you and I? And if they fail us, what then? They can not fail us more than the colleges do!"

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

The gold has been gained with an easy labour. I knew where to seek for it, whether under the turf or in the bed of the creek. But Margrave's eyes, hungrily gazing round every spot from which the ore was disburied, could not detect the substance of which he alone knew the outward appearance. I had begun to believe that even in the description given to him of this material he had been credulously duped, and that no such material existed; when, coming back from the bed of the watercourse, I saw a faint yellow gleam amidst the roots of a giant parasite plant, the leaves and blossoms of which climbed up the sides of the cave with its antediluvian relics. The gleam was the gleam of gold, and on removing the loose earth round the roots of the plant, we came on——No, I will not—I dare not, describe it. The gold-digger would cast it aside, the naturalist would pause not to heed it, and did I describe it, and chemistry deign to subject it to analysis, could chemistry alone detach or discover its boasted virtues?

Its particles, indeed, are very minute, not seeming readily to crystallise with each other, each in itself of uniform shape and size, spherical as the egg which contains the germ of life, and small as the egg from which the life of an insect may quicken.

But Margrave's keen eye caught sight of the atoms upcast by the light of the moon. He exclaimed to me, "Found! I shall live!" And then, as he gathered up the grains with tremulous hands, he called out to the Veiled Woman, hitherto still seated motionless on the crag. At his word she rose and went to the place hard-by, where the fuel was piled, busying herself there. I had no lesiure to heed her. I continued my search in the soft and yielding soil that time and the decay of vegetable life had accumulated over the Pre-Adamite strata on which the arch of the cave rested its mighty keystone.

When we had collected of these particles about thrice as much as a man might hold in his hand, we seemed to have exhausted their bed. We continued still to find gold, but no more of the delicate substance, to which, in our sight, gold was as dross.

"Enough," then said Margrave, reluctantly desisting. "What we have gained already will suffice for a life thrice as long as legend attributes to Haroun. I shall live—I shall live through the centuries."

"Forget not that I claim my share."

"Your share—yours! True—your half of my life!—it is true." He paused, with a low, ironical, malignant laugh, and then added, as he rose and turned away, "But the work is yet to be done."

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

While we had thus laboured and found, Ayesha had placed the fuel where the moonlight fell fullest on the sward of the table-land—a part of it already piled as for a fire, the rest of it heaped confusedly close at hand—and by the pile

she had placed the coffer. And there she stood, her arms folded under her mantle, her dark image seeming darker still as the moonlight whitened all the ground from which the image rose motionless. Margrave opened his coffer, the Veiled Woman did not aid him, and I watched in silence, while he as silently made his weird and wizard-like preparations.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

On the ground a wide circle was traced by a small rod, tipped apparently with sponge saturated with some combustible naphtha-like fluid, so that a pale lambent flame followed the course of the rod as Margrave guided it, burning up the herbage over which it played, and leaving a distinct ring, like that which, in our lovely native fable-talk, we call the "Fairy's Ring," but yet more visible because marked in phosphorescent light. On the ring thus formed were placed twelve small lamps fed with the fluid from the same vessel, and lighted by the same rod. The light emitted by the lamps was more vivid and brilliant than that which circled round the ring.

Within the circumference, and immediately round the wood pile, Margrave traced certain geometrical figures in which, not without a shudder, that I overcame at once by a strong effort of will in murmuring to myself the name of "Lilian," I recognised the interlaced triangles which my own hand, in the spell enforced on a sleep-walker, had described on the floor of the wizard's pavilion. These figures were traced, like the circle, in flame, and at the point of each triangle (four in number) was placed a lamp, brilliant as those on the ring. This task performed, the caldron, based on an iron tripod, was placed on the wood pile. And then the woman, before inactive and unheeding, slowly advanced, knelt by the pile, and lighted it. The dry wood crackled and the flame burst forth, licking the rims of the caldron with tongues of fire.

Margrave flung into the caldron the particles we had collected, poured over them first a liquid colourless as water, from the largest of the vessels drawn from his coffer, and then, more sparingly, drops from small crystal phials, like the phials I had seen in the hand of Philip Derval.

Having surmounted my first impulse of awe, I watched these proceedings, curious yet disdainful, as one who watches the mummeries of an enchanter on the stage.

"If," thought I, "these are but artful devices to inebriate and fool my own imagination, my imagination is on its guard, and reason shall not, this time, sleep at her post!"

"And now," said Margrave, "I consign to you the easy task by which you are to merit your share of the elixir. It is my task to feed and replenish the caldron; it is Ayesha's to heed the fire, which must not for a moment relax in its measured and steady heat. Your task is the lightest of all: it is but to renew from this vessel the fluid that burns in the lamps, and on the ring. Observe, the contents of the vessel must be thriftily husbanded; there is enough, but not more than enough, to sustain the light in the lamps, on the lines traced round the caldron, and on the farther ring, for six hours. The compounds dissolved in this fluid are scarce—only obtainable in the East, and even in the East months might have passed before I could have increased my supply. I had no months to waste. Replenish then the light only when it begins to flicker or fade. Take heed, above all, that no part of the outer ring—no, not an inch—and no lamp of the twelve, that are to its zodiac like stars, fade for one moment in darkness."

I took the crystal vessel from his hand.

"The vessel is small," said I, "and what is yet left of its contents is but scanty; whether its drops suffice to replenish the lights I cannot guess, I can but obey your instructions. But, more important by far than the light to the lamps and the circle, which in Asia or Africa might scare away the wild beasts unknown to this land—more important than light to a lamp, is the strength to your frame, weak magician! What will support you through six weary hours of night-watch?"

"Hope," answered Margrave, with a ray of his old dazzling smile. "Hope. I shall live—I shall live through the centuries."

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

One hour passed away, the fagots under the caldron burned clear in the sullen sultry air. The materials within began to seethe, and their colour, at first dull and turbid, changed into a pale rose hue; from time to time the Veiled Woman replenished the fire, after she had done so reseating herself close by the pyre, with her head bowed over her knees, and her face hid under her veil.

The lights in the lamps and along the ring and the triangles now began to pale. I resupplied their nutriment from the crystal vessel. As yet nothing strange startled my eye or my ear beyond the rim of the circle. Nothing audible, save, at a distance, the musical wheel-like click of the locusts, and, farther still in the forest, the howl of the wild dogs that never bark. Nothing visible, but the trees and the mountain-range girding the plains silvered by the moon, and the arch of the cavern, the flush of wild blooms on its sides, and the gleam of dry bones on its floor where the moonlight shot into the gloom.

The second hour passed like the first. I had taken my stand by the side of Margrave, watching with him the process at work in the caldron, when I felt the ground slightly vibrate beneath my feet, and, looking up, it seemed as if all the plains beyond the circle were heaving like the swell of the sea, and as if in the air itself there was a perceptible tremor.

I placed my hand on Margrave's shoulder and whispered, "To me earth and air seem to vibrate. Do they seem to vibrate to you?"

"I know not, I care not," he answered, impetuously. "The essence is bursting the shell

that confined it. Here are my air and my earth! Trouble me not. Look to the circle—feed the lamps if they fail."

I passed by the Veiled Woman as I walked towards a place in the ring in which the flame was waning dim. And I whispered to her the same question which I had whispered to Margrave. She looked slowly around and answered, "So is it before the Invisible make themselves visible! Did I not bid him forbear?" Her head again drooped on her breast, and her watch was again fixed on the fire.

I advanced to the circle and stooped to replenish the light where it waned. As I did so, on my arm, which stretched somewhat beyond the line of the ring, I felt a shock like that of electricity. The arm fell to my side numbed and nerveless, and from my hand dropped, but within the ring, the vessel that contained the fluid. Recovering my surprise or my stun, hastily with the other hand I caught up the vessel, but some of the scanty liquid was already spilled on the sward; and I saw with a thrill of dismay that contrasted, indeed, the tranquil indifference with which I had first undertaken my charge, how small a supply was now left.

I went back to Margrave, and told him of the shock, and of its consequence in the waste of the liquid.

"Beware," said he, "that not a motion of the arm, not an inch of the foot, pass the verge of the ring; and if the fluid be thus unhappily stinted, reserve all that is left for the protecting circle and the twelve outer lamps. See how the Grand Work advances! how the hues in the caldron are glowing blood-red through the film on the surface!"

And now four hours of the six were gone; my arm had gradually recovered its strength. Neither the ring nor the lamps had again required replenishing; perhaps their light was exhausted less quickly, as it was no longer to be exposed to the rays of the intense Australian moon. Clouds had gathered over the sky, and though the moon gleamed at times in the gaps that they left in blue air, her beam was more hazy and dulled. The locusts no longer were heard in the grass, nor the howl of the dogs in the forest. Out of the circle, the stillness was profound.

And about this time I saw distinctly in the distance a vast Eye! It drew nearer and nearer, seeming to move from the ground at the height of some lofty giant. Its gaze riveted mine; my blood curdled in the blaze from its angry ball; and now as it advanced, larger and larger, other Eyes, as if of giants in its train, grew out from the space in its rear: numbers on numbers, like the spear-heads of some Eastern army, seen afar by pale warders of battlements doomed to the dust. My voice long refused an utterance to my awe; at length it burst forth, shrill and loud:

"Look—look! Those terrible Eyes! Legions on legions. And hark! that tramp of numberless feet; *they* are not seen, but the hollows of earth echo the sound of their march!"

Margrave, more than ever intent on the caldron, in which, from time to time, he kept dropping powders or essences drawn forth from his coffer, looked up, defyingly, fiercely:

"Ye come," he said, in low mutter, his once mighty voice sounding hollow and labouring, but fearless and firm—"ye come, not to conquer, vain rebels!—ye, whose dark chief I struck down at my feet in the tomb where my spell had raised up the ghost of your first human master, the Chaldee! Earth and air have their armies still faithful to me, and still I remember the war-song that summons them up to confront you! Ayesha—Ayesha! recal the wild troth that we pledged amongst roses; recal the dread bond by which we united our sway over hosts that yet own thee as queen, though my sceptre is broken, my diadem reft from my brows!"

The Veiled Woman rose at this adjuration. Her veil now was withdrawn, and the blaze of the fire between Margrave and herself flushed, as with the rosy bloom of youth, the grand beauty of her softened face. It was seen, detached, as it were, from her dark-mantled form; seen through the mist of the vapours which rose from the caldron, framing it round like the clouds that are yieldingly pierced by the light of the evening star.

Through the haze of the vapour came her voice, more musical, more plaintive than I had heard it before, but far softer, more tender; still in her foreign tongue; the words unknown to me, and yet their sense, perhaps, made intelligible by the love, which has one common language and one common look to all who have loved—the love unmistakably heard in the loving tone, unmistakably seen in the loving face.

A moment or so more, and she had come round from the opposite side of the fire pile, and, bending over Margrave's upturned brow, kissed it quietly, solemnly; and then her countenance grew fierce, her crest rose erect: it was the lioness protecting her young. She stretched forth her arm from the black mantle, athwart the pale front that now again bent over the caldron; stretched it towards the haunted and hollow-sounding space beyond, in the gesture of one whose right hand has the sway of the sceptre! And then her voice stole on the air in the music of a chant not loud, yet far-reaching; so thrilling, so sweet, and yet so solemn, that I could at once comprehend how legend united of old the spell of enchantment with the power of song. All that I recalled of the effects which, in the former time, Margrave's strange chants had produced on the ear that they ravished and the thoughts they confused, was but as the wild bird's imitative carol, compared to the depth, and the art, and the soul of the singer, whose voice seemed endowed with a charm to enthral all the tribes of creation, though the language it used for that charm might to them, as to me, be unknown. As the song ceased, I heard, from

behind, sounds like those I had heard in the spaces before me: the tramp of invisible feet, the whirr of invisible wings, as if armies were marching to aid against armies in march to destroy.

"Look not in front nor around," said Ayesha. "Look, like him, on the caldron below. The circle and the lamps are yet bright; I will tell thee when their light again fails."

I dropped my eyes on the caldron.

"See," whispered Margrave, "the sparkles, at last, begin to arise, and the rose-hues to deepen; signs that we near the last process."

TOLLS AND NO TOLLS.

You were born in Dover—we will suppose for a moment—and you were never out of it. You are possessed of a light, commodious, four-wheel, a strong, sound, willing horse, and a lovely bride. Now is the time to see the world, and to enjoy seeing it. With these elements of pleasure and happiness, you determine to take a summer tour, in short stages, doing twenty, thirty, occasionally even forty, miles a day. You start northward, in travelling costume, to traverse your beloved native land; but, onward as you roll, up rises a disagreeable claim—the toll. So frequently is that impost called for, that you determine to devote to that payment exclusively, for the demands of turnpikes only, a toll-pocket, to which your hand soon finds its way as naturally as a baby's fist to its dear little mouth. When, after passing through Wales and the Lake country, you arrive at last at John o'Groat's House, you find that your outlay for turnpikes, if you had it back again, would amount to a nice little sum of money.

But the money payment is not all. You discover that 'pikes are a most prolific source of vexatious litigation. Your newspapers tell you that sixty pounds sterling were spent in obtaining the favourable decision that volunteers on duty were not to pay toll. It is notorious to all men how constantly the wisdom of our justices, Shallow and Deep, is exercised on the legislation of the Gate. The hermits who live in wayside retirement levying black-mail on passing wayfarers, with wooden bars and iron keys for their instruments of extortion, are ceaseless contributors to the thousand-and-one tales of Petty Sessions.

Sometimes, they appear as the injured victims of stiff-necked and insubordinate travellers; sometimes, it is they who drag the defrauder of their rights before the bench. Sometimes, in the dead of the night, they won't get up until it pleases them; sometimes, they vindicate (disinterestedly) the honour of their cuckoo-clock, which cannot possibly have mistaken half-past eleven at night for twenty minutes to one in the morning. Sometimes, for want of change, your twopenny toll costs you half-a-crown; the misanthropic gentlemen are 'pike keepers, not money-dealers. Religious, political, and even agricultural duties, are equally capable of raising disputes about exemption; for it is seldom clear whether the contents of a cart be manure, building materials, or rubbish.

Next year, for variety, you proceed, again with your willing horse, your four-wheeler, and your lady; but starting from Dover this time, southwards through France, after filling your toll-pocket and laying in an extra stock of forbearance to meet the caprices of foreign 'pikes. You drive out of Calais, in the direction of Boulogne, prepared to meet every just demand. You reach Boulogne, and, to your astonishment, you have not seen the shadow of a turnpike-gate. You think this must be too good to last, and you continue your journey, over an admirable road, to Montreuil, Abbeville, and Amiens, when it is clear that there are not likely to be any turnpikes on this side of Paris. On the other side, it turns out to be the same; you roll on smoothly, unobstructed. Soft and steady is the way to go far. You catch sight of the blue Mediterranean, and drive through the archway of your inn at Montpellier, with the contents of your toll-pocket still untouched.

The result is agreeable; how is it effected? Manifestly, the French system of highway administration must be entirely different to our own. You find out that France is a grand Unity, whose elements are held together by modes of cohesion very different to those by which the once United States formed the American Union, or even that by which the counties of England, Scotland, and Ireland combine to make a whole United Kingdom. Secession, Volunteering, Corn Law or other agitation, local self-government and Vestry Meetings, are ideas which constitute but little part of the Gallic legislative creed. No matter what may be the central power, whether Emperor, King, Dictator, or President, to that centre all is referred, and from that centre all action springs. Consequently, it is surprising what little alteration in the details of administration is produced by recent revolutions in France. Our own modern reforms have effected considerably more. With the first-class roads of France, the only change is in name; they are Imperial, Royal, or National Roads, according to the position of the wheel of fortune; the humbler highways change not at all.

France, before the annexation of Savoy and Nice, consisted of eighty-six departments, answering in a measure to our counties; but, as the organisation of each department is exactly the same in principle, a few departments more or less make no difference in the administrative system. The eighty-sixth department is the Island of Corsica; being now connected with the mainland by a submarine telegraph, it is administered with nearly as much facility as if it formed part of the Continent.

Each department is divided into a varying number of arrondissements, answering to our hundreds; and each arrondissement into several cantons, or districts. Each canton is made up of several communes, or villages, beyond which territorial subdivision goes no further. Appended

to certain communes, there are, as with us, hameaux, or hamlets, which have no separate existence independent of the commune itself. The paroisse, or parish, is an area limited by an ecclesiastical rather than a civil boundary. A commune, therefore, is the last and ultimate territorial division in France; it is the unit of administrative area, the indivisible atom of an aggregation of which the country consists. The curés of cantons are doyens, or deans, and exercise ecclesiastical surveillance over the curés of the communes in their canton. The jurisdiction of commissaries of police extends throughout the canton of their residence. These gentlemen are named by the emperor in towns with more than six thousand souls; by the prefect in smaller towns.

The principal towns belonging to each of these territorial subdivisions respectively, are styled (in the plural) Chefs-lieux de Département, d'Arrondissement, de Canton, and de Commune. Thus, Vougeot, famous for its Burgundy wine, is a commune whose chef-lieu de canton is Nuits (also famous for its wine), whose chef-lieu d'arrondissement is Beaune (likewise famous for its wine), whose chef-lieu de département is Dijon. The commune looks up to the canton, the canton looks up to the arrondissement, the arrondissement looks up to the département, and the département looks up to the Minister of the Interior. This regulated course of communication, step by step, according to due precedence and order of rank, is called by French officials, curiously enough, doing things in their *hierarchical* course. The correspondence relative to the opening of a tobacco-shop on the resignation of a village mayor must be strictly hierarchically conducted.

And now for the administrative machinery: a department is administered by a préfet, who communicates directly with the central government; an arrondissement by a sous-préfet, who communicates with the préfet; a canton by the maire, or mayor, of its chef-lieu, who communicates with the sous-préfet; and a commune by a mayor, who communicates with the mayor of his chef-lieu de canton.

A préfet, then, named by the head of the state, is alone charged with the administration of the department. A préfet acts and decides alone, or in prefectoral council, according to circumstances. The préfet, administering his department quite alone, can act without authority from others, by the sole authority of guardianship, and decide with the authority of commandment; he can name, institute, or revoke certain functionaries, or provoke a decision from the government. Having heard his council, with whom he is not obliged to agree, he may enact the adjudication of public works, roads of course included. In the préfets' bureaux is transacted the business of the service of the bridges and highways, i.e. of the two first classes of roads, the imperial and the departmental, together with the placing of the barrières de dégel, or thaw barriers, to prevent roads from being broken up by heavy vehicles after a frost. The sous-préfet's, or sub-prefect's, name explains itself.

By the law of the 5th of May, 1855, the municipal body of each commune is composed of the mayor, one or more adjoints, or deputy-mayors, and the municipal councillors. The mayor and his adjoints are named by the emperor in every chef-lieu of department, of arrondissement, and of canton, and in all communes of three thousand inhabitants and upwards. In other communes they are named by the préfet in the name of the emperor. They must be twenty-five years of age, and inscribed in the commune on the roll of one of the four direct contributions (taxes). The adjoints, like the mayor, may be selected from persons who are *not* members of the municipal council. The mayor and his adjoints are named for five years, but in reality hold office as long as their superiors are satisfied with them. There is one adjoint in communes of two thousand five hundred inhabitants and under; two in those with populations ranging from two thousand five hundred to ten thousand; in others, there is an additional adjoint for every additional twenty thousand inhabitants. In like manner, the numbers of the municipal councils are proportioned to the population. A more complete and despotic system of centralisation is scarcely conceivable.

The English reader will be amused to hear speak of these mayors of little villages; they not unfrequently give rise to amusement in France. Numerous anecdotes, historical or happily invented, circulate respecting the way in which they discharge their duties. One mayor, an imperfect adept at spelling, having to fill up a statistical table inquiring into the sanitary condition of his commune, took the word "Crétins," idiots, for "Chrétiens," Christians, and returned, "We are all 'Crétins,' except a couple of Jews." Another mayor, of a mountain commune, who was also his own shepherd, and who followed his flock in winter down to the plain, was accustomed to leave with his official secretary blank registers of births and deaths, ready signed, to be duly filled up during his absence. But mayors are mortal as well as their townsmen. He fell ill, returned straight home, and died. He was entered in one of the blank registers, with his own signature attesting the fact of his own decease.

One of the functions of a mayor is the celebration of civil marriage (indispensable). Some mayors speak purer patois than French, and put the needful questions it might be thus: "I sa', Billy Button, dew yew raylly mean to ha' Sue Slumkins for yar wife? Yew dew? Varry wall. Sue Slumkins, what dew *yew* sa'? Wull yew ha' Billy Button for yar 'usband?" The sacramental "Yes" from the parties concerned covers every official sin of mispronunciation.

A mayor's authority over his roads is illustrated by the lesson given from the pulpit by a curé to his civil superior. "My brethren," he said, addressing his congregation, "on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next, there will be neither mass, catechism, nor prayers, seeing

that we have just received an order from monsieur the mayor to go and break stones on the vicinal road. Endeavouring to fulfil our duties as citizens to the utmost of our ability, I and my vicaire intend going to the appointed task to-morrow; but, during those three days, neither baptisms, funerals, nor marriages can be celebrated, since we cannot be in two places at once. If any of you fall sick and require to be visited, you must get a written permission from monsieur the mayor, allowing us to absent ourselves."

The bold innovation, a few years since, of a dog-tax in France, puzzled the brains of many a mayor and his adjoint. The several categories of fancy dogs, sporting dogs, and watch dogs, led them into a wilderness of notes and queries. A curious arrêté, or decree, the authenticity and responsibility of which rest with the Abeille Cauchoise, is attributed to a mayor of Berri:

"We, 'Mer' (maire) of Q., considering that grave difficulties, &c. &c., decree as follows: The three first dogs which shall be presented as fancy, sporting, and watch dogs, shall be stuffed and preserved in the archives of the 'mer rit' (mairie) for comparison with all other dogs that shall be hereafter presented. Dogs of either sex not corresponding to the above shall be considered as null and void, and rejected as such. When such difference is only trifling, and can be removed by clipping the ears or tail, or shearing the coat, it shall be done forthwith, willy-nilly. If a male or female dog quit the paternal roof without authorisation, he or she shall be arrested as a vagabond and suffer the penalties of the law. The proprietors of dogs who cannot read are required to obtain a translation of these presents, so that nobody may pretend ignorance of them. When Pierre, the town crier, has mended the holes in his drum, he shall publish our decree throughout the streets of the commune. Secret article. In order that the several classes of dogs may henceforward remain distinct, alliances between the different categories are hereby strictly forbidden. Done at our 'Mer rit' of Q., the 26th of September, 1856." In short, country mayors are the acknowledged heirs-at-law of all the unclaimed stupidities and absurd blunders that go wandering about a country in search of owners. Ignorance, however, does not exclude cunning and avarice. A few years ago, the Correctional Chamber of the Imperial Court of Pau condemned the mayor of a commune in the département des Landes to the restitution of about eighty acres of land, which he had taken to himself to the prejudice of the commune.

Roads have also their hierarchy; there are five sorts and conditions of roads. The five French territorial ranks—namely, the Empire, the Departments, the Arrondissements, the Cantons, and the Communes, have each a class of roads corresponding to them—namely, Imperial roads, Departmental roads, Vicinal roads of Grand Communication, and Vicinal roads of Mean Communication, and Vicinal roads of Small Communication. These roads are numbered, according to their class, on a complete map of France or of any department. Thus, the road from Paris to Calais is the Imperial road (Route) No. 1; the road from Calais to Marquise, viâ Guines, is the Departmental road No. 3; the road from Amiens to Arras, viâ Pas, is the Vicinal road of Grande Communication No. 2. As is the rank of the road, so is its stated width. Roads of the two first classes are planted on each side with trees; in the majority of cases, elms, warning examples of bad arboriculture.

In an administrative point of view, Public Works (Ponts et Chaussées) include chemins vicinaux, departmental roads, strategetic roads, and imperial roads. But France being an essentially agricultural country, in which property is very much subdivided, and the country population scattered, the chemins vicinaux and other routes are of the utmost importance. They are consequently taken under administrative protection. Last August, the emperor allotted twenty-five million francs (one million sterling) for the completion of desirable vicinal roads.

The title Chemin is appropriated to second-rate roads, which are not classed either as imperial or departmental roads; and in order to be styled vicinal, a chemin must have been legally recognised. Vicinal roads may be declared of "grande communication," in which case they generally receive subventions from the funds of the department. It is only exceptionally that this pecuniary favour is accorded to roads of inferior rank. Departmental roads owe their origin to an imperial decree of December 16, 1811, which considered them as a dismemberment from the imperial roads of the third class, and so exonerated the treasury from the expense of constructing and maintaining such roads.

The epithet "imperial" is confined to roads which are maintained exclusively at the expense of the state, after being so classified by a law or ordonnance of the sovereign. From time to time it happens that the increased development of old established interests, or the creation of new ones—whether political, commercial, or administrative—will confer on a departmental road such a character of general and extensive utility as to promote it from its former rank to claim the title and funds allotted to imperial highways.

Strategetic roads, as their name implies, are the means of military operations rather than aids to public convenience. In 1833, a special credit of twelve millions of francs was placed at the disposal of the government for the establishment of a system of strategetic roads in the western departments (in La Vendée, &c.), which has since been increased by several supplemental credits.

The Service Vicinal, or maintenance of the roads inferior to those of the two first classes, is entrusted to a special set of individuals called Agents-Voyers, thus organised: There is an Agent-Voyer-in-Chief, resident in the chef-lieu of the department; there is a Principal Agent-Voyer, resident in each chef-lieu of arrondisse-

ment; there are Agents-Voyers of "circonscriptions," or districts; and, lastly, there are Supernumerary Agents-Voyers. All these gentlemen are ready and anxious to receive promotion which shall transfer them to first-class roads. Being government officials, they are distinguished by gold lace in their official cap.

Without any thought of imitating the intense centralisation which exists in France, some bold M.P. might surely make an effort to get rid of turnpikes by concocting a bill for the classification of our roads as national, county, and union roads. A ready objection to the justice of such a system has more plausibility than reality to back it. In France, although nobody pays turnpikes, everybody pays for the maintenance of roads, both by direct and indirect taxation. That is to say, many people pay for what they never use. They may neither ride, nor drive, nor cart merchandise to and fro, nor even take their walks abroad; yet they contribute to road making and mending. In England, those who make use of and travel on roads pay a special toll for that privilege, which *looks* excessively fair and equitable.

But are the people who travel on roads the only persons who profit by them? Do not the sedentary shopkeeper and the whole general population benefit by increased facilities of transport, as well as the carter, the commercial traveller, and the tourist? Is no one, besides the passengers, the better for a railway from town to town? Are landsmen utterly indifferent to the goings and comings of steam-packets and merchant-vessels?

THE BEST HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

The reader will have the kindness, I hope, to imagine that he is standing with me in front of a very dingy and truculent-looking public-house, in a neighbourhood which I will not specially indicate, further than by saying that it contains within its precincts a large barrack capable of holding a thousand or so of troops.

Now this public is as far removed from being one of those snugly convivial spots which, though they boast little grandeur of aspect, are desperately alluring by reason of their look of solid comfort and a certain suggestion of smuggled Hollands which sits pleasantly upon them —it is as far removed from any kindred with that kind of tavern as it is from the gilded and blazing splendour of the regular gin palace. It is new without being clean, it is rickety without the excuse of antiquity. It has got down below the level of the pavement. Its one window is low and small, and it is screened more than half way up with a wire-blind which is frouzy and ornamented with more than one bulging ragged hole, through which, if you wished anything so frantic, you might look into the room within, which the wire-blind is intended to shut out from the public gaze. The window is long horizontally, but of little height, and appears to be much squeezed from above by the superincumbent weight of the house. In fact, the goings on in the lower regions of this establishment seem to have played the deuce with its constitution, and the upper parts are propped with timbers that extend to the gutter. A single gas jet burns in the window, and on the top of the wire-blind a green and gold announcement of ginger-beer and another of lemonade deceive the passenger as to the nature of the beverages sold within. The bodies of several flies dead of delirium tremens encumber the window-sills.

As we push open the door of this blest abode, we at once, and without warning, plunge down two or three steps. They are found to be very useful to the business, as inebriated gentlemen outside, in a state of indecision as to whether they will enter or not, are saved the trouble of arguing out the question by tumbling down them, while inebriated gentlemen inside find it so difficult to tumble *up* them, that they remain where they are, and naturally call for something more for the good of the house.

Now, just as it will happen that some battered, noseless, limbless doll will be the favourite of a nursery, while the clean gaily-dressed waxen beauty is neglected and uncared for, so it is the case, curiously enough, that this hideous and unattractive public is quite a popular one, and much more frequented than many snug and splendid taverns in the same neighbourhood. The dark cavern-like interior of that public-house is, indeed, never empty. Bad as the outside of the edifice is, it is yet far better than the inside. The bar is an untidy bar, which is really an unusual thing. It is true that there are beer-handles in rows as usual, that there are Abernethy biscuits in a dingy basket, that there are plenty of pipes, and piles of change in coppers standing on shelves remote from the public grasp. These things there are, and there are beer-barrels, and bottles, and glasses, and pewter measures in abundance. Still, it is not a convivial bar. There are no swinging brightly-painted casks with German-silver taps, and mysterious hints about spruce inscribed upon them. If there are bottles of ginger brandy, or gin and cloves, or appetising bitters on those shelves, they are plain and unlabelled; the British brandy does not comfort one by at any rate saying that it is cognac, and screening itself behind an ensign showing a purple bunch of grapes with green leaves, nor is there a word about Glenlivat or Mountain Dew on the vessel which holds the Irish whisky. There are no pork-pies under glass on the counter, and even the pipes are not sealing-waxed, lest the "bit of colour" should look too cheery. There is a door on each side of the bar, one leading to a "good" *damp* "skittle-ground," and the other to the steep staircase which communicates with the upper regions. Inside the bar is a small inaccessible room, tenanted by the landlord: a middle-aged man with a pale face, that tells of deeds of violence, and of noisome air, and late hours. There is also an old woman, and there is a stout morose youth, who works the beer-handles.

As to the company sitting round on the dark grimy benches against the wall, or leaning heavily against the counter, or holding on tipsily by its fellows in the middle of the apartment, it is abundant if not select, noisy if not joyous. It consists principally, in consequence of our being so near the barracks, of soldiers. There are of course representatives of other callings, two or three thieves, and some hangers-on about the pedestrian and pugilistic circles. This part of the assemblage for the most part wears its trousers inordinately tight, its chest disproportionately heavy for its legs, the back of its neck very large and ponderous, its nose considerably indented in the middle, and altogether presents a combination of strength with pallor which has something unnatural and unhallowed in its look.

The ladies of this society are perhaps somewhat less feminine in their manners and appearance than fastidious persons might wish. They are apt to be well favoured with bone and muscle, to wear a shawl pinned tightly round them, leaving the arms free for pugilistic and clawing encounters. They are also given to the wearing of lace-up boots of considerable weight and thickness, and are in the habit of dispensing with the use of bonnets, and all other head-coverings with the exception of grease.

It is evening, and the heat, foulness, and uproar of this base tavern are at their worst. Everybody is more or less drunk. The soldiers, however, representing the "more" and the thieves the "less." In a corner of the bar a couple of Jews are trying to sell a concertina to a gentleman who, wearing trousers that are tight where they ought to be loose and loose where they ought to be tight, having a clasp-knife suspended by cordage to his waistband, a glazed hat stuck on the back of his head, and a very large turnover shirt-collar, may safely be set down as a representative of the royal navy—for we are in a marine as well as a military neighbourhood. The notes of the concertina, which are of a rather thin and reedy quality, make a pretty accompaniment to the fervid eloquence with which the Hebrew gentlemen urge its purchase, ending in the usual way, however, by intimating that on the whole they would rather not sell.

"Vell, it don't matter—I don't vant to sell it, I've only got to take it to vun of the first-rate music shops at the vest end of London to get twice the money."

The haggling which attends this musical transaction, and the monotonous growling of an intoxicated knife-grinder who is telling a long story all about himself, about what "he said," and what "the other party said," and what he replied in return—these are almost the only peaceable sounds that are to be heard. Everybody is quarrelling and boasting. "I'd fight 'im for a penny-loaf." "I'm a sporting man all over, and you're not." "Who says I'm not?" "Why, I say it." "Oh, *you* say it." "Here's Jim, now Jim's a sportsman every hinch—I appeal to 'im." "Come away, Bob, you've 'ad enough." "No, I 'aven't." "Come away, I tell you." "Shan't." "Ugh, you brute—strike at a woman." "Strike, ah, and so I will, what d'ye come 'ere for, arter me? I'll strike—I'll do for yer too, one of these days." "Well, come away then, now." "No, I shan't." And so on, ad infinitum.

In the midst of all the hubbub made by the minor performers in this wretched scene, a special storm in one particular part of the room is gathering force to such an extent that its uproar soon drowns all competition.

It has its origin, as other great things have had time out of mind, in a very small matter. A pint of beer is the point at issue, and the disputants are, the stout and sullen youth who works the beer-handles, and a soldier whose disordered dress, uncovered head, and distorted features, show him to be considerably the worse for liquor. The quarrel, after passing through the various stages incidental to such pursuits, is not long in reaching the inevitable crisis, and presently the soldier has managed to undo his belt and has struck the potboy with it, violently, across the head. The bar-woman, who is akin to the lad, rushes to the rescue, and is in turn belted. The landlord in an instant rushes out of his secret lair, dives under the counter, and flies at the soldier, forcing him towards the door. At this, other soldiers present interpose, and it is not long before—what with new belligerents, and what with fuddled pacificators—the whole company is somehow or other mixed up in the fight. At length the noise is so great that it reaches the world outside, the police are brought to the scene of action, and after infinite difficulties in capturing them, after more fighting and swearing, after screaming and clawing of women, and every other pandemonial circumstance that can add to the horror of the scene, a couple of soldiers are borne off to the station to be locked up, and the potboy is carried to a neighbouring chemist, to have his broken head doctored.

Let us now turn to a different picture altogether. The reader, who has been led into such very bad company, shall now have his reward. He has been taken to a place that is dirty, dark, airless, and where there are no amusements provided, but quarrelling and getting drunk—neither of them very delightful occupations; he shall now be taken to a place that is clean, brilliantly lighted, airy, and where there are so many amusements and pastimes provided, that the only difficulty is to choose which you will engage in first.

We have seen that the first house of entertainment with which we had to do was a rickety, tumble-down looking structure with a slouching appearance, which made it look as if it was ashamed of itself—as it had good cause to be. The second house of entertainment before which we are now standing, is a large handsome, bright-looking building, which stands boldly forth, conscious of having nothing to hide, and not having the remotest cause to be ashamed of anything about it. It is faced with white brick and stone, has plenty of windows, and is alto-

gether so attractive-looking, that we will lose no time outside, but get to its interior as soon as possible.

"What a delightful place!" This is the first comment which forces its way to one's lips on entering. It is impossible to say anything else, when you have got fairly inside and begun to look about you.

Talk about comfortable-looking bars—what a bar this is! How large, how light, how richly provided with good things, with four mighty percolators full of tea and coffee, kept boiling hot by convivial gas jets, which irritate the drinks within to madness, and send them out when the taps are turned in a state of scalding fury, wonderfully satisfactory on a winter's night. Here, too, are hot pies, cold meat, bread, butter, cheese, pipes, tobacco, all at the lowest possible price, and of the best possible quality. What a bar! I declare I should like to have all these refreshments at once—a hot pie, a slice of streaky beef, a cup of coffee, a cup of tea, and a pipe; it is impossible to say to which you would give the preference.

But, will the consumer of these luxuries have to partake of them standing at the bar-windows, as in a public-house? Not a bit of it. Here, on each side of the bar, and communicating with it, within actual ear-shot of the hissing percolators, and nose-shot (if I may be allowed the expression) of the hot pies—here are two large, lofty, bright-looking coffee-rooms, with plenty of tables on which to place these delicacies, and seats on which to repose while consuming them.

As to amusements, in one of the coffee-rooms there are three bagatelle-boards—glorious game, concerning which authorities are of divided opinion as to whether it is played best with the eyes closed or open—and German billiards; while in the other there are conveniences for chess, draughts, backgammon, and the quieter occupation of reading the newspapers and periodicals.

But we have not half done with the list of amusements yet. If there is one diversion more calculated to give a man an appetite for his meat-pie than another, that diversion is to be found in the game of American bowls. Connected with the building whose merits we are considering is a spacious bowling saloon, and close beside it there are some famous skittle-alleys, which are well covered, dry, and lighted with gas in the most brilliant manner. For daylight amusement there are two fives-courts, which make your hands tingle merely to look at them.

So much for the attraction on and round about the ground floor of the building which we are exploring. We have not done with its resources yet. Choosing one of two spiral stone staircases which lead from the ground to the first floor, we ascend into two spacious and delightful rooms. One of them is a library, which will contain some ten thousand volumes; the other, is a sort of hall, in which concerts, lectures, private theatricals, or any other kind of entertainment, can take place. These two rooms are so well contrived, that for any of these purposes they can easily be converted into one, and the space in each added to the other. Both apartments are light and airy, prettily decorated and eminently cheerful and gay. The gas-lights are the prettiest conceivable, being in the form of five-pointed stars suspended from the ceiling.

The building which contains all these attractions communicates on one side with the streets of Chatham, and on the other with the yard of the line barracks. For this is no other than an institute or club exclusively intended for the use of soldiers, and is intended to withdraw them from such scenes as that described at the commencement of this paper.

A subscription of one penny weekly, entitles the soldier to all the advantages of this delightful place of recreation.

Here, then, is the rival house of entertainment—the opposition shop—to that which we first considered. This is the true way to look at it, and this is the way in which the subject has been considered by those who have been at the pains to set this rival concern "a-going." Those who have been busy in this matter have been engaged in a great and good work, and they have brought both judgment and common sense to bear upon their undertaking. It is not enough to tell men with abundant leisure of necessity on their hands and nothing with which to occupy it—it is not enough to tell them to keep away from the only place of entertainment they know of—the public-house. When you tell men to keep out of the tavern, you doubtless do part of your duty—you give them advice which is perfectly judicious, and which they will do well to follow. But you must do more than this. You must give them some other house of entertainment to go to, and if you can show—as you certainly can—that the attractions which debauchery has to offer, are in no sort comparable in point of actual enjoyment to those which virtue can provide, you have then, indeed, done great service in a Great Cause. You have snatched a garland from the temple of vice and laid it on a shrine which we are apt to decorate with cold and unattractive offerings only.

And it must be remembered that it is the practice of vice to decorate her temples ordinarily in the gayest and most alluring fashion. The Rival, whose picture we first examined, is not the only one we have to contend against. In most large towns, and in London more especially, there are some houses of entertainment which are on so bright and splendid a scale that they have even come to be called by the name of palaces. With these it is necessary to enter into competition, and I see no reason whatever why this Soldiers' Institute—properly managed—should have any cause to fear the most brilliantly-lighted gin-palace in Great Britain.

I would end this brief sketch of an excellent institution with one or two suggestions. In the first place, then, would it not be better to call this establishment a Soldiers' *Club* instead of a Soldiers' *Institute*. This last word has a

very discouraging sound. One would think it indicated an asylum of some kind, or at any rate a place for instruction and lecturing rather than recreation and enjoyment. There is a patronising tone about the word, too, which is not likely to add to the success of the undertaking. That patronising tone militates against half our schemes for benefiting those in a lower social grade than ourselves. It is too much our practice to treat the lower classes like children, and to stand by and spoil the recreation we provide for them: just as the teacher spoils the fun of the Sunday-school treat by superintending it with a desperate philanthropy, which chills the joy of those towards whom it is exercised, to freezing-point.

I would call this club, then, by the right name, and I would let its members alone—as much as might consist with order—just as we ourselves are let alone in our own clubs. Everything should be done to make the men feel at home, to make them feel that they have a right to the place, and pay their way, and are welcome.

And here arises another question of very great importance—the supply or non-supply of beer. For my part, I am altogether in favour of its introduction. Let it be fairly brought into competition with the coffee and tea: not banished as a dangerous rival, whose fascinations are to be feared. Let it be there; and many a man who would long for it if withheld, would, very likely, when he knew he could get it if he chose, as often take a cup of tea or coffee as a mug of beer. Banish restrictions as much as may be—show the men that you trust them—tell them to keep order in *this* club, just as the officers do in *theirs*. Treat them in this way, and the experiment will be a triumphant success; whereas if you load them with restrictions, and insist on their enjoying themselves in your way instead of their way, you will oppose to the Bacchante whom we are trying to cut out, a lady so demure and chill, that she will withdraw but few admirers from her good-for-nothing rival.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

A song of the hour, now in course of being sung and whistled in every street, the other day reminded the writer of these words—as he chanced to pass a fag-end of the song for the twentieth time in a short London walk—that twenty years ago, a little book on the United States, entitled American Notes, was published by "a Young Man from the Country," who had just seen and left it.

This Young Man from the Country fell into a deal of trouble, by reason of having taken the liberty to believe that he perceived in America downward popular tendencies for which his young enthusiasm had been anything but prepared. It was in vain for the Young Man to offer in extenuation of his belief that no stranger could have set foot on those shores with a feeling of livelier interest in the country, and stronger faith in it, than he. Those were the days when the Tories had made their Ashburton Treaty, and when Whigs and Radicals must have no theory disturbed. All three parties waylaid and mauled the Young Man from the Country, and showed that he knew nothing about the country.

As the Young Man from the Country had observed in the Preface to his little book, that he "could bide his time," he took all this in silent part for eight years. Publishing then, a cheap edition of his book, he made no stronger protest than the following:

"My readers have opportunities of judging for themselves whether the influences and tendencies which I distrusted in America, have any existence but in my imagination. They can examine for themselves whether there has been anything in the public career of that country during these past eight years, or whether there is anything in its present position, at home or abroad, which suggests that those influences and tendencies really do exist. As they find the fact, they will judge me. If they discern any evidences of wrong-going, in any direction that I have indicated, they will acknowledge that I had reason in what I wrote. If they discern no such thing, they will consider me altogether mistaken. I have nothing to defend, or to explain away. The truth is the truth; and neither childish absurdities, nor unscrupulous contradictions, can make it otherwise. The earth would still move round the sun, though the whole Catholic Church said No."

Twelve more years having since passed away, it may, now at last, be simply just towards the Young Man from the Country, to compare what he originally wrote, with recent events and their plain motive powers. Treating of the House of Representatives at Washington, he wrote thus:

"Did I recognise in this assembly, a body of men, who, applying themselves in a new world to correct some of the falsehoods and vices of the old, purified the avenues to Public Life, paved the dirty ways to Place and Power, debated and made laws for the Common Good, and had no party but their Country?

"I saw in them, the wheels that move the meanest perversion of virtuous Political Machinery that the worst tools ever wrought. Despicable trickery at elections; under-handed tamperings with public officers; cowardly attacks upon opponents, with scurrilous newspapers for shields, and hired pens for daggers; shameful trucklings to mercenary knaves, whose claim to be considered, is, that every day and week they sow new crops of ruin with their venal types, which are the dragon's teeth of yore, in everything but sharpness; aidings and abettings of every bad inclination in the popular mind, and artful suppressions of all its good influences: such things as these, and in a word, Dishonest Faction in its most depraved and most unblushing form, stared out from every corner of the crowded hall.

"Did I see among them, the intelligence and refinement: the true, honest, patriotic heart of America? Here and there, were drops of its blood and life, but they scarcely coloured the stream of desperate adventurers which sets that way for profit and for pay. It is the game of these men, and of their profligate organs, to make the strife of politics so fierce and brutal, and so destructive of all self-respect in worthy men, that sensitive and delicate-minded persons shall be kept aloof, and they, and such as they, be left to battle out their selfish views unchecked. And thus this lowest of all scrambling fights goes on, and they who in other countries would, from their intelligence and station, most aspire to make the laws, do here recoil the farthest from that degradation.

"That there are, among the representatives of the people in both Houses, and among all parties, some men of high character and great abilities, I need not say. The foremost among those politicians who are known in Europe, have been already described, and I see no reason to depart from the rule I have laid down for my guidance, of abstaining from all mention of individuals. It will be sufficient to add, that to the most favourable accounts that have been written of them, I fully and most heartily subscribe; and that personal intercourse and free communication have bred within me, not the result predicted in the very doubtful proverb, but increased admiration and respect."

Towards the end of his book, the Young Man from the Country thus expressed himself concerning its people.

"They are, by nature, frank, brave, cordial, hospitable, and affectionate. Cultivation and refinement seem but to enhance their warmth of heart and ardent enthusiasm; and it is the possession of these latter qualities in a most remarkable degree, which renders an educated American one of the most endearing and most generous of friends. I never was so won upon, as by this class; never yielded up my full confidence and esteem so readily and pleasurably, as to them; never can make again, in half a year, so many friends for whom I seem to entertain the regard of half a life.

"These qualities are natural, I implicitly believe, to the whole people. That they are, however, sadly sapped and blighted in their growth among the mass; and that there are influences at work which endanger them still more, and give but little present promise of their healthy restoration; is a truth that ought to be told.

"It is an essential part of every national character to pique itself mightily upon its faults, and to deduce tokens of its virtue or its wisdom from their very exaggeration. One great blemish in the popular mind of America, and the prolific parent of an innumerable brood of evils, is Universal Distrust. Yet the American citizen plumes himself upon this spirit, even when he is sufficiently dispassionate to perceive the ruin it works; and will often adduce it, in spite of his own reason, as an instance of the great sagacity and acuteness of the people, and their superior shrewdness and independence.

"'You carry,' says the stranger, 'this jealousy and distrust into every transaction of public life. By repelling worthy men from your legislative assemblies, it has bred up a class of candidates for the suffrage, who, in their every act, disgrace your Institutions and your people's choice. It has rendered you so fickle, and so given to change, that your inconstancy has passed into a proverb; for you no sooner set up an idol firmly, than you are sure to pull it down and dash it into fragments: and this, because directly you reward a benefactor, or a public servant, you distrust him, merely because he *is* rewarded; and immediately apply yourselves to find out, either that you have been too bountiful in your acknowledgments, or he remiss in his deserts. Any man who attains a high place among you, from the President downwards, may date his downfal from that moment; for any printed lie that any notorious villain pens, although it militate directly against the character and conduct of a life, appeals at once to your distrust, and is believed. You will strain at a gnat in the way of trustfulness and confidence, however fairly won and well deserved; but you will swallow a whole caravan of camels, if they be laden with unworthy doubts and mean suspicions. Is this well, think you, or likely to elevate the character of the governors or the governed, among you?'

"The answer is invariably the same: 'There's freedom of opinion here, you know. Every man thinks for himself, and we are not to be easily overreached. That's how our people come to be suspicious.'

"Another prominent feature is the love of 'smart' dealing: which gilds over many a swindle and gross breach of trust; many a defalcation, public and private; and enables many a knave to hold his head up with the best, who well deserves a halter: though it has not been without its retributive operation, for this smartness has done more in a few years to impair the public credit, and to cripple the public resources, than dull honesty, however rash, could have effected in a century. The merits of a broken speculation, or a bankruptcy, or of a successful scoundrel, are not gauged by its or his observance of the golden rule, 'Do as you would be done by,' but are considered with reference to their smartness. I recollect, on both occasions of our passing that ill-fated Cairo on the Mississippi, remarking on the bad effects such gross deceits must have when they exploded, in generating a want of confidence abroad, and discouraging foreign investment: but I was given to understand that this was a very smart scheme by which a deal of money had been made: and that its smartest feature was, that they forgot these things abroad, in a very short time, and speculated again, as freely as ever. The following dialogue I have held a hundred

times: 'Is it not a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So and So should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means, and notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not?' 'Yes, sir.' 'A convicted liar?' 'Yes, sir.' 'He has been kicked, and cuffed, and caned?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And he is utterly dishonourable, debased, and profligate?' 'Yes, sir.' 'In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?' 'Well, sir, he is a smart man.'

"But the foul growth of America has a more tangled root than this; and it strikes its fibres, deep in its licentious Press.

"Schools may be erected, East, West, North, and South; pupils be taught, and masters reared, by scores upon scores of thousands; colleges may thrive, churches may be crammed, temperance may be diffused, and advancing knowledge in all other forms walk through the land with giant strides; but while the newspaper press of America is in, or near, its present abject state, high moral improvement in that country is hopeless. Year by year, it must and will go back; year by year, the tone of public opinion must sink lower down; year by year, the Congress and the Senate must become of less account before all decent men; and year by year, the memory of the Great Fathers of the Revolution must be outraged more and more, in the bad life of their degenerate child.

"Among the herd of journals which are published in the States, there are some, the reader scarcely need be told, of character and credit. From personal intercourse with accomplished gentlemen connected with publications of this class, I have derived both pleasure and profit. But the name of these is Few, and of the others Legion; and the influence of the good, is powerless to counteract the mortal poison of the bad.

"Among the gentry of America; among the well-informed and moderate; in the learned professions; at the bar and on the bench; there is, as there can be, but one opinion, in reference to the vicious character of these infamous journals. It is sometimes contended—I will not say strangely, for it is natural to seek excuses for such a disgrace—that their influence is not so great as a visitor would suppose. I must be pardoned for saying that there is no warrant for this plea, and that every fact and circumstance tends directly to the opposite conclusion.

"When any man, of any grade of desert in intellect or character, can climb to any public distinction, no matter what, in America, without first grovelling down upon the earth, and bending the knee before this monster of depravity; when any private excellence is safe from its attacks; when any social confidence is left unbroken by it, or any tie of social decency and honour is held in the least regard; when any man in that Free Country has freedom of opinion, and presumes to think for himself, and speak for himself, without humble reference to a censorship which, for its rampant ignorance and base dishonesty, he utterly loathes and despises in his heart; when those who most acutely feel its infamy and the reproach it casts upon the nation, and who most denounce it to each other, dare to set their heels upon, and crush it openly, in the sight of all men: then, I will believe that its influence is lessening, and men are returning to their manly senses. But while that Press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the state, from a president to a postman; while, with ribald slander for its only stock in trade, it is the standard literature of an enormous class, who must find their reading in a newspaper, or they will not read at all; so long must its odium be upon the country's head, and so long must the evil it works, be plainly visible in the Republic."

The foregoing was written in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two. It rests with the reader to decide whether it has received any confirmation, or assumed any colour of truth, in or about the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

A MORTAL STRUGGLE.

Slowly gathering force in London during the last autumn, becoming both more common and virulent during November and December, typhoid fever passed, in the beginning of this year, into the severest form of typhus. In January and in the first fortnight of February in this present year, typhus fever became more prevalent in some parts of London than it had been since the last great fever year. Not very long ago, during a healthy season, we narrated to our readers the story of the London Fever Hospital in the Liverpool-road, and described that institution as we saw it—with not more than thirty or forty patients in its beds, and a staff to support, on voluntary subscriptions that came slowly in, because there was no pressure of prevailing sickness to direct towards it the ever-flowing stream of active benevolence that is the one river of England greater than the Mississippi of America. A few weeks ago, the kind-hearted house-surgeon of this hospital represented to us its continued need of public aid, but his information came to us as news from afar. Why should we speak twice about this one hospital, important as it is? We remained, therefore, as passive as the rest of the world, and now we learn that typhus has come, smiting both the poor, and the hard-working helpers of the poor. In a few February days the London Fever Hospital is crowded. One hundred and seventy cases lie in it as we write; beds cannot be got ready fast enough; the house-porter who at all hours receives and washes the in-coming sick, is exhausted with work; the house-surgeon, overwhelmed with his dangerous duties, is himself already struck down with the infectious fever. Two of the overworked nurses also, are lying ill of typhus. One of the visiting physicians, showing on his own battle-field the high and fearless spirit that pairs the physician with the soldier facing peril

of death mindful only of duty, is, meanwhile, doing the work of two or three different persons, and, when all other duties are performed, buries himself in hospital accounts through the small hours of the morning.

The numbers in the Fever Hospital, rising throughout the autumn, were at Christmas between seventy and eighty. The type of the fever was then changing to its most virulent form, and at the end of January there were a hundred and twenty-nine cases, nearly all of typhus. In December there had been three deaths from typhus fever, five from typhoid; in January there were twenty deaths from typhus, two from typhoid. As we write, the hospital is so full that many cases have to be refused admission.

The pressure upon the too slight resources of the institution may be removed as suddenly as it has been enforced; but the fact sharply illustrates the need of an unflagging aid to the refuge that is always open in time of need for sufferers from that fatal disease which, born as it is of dirt, and feeding chiefly on the helpless poor, has, from some unsuspected lurking-place, stepped forth already as assassin of the highest of the land, and from whose blow not the most careful guardian of his own health and that of his household can ensure escape. In a thousand corners of our town, lie the materials for generating fever-poison. What temper of the air will bring their deadly power into action, what temper of the soundest body may in a chance place at a chance moment give the poison hold, no man can say. We only know how we must fight against unwholesomeness. We know the imminent peril to the sick and to the sound, of typhus or typhoid fever patients in the crowded and narrow dwellings of the poor; we know that it is desirable to keep infectious cases from the wards of a general hospital; and that the Fever Hospital, like the Small-Pox Hospital, is an institution which it would be a disgrace to London not to have, and having, not to maintain in full efficiency. There is but one hospital for each of these diseases. Small-pox we already know how to subdue by simple means if we will properly take and enforce them; typhus and typhoid fever—whether gastric, nervous, or by whatever other fancy name called—we have abated, but cannot hope to subdue for many years after small-pox shall have been extinguished by the vaccinator. It is not just that our one Fever Hospital, feebly maintained by the public, should be forced to lay the burden of its work upon a staff that cannot meet a week of sudden pressure without risk of death to some one of its number of brave men and women.

We do not attempt any interference with the public taste, though we do think that a substantial sum towards the endowment of a hospital like this which struggles to rescue from the grave, husbands and wives and children of the poor, would be a manlier way of spending offerings designed to raise a memorial worthy of the benevolent Prince whom we have lost, and would be one more to his known mind, than the erection of a wilderness of obelisks. England is not clever at raising monuments of stone; but she understands, on the whole, better than most of her neighbours, how to build and maintain monuments of living mercy. Let that be as it may, we know full well that, from whatever quarter it may come, help will not long be wanting to the men who face a daily peril to confer a daily blessing on their kind.

FROM TURKEY TO PERSIA.

I AM going from Constantinople to Tehran, the capital of Persia. Upon a close July afternoon, I take my place in a four-oared caique, and we pull rapidly out for the French steamer, which lies anchored off Tophana, with her seaward flag a-flying.

One of my companions, who has been giving me a farewell dinner, is a young man full of the untamed hope and eager spirit of enterprise, which sit so gracefully on youth. (Poor boy! I cannot think now without a pang how that gallant heart ceased to beat, and the fresh cheerful voice, which seems to echo still in my ear, gave out its last tones among the festering marshes of the Peiho!) The brave youngster fixes his large bright eyes upon me with a look of generous envy. He seems to long to say to me: "Do stay here, and go to those weary embassy balls and stiff dinners in armour, and talk about the Golden Horn and Solyman the Magnificent, to travelling gentry of Great and Little Britain! Copying despatches now and then till midnight over burnt claret and cigarettes is not after all such a very bad business, so let *me* roam away in your place to the mystic heart of Asia. Let it be *I* who shall wander, a happy adventurer, with a score of horsemen clattering round me, over the mountains of Armenia, and through the wilds of Koordistan; and let it be the clank of *my* spurs which shall be heard by the fierce tribes who encamp round the base of holy Ararat. You are old, and want rest. I am young, eager for change, scornful of hardship. Let me speed away to see something of the grand old world, while you remain amidst the repose and comforts of the new one."

But another of my companions, a man of grave experience, who has seen all these things, has no such thoughts.

"I am glad," says he, as we skim over the deep blue waters, and look round upon one of the most enchanting sights of the world, the thousand coloured landscape round Stamboul: "I am glad to have been the journey you are going; but I confess I should not like to travel it again."

I know the captain of the French steamer. He is a naval officer driven by a slender purse into the merchant service, and some twenty years ago we tossed together in storm and danger for ten terrible days over the boisterous waters which rage in winter-time round the iron coast of Algeria. We danced together, when nimbler-toed, with the colonial beauties of Bona and Constantine; and we played lansquenet for

a whole afternoon amidst the ruins of Carthage. So there is a pleasant greeting between us at once, and some absinthe and some cigars, and a great deal of chatter and laughter, after the cordial fashion of the French. When my companions step back into their caique, and the oarsmen give way for land, I shout a last good-by to them, and turn round to enjoy the old traveller's privilege of feeling at home anywhere. There is the captain's cabin, stocked with a fair library; there is plenty of good-fellowship when one wants it; and there is a bolt to the door, for a heart full of thoughts about the home-land, when the eyes grow dim and the spirits too heavy for anything but quiet and self-communion.

It is, however, by no means a dull episode in a life to pass four days with a party of French naval officers. I have a lively and grateful recollection that we had a most excellent cook, and on one occasion, at ever so much a clock at night, an amateur chef, who distinguished himself highly with respect to an impromptu supper. The officer charged with the commissariat was especially a wonderful fellow. It seemed as if the smiles of all who loved him had left their bright reflexion on his open, handsome, ingenuous face. He sang such songs, that when he threw back his curly head and parted his lips to give voice to them, melancholy was put to flight at once; and I remember that it was by moonlight in the silent bay of Sinope, which a few years ago was startled with the tremendous roar of the Russian guns, and the feeble replies of the Turk, that we mustered on deck with some visitors from shore, and some kind of uncouth local music, and danced the daylight back again.

So we steamed along, keeping jolly vigils by night, over old yarns and eau sucrée and vingt-et-un, and lying down beneath shady awnings, half asleep, between breakfast and dinner. The charm of fresh companionship was on us all. It is not a mean one. Nothing we knew, nothing we said, was trite or stale to each other. There was, indeed, the ancient friendship between the captain and me, but that was so old, that it had grown young again, and, winged by bygone memories and new likings, the gay hours flew unheeded.

We never lost sight of the coast, the storied shores of Grecian fable, where infant navigation tried her untaught arts, and forgotten colonists from forgotten mother countries came out to show what valour, and hope, and energy, can do in a strange land. Here, stood forgotten towns and fortresses, once of great renown. Here, toiled and wrought, and fought, and trembled, forgotten populations who scorned the weak but cruel sway of the Byzantine emperors. The unskilled seamen who manned the rude barks which bore the mighty hearts of the crusaders sought these seas when the Western lords who had sold fair patrimonies in France and Germany and England, were beaten back by the sword of the Saracen and the fierce suns of Syria, and went forth to wrench new heritages from the unwarlike Greeks. Here, came the noble ships of mediæval Italian republics, and the roaming merchant sailors of Venice and Genoa. Over these waters, at a later time, sailed the bearded embassies of the Dukes of Muscovy, seeking ghostly counsel and Christian talk with the Patriarch of Constantinople. Here, where the miserable little whitewashed mosques rise in the crooked streets of wretched villages, once stood some of the most magnificent of the Greek Christian churches. But when the pure faith of Christ was degraded into an ignoble superstition, the avenging angel came with a flaming sword, and, for centuries, drove out the idolaters from the land and left a terrible desolation. Then first began to swarm upon the Euxine, the galleys of those terrible miners who rushed out from their fastnesses amidst the far-off golden mountains, and marched under the banner of the blacksmith's apron to the conquest of Christendom. Back, over these waters, they returned again and again, as if the fulness of time for the divine vengeance were not yet come, but they returned laden with spoil and booty; at last they returned no more, and the city of Constantine changed its name to Stamboul. Later still, over these billows steamed the mighty armaments of the Muscovite; but with small thought of the patriarch and his blessing now. Here, came out to meet them the mightier fleets of France and England, no longer bearing a few obscure barons seeking to win a fortune and a bride from the effeminate satraps of a decaying empire, but filled with the resentful manhood of two mighty nations. Here, came also the descendants of those Genoese captains who had traded sword in hand about these coasts long ago, and rekindled into warlike ardour at the sight of the mouldering keeps and watch-towers which had been won and held by their ancestors. Let the waters, as they moan round the noble harbour of Sebastopol, say what lies buried in their quiet deeps, and how it all ended: while we pass on to Samsoon, and see the caravans start for Bagdad, and thence to where the woodlands cluster and the valleys smile about the imperial city of Trebizond.

We are standing, a gossiping, but rather thoughtful group of middle-aged gentlemen, on the Maidan, or the largest open space in Trebizond. Here, perhaps, when the Moslem soldiery first swept over it in the path of wrath, the dainty dames of the most civilised portion of the world were borne about in litters, to drink back health and win rosy cheeks from the soft sea breezes; their hair wreathed into the form of helmets, such as their beloved ones wore, who kept the marshes on the northern frontier. Surrounded by slaves, lapped in such lavish luxury, and environed by such glories of art and such splendour as we wot not of, those ladies lived their wanton lives away. They were a sad race those old Greek colonial women. Perhaps Bâs Tapa' (the azure hill) echoed to the chastened imagery and noble declamation of some stray philosopher from Athens; or the wandering jugglers and snake-charmers of India amused

a gaping crowd there. Here may have clanked the harness and gleamed the arrows, of the Persian horsemen of an elder time. Later still, the solemn voice of some father of the primitive Church may have told in accents, mournful, yet hopeful, how life, a vain shadow, hasteneth ever away to immortality. And while he spoke, would it be strange if the flaunting woman whose years and husbands counted equal, bade her slaves bear on the litter faster, and tried to drown the voice of the preacher lest it should find its way to her heart and appal it? Would it be strange if youth and genius turned with kindling glance to listen, and, straightway weaned from the world, gave up the dreams of ambition and the hopes of love, to follow the Divine Master? If the satrap, some perfumed and noble Felix, fresh from the Byzantine court, were turned aside from an ill deed and forgave a guiltless prisoner, or ceased to exact some cruel tax, and, deigning gracious words to the humble man of God, vowed that in a convenient season he would hear him further?

I am wandering wide away from what is now the desolate place of such stirring memories. The Maidan of Trebizond has nothing left to it but its beauty. The atmosphere is wondrously clear; the surrounding country delights the eye. The houses of the town are bowers, shyly veiled in trees and shrubberies. Corn-fields and vineyards, ripe and golden, leap gladly up the hills, whose summits are crowned with the stately pine and the wide-spreading beech-tree. Their undergrowth is the pale yellow honeysuckle on which feed the bees, whose honey drove the troops of Xenophon, the immortal ten thousand, mad with its sweetness. Lofty mountains stretch from the sea at Cape Joroz fifteen miles west of the city, and, meeting the waves again far to the east, form a magnificent picture; but near, around, everywhere, are the awful footsteps of the destroying angel. Where rose the palace stately and fair, and the mart was once thronged with eager faces and hurrying footsteps, the shrill voice of some ragged beldame screams curses on an intruding dog into her wretched hovel; some keen-eyed Armenian moves thoughtfully along; or some poor Greek beggar, whose ancestors were masters of the soil, drinks as deep of the cup of trembling as the Jews who sat down and wept by the waters of Babylon.

It is an abrupt change from the old world to the new, but if our fancy dwells for a short while on these haunted lands, we come back to the tame concerns of actual life with a start and wonder. I hardly know how it is, that I find myself lighting a cigar that I have let go out, and examining about one hundred and fifty horses tied together by ropes, and which move round us in a circle. They are Turkish caravan horses, and have been brought by their owner for us to choose from for our further journey. We are going to ride a thousand miles, and it is a serious business to select a roadster for such long travel. So we eye the cattle narrowly as they move round and round us: a strong serviceable set of beasts, though much disfigured by firing and by marks branded into them for good luck.

I think I will have the black. He is a kind of horse I like: high in the shoulder, deep in the girth, broad-chested, and a pacer: with tremendous hocks and thighs, flat powerful forelegs, and sinews like iron. His legs are as clean and hard and wiry as a reindeer's. He carries his head well, and looks round good humouredly as he lifts his haughty crest and neighs from time to time. He is a nobleman of a horse, and will make light of the stiff marshy soil about Erzeroum and the up-hill work over the corduroy roads of the Kara Kapan. My choice is made: I will have the black.

"Wo! ho!—Harry, lead him away and put the saddle on; we will breathe him this afternoon on the downs, to find out how he likes the jingling of a sabre and the feel of our valise and pistol-holsters.—Stay! Here, Ameen Katirgi, is a backsheesh for the mule-boy."

Ameen, the muleteer, is a slouching broad-backed lout of some five-and-forty. He is deeply marked with the small-pox, the scourge of the East. There is a good-humoured cunning in his hard-weather eye, and the deep wrinkles around it. He has tramped the road, man and boy, these thirty years, and owes the shoes on his feet to British protection; for, his horses were seized by the Turkish commissariat during the war, and he would have been ruined, as most of his brethren were, had he not been saved by a certificate of employment in the English service, and a fictitious sale of his cattle to an Englishman. The pasha grumbled, but he let it pass, and so Ameen considers himself more than half a Briton.

Ameen intends to serve us well; but he looks up at me sharply and wistfully out of the corners of his eyes, as my hand caresses the black.

"The horse," says he at last, "is a sheytan—a devil. He plunges, he kicks, he bites. All black horses do."

"Ah, by the way," says one present, kindly, "you must not choose a black horse. The Turks have often a superstitious dislike to them."

"He is a fine beast," I answered.

"Yes," rejoins Ameen, "but he was born on a Friday. See! His right ear is slit in consequence."

"He will go none the worse for that," say I.

"But he shies, and is, as I have said, a perfect devil," pleads the muleteer.

"Nonsense," here interposes an English resident joining in the conversation. "He is the best of the lot. He never shies, and it is therefore important to have him in the van to cheer on the baggage-mules. Hence the objection to your riding him."

Then straightway commences the important business of bargaining: which is carried on, as everything else is, in a very peculiar manner in these countries. When Ameen is first asked how much he will take to furnish us with horses from Trebizond to Tehran, he replies emphatically, "Nothing!" He assures us that the delight and honour he will feel in being per-

mitted to rank himself among the humblest of our slaves during the journey, will not only more than compensate him, but leave him a very large profit of self-esteem on the transaction. Nevertheless, we repeat our request. It then turns out that Ameen wants a great deal too much. After half-a-day spent in the most roundabout talk conceivable, he agrees to take something rather under a fourth of his demand. Then we desire to close the bargain, but Ameen still hangs back.

"Do we want him to go all the way?"

"Yes; has he any objection to go all the way?"

"None whatever; he will go to the end of the world with us, and restore us safely to the bosom of our family. Then, he will consider his business in this life as having been satisfactorily and even handsomely accomplished."

We are glad to hear it, and under these inspiriting circumstances we will start to-morrow morning, and, meantime, we frankly express our opinion that Ameen is a jolly good fellow, and will do well to trust in our generosity; for are we not Englishmen and his friends? It is quite surprising how one catches the Oriental form of speech after a little practice.

Ameen veils his eyes and makes the salaam. "On his head be it. All shall be ready. Is he not our own peculiar slave, born for our convenience, nurtured and brought up expressly for the honour which has now been conferred on him? What object can there be in this world so delightful to a reasonable mind as the prospect of becoming our servant? Whose dog is he if he be not ours?"

Late in the evening we learn by accident that Ameen has gone away, and is by this time ten miles on his journey homeward; for, not only can he not take us to Tehran, but he dares not even pass the Persian frontier lest he and his horses should be seized for debt. A diligent search for him ends in our finding out that Ameen has merely gone to the bath, where he purposes to remain and open further negotiations with us. Employing an Armenian interpreter to treat with him on our behalf, it is finally arranged that I shall ride the bonny black to Erzeroum, and there we must shift for our further progress as we can.

A sufficient number of mules are provided for the baggage. About two hundred and eighty pounds' weight is considered a fair load for a mule, and we shall want forty mules for our party. We have six tents to carry, portable kitchens, tea-things packed in deal boxes, carpets for bedding, cheeses, hams, tongues, brandy, sherry, rice, for the two months of gipsying we have before us, since we shall hardly travel twenty miles a day. They must be packed as far as can be, in long narrow deal boxes to be slung upon the horses' wooden pack-saddles, balanced equally on each side. Then there are earthenware water-bottles and horse-hair saddle-bags for provisions, and guns and ammunition, and all sorts of unremembered things: with a Polish cook, and, I think, some twenty servants and hangers-on. The cost of the mules will be about three pounds each, to the Persian frontier.

Let us have a walk round the town before we take to boot and saddle. The modern city of Trebizond contains a population of about twenty-five thousand, of which three thousand are said be Greeks, one thousand Armenians, and the rest Turks. Trebizond is the ancient Trapezus. It is situated at the south-eastern extremity of the Black Sea, in the old province of Pontus. It is six hundred miles from Constantinople. It has been from time immemorial, a place of considerable celebrity, and early rose into commercial importance. It was for a long time the capital of the Eastern Greek Empire. It is favourably situated for trade, being on the great highway between Europe and Central Asia. It has unfortunately nothing that can be called a harbour; but there is a tolerably good roadstead for the anchorage of vessels, and there are the remains of an ancient mole constructed by the Emperor Hadrian, still serving the purpose for which the mole was made. The climate is very mild for its latitude. Figs, olives, pomegranates, and lemons, grow here abundantly. The atmosphere, however, is so humid that no metals can be left about, even for a single day, without rusting.

I noticed a certain shyness and curiosity in the natives, different from the characteristics of the grave and sober inhabitants of most Turkish cities. I heard that Trebizond was a famous market for the clandestine sale of white slaves for the harems of Constantinople; and I saw a horse auction on a new principle, or one which was at least unknown to me. The auctioneer mounted on the back of the poor little pony that was for sale, and banged his sides loudly with a thick stick: shouting out the value which he put upon it. When a bid was made, he roared out something higher, and, when the sale was effected, he rode straight at the purchaser and waited till he was paid.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO.

A CENTURY ago, the reign of George the Third had just begun; a year nearer to the present time (the 8th of September, 1761), he married the Princess Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; and on the 1st of January, 1762, Mr. Whitehead, the then poet-laureate, informed an eagerly-listening public that "Love commands, and Beauty's queen rules the power who rules the sky." This poetical licence is taken in the Ode to the New Year, without which the new year, a hundred years ago, could not have got on at all. It would be rude to say that Mr. Whitehead's poetical licence was exercised at the expense of charms which had no existence, but he certainly stretched a point in ascribing so much authority to "Beauty's queen;" for it so happened that precisely at the moment when he penned his loyal and complimentary effusion, the "god of slaughter," whom he urged to "quit the scene" and "lay the

crested helmet by," was actually putting on his helmet and walking on the stage, the king having decided on war with Spain, four days after the appearance of Mr. Whitehead's Ode, the hard truth being proclaimed "at the usual places and with the usual solemnities." This very intelligible announcement at once knocked on the head "Janus," who "with well-omen'd grace mounts the year's revolving car, and forward turns his smiling face, and longs to close the gates of war," and all the rest of Mr. Whitehead's classical imagery; but that, of course, did not signify; everybody looked for their ode, and everybody might accept it for as much as it was worth, which modern bibliopoles would not rate at a very high figure. A poet, let him be never so bad a one, was not expected, in those days, to be a politician; and whatever "Gallia, obstinately vain," intended to do to the disadvantage of "Albion," was not previously made known to the British poet-laureate. Neither is that the case now; but then, our poet-laureate occupies himself with something better than political vaticination, and his melodious thoughts are breathed in a strain of which Mr. Whitehead had no conception. The thing that did duty for poetry, in high places, a hundred years ago, was, indeed, a marvellously poor article; and when I think of the number of Birthday Odes inflicted on George the Third in the course of his very long reign, I am not at all surprised at his going out of his senses.

What strength of mind, for instance, could stand the shock of a dose like this, administered with even more than medical punctuality? "Goddess of connubial love, sister thou and wife of Jove, bid the genial powers that glide on æther's all-pervading tide, or from the fount of life that stream mingling with the solar beam, bid them here, at Virtue's shrine, in chastest bands of union join, till many a George and many a Charlotte prove how much to Thee we owe, queen of connubial love."

But Mr. Whitehead, as I have said, was not the only poetical delinquent. The learned Miss Carter—who, for her learning, and the use she made of it, deserves all praise—was one of the foremost of those who trespassed on Helicon a hundred years ago. Hear how she begins a sort of melody on the death of Mrs. Rowe:

> Oft did intrigue its guilty arts unite,
> To blacken the records of female wit:
> The tuneful song lost ev'ry modest grace,
> And lawless freedoms triumph'd in their place.

Yet Lord Littleton could apostrophise Miss Carter after this fashion:

> Resume the lyre,
> Chauntress divine, and every Briton call
> Its melody to hear!

The present race of Britons may rejoice at being out of the reach of Miss Carter's melody, "Philomela" though she was contemporaneously called. The only thing to be said in favour of Miss Carter is, that she did not write the Birthday Odes. There were plenty, however, besides the laureate, who did. Witness an anonymous poet, who, taking a base advantage (in the St. James's Chronicle) of what it was the fashion of that time to call "A late happy occasion" (meaning, in this instance, the birth of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth), broke out as follows:

> Hail, happy morn, benign, that smiling brings
> A royal Briton's birthday on thy wings!

Of course the poem ended by calling this royal Briton an "auspicious babe," upon whose head "countless blessings" were supposed to wait; and as George the Fourth did turn out so auspicious, and was waited upon by so many blessings, the prophecy of the poet—a true Vates—was at least remarkable! Of the manner of this excellent prince's birth, the following account is given in the Annual Register, p. 1862: "August 12.—This morning, at half an hour past seven, the queen was happily delivered of a prince. The person that waited on the king with the news received a present of a five-hundred pound bank bill." A large sum, though a mere grain of dust compared with what his royal highness cost the nation afterwards. "Just after her majesty was safely in her bed, the waggons with the treasure of the Hermione" (the war with Spain was then in full swing) "entered St. James's-street; on which his majesty and the nobility went to the windows over the palace-gate to see them, and joined their acclamations on two such joyful occasions."—"On first opening some of the chests at the Bank they were agreeably surprised to find a bag full of gold instead of silver in one of them; several were afterwards found of the same kind, which made a very considerable difference to the captors. A vast deal of private property has likewise been discovered. In short, this is, probably, the richest prize ever brought into England, every private man's share amounting to about nine hundred pounds." A great quantity of finely chased plate was also subsequently found amongst the treasure of the Hermione, whose captors fared better, a thousand-fold, than those who were at the storming of Delhi: the reward for which operation, such as it is, has only just been promised.

The court practices a hundred years ago appears in curious juxtaposition. On Twelfth-day (the Feast of the Three Kings), George the Third, keeping up the mediæval religious custom, "made the usual offering at the Chapel Royal of gold, myrrh, and frankincense; but," adds the chronicler, with a strong flavour of piety on his lips, "there was no playing at hazard nor any ball that night." No doubt the court gamblers made up for their abstinence, on the following night, with as much eagerness as Falstaff showed in his rapid transition "from praying to purse-taking."

A hundred years ago, purse-taking was at its zenith. People could neither walk, ride, nor drive in the streets of London or in the outskirts without running the risk of being "stopped." The month of January, 1762, supplies some examples of this pleasant practice: "On Thursday night last," says Lloyd's Evening Post, "as a gentleman was going through Lincoln's Inn to Chi-

chester Rents (in Chancery-lane), a fellow seized him by the collar, dragged him into a corner, and, presenting a pistol, robbed him of his money, watch, and great-coat. On the gentleman's begging he would not take his great-coat, alleging it was a very cold night, the rascal replied, 'For that very reason I have the more occasion for it!' The fellow was not under the least timidity" (few of those highwaymen were), "but whilst he was pulling off the coat, repeated the words in the Beggar's Opera, 'A lawyer's is an honest employment, so's mine;' and then ran off, humming the tune, 'Thro' all the employments of life,' &c. This is the second robbery committed on the same spot last week; the first of which was by two footpads." Neither were those safe who trusted themselves to hackney-coaches. Here is an agreeable way of winding up an evening's entertainment: "Monday night a coachman, who had taken up a fare at Covent Garden playhouse and ordered to go to Ratcliff-cross, was stopped near the gap on the left hand to Stepney, by four fellows, who robbed him of six shillings, and took from the passengers about five pounds. Then taking the number of the coach, which was five hundred and nine, they bade him drive home. At his return he was again stopped by them, but on his saying that his coach was empty, they gave him back his own money, and half-a-crown to drink their healths." An injunction which the honest fellow did not fail, I presume, to fulfil. Had such a thing as the International Exhibition existed then, it would have afforded rare hauls for the highwaymen: "Early on Saturday morning, as a gentleman was going out of town, he was stopped between the turnpike and Hyde Park-gate, leading to Knightsbridge, by a single highwayman, who robbed him of fifteen guineas, and afterwards rode off into Piccadilly." There, probably, he lost the money at a gaming-house as quickly as he acquired it. A mile or so farther down the same road, occurred another meeting, not quite so profitable to the interceptor: "On Friday evening last, a gentleman and lady returning from visiting a lady of great distinction at Kensington Gore, were met by a highwayman; but the coachman driving on, he" (the highwayman) "flogged him very severely. In the interim, another gentleman's coach coming up, the highwayman thought proper to ride off, and the lash of his whip twisting round one of the lamps of the chariot, he was obliged to leave it behind him." In the suburbs, in a general way, nobody was safe: "On Sunday evening last, between five and six o'clock, a gentleman returning to London from Highgate, was robbed, at the bottom of the hill, beyond Kentish Town, by two highwaymen, of three guineas and some silver, who rode off to town." Again: "On Monday morning last only, a man was stopped by a footpad, near the Fox-under-the-Hill, between Camberwell and Dulwich, who clapped a pistol to his breast, and robbed him of a silver watch, four shillings, and some halfpence, and then made off." When Mr. Morris, in Rob Roy, sings a doleful ballad, showing how

> A knave well-worthy of a cord,
> Being arm'd with pistol and with sword,
> 'Twixt Kensington and Brentford then
> Did boldly stop six honest men,

we smile at the poet's humorous invention. But such occurrences were literally true. For example: "On Tuesday last, the Norwich stage was stopped in Epping Forest, by a single highwayman, who robbed the passengers of six guineas." Highway robbery prevailed in all parts of the kingdom, but was rifest within a radius of thirty miles round London, and that for obvious reasons. In the classical neighbourhood of Willesden such events were constant: "Last Saturday afternoon," says the St. James's Chronicle, "Mr. Tims, brewer, at Edgeware, was robbed of his watch and money, by a highwayman, well dressed, on Dollar's-hill, near the six milestone on the Edgeware-road, in sight of a waggon that was but a little way from the place." Travelling on the south side of London was equally dangerous: "Saturday, three post-chaises were robbed on this side of Dartford by three footpads, armed with pistols, and having whips in their hands, who took from them a considerable sum of money. The same fellows were afterwards seen on Blackheath, riding towards London." Of a great celebrity in the "stand and deliver" line, appears the following anecdote: "Some days ago, the flying highwayman, known by the name of Campbell, robbed the postilion of a gentleman at Colebrook, from whom he took a guinea, three shillings, and upwards of sixpence in copper: he asked the lad how far he was to go, and was answered a great way, and three turnpikes to pay, upon which the highwayman returned him the silver and copper, saying, 'You may tell, when you get home, that the Flying Highwayman is not taken as reported in London, and as a proof of it, you may assure them that you met him this evening;' and then bade him farewell." The report alluded to by Captain Campbell—they were "captains" all—originated in the apprehension of one Samuel, or Walter, Harris, who from having been a soldier in Burgoyne's light horse, "where, it is supposed, he learnt his dexterity in horsemanship," took to the road as a more profitable occupation. When tried at the Old Bailey, two indictments were preferred against him, on both of which he would have been acquitted but for the evidence of a pawnbroker's man who swore to his identity, when both the gentlemen whom he had robbed declined to do so. Like most of the fraternity, he had "Tyburn his full recompense at last," and his appearance at the foot of "the tree" is described as that of "a good-looking young man with an honest countenance." Fronti nulla fides: "he made an ample confession of his robberies."

All highway robberies were not, however, perpetrated by the captains. Take the following, which appears in the Annual Register for 1762, under date Sept. 12th: "The Duke de Nivernois, with the character of ambassador and plenipotentiary from the court of France, arrived

at London to treat of peace. The first night after his excellency arrived in England, he lay at Canterbury, when the innkeeper's bill in the morning was as follows:

Tea, coffee, and chocolate	£1	4	0
Supper for self and servants	15	10	0
Bread and beer	3	0	0
Fruit	2	15	0
Wine and punch	10	8	8
Wax-candles and charcoal	3	0	0
Broken glass and china	2	10	0
Lodging	1	7	0
Tea, coffee, and chocolate	2	0	0
Chaise and horses for next stage ...	2	16	0

(Making a nice little total of 44*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* for one night's expenses.)

The whole company, consisting of twelve persons, drank mostly port wine; according to the quantity, it comes to eleven shillings per bottle, and punch the same. One of the secretaries of state, being informed of this treatment by an English gentleman who accompanied his excellency, made an apology to his excellency for so flagrant an imposition and so great a breach of the laws of hospitality, telling his excellency at the same time that orders should be given for prosecuting the offender. But his excellency very generously interposed in his behalf. It is imagined, however, that he has since paid dearly for his offence, as the other innkeepers of Canterbury lost no time in informing the public that it was not at their house the duke put up."

There are still, probably, some who indulge in practical jokes, but none, I trust, who, if a similar state of things existed, could be induced to perpetrate so bitter a jest as the following: "A gentleman at a coffee-house," says the St. James's Chronicle of Feb. 10 (1762), "called a porter to carry a letter to a house near Charing-cross. The contents of the letter were: 'Detain the bearer as a man fit to serve his majesty.' On which he was conveyed on board a tender, and soon after died of a broken heart, leaving a wife and children. His name was William Hall." They who served his majesty were not all such honest fellows as poor William Hall. Any kind of scamp was thought fit for a soldier, when he was known to be fit for nothing else; witness entries such as these: "Feb. 26.—Yesterday evening, a young fellow picked a gentleman's pocket of a silk handkerchief in crossing Bartholomew-close; but being pursued, he was taken, and a soldier accidentally passing by, the gentleman forgave him on condition he enlisted, which he promised, and the soldier took him away." At the sessions, condemning a thief to turn soldier was a common punishment: "W. Hunt, who had stolen a tankard, and was to have been executed" (few crimes escaped the cord, save now and then by commutation), "was respited, in order to be employed as a soldier in one of his majesty's regiments of foot now abroad, during his life." Again: "John Perry, for stealing sugar from Cumberland's Wharf, was ordered to be a soldier." Worthy successors, Hunt and Perry, of those brave soldiers, Bardolph and Nym, "sworn brothers in filching!" There were, notwithstanding, some varieties of punishment besides soldiering and hanging. The pillory was in full force as an adjunct, particularly if the offence were political. "Nov. 29. Peter Annett was, by judgment of the Court of King's Bench, committed to Newgate for one month. He was also ordered to stand in the pillory twice within that time, and afterwards to be kept to hard labour in Bridewell for a year, &c." (as Ancient Pistol says, "And are et cæteras nothing?"), for —(what does the reader think?)—"for writing a piece called The Free Enquirer." There was another kind of writing that exposed its authors —and here deservedly—to even heavier penalties. These were the threatening-letter writers, who seem to have driven a very brisk trade, if we may judge by the official notice that was taken of them. Two of these productions follow. The first is thus heralded:

St. James's, Feb. 16, 1762.

Whereas it has been humbly represented to the King, that the following anonimous and threatening letter, directed as hereunder, has been received by the Post, by Wm. Clarke, Esq., one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Surry, who lives at Loman's Pond, in the parish of St. Saviour's, Southwark; viz.:—Villian I am to aquaint You That I am coming to Town to be avenged on You That is if You will not grant a little Money on demand it is no more than fifty pounds if not Villian Your Life is at a Stake by me or some of my Gang Put the Money in a Place where I shall wait for You, or any One You shall debetise to serve You and That you may observe by a Letter B; that I shall put near the Place be shure to put the Money under the Corner of the grut Stone the Bottom of Your Yard put no Watch on or You may be shure You Scounderl to have Your Brains blowed out be me or some of mine in a short Time after so do not fail You Villian or else it will be worse for You darned Scounderl I care not much whether Your Life or Your Money.

To the Worshpfull Wm. Clarke, Esq., near Gravel-lane, in the Borough London.

A reward of one hundred pounds was offered for the discovery of Mr. Clarke's polite correspondent, as well as for that of the writer of the next, gazetted, letter:

To Mr. James Booth in Crosby-square, Bishopsgate-street. You Scoundrall Villian the perticulers of this is that if you Doe not Leave the Small Sum of thirty pounds under the Gateway In a white rage that it may be obeseryed As Soon as I aproach place apointed Beshure you leave the Money yourself At the place apointed and if you Let Any body know of this Letter or set any Body to watch you may be shure Your Life is to be the Sacrafise for it Pray you Villian doe not Neglect it or on the first Time That I or any of my Gang meets you beshure you shall Get your Desert You Villian the Reason I write you this Letter is for want of a little Money which if you Doe not supley me with it You and your Famiely shall be burnt in your beds very soon the time is for you to put the Money in the place is the 6th of next Month.

In addition to the pillory, which, if any have deserved it, was the due of these threatening letter writers, was another punishment, a hundred years ago, now also happily obsolete. This was "burning in the hand." On tracing the sen-

tences at the Middlesex Sessions throughout the year, it appears that two or three were branded after each meeting of the most worshipful justices. "Whipping at the cart's tail" was also an exhibition freely indulged in. How criminals appeared at the place of execution, may be seen by referring to the trial of John M'Naughton, Esq., for the murder (and a very barbarous one it was) of Miss Maria Knox, at Strabane. "He was brought to execution on foot, supported by two men, and dressed in a white flannel waistcoat, trimmed with black buttons and holes, a diaper nightcap tied with a black ribbon, white stockings, mourning buckles, and a crape tied on his arm." This "suit of woe" was worn by Mr. M'Naughton as a tribute of respect to the young lady whom he had murdered—it is to be presumed.

In the matrimonial arrangements of a hundred years ago, the amount of the lady's fortune, when she had one, was generally made public in this succinct manner: "Captain Dauvergne of the Horse Guards, to Miss Major of Chelsea; thirty thousand pounds." "Captain Blagden of Newcastle, to Mrs. Heath of Westoe; seven thousand pounds." But when the marriage had in it something remarkable, particulars were often given, as in this instance: "A grenadier belonging to the Yorkshire Buffs, quartered at Newcastle, to the daughter of a chimney-sweep of that place, whose dowry is soot, to the value of forty pounds, and eightpence a day during the life of the father." Fortunate grenadier! An unnecessary mystery appears to have shrouded the intended marriage which is thus announced: "On Sunday last the banns of marriage were published at St. James's Church, between two Right Honourable personages of the first rank in the kingdom." One would have thought, after the publication of the banns, that there would have been no squeamishness in mentioning names; but the title of "Right Honourable" was held so sacred, that even when treating of historical matters, the minister was only adverted to as "Mr. F——," or "Mr. P——." With those of lower degree, greater freedom was allowed: "On Wednesday last, was married at Reading, Sir Thomas Cooke, one of the Poor Knights of Windsor, and near seventy years of age, to Miss Collier, a young lady of about twenty-two. The Knight was extremely joyful on the occasion; in the evening he danced three minuets, and behaved in all respects so gallantly, that he put the old bachelors (with whom the town is overstocked) entirely out of countenance." Advertising for wives was a practice then as now. The following appears in Lloyd's Evening Post: "Any Lady of Character and Fortune, that is willing to enter into that honourable state called Matrimony, and to take with her a partner for Life, that is possessed of every Qualification, that may be thought requisite or necessary, to make her the most happy in that Station (Fortune only excepted), five Feet nine Inches high, straight and well-made, twenty-four years of Age. But perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you my Person is altogether what the Flattering World calls Handsome. If there is any Lady whose Disposition may lead her to pity the Youth, for his taking this method to reach Happiness, may be informed of further Particulars, by sending a line directed to Pollydore Delight, to be left at Mr. Nicoll's, Publisher, in St. Paul's Churchyard, London. N.B. Inviolable secrecy preserved." Mr. Pollydore Delight either met with "a lady of character and fortune," or his cash ran short, for the advertisement does not seem to have been repeated. Others there were, however, who went more directly to the mark than this modest youth, as appears by the accompanying romantic story, which is told in two parts. First comes this brief statement: "A duel was fought in Hyde Park between an English officer and an Irish gentleman, when the former was so dangerously wounded in the belly that his life has been despaired of. He is now, however, in a fair way of doing well." On the next day this paragraph appeared: "A lady in Bond-street, said to be nearly related to the young officer who was wounded in Hyde Park, shot herself through the head with a pistol, and died in great agonies. She was the daughter of a family of fortune at Northaw, in Hertfordshire, and had married against her friends' consent." The marriage was in this wise: "About three weeks ago, a cornet of horse went to her father's at Northaw, to ask the character of a man-servant. He not being at home, the officer was introduced to the young lady his daughter, who happened to be then at tea. She gave the servant a fair character, and after some chat with the officer, asked him to drink a dish of tea. Thus began an acquaintance which the cornet cultivated by means of letters delivered by the servant. The lady, it is said, was an heiress to thirty thousand pounds. The cornet declared himself to be the son of a country gentleman of fortune; but, lest inquiries might not prove in his favour, he soon after insisted that the lady should make an elopement and be married at Barnet. To run away was very disagreeable, and with much difficulty she was prevailed on. When they came to Barnet, where he was stationed, a mistake appearing in the license, the cornet took horse and rode to London, and returned to Barnet time enough to be married, which was done in the presence of a number of people. The young lady's mother was soon reconciled to the match, but the father, who had proposed a more fortunate one for his daughter, refused to see her. The lady's and cornet's friends used all practicable means to bring about a reconciliation, which the young lady despairing of ever seeing accomplished, unhappily put an end to her own life."

That the belief in witchcraft was popular a hundred years ago, is apparent from the circumstances related in the Annual Register for 1762, as follows: "Nov. 28.—A number of people surrounded the house of John Pritchett, of West Langdon, in Kent, and under the notion of her bewitching one Ladd, a boy thirteen years old, dragged out his wife by violence, and compelled her to go to the said Ladd's father's house,

about a mile from her own, where they forced her into the room where the boy was, scratched her arms and neck in the most cruel manner to draw blood, as they said, of the witch, and then threatened to swim her; but some people of condition interposing, the poor woman's life was happily preserved; and the persons concerned in carrying on the imposture, particularly one Beard, and Ladd's wife, being carried before a magistrate, and compelled to make satisfaction to the unhappy injured woman, the mob dispersed, and the country, that was everywhere in tumult, is again quieted. The boy pretended to void needles and pins from his body, and his father and mother upheld the deceit, and collected large sums of money of those whose compassion was excited by so melancholy a situation."

Amongst items of general news, we meet with such as these: "On Saturday last, the famous Porcupine-man having some words with two others" (were they also Porcupine-men?) "at a place called Bran, in Buckinghamshire, one of them struck out one of his eyes, and so great an effusion of blood flowed, that notwithstanding all possible assistance was given, he died soon after." The Porcupine-man seems to have had his full share of the fretful qualities of the animal he was named after. "Yesterday, by order of the magistrates, notice was given by the cryer of St. Margaret's, Westminster, to all persons keeping swine, that the same, if found in the streets, should be seized for the benefit of the poor of the parish, pursuant to the statute in that case made and provided." It must have been a pleasant thing for members on their way to the House, or lawyers wending to court, to have the way stopped by swine; but there were worse impediments to foot-passengers: "The Breeches-Maker who was found dead in a ditch near Burnaby-street, last week, is suspected to have been robbed, and that on making resistance, he was killed and thrown into the ditch."

Some singular accidents are recorded: "Feb. 21.—A little girl, daughter to Mr. Giffard, late of Covent Garden Theatre, was lately burnt in a very shocking manner, and died in great agonies. A person in the house was subject to fits, and among other methods practised to recover her, it was usual to burn feathers, rags, papers, &c., under her nose; this striking the child, she was supposing her doll in like circumstances, and burning something under its nose, by which means her own cloaths caught fire, whilst her mamma's back was turned." "Some time ago a man having stolen a sheep at Mitcham, in Surrey, tied its hind legs together, and put them over its forehead to carry it away; but in getting over a gate, the sheep, it is thought, struggled, and by a sudden spring, slipped its feet down to his throat; for they were found in that posture, the sheep hanging on one side of the gate, and the man dead on the other." "January 16. As Mr. Taylor, jun., anchorsmith, at Limehouse, was putting some old iron into the fire, the barrel of an old pistol happened to be in the parcel, which being loaded, in a little time went off, and unfortunately shot him dead. We mention incidents of this kind from time to time, to put people on their guard."

We hear of some singular diseases a hundred years ago. Here is an example: "A poor labouring family near Biddeston, in Norfolk, have been lately afflicted by a terrible disorder. The limbs of several of them having rotted off, though without any injury to their health, or the other parts of their body." This case is thought so remarkable (as well it might be) that a special article is devoted to the subject in the Annual Register, on the authority of Dr. Wollaston, of Bury, in Suffolk, who, however, lays the scene at Wattisham, and gives full details. He describes the disease as beginning with violent pains in the legs, and adds: "In about four, five, or six days, the diseased leg began to turn black gradually, appearing at first covered with blue spots, as if it had been bruised and in a few days it began to mortify. The mortified parts separated gradually from the sound parts, and the surgeon had, in most of the cases, to cut through the bone, which was black and almost dry." One or two thefts are worth noticing,—the following from its miserly character: "February 6.—An old man standing at the fireside of the Three per Cent Office at the Bank, was observed to pick up the coals and put them in his pocket, and afterwards went to the books and received his dividend upon 600*l.* stock. He was carried before a magistrate, where the coals where taken out of his pocket; but by reason of his age, and his extreme penitence, he was released." And this one, for the profane humour of the thieves: "A little while since an elderly gentlewoman, at Brainwood, in Gloucestershire, had her box broke open, out of which she lost, in plate and money, to the value of 40*l.*, in lieu whereof they left her the following consolatory letter: 'Madam,—Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.'"

While such, a hundred years ago, were the occurrences of the hour in England, let us glance at some odds and ends of adventure that turned up in France. The year 1762 opened there with a very singular affair, which is told in the journal of the Avocat Barbier: "A sad, unfortunate, and critical event happened," he says, "at Versailles, on Wednesday, the 6th (of January), before the king's supper. There was a grand concert (supping in public) that day, and one of the body-guard, named La Chaux, having left the Salle des Gardes to buy some tobacco, passed through the Galerie des Princes, and descended by the long corridor which leads past the Contrôle Général, and terminates nearly opposite the general entrance. In this corridor, which is very badly lighted, as is the custom at Versailles, at nine o'clock in the evening La Chaux was discovered stretched on the ground, with his sword broken, and wounded in several places. Assistance was procured and immediate information of the circumstance given to the Comte de Saint Florentin, the Minister of the King's Household, and to the Grand Provost of the palace, or his lieutenant, that a

procès-verbal might be drawn up and an inquiry instituted. The story which reached Paris on the following day, was that the guard had met in the corridor two persons, one dressed in green with an edging of gold and wearing a couteau de chasse, and the other attired like an abbé, but without bands, and his hair smoothed down, who politely accosted him, inquiring if he could obtain admission for them to witness the ceremony of the grand concert, they being strangers from the country. The guard replied that it was not in his power to do so, but they persisted in their request, and even offered him money to oblige them. After a few moments' reflection he desired them to follow him, and led the way up-stairs, but they shortly stopped, saying they must go back, as the passages were so intricate. They accordingly retraced their steps, and the guard returned with them to the corridor, where, suspecting something wrong, he drew his sword to arrest them. The two men then fell upon him, broke his sword, and wounded him with the couteau de chasse, leaving him in that state, and then making their escape,"

This lame story occasioned a good deal of discussion in Paris for a day or two, but "on Saturday, the 9th," says Barbier, "it all fell to the ground, for then the report came from Versailles that the guard was a scamp, a fellow who had formerly been a Protestant, but, by abjuring his religion, had obtained the protection of Madame Adélaïde" (one of the king's daughters), "that he was a man given to inventions, that he had perhaps been engaged in some private pursuit, or that, even without a quarrel, he had got up this story in order to show his zeal and earn some reward, that he had no serious wound, and that his coat was only cut on the arm and one or two other places, which he might have done himself; no abbé or any man in green had been found, but it was added, as a certain fact, that the guard himself was arrested and sent to the Bastille." These rumours proved correct, but from the great political prison, La Chaux was transferred to the Grand Châtelet, and thence brought to trial. There were no witnesses against him, but a knife was found on his person, the discovery of which led him to acknowledge that the whole story was a fabrication, and that he had invented it for the sole purpose of getting a pension. The poor wretch, in making this confession, wept bitterly, as well he might, for the sentence passed on him was to be broken alive on the wheel, having first made the amende honorable before the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, at the Louvre, opposite the gate of the Tuileries, and at the Grève, in front of the Hôtel de Ville, prior to the application of "the question, ordinary and extraordinary," for the crime of lèse-majesté in the second degree. There were precedents for this cruel sentence, two similar cases having occurred, one of them in 1629, in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, in the Château of Fontainebleau, the culprit being the Chevalier Georgian, who underwent his punishment; the other case happened in Henry the Third's reign, when the offender was beheaded. La Chaux was then taken to the Conciergerie, where he made an appeal, demanding the assembly of the Chambers, Tournelle and Grand' Chambre, "parce qu'il était bon gentilhomme," and it was thought his punishment would have been commuted to imprisonment for life in one of the royal castles. He did not, however, avail himself of his letters of nobility, and no assembly of the Chambers took place, but he was tried again at the Tournelle, on the 11th of February, and instead of being broken alive on the wheel, his sentence was to be merely hung ("la Cour le condamne seulement à être pendu)." On Thursday, the 14th of February, the unhappy victim of a barbarous law was brought out in the tombereau; "he made his amende, and was then taken to the Grève, where he was hung at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, in the presence of a great number of people, and died with great resignation." Labels were affixed to his back and front, bearing these words: "Fabricateur d'impostures contre la sûreté du roi et la fidélité de la nation."

The "peine forte et dure" might with greater justice have been applied in such a case as this: "Feb. 26.—They write from Paris, that as a wealthy citizen was lately walking in the Thuilleries, a person came up to him and bid him be on his guard, for that night he would be murdered. The citizen retired after supper, as usual, to his bedchamber, having furnished himself with fire-arms. At midnight three men actually entered the room. One of them he shot dead, and with a second shot broke the arm of another. The third ran away. The person killed proved to be his own son, and the wounded person his nephew, who is now in prison along with the third assassin. This, says the writer, is the second instance of the kind that has happened at Paris within the last three months: to such a height is licentiousness risen in that capital."

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

THE fifth hour had passed away, when Ayesha said to me, "Lo! the circle is fading; the lamps grow dim. Look now without fear on the space beyond; the Eyes that appalled thee are again lost in air, as lightnings that fleet back into cloud."

I looked up, and the spectres had vanished. The sky was tinged with sulphurous hues, the red and the black intermixed. I replenished the lamps and the ring in front, thriftily, heedfully; but when I came to the sixth lamp, not a drop in the vessel that fed them was left. In a vague dismay, I now looked round the half of the wide circle in rear of the two bended figures intent on the caldron. All along that disc the light was already broken, here and there flickering up, here and there dying down; the six lamps in that half of the circle still twinkled, but faintly as stars shrinking fast from the dawn of day. But it was not the fading shine in that half of the magical ring which daunted my eye and quickened with terror the pulse of my heart; the Bush-land beyond was on fire. From the background of the forest rose the flame and the smoke; the smoke, there, still half smothering the flame. But along the width of the grasses and herbage, between the verge of the forest and the bed of the water creek just below the raised platform from which I beheld the dread conflagration, the fire was advancing; wave upon wave, clear and red against the columns of rock behind; as the rush of a flood through the mists of some Alp crowned with lightnings.

Roused from my stun at the first sight of a danger not foreseen by the mind I had steeled against far rarer portents of nature, I cared no more for the lamps and the circle. Hurrying back to Ayesha, I exclaimed, "The phantoms have gone from the spaces in front; but what incantation or spell can arrest the red march of the foe, speeding on in the rear! While we gazed on the Caldron of Life, behind us, unheeded, behold the Destroyer!"

Ayesha looked and made no reply, but, as by involuntary instinct, bowed her majestic head, then rearing it erect, placed herself yet more immediately before the wasted form of the young magician (he, still bending over the caldron, and hearing me not in the absorption and hope of his watch): placed herself before him, as the bird whose first care is her fledgling.

As we two there stood, fronting the deluge of fire, we heard Margrave behind us, murmuring low, "See the bubbles of light, how they sparkle and dance—I shall live, I shall live!" And his words scarcely died in our ears before, crash upon crash, came the fall of the age-long trees in the forest; and nearer, all near us, through the blazing grasses, the hiss of the serpents, the scream of the birds, and the bellow and tramp of the herds plunging wild through the billowy red of their pastures.

Ayesha now wound her arms around Margrave, and wrenched him, reluctant and struggling, from his watch over the seething caldron. In rebuke of his angry exclamations, she pointed to the march of the fire, spoke in sorrowful tones a few words in her own language, and then, appealing to me in English, said:

"I tell him that, here, the Spirits who oppose us have summoned a foe that is deaf to my voice, and ——"

"And," exclaimed Margrave, no longer with gasp and effort, but with the swell of a voice which drowned all the discords of terror and of agony sent forth from the Phlegethon burning below—"and this witch, whom I trusted, is a vile slave and impostor, more desiring my death than my life. She thinks that in life I should scorn and forsake her, that in death I should die in her arms! Sorceress, avaunt! Art thou useless and powerless now when I need thee most? Go! Let the world be one funeral pyre! What to *me* is the world if I perish? My world is my life. Thou knowest that my last hope is here, that all the strength left me this night will die down, like the lamps in the circle, unless the elixir restore it. Bold friend, spurn that sorceress away. Hours yet ere those flames can assail us! A few minutes more, and life to your Lilian and me!"

Thus having said, Margrave turned from us, and cast into the caldron the last essence yet left in his emptied coffer.

Ayesha silently drew her black veil over her face; and turned, with the being she loved, from the terror he scorned, to share in the hope that he cherished.

Thus left alone, with my reason disenthralled,

disenchanted, I surveyed more calmly the extent of the actual peril with which we were threatened, and the peril seemed less, so surveyed.

It is true, all the Bush-land behind, almost up to the bed of the creek, was on fire; but the grasses, through which the flame spread so rapidly, ceased at the opposite marge of the creek. Watery pools were still, at intervals, left in the bed of the creek, shining tremulous, like waves of fire, in the glare reflected from the burning land; and even, where the water failed, the stony course of the exhausted rivulet was a barrier against the march of the conflagration. Thus, unless the wind, now still, should rise, and waft some sparks to the parched combustible herbage immediately around us, we were saved from the fire, and our work might yet be achieved.

I whispered to Ayesha the conclusion to which I came.

"Thinkest thou," she answered, without raising her mournful head, "that the Agencies of Nature are the movements of chance. The Spirits I invoked to his aid are leagued with the hosts that assail. A Mightier than I am has doomed him!"

Scarcely had she uttered these words before Margrave exclaimed, "Behold how the Rose of the alchemist's dream enlarges its bloom from the folds of its petals! I shall live, I shall live!"

I looked, and the liquid which glowed in the caldron had now taken a splendour that mocked all comparisons borrowed from the lustre of gems. In its prevalent colour it had, indeed, the dazzle and flash of the ruby; but, out from the mass of the molten red, broke corruscations of all prismal hues, shooting, shifting, in a play that made the wavelets themselves seem living things sensible of their joy. No longer was there scum or film upon the surface; only ever and anon a light rosy vapour floating up, and quick lost in the haggard, heavy, sulphurous air, hot with the conflagration, rushing towards us from behind. And these corruscations formed, on the surface of the molten ruby, literally the shape of a Rose, its leaves made distinct in their outlines by sparks of emerald, and diamond, and sapphire.

Even while gazing on this animate liquid lustre, a buoyant delight seemed infused into my senses; all terrors, conceived before, were annulled; the phantoms, whose armies had filled the wide spaces in front, were forgotten; the crash of the forest behind was unheard. In the reflexion of that glory, Margrave's wan cheek seemed already restored to the radiance it wore when I saw it first in the framework of blooms.

As I gazed, thus enchanted, a cold hand touched my own.

"Hush!" whispered Ayesha, from the black veil, against which the rays from the caldron fell blunt, and absorbed into Dark. "Behind us, the light of the circle is extinct, but, there, we are guarded from all save the brutal and soulless destroyers. But, before!—but, before!—see! two of the lamps have died out!—see the blank of the gap in the ring! Guard that breach—there, the demons will enter."

"Not a drop is there left in this vessel by which to replenish the lamps on the ring."

"Advance, then; thou hast still the light of the soul, and the demons may recoil before a soul that is dauntless and guiltless. If not, Three are lost!—as it is, One is doomed."

Thus adjured, silently, involuntarily, I passed from the Veiled Woman's side, over the sere lines on the turf which had been traced by the triangles of light long since extinguished, and towards the verge of the circle. As I advanced, overhead rushed a dark cloud of wings, birds dislodged from the forest on fire, and screaming, in dissonant terror, as they flew towards the furthermost mountains: close by my feet hissed and glided the snakes, driven forth from their blazing coverts, and glancing through the ring, unseared by its waning lamps; all undulating by me, bright-eyed and hissing; all made innocuous by fear: even the terrible Death-adder, which I trampled on as I halted at the verge of the circle, did not turn to bite, but crept harmless away. I halted at the gap between the two dead lamps, and bowed my head to look again into the crystal vessel. Were there, indeed, no lingering drops yet left, if but to recruit the lamps for some priceless minutes more? As I thus stood, right into the gap between the two dead lamps, strode a gigantic Foot. All the rest of the form was unseen; only, as volume after volume of smoke poured on from the burning land behind, it seemed as if one great column of vapour, eddying round, settled itself aloft from the circle, and that out from that column strode the giant Foot. And, as strode the Foot, so with it came, like the sound of its tread, a roll of muttered thunder.

I recoiled, with a cry that rang loud through the lurid air.

"Courage!" said the voice of Ayesha. "Trembling soul, yield not an inch to the demon!"

At the charm, the wonderful charm, in the tone of the Veiled Woman's voice, my will seemed to take a force more sublime than its own. I folded my arms on my breast, and stood as if rooted to the spot, confronting the column of smoke and the stride of the giant Foot. And the Foot halted, mute.

Again, in the momentary hush of that suspense, I heard a voice—it was Margrave's.

"The last hour expires—the work is accomplished! Come! come!—aid me to take the caldron from the fire—and, quick! or a drop may be wasted in vapour, the Elixir of Life, from the caldron!"

At that cry I receded, and the Foot advanced.

And at that moment, suddenly, unawares, from behind, I was stricken down. Over me, as I lay, swept a whirlwind of trampling hoofs and glancing horns. The herds, in their flight from the burning pastures, had rushed over the bed of the watercourse—scaled the slopes of the banks.

Snorting and bellowing, they plunged their blind way to the mountains. One cry alone more wild than their own savage blare pierced the reek through which the Brute Hurricane swept. At that cry of wrath and despair I struggled to rise, again dashed to earth by the hoofs and the horns. But was it the dream-like deceit of my reeling senses, or did I see that giant Foot stride past through the close-serried ranks of the maddening herds? Did I hear, distinct through all the huge uproar of animal terror, the roll of low thunder which followed the stride of that Foot?

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

When my sense had recovered its shock, and my eyes looked dizzily round, the charge of the beasts had swept by; and of all the wild tribes which had invaded the magical circle, the only lingerer was the brown Death-adder, coiled close by the spot where my head had rested. Beside the extinguished lamps which the hoofs had confusedly scattered, the fire, arrested by the watercourse, had consumed the grasses that fed it, and there the plains stretched black and desert as the Phlegræan field of the Poet's Hell. But the fire still raged in the forest beyond. White flames, soaring up from the trunks of the tallest trees, and forming, through the sullen dark of the smoke-reek, innumerable pillars of fire, like the halls in the City of Fiends.

Gathering myself up, I turned my eyes from the terrible pomp of the lurid forest, and looked fearfully down on the hoof-trampled sward for my two companions.

I saw the dark image of Ayesha still seated, still bending, as I had seen it last. I saw a pale hand feebly grasping the rim of the magical caldron, which lay, hurled down from its tripod by the rush of the beasts, yards away from the dim fading embers of the scattered wood pyre. I saw the faint writhings of a frail wasted frame, over which the Veiled Woman was bending. I saw, as I moved with bruised limbs to the place, close by the lips of the dying magician, the flash of the ruby-like essence spilt on the sward, and, meteor-like, sparkling up from the torn tufts of herbage.

I now reached Margrave's side; bending over him as the Veiled Woman bent; and as I sought gently to raise him, he turned his face, fiercely faltering out, "Touch me not, rob me not. *You* share with me! Never—never. These glorious drops are all mine! Die all else! I will live—I will live!" Writhing himself from my pitying arms, he plunged his face amidst the beautiful, playful flame of the essence, as if to lap the elixir with lips scorched away from its intolerable burning. Suddenly, with a low shriek, he fell back, his face upturned to mine, and on that face unmistakably reigned Death.

Then Ayesha tenderly, silently drew the young head to her lap, and it vanished from my sight behind her black veil.

I knelt beside her, murmuring some trite words of comfort; but she heeded me not, rocking herself to and fro as the mother who cradles a child to sleep. Soon, the fast-flickering sparkles of the lost elixir died out on the grass, and with their last sportive diamond-like tremble of light, up, in all the suddenness of Australian day, rose the sun, lifting himself royally above the mountain-tops and fronting the meaner blaze of the forest as a young king fronts his rebels. And as there, where the bush fires had ravaged, all was a desert, so there, where their fury had not spread, all was a garden. Afar, at the foot of the mountains, the fugitive herds were grazing; the cranes, flocking back to the pools, renewed the strange grace of their gambols; and the great kingfisher, whose laugh, half in mirth, half in mockery, leads the choir that welcome the morn—which in Europe is night—alighted bold on the roof of the cavern, whose floors were still white with the bones of races, extinct before, formed to "walk erect and to gaze upon the stars," rose—so helpless through instincts, so royal through Soul,—rose Man!

But there, on the ground where the dazzling elixir had wasted its virtues, there the herbage already had a freshness of verdure which, amid the duller sward round it, was like an oasis of green in a desert. And, there, wild flowers, whose chill hues the eye would have scarcely distinguished the day before, now glittered forth in blooms of unfamiliar beauty. Towards that spot were attracted myriads of happy insects, whose hum of intense joy was musically loud. But the form of the life-seeking sorcerer lay rigid and stark;—blind to the bloom of the wild flowers, deaf to the glee of the insects—one hand still resting heavily on the rim of the emptied caldron, and the face still hid behind the Black Veil. What! the wondrous elixir, sought with such hope and well-nigh achieved through such dread, fleeting back to the earth from which its material was drawn, to give bloom, indeed,—but to herbs; joy, indeed,—but to insects!

And now in the flash of the sun, slowly wound up the slopes that led to the circle, the same barbaric procession which had sunk into the valley under the ray of the moon. The armed men came first, stalwart and tall, their vests brave with crimson and golden lace; their weapons gaily gleaming with holiday silver. After them, the Black Litter. As they came to the place, Ayesha, not raising her head, spoke to them in their own Eastern tongue. A wail was their answer. The armed men bounded forward, and the bearers left the litter.

All gathered round the dead form with the face concealed under the black veil—all knelt, and all wept. Far in the distance, at the foot of the blue mountains, a crowd of the savage natives had risen up as if from the earth; they stood motionless, leaning on their clubs and spears, and looking towards the spot on which we were; strangely thus brought into the landscape, as if they, too, the wild dwellers on the verge which Humanity guards from the Brute, were among the mourners for the mysterious Child of mysteri-

ous Nature! And still, in the herbage, hummed the small insects, and still, from the cavern, laughed the great kingfisher. I said to Ayesha, "Farewell, your love mourns the dead, mine calls me to the living. You are now with your own people, they may console you—say if I can assist."

"There is no consolation for me! What mourner can be consoled if the dead die for ever? Nothing for him is left but a grave; that grave shall be in the land where the song of Ayesha first lulled him to sleep! Thou assist ME—thou—the wise man of Europe! From me ask assistance. What road wilt thou take to thy home?"

"There is but one road known to me through the maze of the solitude; that which we took to this upland."

"On that road Death lurks, and awaits thee! Blind dupe, couldst thou think that if the grand secret of life had been won, he whose head rests on my lap would have yielded thee one petty drop of the essence which had filched from his store of life but a moment? Me, who so loved and so cherished him—me, he would have doomed to the pitiless cord of my servant, the Strangler, if my death could have lengthened a hairbreadth the span of his being. But what matters to me his crime or his madness? I loved him—I loved him!"

She bowed her veiled head lower and lower; perhaps, under the veil, her lips kissed the lips of the dead. Then she said, whisperingly:

"Juma, the Strangler, whose word never failed to his master, whose prey never slipped from his snare, waits thy step on the road to thy home! But thy death cannot now profit the dead, the beloved. And thou hast had pity for him who took but thine aid to design thy destruction. His life is lost, thine is saved!"

She spoke no more in the tongue that I could interpret. She spoke, in the language unknown, a few murmured words to her swarthy attendants; then the armed men, still weeping, rose, and made a dumb sign to me to go with them. I understood by the sign that Ayesha had told them to guard me on my way; but she gave no reply to my parting thanks.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

I DESCENDED. into the valley; the armed men followed. The path, on that side of the watercourse not reached by the flames, wound through meadows still green, or amidst groves still unscathed. As a turning in the way brought in front of my sight the place I had left behind, I beheld the black litter creeping down the descent, with its curtains closed, and the Veiled Woman walking by its side. But soon the funeral procession was lost to my eyes, and the thoughts that it roused were erased. The waves in man's brain are like those of the sea, rushing on, rushing over the wrecks of the vessels that rode on their surface, to sink, after storm, in their deeps. One thought cast forth into the future now mastered all in the past. "Was Lilian living still?" Absorbed in the gloom of that thought, hurried on by the goad that my heart, in its tortured impatience, gave to my footstep, I outstripped the slow stride of the armed men, and, midway between the place I had left and the home which I sped to, came, far in advance of my guards, into the thicket in which the bushmen had started up in my path on the night that Lilian had watched for my coming. The earth at my feet was rife with creeping plants and many-coloured flowers, the sky overhead was half-hid by motionless pines. Suddenly, whether crawling out from the herbage or dropping down from the trees, by my side stood the white-robed and skeleton form—Ayesha's attendant, the Strangler.

I sprang from him in shuddering, then halted and faced him. The hideous creature crept towards me, cringing and fawning, making signs of humble good will and servile obeisance. Again I recoiled—wrathfully, loathingly; turned my face homeward, and fled on. I thought I had baffled his chase, when, just at the mouth of the thicket, he dropped from a bough in my path close behind me. Before I could turn, some dark muffling substance fell between my sight and the sun, and I felt a fierce strain at my throat. But the words of Ayesha had warned me; with one rapid hand I seized the noose before it could tighten too closely, with the other I tore the bandage away from my eyes, and, wheeling round on the dastardly foe, struck him down with one spurn of my foot. His hand, as he fell, relaxed its hold on the noose; I freed my throat from the knot, and sprang from the copse into the broad sunlit plain. I saw no more of the armed men or the Strangler. Panting and breathless, I paused at last before the fence, fragrant with blossoms, that divided my home from the solitude.

The windows of Lilian's room were darkened—all within the house seemed still.

Darkened and silenced Home! with the light and sounds of the jocund day all around it. Was there yet Hope in the Universe for me? All to which I had trusted Hope, had broken down; the anchors I had forged for her hold in the beds of the ocean, her stay from the drifts of the storm, had snapped like the reeds which pierce the side that leans on the barb of their points, and confides in the strength of their stems. No hope in the baffled resources of recognised knowledge! No hope in the daring adventures of Mind into regions unknown; vain alike the calm lore of the practised physician, and the magical arts of the fated Enchanter. I had fled from the common-place teachings of Nature, to explore in her Shadow-land marvels at variance with reason. Made brave by the grandeur of love, I had opposed without quailing the stride of the Demon, and my hope, when fruition seemed nearest, had been trodden into dust by the hoofs of the beast! And yet, all the while, I had scorned, as a dream more wild than the word of a sorcerer, the hope that the old man

and child, the wise and the ignorant, took from their souls as in-born! Man and fiend had alike failed a mind, not ignoble, not skilless, not abjectly craven; alike failed a heart not feeble and selfish, not dead to the hero's devotion, willing to shed every drop of its blood for a something more dear than an animal's life for itself! What remained—what remained for man's hope?—man's mind and man's heart thus exhausting their all with no other result but despair? What remained but the mystery of mysteries, so clear to the sunrise of childhood, the sunset of age, only dimmed by the clouds which collect round the noon of our manhood? Where yet was Hope found? In the soul; in its every-day impulse to supplicate comfort and light, from the Giver of soul, wherever the heart is afflicted, the mind is obscured.

Then the words of Ayesha rushed over me: "What mourner can be consoled, if the Dead die for ever?" Through every pulse of my frame throbbed that dread question. All Nature around seemed to murmur it. And suddenly, as by a flash from Heaven, the grand truth in Faber's grand reasoning shone on me, and lighted up all, within and without. Man alone, of all earthly creatures, asks, "Can the Dead die for ever?" and the instinct that urges the question is God's answer to man! No instinct is given in vain.

And, born with the instinct of soul is the instinct that leads the soul from the seen to the unseen, from time to eternity, from the torrent that foams towards the Ocean of Death, to the source of its stream, far aloft from the Ocean.

"Know thyself," said the Pythian of old. "That precept descended from Heaven." Know thyself! is that maxim wise? If so, know thy soul. But never yet did man come to the thorough conviction of soul, but what he acknowledged the sovereign necessity of prayer. In my awe, in my rapture, all my thoughts seemed enlarged and illumed and exalted. I prayed—all my soul seemed one prayer. All my past, with its pride and presumption and folly, grew distinct as the form of a penitent, kneeling for pardon before setting forth on the pilgrimage vowed to a shrine. And, sure now, in the deeps of a soul first revealed to myself, that the Dead do not die for ever, my human love soared beyond its brief trial of terror and sorrow. Daring not to ask from Heaven's wisdom that Lilian, for my sake, might not yet pass away from the earth, I prayed that my soul might be fitted to bear with submission whatever my Maker might ordain. And, if surviving her, without whom no beam from yon material sun could ever warm into joy a morrow in human life—so to guide my steps that they might rejoin her at last, and, in rejoining, regain for ever!

How trivial now became the weird riddles that, a little while before, had been clothed in so solemn an awe. What mattered it to the vast interests involved in the clear recognition of Soul and Hereafter,—whether or not my bodily sense, for a moment, obscured the face of the Nature, I should one day behold as a spirit? Doubtless the sights and the sounds which had haunted the last gloomy night, the calm reason of Faber would strip of their magical seemings;—the Eyes in the space and the Foot in the circle might be those of no terrible Demons, but of the Wild's savage children whom I had seen, halting, curious and mute, in the light of the morning. The tremour of the ground (if not, as heretofore, explicable by the illusory impression of my own treacherous senses) might be but the natural effect of elements struggling yet under a soil unmistakably charred by volcanoes. The luminous atoms dissolved in the caldron might as little be fraught with a vital elixir as are the splendours of naphtha or phosphor. As it was, the weird rite had no magic result. The magician was not rent limb from limb by the fiends. By causes as natural as ever extinguished life's spark in the frail lamp of clay, he had died out of sight—under the black veil.

What mattered henceforth to Faith, in its far grander questions and answers, whether Reason, in Faber, or Fancy, in me, supplied the more probable guess at a hieroglyph which, if construed aright, was but a word of small mark in the mystical language of Nature? If all the arts of enchantment recorded by Fable were attested by facts which Sages were forced to acknowledge, Sages would sooner or later find some cause for such portents—not supernatural. But what Sage, without cause supernatural, both without and within him, can guess at the wonders he views in the growth of a blade of grass, or the tints on an insect's wing? Whatever art Man can achieve in his progress through time, Man's reason, in time, can suffice to explain. But the wonders of God? These belong to the Infinite; and these, O Immortal! will but develop new wonder on wonder, though thy sight be a spirit's, and thy leisure to track and to solve, an eternity.

As I raised my face from my clasped hands, my eyes fell full upon a form standing in the open doorway. There, where on the night in which Lilian's long struggle for reason and life had begun, the Luminous Shadow had been beheld in the doubtful light of a dying moon and a yet hazy dawn; there, on the threshold, gathering round her bright locks the auriole of the glorious sun, stood Amy, the blessed child! And as I gazed, drawing nearer and nearer to the silenced house, and that Image of Peace on its threshold, I felt that Hope met me at the door—Hope in the child's steadfast eyes—Hope in the child's welcoming smile!

"I was at watch for you," whispered Amy. "All is well."

"She lives still—she lives! Thank God—thank God!"

"She lives—she will recover!" said another voice, as my head sunk on Faber's shoulder. "For some hours in the night her sleep was disturbed—convulsed. I feared, then, the worst.

Suddenly, just before the dawn, she called out aloud, still in sleep,

"'The cold and dark shadow has passed away from me, and from Allen—passed away from us both for ever!'

"And from that moment the fever left her; the breathing became soft, the pulse steady, and the colour stole gradually back to her cheek. The crisis is past. Nature's benign Disposer has permitted Nature to restore your life's gentle partner, heart to heart, mind to mind——"

"And soul to soul," I cried, in my solemn joy. "Above as below, soul to soul!" Then, at a sign from Faber, the Child took me by the hand and led me up the stairs into Lilian's room.

Again those dear arms closed round me in wife-like and holy love, and those true lips kissed away my tears;—even as now, at the distance of years from that happy morn, while I write the last words of this Strange Story, the same faithful arms close around me, the same tender lips kiss away my tears.

THE END OF A STRANGE STORY.

AN ENLIGHTENED CLERGYMAN.

At various places in Suffolk (as elsewhere) penny readings take place "for the instruction and amusement of the lower classes." There is a little town in Suffolk called Eye, where the subject of one of these readings was a tale (by Mr. Wilkie Collins) from the last Christmas Number of this Journal, entitled "Picking up Waifs at Sea." It appears that the Eye gentility was shocked by the introduction of this rude piece among the taste and musical glasses of that important town, on which the eyes of Europe are notoriously always fixed. In particular, the feelings of the vicar's family were outraged; and a Local Organ (say, the Tattle-snivel Bleater) consequently doomed the said piece to everlasting oblivion, as being of an "injurious tendency"!

When this fearful fact came to the knowledge of the unhappy writer of the doomed tale in question, he covered his face with his robe, previous to dying decently under the sharp steel of the ecclesiastical gentility of the terrible town of Eye. But the discovery that he was not alone in his gloomy glory, revived him, and he still lives.

For, at Stowmarket, in the aforesaid county of Suffolk, at another of those penny readings, it was announced that a certain juvenile sketch, culled from a volume of sketches (by Boz) and entitled The Bloomsbury Christening, would be read. Hereupon, the clergyman of that place took heart and pen, and addressed the following terrific epistle to a gentleman bearing the very appropriate name of Gudgeon:

Stowmarket Vicarage, Feb. 25, 1861.

Sir,—My attention has been directed to a piece called the Bloomsbury Christening which you propose to read this evening. Without presuming to claim any interference in the arrangement of the readings, I would suggest to you whether you have on this occasion sufficiently considered the character of the composition you have selected. I quite appreciate the laudable motive of the promoters of the readings to raise the moral tone amongst the working class of the town and to direct this taste in a familiar and pleasant manner. The Bloomsbury Christening cannot possibly do this. It trifles with a sacred ordinance, and the language and style, instead of improving the taste, has a direct tendency to lower it.

I appeal to your right feeling whether it is desirable to give publicity to that which must shock several of your audience, and create a smile amongst others, to be indulged in only by violating the conscientious scruples of their neighbours.

The ordinance which is here exposed to ridicule is one which is much misunderstood and neglected amongst many families belonging to the Church of England, and the mode in which it is treated in this chapter cannot fail to appear as giving a sanction to, or at least excusing, such neglect.

Although you are pledged to the public to give this subject, yet I cannot but believe that they would fully justify your substitution of it for another did they know the circumstances. An abridgment would only lessen the evil in a degree, as it is not only the style of the writing but the subject itself which is objectionable.

Excuse me for troubling you, but I felt that, in common with yourself, I have a grave responsibility in the matter, and I am most truly yours,

T. S. Coles.

To Mr. J. Gudgeon.

It is really necessary to explain that this is not a bad joke. It is simply a bad fact.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGOMAN.

My one-eyed Cairo dragoman, Abool Hoosayn, calls himself thirty, but, from a certain snipyness of waist and cranyness of leg, I should have set him down as forty, at least. Certain white tufts in his spare beard would also have led me to the more unfavourable supposition, had he not accounted for that peculiarity in a narration which I may here abridge, imitating as well as I can Abool's rather imperfect English.

He told me the story one evening, at Suez, coiled up in his wadded quilt, his capote over his head, his sceptre of power—a crooked jessamine chibouk-stick—in his signet hand; his Cairene merkhoob, or Turkish slippers, framed of leather dyed yellow with the juice from the rind of pomegranates, on his feet; that glorious star, Canopus, or, as the Arabs call it, "the uncle of the moon," sparkling above his red and yellow bound turban.

"All this, effendi (rubbing the stunted beard on his yellow chin), came sixteen year ago, when Arab ship went down-stairs in the Red Sea, two days journey from Aden."

"As how?" said I.

"El Arakee—Bedowee village, two days' journey from Aden."

Here I may observe that Abool Hoosayn's knowledge of English is of that peculiar kind that it never enables him to give a right answer to anything I ask him: while my knowledge of Arabic is of that kind that, although I can utter an incredible number of questions, rebukes,

sneers, chidings, jokes, proverbial sayings, valedictions, greetings, and other forms of speech, in the language of the Thousand and One Nights, I cannot always understand what the person who answers me says: more especially if the reply be couched in rhetorical language, or be much interlarded with quotations from the Koran.

Abool Hoosayn went on:

"One day, English officer come to my master and say, 'My son sick—he go to Bombay. Let this young man, Abool Hoosayn, who waiteth at thy table, go with my son to Bombay.' Several hundred rupees, I go. When I get Bombay, young officer say, 'Go—steamer, bumboat, native boat—any way, go back to Cairo!' Give me several hundred rupees—whatever way I like. I go to steamer and find it; one hundred rupee. I say, 'No, I go native boat—own country boat—cotton boat, for thirty rupee.' (Here he laughs cunningly.) 'I pay shall for myself, and shall for my wife, and go back in my country boat.' One night in Red Sea, I go sleeps, and boat strike rock, and boat break. Captain, twenty men, go down-stairs—all kill; five men get into dinghy and beat all rest who try to get overboard. Beat me too, dam rascal—bad men! I see plank, and get shore." (Here Abool Hoosayn goes through a vigorous pantomime of swimming.) "All *Gibbel* desert—three days without food—then beard grow white; three days expect Bedouins meet and kill us; third day come to Bedowee village—just as I was born was I then. Arab man not all bad men. They give me bread—give me milk. If I been rich, they kill me and cut throat; now I poor—strange man Bedowee—they put me on camel, and take me three days to Aden. Then I wait one year on English officer—earn one hundred rupee—then take own country boat, and come back Cairo. Two year after, young English officer—stout—well—come to Cairo—hear how boat break, and box go down-stairs—give me five pound. That, effendi, is how come white beard."

Abool Hoosayn is a little spare young-old man, with a lantern-jawed yellow face, big black eyebrows, a wondering querulous manner, a cat-like sneeze, and a tormenting way of saying, with both hands raised, "What you think?" He wears a curry-coloured jacket, with a hood in cold weather, an immense red and yellow Syrian sash which, unfolded, is some six yards long, full black breeches that swaddle down a foot below his knees, a red tarboosh bound with a red and rhubarb-yellow handkerchief; he has a manner at once fretful, impertinent, self-important, fussy, and fantastic. He is a great adviser of bragging guns being shot off at night-time, during desert encampment; but I see no signs of "light" in his shabby vulturine features, though I cannot fail to detect some greed, much love of tyranny, and some blustering poltroonery. With him, "directly" means that you must wait ten minutes; and "all right," all right for the dragoman's interest. His one thought is his own profit. I never saw him wash, nor does he attend to any Mussulman rules of prayer. At noonday he is cleaning knives, and at sunset he is serving soup. He smiles on me till he gets my certificate; but woe to the miserable drudge who is in the power of Abool Hoosayn, whose hand is velvet to the rich, but iron to the poor. To see him in his grandeur, see him straddle his little warped legs and abuse an Arab guide! The word "kelb" (dog) occurs every three seconds; and "son of a Jew," every two minutes. When a poor fellow dropped his saddle-bags in the great oasis, I saw him with mine own eyes draw back like a specially vicious asp, and then spit in the poor Egyptian's eyes, who, with the sufferance that is the badge of all his tribe, calmly bent forward his old shorn skull, and wiped off the insult with the blue rag that he called his sleeve.

Abool Hoosayn fervently believes in the truth of the Egyptian proverb, "The stick came down from heaven," and he has no wish that such a divine gift should be allowed to moulder away unused. I use the word stick metaphorically for anything by which a blow may be given.

I was at the Suez station, waiting for my trunk and carpet-bag to appear under the care of Abool Hoosayn, who, presently arriving, left the luggage in the care of a poor old Arab, and ran to procure me my ticket and a draught of water. In five minutes he returned, and, to his utter wrath, observed four other fellahs carrying off my trunk between them in their peaceful way to the railway carriage. The old Arab still adhering with smiling obstinacy to his former charge, Abool's blood at once boiled over; he ran, and using his mildest form of argument with fellahs, he hit the grave and reverend signior a dreadful punch on the head. I heard his head sound against the hard bag, and saw it bound from it. At once convinced of the infamy of his conduct, the old fellah bent his head, shouldered the bag, and trotted off quietly in the right direction. Abool Hoosayn smiled at the force of his arguments.

At another time, I was on a boat excursion of several weeks on the Nile. The second day, to Abool's infinite rage, our cook, Ibrahim, an old decrepit Mussulman, was taken ill. The first day, he coughed his life nearly out; the next day, fairly overcome by a cold north wind (for it *can* be cold, and can rain too, in Egypt), he laid down his favourite stewpan with a sigh, and rehearsing a small Charles-the-Fifth sort of abdication, crept down into the hold, closed the planks over him, and lay there twenty-four hours.

My friend Abool's face grew black as night when he had that day with his own august hands to clean boots and scour pans; but when it came to the preparing of soup and the intricate fabrication of sweetmeats, his temper failed him altogether, and he burst forth a flagrant, intolerable, volcanic, fire-spitting old tyrant.

I quietly asked him how Ibrahim was, and whether a cup of tea would do him good?

"*I'll* cure Ibrahim!" said the wrathful dragoman; and at it he went, tooth and nail.

He roused him out of bed, he called him "dog!" three hundred times, he spat at the invalid, he asked him how he dared to catch inflammation of the lungs just after signing a contract with a dragoman, and that dragoman Abool Hoosayn; he swore by the beard of the Prophet that Ibrahim was sheklehan (humbug) for not, at least, delaying such an illness until we reached Thebes, ten days farther on. He stormed at him, he reviled at him as a cheating lazy old woman, referred again to the dog, until even the Arab captain had to rise, gravely shake his brown robes, and request "Peace." The poor old cook feebly retaliated, but could make no head at all against the storm. He drew his ragged zaboot around him, and, with tottering step, crawled to clean some dishes: groaning out, "I am very ill; truly, O Abool! thou art barbarous, O Abool!" and other gentle recriminations. But nothing moved the iron-hearted Abool, and, wonderful to relate, the scolding seemed to act as a tonic and counter-irritant upon the cook, for he got better after it, and resumed his cooking. It was a cruel, and yet, for the time, certainly an effectual remedy.

Unhappy, indeed, the traveller who, entirely ignorant of the language of the country he travels in, wanders as a dumb man among deaf men, a child led about by a servant, compelled to witness the caprices, the insolence, the folly, the selfishness, the vulgarity, of an ignorant upstart, who, with the soul of a valet assumes a swagger which he thinks makes him pass for a gentleman, and who prejudices you against the honest, the well-meaning, and the no-flatterer, and praises those who do him court, who fee him, and who answer his ends; unhappy the traveller in the power of a man who secretly despises him as an infidel, who has no sympathy with him, who hates the work of showing him "old buildings;" who is a formalist, yet without religion; whose only interest it is to finish the journey and get his money; who is probably a coward, possibly a thief, and certainly a cheat. Lose no time, travellers, in learning the language of the country you travel in, if only to frustrate the deceptions and plots, tricks frauds and robberies, of that nuisance of all nuisances, a dragoman.

The moment the camels set down your luggage at the door of an Eastern hotel, and you have obtained the key of your cool stone-floored room — looking out, maybe, on flowering sont-trees, or a stubby palm-tree and an indigo-bush, or a great lavish-leaved castor-oil plant, or a large sycamore strung with flesh-coloured fruit—the dragoman plague begins. You have washed, and are loosening the buckles of your trunk, hoping to be able to arrange your clothes before the second dinner gong sounds. Suddenly a low knock comes at your door—such a knock as Edgar Poe's raven gave; you open it, and find it is a dragoman, who hears you are going to Jerusalem, or Damascus, or Second Cataract, or anywhere, and comes to show you his testimonials. Five other similar vultures are waiting for you on benches in the passage. Achmed Doodeh, with the First Cataract in his eye; Abdallah Bumba, with the Second; Osman Saffra, with the Third; the wretch at the door, who is fumbling for forged certificates in an embroidered bag, is that notorious rascal, Mahommed Kammoonee, a Maltese, better known as Giovanni Balducchi: a great thief who was last year tied to the mast at Assonam by his employers, three American gentlemen, and there left, some hundreds of miles from Cairo, to find his way back as he could. He has an irresistible weakness for gold watches. The fourth is Ghorab, a Christian — that is, a Copt — a greater rascal than Kammoonee, for he takes his travellers cheap, and then half starves them. The sixth is that notorious liar, the long-nosed Hoosan Aswed, a man who, in the days of the severe Mohammed Ali, could have saved his nose and ears, only by angelic interference. His father died rather publicly in a certain sandy square under the walls of the citadel.

There is a great variety in the manner of these vultures who feed on travellers. Doodeh is a shellabee, or dandy (the Arabic word means literally "an effeminate person"). His beard is a scented sable, his sash is of the daintiest colours, his tarboosh of the most blooming crimson, his under cap of the purest white. I tremble to think what it costs to keep up that style of dressing. Bumba is, on the contrary, careless, slovenly, and repeats the words "my master" before every sentence. Ghorab is very old and shaky, and is ready to take anything, being, indeed, worn out, and of no use to any traveller. Aswed is preposterous in his prices. Saffra is a sanguine man, who treats you at once as his own, and requests you to abandon dinner and come at once and look at a boat.

The testimonials, generally forged, or borrowed, or inherited, are of most unqualified kind. The bad and genuine testimonials are all at the bottom of the Nile, or blowing about the giant dust-heaps that environ Cairo. The produced testimonials are generally dated three or four years back, and run somewhat in this way:

"Mr. and Mrs. Hushman having travelled through Syria and up the Nile with Mohammed Kammoonee as their dragoman, beg to say that they found him intelligent, well informed, low in his charges, untiring, and particularly attentive to the cooking and supply of food, and cordially and unhesitatingly recommend him to all English travellers contemplating a similar tour. They beg to add, that Mohammed is a most sincere and devoted Christian. He is cleanly and obliging, and leaves nothing to be desired."

Now, from the formal and mannered tone of all these testimonials, one may be tolerably certain that they have generally been written as mere matters of course, like servants' testimonials in our own country. Who in the flush of travel

would refuse a certificate to a dragoman, unless he had attempted homicide, theft, or arson? The man pleased with a journey, or glad that it is over, is equally in a good humour and is equally in a certificate-giving humour. If Mr. H. is angry, then Mrs. H. pleads for the "poor fellow," and the mischievous certificate is given. How much better if a book were kept by the English consul—who by-the-by, charges a very heavy fee for protecting his countrymen—in which all the dragomans' names were entered, with a line of comment on each voyage, written by their employers for the guidance of future travellers. Then we might find such serviceable landmarks, as "drinks," "lies," "steals," "impertinent," "lazy," "speaks bad English," "plots with the men," "coward," "keeps no promises;" or, on the other hand, "cheerful," "active," "sensible," "speaks good French," "is fond of antiquities," "attentive," "good cook," and the like.

The fact is, the dragoman originally was nothing but a valet, who could speak English and the language of the country in which his employer was travelling; but foolish rich people, from spoiling him, overpaying him, and doing nothing for themselves, have let him grow into the great man, and the tyrant who rules you, and who himself wants servants to wait on him. He drives, he bullies, he swaggers, he looks big; he is, in fact, "a regular Turk."

No smile in the world can equal the smile of a dragoman who smiles at the mention of a low price. It is at once contemptuous, servile, and deprecating. He gently pinches your hand in a coaxing way, and lays the matter before you:

"But, my master, you no want stinky boat—rat boat—you want nice boat, quick boat—you want meals as hotel, you want go' 'tendance—you want good camel, good donkey."

"Go away! I am just going down to dinner."

"Very well, my master—any time—to-morrow morning, six o'clock—very well, my master—salamat—good night, my master!"

"Tell all the other dragomans to come to me to-morrow morning."

"Very well, my master—God bless you, my master—good night—remember my name—Mohammed Kammoonee."

"Mo-hammed Kam-moon-ee."

"All right, my master."

Forgetting the somewhat tedious etiquette of a Moslem country, I (in my own case) banged the door on Mohammed, by the same act nearly flattening the nose of the too obtrusive and watchful Achmed Doodeh, who, though much injured, shouted an unavailing assurance that he would take me to Mount Sinai for ten pounds less than would pay him, because he was a young man wishing to become a dragoman, as his father had been.

After all, I took neither Doodeh, nor Kammoonee, nor Bumba, but the lean imperious Abool Hoosayn, recommended to me by a Cairo wine-seller, who knew the keeper of a curiosity-shop, who knew an Alexandria commission agent, who knew me. I found him the ignorant, conceited, strutting, sallow little tyrant I have already mentioned.

I hear him now (I write on board a Nile boat), in a gale of wind, storming at and insulting the Arab captain for allowing one of my shirts to blow off the line on the quarter-deck. The captain says, with fierce stolidity, and some justice, "Wullah! O dragoman! *I* did not blow it over. Speak to the sailors, O dragoman! Am I the son of a dog that thou thus speakest to me? Curses on thee, and on the kaffir, thy master, and may his face be blackened in the day of doom!"

As I am supposed not to understand this, I am not in the least angry, and smoke away at my leisure at my cabin window: attending more or less to the welfare of a long line baited for the sluggish Nile fish.

We have just bumped on an earth-bank, or grated over a sand reef, and now six of our men are poling us off.

Hear their semi-religious chorus, which the reis, or captain, leads. I do not translate it word for word, but give the tenor of it. The reis calls out some attribute of Allah, to which his boatmen answer, "God is great!" The chorus runs thus:

"The Omnipotent!"
"God is great!"
"The All-merciful!"
"God is great!"
"The Bountiful!"
"God is great!"
"The Omnipresent!"
"God is great!"
"The Gracious!"
"God is great!"
"The Just!"
"God is great!"
"The Lord of Paradise!"
"God is great!"

And so on for some two hours, until the palms on the Nile-bank become mere black tufts, and the moon blazons her crescent of white fire against a golden cloud, gorgeous as a caliph's banner of conquest.

SELECT COMMITTEE ON FRENCH SONGS.

TWO SITTINGS. SITTING THE SECOND.

THERE is a very curious account of a custom and a song handed down from 1586 in the town of Castellane, in the Basses Alpes. Castellane in that year was besieged by the Protestants, and repulsed the aggressors, much assisted by the exploit of a woman, who is traditionally named Brave Judith. She placed herself above one of the gates of the town at the time of the siege, and threw down a tub, plastered over with burning pitch, on the assailants, who were trying to break through the gate by means of a petard. The leader of the men was crushed under this tub. The song to commemorate this event is called La Chanson du Pétard. Until 1825 the anniversary of this deed of "derring-do" was kept up by various ceremonies in

the city of Castellane. A procession walked all round the town, the town council, the singers whom they appointed, following the procession at a distance, and chanting loudly the verses of the Song of the Petard. Every councillor had at his button-hole a kind of nosegay made of dry wood with grains of maize tied to it. This maize had been swelled over hot ashes, and made an explosive sound when heated, which served to remind the inhabitants of Castellane of the explosion of the petard averted by the device of the Brave Judith.

The famous song of Malbrook is supposed by the commission to be of a much earlier date than the battle of Blenheim, and to have been adapted to the Duke of Marlborough at that epoch. They base this opinion on internal evidence, as much in it bears reference to feudal and chivalrous times. The original mediæval words (to the same air) had previously been arranged, so as to bear reference to the Duc de Guise, who took part in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It is also sung to this day by the Breton peasants, who have little idea how many traces of former thought and customs their rude ditty embalms.

Qui veut ouïr chanson? (*bis*)
C'est du grand Duc de Guise,
Doub, dan, doub, dans, don, don,
Don, don, don,
Qui est mort et enterré;
Qui est mort et enterré. (*bis*)
Aux quatr' coins de sa tombe,
Doub, &c.
Quatr' gentilshom' y avoit, (*ter*)
Dont l'un portoit le casque
L'autre les pistolets, (*bis*)
Et l'autre son épée,
Qui tant d'Hugu'nots a tués. (*bis*)
Venoit le quatrième,
C'étoit le plus dolent,
Après venoient les pages
Et les valets de pied.
Qui portaient de grands crèpes,
Et des souliers cirés;
Et de biaux bas d'estame,
Et des culott's de piau:
Après venoit la femme,
Et touts les biaux enfants.
La cérémonie faite
Chacun s'allit coucher,
Les uns avec leurs femmes,
Et les autres touts seuls.

[Who will hear a song about the great Duke of Guise, who is dead and buried? At the four corners of his tomb stood four gentlemen: one bore his helmet, another his pistols, another the sword which has slain so many Huguenots; the fourth came, he was the most doleful of all. After him came the pages and the footmen, wearing much crape, and waxed shoes, and fine worsted stockings, and leather breeches. After them came the wife and all the pretty children. When the ceremony was ended they all went home to bed, some with their wives, and the others all alone.]

The last couplet is the same as the last in Malbrook.

One can hardly help feeling as if historical secrets were impressed more deeply upon the popular mind of France than upon a similar class of intelligence in England. At any rate, few traditions existing now amongst us extend further back than to wars of the Commonwealth. In Yorkshire, where Cromwell protected the manufacture of woollen cloths, good times are still occasionally spoken of as "Oliver's days;" but in many other places he is spoken of as a kind of ogre. It is not long since a friend of mine was looking over an old house which had once for a short time been inhabited by Cromwell, and he was shown a great old-fashioned brick oven, into which (his companion told him) Oliver used to throw his cooks to be burnt, whenever they sent him up a dinner that displeased him. I myself went over an old house in the north of England not long ago, and tried in vain to convince the housekeeper that the portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth was not that of "Oliver's miss." She listened with civil, unbelieving silence, till I ventured to say that Louise de Quérouaille was better acquainted with King Charles the Second than with the stern Cromwell. "Nay," quoth the woman, indignantly—(the picture of Charles the Second hung in the same room as that of the Duchess of Portsmouth)—"he were the real king, it were Oliver as did all the mischief." But the French have ballads still extant on historical and national events (not merely local, like our Chevy Chase), as far back as the captivity of Francis the First; and the tragical end of the Duc de Biron (in our Queen Elizabeth's days) is variously looked upon in different French ballads, some taking Biron's part against Henry the Fourth and the court; another, still current in the department of the Vosges—where Biron governed for a time as deputy of the king—mocks his sorrowful death. But in Brittany he is treated more tenderly:

LE MARÉCHAL BIRON.

Le roi fut averti par un de ses gendarmes,
"Donnez-vous bien de garde du Maréchal Biron,
Il vous f'rait des affaires qui vous coûteraient bon.

— Quelle entreprise a-t-il? dis-le moi, capitaine.
— Faire mourir la reine et monsieur le dauphin,
Et de votre couronne il veut avoir le fin."

Dessus ce propos-là, voilà Biron qui entre,
Le chapeau à la main au roi fait révérence:
"Bon jour, aimable prince; vous plaîrait-il jouer
Double million d'Espagne que vous m'allez gagner?"

Le roi il lui répond, rougissant de colère:
"Va-t-en trouver la reine, au' elle tu joueras—
Des plaisirs de ce monde longtemps tu ne jouiras."

Biron n'a pas manqué, s'en va trouver la reine:
"Bonjour, aimable reine, vous plaîrait-il jouer
Double million d'Espagne que vous m'allez gagner?"

La reine lui répond, rougissant de colère,
"Je ne joue point au' princes à tant qu'ils sont armés;
Mettez à bas vos armes, avec vous je jouerai."

Biron n'a pas manqué, il a mis bas ses armes;
Son épée si brillante, et son poignard joli,
Les a mis par bravade droit au chevet du lit.

N'ont pas trois coups joué, les sergents ils arrivent:
"Bonjour, aimable prince; sans vouloir vous fâcher,
Ce soir à la Bastille il vous faudra coucher."

Il y fut bien six mois, six mois et davantage,
Messieurs de la justice faisant les ignorants,
Qui demandaient, "Beau prince, qui vous a mis céans?

— Celui qui m'y a mis en aura repentance,
Car c'est le roi de France que j'ai si bien servi,
Qui pour ma récompense la mort me fait souffrir.

Je vois mon cheval blanc errer à l'aventure,
A un autre que moi servira de monture.
Adieu, tontes mes troupes, mal menées ell' seront,
On regrett'ra en France le Maréchal Biron."

[The King was cautioned by one of his men-at-arms. "Take good heed of the Maréchal Biron; he will play you a trick which will cost you dear." "What work has he on hand? tell me, my captain?" "To cause the death of the Queen, and Monsieur the Dauphin, and to make an end of your crown." Right in the middle of this talk, here is Biron, entering in; with his hat in his hand he makes reverence to the king: "Good day, my lord the King! Will it please you to play? You shall gain a thousand Spanish doubloons from me this day."

The king to him replied, crimsoning with anger, "Go find the Queen, with her I bid thee play (of earthly games and pleasures thou hast well-nigh ta'en thy fill)." Biron failed not to go and seek the Queen: "Good day, my gracious Queen, will it please you to play? You shall gain a thousand Spanish doubloons from me this day." The Queen to him replied, with anger crimsoning o'er, "I never play with princes as long as they are armed: put down your arms, and I will play with you." Biron failed not to obey; his weapons laid aside; and his glittering shining sword, his pretty dagger; and in bravado stuck them in the bolster of the bed. Not three throws have they thrown when the sergeants entered in: "Good day, my gracious Prince, we do not wish to vex you, but this night you must sleep at the Bastille." He was there six months, six tedious months and more; my lords, the judges, pretending ignorance, asked of him, "My fine Prince, who placed you here?" "He who placed me here will bitterly repent it, for 'tis the King of France, whom I so well have served; but who, for my reward, will make me suffer death. I see my white charger roaming wild; he will serve to mount to another man than I. Farewell my gallant troops, ill-guided will they be, and sorrow will be in France for the loss of the Maréchal Biron."]

But popular songs are not merely historical when they recapitulate or refer to the facts of history; they deserve the name when they reproduce the manners of an age. The time of Henry the Fourth, so picturesque in the distance, was troubled in the extreme by the many causes of differences of opinion existing between the provincial gentry, who hardly met on any public occasion without forming themselves into parties and fighting—much in the same way as the lower class of Irish do now, when they break out into "faction-fights;" and a good deal for the same reasons—the remembrance of old injuries, difference of religious opinions, and an exaggerated spirit of clannishness, which made it a duty to take up arms in the quarrel of any relation, be he right or wrong. It is curious to observe how revisions of the code of morals begin among the more enlarged and educated, and percolate downwards; probably the Irish of the west have now very nearly the same standard of right and wrong, as the French gentlemen who fought under the white plume of Henry of Navarre. There are parts at the end of the following ballad, written about the time of which I speak, which remind one of similar touches of nature in the old Scottish ballads:

Ce fut à la male heure
Un jour de vendredi
Que Monsieur de Bois-Gille,
La, la, sol, fa,
Prit congé de Paris,
La, sol, fa mi.
Que Monsieur de Bois-Gille
Prit congé de Paris,
Pour convoyer deux dames, (*bis*)
La, etc.
Jusque dans leur logis. (*bis*)
La, sol, etc.
La conduite finie, (*bis*)
La, etc.
Étant pour repartí', (*bis*)
La, sol, etc.
"Restez, restez, Bois-Gille,
Restez, Bois-Gille, ici, etc.
— Non ma dame m'espère
A coucher cette nuit."
Quand il fut dans la plaine
Voit grande compagnie.
Il appela son page:
"Petit-Jean, mon ami,
Dis-moi, dis-moi, mon page,
Qui sont tous ces gens-ci?
— C'est Monsieur de Vendôme,
Votre grand ennemi;
Piquez, piquez, mon maître,
Et tirez à couri'."
— Courir! un De Bois-Gille!
Page, tu perds l'esprit!"
Auprès de la grand' borne
La rencontre se fit,
Comme entre gentilshommes
Le bon jour se domit:
"Bon jour, bon jour, Bois-Gille!
— A toi, Vendôme, aussi!
— Te souviens-tu, Bois-Gille,
L'affront que tu me fis?
Devant la jeune reyne
Trois fois me démentis,
Devant la reyne mère
Un soufflet me donnis?"
Achevant ces paroles,
Le combat s'engagit.
Bois-Gille en tua trente,
Mais son épé' faillit.
Il appela son page:
"Petit Jean, mon ami!
Va-t-en dire à ma femme
Qu'ell' n'a plus de mari.
Va dire à la nourrice
Qu'elle ait soin du petit,
Et qu'il tire vengeance
Un jour de ces gens-ci."
Achevant ces paroles,
Bois-Gill' rendit l'esprit.

[It was an evil hour on an accursed day that Monsieur de Bois-Gille took his leave of Paris to convey two ladies unto their home. When he had taken them home, and was on the point of leaving, "Stay, stay, O Bois-Gille—stay here!" "No, my lady looks for me at sunset this night." Riding across the plain there was a great company to be seen. He called to his page: "Johnnie, my boy,

tell me, tell me, my page, whose colours do these people bear?" "It is the Duc de Vendôme, your great enemy. Spur, spur, my master, and draw bridle for flight." "Fly! a Bois-Gille! Page! thou art losing thy wits." They met near the great landmark, and gave each other good-day, like gentlemen. "Good-day, good-day, Bois-Gille." "And good-day to thee, Vendôme!" "Dost thou remember, Bois-Gille, the affront thou didst offer me? Before the young queen three times thou gavedst me the lie? Before the queen-mother thou didst strike me a blow?" When these words were ended, the combat began. Bois-Gille slew thirty, but his good sword gave way. He called to his page: "O Johnnie, my boy, go quick, tell my wife that she is a widow. Go quick, tell the nurse to cherish my boy, that one day he avenge me on these people here." And when he had spoken, Bois-Gille was no more.]

The following is a Breton ballad:

En chevauchant mes chevaux rouges,
Laire, laire, laire, loure ma lan laire.
En chevauchant mes chevaux rouges,
J'entends le rossignol chanter. (*bis*)
Qui me disait dans son langage,
Laire, &c.,
"Tu ris quand tu devras pleurer
De la mort de ta pauvr' Jeanne,
Qu'on est à c't' heure à enterrer.
—T'en as menti, maudite langue;
Car j'étas hier au sa' au' lé,
Où c' qu'al' filait sa quenouillette
Su' l' billot dans le coin du fouyer."
Là, quand je fus dedans les landes,
J'sentis les cloches hober;
Et quand je fus dans le cemm'tarre,
J'entendis les prêtres hucher;
Et quand je fus dedans l'église,
Je vis un corps qui repensait.
Je daubis du pied dans la chasse:
"Reviell' ous, Jeanne, s' ous dormez?
—Non, je ne dors ni ne soumeille
Je sis dans l'enfer à brûler.
Auprès de moi reste une place,
C'est pour vous, Piar', qu'on l'a gardée.
—Ha! dites-moi plutôt, ma Jeanne,
Comment fair' pour n'y point aller.
—Il faut aller à la grand-messe,
Et aux vêpres sans y manquer;
Faut point aller aux fileries
Comm' vous aviez d'accoutumé."

[Harnessing my chesnut horses, thus I heard the nightingale sing. Her song was words to me, and thus I heard: "Thou smilest when thou shouldst be weeping, for the death of thy poor Jeanie; at this moment they are burying her." "Thou liest, accursed tongue! I was with her but last night; she was spinning with her distaff, on the settle in the chimney-corner. There when I was on the heath, I heard the church-bells toll; and when I came to the graveyard I heard the priests' loud tones; and when I went into the church I saw a corpse laid there. I hurt my foot in hunting. Wak'st thou or sleep'st thou, Jeanie?" "I neither slumber nor sleep, I am burning in hell-fire. By me there is a place, a place kept well for thee." "Ha! Jeanie, tell me rather how must I save me from it? To high mass must thou go, nor vespers must thou shirk, nor must thou go, as is thy wont, to the ungodly spinnings."]

Villemarqué says that the gatherings called Fileries, or Spinnings, where the women meet to spin, the men to make love, or gossip, with now and then the professional story-teller or ballad-singer coming in with their amusements for an interlude, are very common to this day in Brittany, and are not favoured by the priests, as they are supposed to lead to immorality. It is curious to trace similar customs in countries widely apart. The peasants of the Black Forest meet in a somewhat similar way of winter evenings, the women to spin, the men to sing songs or tell tales; and an especial class of literature has been provided for them in late years to take the place of tales and songs that were deemed objectionable by the clergy of the province. And in the volume of Miscellanies published by Southey's executors after his death, and purporting to be the collection which he had made for his continuation of The Doctor, there is a pathetic little narrative called "Th' terrible Knitters o' Dent," from which we may gather that the inhabitants of the Yorkshire dales met in the same manner not many years ago; only their purpose was knitting, not spinning.

The following is a ballad of Auvergne, and allows a tragical sentiment to appear through the small trivial details:

DE DION ET DE LA FILLE DU ROI.

Le roi est là-haut sur ses ponts
Qui tient sa fille en son giron.
. . . .
C'est en lui parlant de Dion:

"Ma fille, n'aimez-pas Dion,
Car c'est un chevalier félon,
C'est le plus pauvre chevalier
Qui n'a pas cheval pour monter.

— J'aime Dion, je l'aimerai;
Plus que la mèr' qui m' a portée,
Plus que vous, père, qui parlez,
J'aime Dion, je l'aimerai."

Le roi appelle ses geoliers:
"Vite! ma fille emprisonnez
Dans la plus haute de mes tours;
Qu'ell' n'y voye ni soleil ni jour."

Elle y fut bien sept ans passés
Sans qu' son pèr' vint la visiter;
Et quand il y eut sept ans passés,
Son père fut la visiter.

"Eh bien! ma fill', comment qu' ça va?
— Hélas! mon per' ça va for mal.
J'ai un côté dedans les fers,
Et l'autr' qu'est rongé des vers.

— Ma fille, n'aimez pas Dion,
Car c'est un chevalier félon;
C'est le plus pauvre chevalier,
Qui n'a pas cheval pour monter.

— J'aime Dion, je l'aimerai;
Plus que la mèr' qui m'a portée,
Plus que vous, père, qui parlez,
J'aime Dion, je l'aimerai."

Le roi rappelle ses geoliers:
"Vite! ma fille emprisonnez
Dans la plus haute de mes tours,
Qu'elle n'y voye ni soleil ni jour!"

Le beau Dion passa par-là,
Un mot de lettre lui jeta,
Où il y a dessus écrit:
"Faites-vous morte enseveli'!"

La belle n'y a pas manqué,
S'est fait morte en terre porter.
Les prêt's vont devant en chantant,
Son père derrière en pleurant.

"Le beau Dion passa par-là,
— Arrêtez, prêt's! arrêtez-là!
Encore une fois je verrai
M'amie que j'ai tant aimée.

Il tira ses ciseaux d'or fin
Et décousit le drap de lin.
La belle un soupir à poussé,
Un doux rire lui a jeté.

—Mariez, prêt's, mariez-les!
Car jamais ne se quitteraient.
Et quand ils furent mariés
Tous les deux ils s'en sont allés.

Ils y fur'nt bien cinq ou six lieues,
Sans s'être dit un mot ou deux,
Sinon qu' la belle lui a dit:
"Mon Dieu, Dion, que j'ai grand' faim!

Mon Dieu, Dion, que j'ai grand' faim!
J'y mangerais volontiers mon poing!
—Mangez-y, belle, votre poing,
Car plus ne mangerez de pain!"

Ils y fur'nt bien six ou sept lieues,
Sans s'être dit un mot ou deux,
Sinon qu' la belle lui a dit:
"Mon Dieu, Dion, que j'ai grand' soif!

Mon Dieu, Dion, que j'ai grand'soif!
J'y boirais volontiers mon sang!
—Buvez-y, belle, votre sang,
Car plus ne boirez de vin blanc.

Il y a là-bas un vivier
Où quinze dam's se sont baignées,
Où quinze dam's se sont noyées,
Et vous la seizième ferez."

Et quand ils furent au vivier,
Lui dit de se déshabiller.
" C' n'est pas l'honneur des chevaliers
D' voir les dam's s'déshabiller.

Mettez votre épée sous vos pieds,
Votre manteau devant vot' nez,
Et tournez-vous vers le vivier,
Alors je me déshabillerai."

Il mit son épée sous ses pieds,
Et son manteau devant son nez,
Et s'est tourné vers le vivier;
La bell' par derrièr' l'a poussé.

" Tenez, ma belle, voici les clefs
De mes châteaux, de mes contrées.
—Je n'ai que faire de vos clefs,
J'y trouverai des serruriers.

—La bell', que diront vos amis
D'avoir noyé votre mari?
—Je dirai à tous mes amis,
C' qu'il a voulu m' fair' je lui fis."

[The king is there upon his bridge, his daughter on his knee. Of Dion they are speaking. "Do not love Dion, daughter mine! He is a felon knight; a beggar knight is he who hath not horse to ride." "I love Dion, and I will love—he's more to me than the mother who bore me, or, father, than thou who speakest. I love Dion, and I will love!" The king calls his jailers. "Quick! shut up my daughter in the highest of my towers, where she can see neither sun nor day." Full seven years passed away, and her father came not near her. When seven years had come and gone her father came to see her. "Well, daughter, how farest thou?" "But evil do I fare; one side is pierced with iron, the worms have gnawn the other." "Do not love Dion, daughter mine! He is a felon knight, a beggar knight is he, who hath not horse to ride." "I love Dion, and I will love; he's more to me than the mother who bore me, or the father who speaks to me. I love Dion, and I will love." The king recals his jailers. "Quick! shut up my daughter in the highest of my towers, where she can see neither sun nor day." Handsome Dion passed thereby; a letter short he threw her, wherein these words were writ: "Cause yourself to be dead and buried." The beauty failed not to obey; she caused herself to die and be borne to earth; the priests went before, singing; her father followed after, weeping. Handsome Dion passed thereby. "Stay, priests, I bid thee stay; and then once again I can see my love, whom I have held so dear." He took his golden scissors, and cut the shroud open; the beauty softly sighed, and then she smiled on him. "Marry them, priests, marry them, for never shall they part!" And when they were married, they took their distant way. When five leagues were travelled o'er, and ne'er a word been spoken, the beauty said to him: "Good lack, Dion, I hunger sore. Good lack, Dion, I hunger sore, I could eat this little hand." "Eat, my beauty, eat thine hand, for bread thou wilt never eat more." And when six leagues were travelled o'er, and ne'er a word been spoken, the beauty said to him: "Good lack, Dion, I suffer drought! Good lack, Dion, I suffer drought, I could drink my own red blood!" "Drink, my beauty, drink thy blood, for white wine thou shalt drink no more. Down by there there is a fish-pond; fifteen ladies there have bathed; fifteen ladies there are drowned. Thou, my love, shalt make the sixteenth." When they came unto the fish-pond, he commanded her to undress. "No true knight did ever stand by to behold a maid undressing. Put your sword beneath your feet, and your cloak before your eyes, and turn your face unto the fish-pond, then, Dion, I will undress." He put his sword beneath his feet, his cloak before his eyes, and turned his face unto the fish-pond. Quickly from behind she pushed him. "Here, my darling, are the keys of all my castles, all my lands." "What care I for all your keys, locksmiths I can find in plenty?" "What, my beauty, will your friends say when your husband you have drowned?" "I shall say to all my friends, that what he would have done to me I did to him."]

When the Prince of Wales was in Canada, he was everywhere greeted by the national air La claire Fontaine, an air carried over by the French emigrants who first colonised Canada. On this account I will give the words sung to the tune; both are still popular in France:

En revenant des noces, dondaine,
Bien las, bien fatigué, dondé,
Bien las, bien fatigué, (*bis*)
Près de la claire fontaine, dondaine, &c.
Je me suis reposé (&c., with repetition).
A la claire fontaine
Les mains me suis lavé,
A la feuille d'un chêne
Me les suis essuyé,
A la plus haute branche
Le rossignol, chantait;
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Puisqu' tu as le cœur gai.
Le mien n'est pas de même,
Car il est affligé;

C'est mon ami Pierre
Qu' avec moi s'est brouillé;
C'est pour une rose
Que je lui refusai.
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et qu' mon ami Pierre
Fût encore à m'aimer.

[Coming home from the wedding, weary and tired, I rested myself by the clear water-spring. In the clear water-spring my hands I washed; on an oak-leaf I dried them; on the highest branch a nightingale sang. Sing, nightingale, sing! Thy heart is merry, mine is not so; alas! mine is heavy thinking of my sweetheart Pierre, who has quarrelled with me. It was about a rose I would not give him. I wish that the rose grew again on the rose-tree, and that my sweetheart Pierre would love me once more.]

There are also popular songs which are sung at country weddings, all over France; but more especially in Brittany, of which mention is made in Madame de Sévigné's letters. There are certain traditional ways of singing this bridal song with action almost amounting to pantomime. The following song was sung at a wedding among the vintagers, the bride sitting on a seat apart, and a young girl advancing before the other guests, and addressing her in these couplets:

Rossignolet des bois, rossignolet sauvage,
Rossignolet d'amour, qui chante nuit et jour.
Il dit dans son jargon, dans son joli langage,
"Filles, mariez-vous, le mariage est doux.
Nous sommes v'nus ce soir du fond de nos bocages
Vous faire compliment de votre mariage,
A monsieur votre époux aussi bien comme à vous.
Vous voilà donc, madame la mariée,
Avec un lien d'or qui ne délie qu'à la mort.
Avez-vous bien compris c' qu'a dit le prêtre?
A dit la vérité ce qu'il vous fallait être:
Fidèle à votre époux et l'aimer comme vous.
Quand on dit son époux, souvent on dit son maître;
Ils ne sont pas toujours doux comme ils ont promis d'être,
Car doux ils ont promis d'être toute leur vie.
Vous n'irez plus au bal, madame la mariée,
Vous n'irez plus au bal, à nos jeux d'assemblée,
Vous gard'rez la maison tandis que nous irons.
Quand vous aurez chez vous des bœufs, aussi des vaches,
Des brebis, des moutons, du lait et du fromage,
Il faut soir et matin veiller à tout ce train;
Quand vous aurez chez vous des enfans à conduire,
Il faut bien leur montrer, et bien souvent leur dire,
Car vous seriez tous deux coupables devant Dieu
Si vous avez chez vous des gens à conduire.
Vous veillerez surtout qu'ils aillent à confesse,
Car un jour devant Dieu vous répondrez pour eux.
Recevez ce gâteau que ma main vous présente,
Il est fait de façon à vous faire comprendre
Qu'il faut, pour se nourrir, travailler et souffrir.
Recevez ce bouquet que ma main vous présente,
Il est fait de façon à vous faire comprendre
Que tous les vains honneurs passent comme les fleurs."

[Nightingale of the woods, wild nightingale, nightingale, thou bird of love, that singest night and day! He says in his warbling, in his pretty jargon: "Maidens, get married, for marriage is sweet. We have come this evening all across the thickets to pay you compliments on your marriage, and to your husband as well as to you. You are now bound, my lady the bride, with a golden bond which nothing but death can undo. Have you fully understood what the priest said to you? He told the truth, that you must be faithful to your husband, and love him like yourself. When we say your husband, we often say your master. For they are not always what they have promised to be; for they promise to be gentle all their lives. You will no longer go to balls, my lady the bride; you will no longer go to balls nor to merry-makings; you will keep the house while we go. When you have oxen and cows, sheep and ewes, milk and cheese, every morning, every evening, you must look after all these things. When you have children in the house you must set a good example, and often chide them well; for you will both be guilty before God if you neglect them. If you have at home serving-men and maids you must take good care that they go to confession, for one day you will have to answer for their souls before God. Take this cake which is offered by my hand. It is made in such a fashion that from it you may learn that in order to eat you must toil and suffer. Take this nosegay which is offered by my hand. It is made in such a fashion that from it you may learn that vain earthly honours pass away like flowers."]

It would almost seem fitter if this poetical address on the duties and sacrifices of married life were made to the bride before she had assumed her golden bond, which can only be undone by death; and it certainly gives a new signification to the wedding-cake and bridal bouquet. One would like to know of what articles the French peasant's cake is composed, or how it is made, thus to be interpreted into so grave a lesson.

In the south of France, and also in Corsica, extempore songs in honour of the dead are composed and addressed to the corpse by the nearest relation. This custom is always prevalent among the Irish under the name of Keene; in Scotland, where it is termed a Coronach; and in Greece, where they are called Myriologues. The following is a Corsican vocero, addressed by a mother to her dead daughter:

Or voici ma fille,
Jeune fille de seize ans,
La voici sur la tala,
Après tant de souffrance,
La voici vêtue,
De ses plus beaux habits;
Avec ses plus beaux habits,
Elle veut partir à présent,
Parce que le Seigneur
Ne veut plus la laisser ici.
. . .
Oh! combien à present le paradis,
Sera plus beau!
Mais aussi, pour moi, comme
Le monde sera plein de tourments.
Un jour sera mille ans
En pensant à toi,
Demandant toujours à tous,
"Où est ma fille?
O mort! pourquoi arracher
Ma fille de mon sein,
Et pourquoi me laisser
Ici-bas pour pleurer toute seule?
Que veux-tu que je fasse ici

Si elle n'est plus là pour me consoler?
Au milieu de voisins sans amour,
Si je tombe malade au lit,
Qui est-ce qui essuiera ma sueur?
Qui est-ce qui me donnera une goutte d'eau?
Qui est-ce qui ne me laissera pas mourir?
.

[Here is my daughter, a girl of sixteen, lying on the tala (mortuary-table) after so much suffering. She is lying here, dressed in her best clothes. In her best clothes she is leaving us now, because the Lord will no longer leave her here. . . . Oh, how much more lovely will heaven itself be now! But for me, alas! earth will be full of agony. One day will be like a thousand years thinking on thee! asking always of each one, Where is my daughter? Oh, death, wherefore didst thou tear my child from my breast; wherefore leave me alone here below to weep? What wilt thou that I should do on earth when she is no longer here to comfort me? In the midst of relations without affection, neighbours without love, if I fall ill in bed, who will wipe the sweat from my brow? Who will give me a drop of water? Who will take care lest I die?]

One of the most curious things of all discovered by the researches of those interested in the proposed commission is, that they have traced some of the burdens or choruses in use at this day at the south of France up to the ancient Greeks, brought to France, doubtless, by the Phœnician colony that settled there; and one of these refrains has been discovered to be identical in meaning with a couplet in hieroglyphics addressed by an Egyptian labourer to his oxen three thousand years ago, and interpreted by Champollion:

Battez pour vous (*bis*)
O bœufs!
Battez pour vous,
Des boisseaux pour vos maîtres. (*bis.*)

[Thrash for yourselves, O oxen! Thrash for yourselves; and bushels for your masters.]

And the hieroglyphic which is interpreted by the monosyllable "bis," shows that repetitions of a line were familiar to the Egyptians. The huntsmen, the fishermen, and the shepherds, have also their especial ditties, which almost invariably turn upon one subject. A knight meets a shepherdess, and offers her his love; frequently she rejects, sometimes she yields, to the temptation. There is one song of a much more modern date in which a rustic beauty rejects the offers of a wealthy burgess, saying she prefers her sweetheart, Nicholas. The subject, as well as the style of this last, shows that it has been composed since the land was sufficiently peaceful to allow the inhabitants of towns to do sometimes more than pass as rapidly as possible from place to place.

All sorts of burlesque or drinking songs, provided they do not outrage decency, are to be collected; and under this head are included the songs they chant in dancing the dances of their province, whatever that may be—bourée in the south of France, for instance; rondes in the north. In the chants with which these latter are accompanied, there are many traces of the heroic poetry of the middle ages; for instance, the refrain of one of the rondes preserve the memory of Ogier the Dane, the enemy, and afterwards the prisoner, of Charlemagne, as told in the romances of that date. While Ogier was in captivity, Charlemagne decreed that any one who pronounced his name should be put to a cruel death. But three hundred faithful squires braved death; and came around the palace of Charlemagne, crying aloud as if with one voice, Ogier! Ogier! Ogier! and Charlemagne unwilling to lose the flower of his future knights, had to yield and pardon Ogier the Dane. This tradition is evidently the basis of the Breton chorus of the nineteenth century:

Qui est dans ce château? Ogier! Ogier! Ogier!	Who is in this castle? Ogier! Ogier! Ogier!
Qui est dans ce château? Beau chevalier.	Who is in this castle? A gallant knight.

Even the games of children reveal traces of a time when a different state of manners existed to the present. When boys and girls at play call out

La tour, prends garde De te laisser abattre—	[Tower, take care, lest thou art taken—]

it is a relic of feudal times. When they sing

Nous n'irons plus au bois, Les lauriers sont coupés—	[We shall no longer go to the wood, the laurels are cut down—]

we perceive that the words have been composed in some warmer climate than that of Paris, as no laurels grow wild in the woods so far north.

Two specimens of nursing songs or lullabies will close this paper. The first is extremely popular:

Le roi a un' nourrice
Belle comme le jour,
Le roi a un' nourrice,
Grand dieu d'amour,
Belle comme le jour.
Elle s'est endormie,
Le dauphin dans ses bras,
Elle s'est endormie,
Grand Dieu! hélas!
Le dauphin dans ses bras.
Quand ell' s'est réveillée,
L'a trouvé etouffé.
Ell' le prend, l'emmaillotte,
Ell' dit qu'ell' va laver.
Le roi est à la f'nêtre,
Le roi l'a vue passer.
"Où allez-vous, nourrice?
Le dauphin pleurera—
—N'ayez pas peur qu'il pleurera,
J' l'ai bien emmaillotté."
Ell' va fair' dire un' messe
A notr' Dame-de-Pitié.
Au premier évangile
L'enfant a soupiré,
Au dernier évangile
L'enfant s'est relevé

[The King has a nurse as fair as day (*bis*). She fell asleep, the dauphin in her arms. When she awakened, she found him smothered. She took him and swaddled him, and said she was going to wash. The King is at the window. The King saw her go past. Where are you going, nurse? the dauphin will cry. Do not fear he will cry, I have swaddled him well. She causes a mass to be said at Our

Lady of Pity. At the first gospel, the baby sighed. At the second gospel, the baby rose up.]

The last is a verse out of a Corsican lullaby; there is a soft, monotonous burden to the cradle song:

Quand enfin vous naquîtes
On vous fit baptiser:
La lune fut la marraine
Et le soleil le parrain.
Les étoiles qui étaient dans le ciel
Avaient des colliers d'or.

[When at length you were born, they had you baptised. The moon stood godmother, the sun was godfather, and all the stars in heaven had golden necklaces.]

TAPE AT THE HORSE GUARDS.

No country pays more liberally than England for the clothing of its soldiers, but although the English infantry soldier of to-day is, as to clothing, twice the man he was only ten years ago, still ours is, in that respect, nearly the least effective army left in Europe. This may seem the more extraordinary when we observe that, with very few exceptions, our volunteer corps have adopted uniforms perfectly suitable for campaigning work; so that the spirit of persistence in old blunders is certainly not national, but is of the Horse Guards, local, and only of the old school military.

We have but to visit Paris and see at what distance Napoleon the Third has left us behind, by the improvements he has lately made in the dress of his infantry. In Italy, the same alterations for the better are visible in the equipment of the troops of every arm, whilst even in Prussia and Austria, wherever it is found that any change in clothing increases either the comfort or the efficiency of the soldier, such change is immediately adopted. In England alone, the military authorities as a body—in spite even of better enlightenment in their highest chiefs—resist a full reform of soldiers' dress.

It was my lot to serve—in an English regiment—some sixteen years in India, and although I went through four campaigns and was many times in action, I saw more men injured and killed by bad and unsuitable clothing, than by the bullets of the enemy. No weapon of Affghan, Sikh, Burmese, or Pandy, has caused the death of half so many men as that most detestable instrument of destruction, the leather stock has; nor, have the worst climates of the East caused half the amount of fever that has been engendered by the wretched garments called great-coats, which were until very lately issued to the army, and which, being of about as much use as cloaks of brown paper, afforded no protection whatever against the deadly night dews of tropical countries. Let any man, even in the best of health and the prime of life, try one day's shooting, fishing, hunting, or walking over plain ground, clad in a stiff shako with a glazed top; a stock—no matter how soft the material—round his neck; a tight fitting tunic such as our troops now wear; sixty rounds of ammunition slung over his shoulder and always weighing, hanging, dangling, on the same spot of his body, and he will have some idea of the difficulties with which an English soldier has to contend, even during a common field-day, to say nothing of what he has to go through during a campaign. Would any man in his senses assume such a dress when about to undergo physical exertion? I don't speak of the colour or cut of the garments, but of their ill-fitting, free-motion-hindering qualities, even for the every-day business of life. Why, then, should our troops be obliged to do their work in such senseless and preposterous uniforms? I am very far from advocating that military clothing should be fashioned like the garments of civil life, but I maintain that while it is quite "soldierlike," it may be at the same time easy to wear, and that the more it is made with a view to giving the wearer free use of his limbs, the more it will have of that "workmanlike" character which every true soldier rejoices to behold. The French have proved the truth of this. The dress of their troops is easy and comfortable: consequently their officers and men look at all times as if they were ready to take the field at a moment's notice. In the English army our uniforms are so ungainly, stiff, and uncomfortable, that our troops always give one the idea of having only been got up for a parade. With our neighbours the uniform is made for the men; with us the men are delivered over to the uniforms. A French officer finds his dress so comfortable that he always wears it; in the English army an officer discards it on every possible occasion. Before our troops had been a month in the Crimea, it became almost impossible to know by his dress to what corps—often to what branch of the service—an officer belonged, so numerous were the make-shifts substituted for parts of the regular uniform. The reason for this was, that nearly every article of regulation dress was found to be so utterly unsuited to active service, that whatever an officer could discard, he at once discarded, adopting as a substitute the first thing that might come to hand.

To begin with the head-dresses of our army. Is there one of them, from the showy helmet of the Life Guards to the hideous shako of the line, which is in any way suited for campaigning, or for active service? They are one and all too high, too cumbersome, and far too easy to be spoilt when knocked about in camp. Surely our military hat-makers might invent some modification of the cloth forage cap with peak, which would serve all the required purposes of dress and undress—something between the infantry officer's cap as now worn, and the French well-known "kepi." Elderly generals and colonels might object to the change as not being "dressy" enough, but the first real requisites for soldiers' dress are that it shall be useful and workmanlike. With these qualifications, and perfect uniformity, a corps cannot help looking soldierlike. A military cap should have two

covers, one of oilskin with curtain behind, for wet weather; the other—like that worn in India — of white linen or cotton, for hot climates.

Next in importance to a serviceable head-dress, is, that the soldier should be allowed to wear his beard. Since the Crimean war, we have advanced a step in the way of common sense, by authorising the moustache throughout the army: thus giving to all a wholesome privilege formerly only accorded to the Horse Artillery and Cavalry. The order for the infantry to grow even this morsel of their beards met with disfavour from nearly all the senior officers of our army. I myself saw an elderly colonel, in command of a regiment, shed tears of vexation at what he termed "the un-English appearance" his men would have when each wore his moustache. In all parts of the East a shaved upper lip is looked upon as positive disgrace, and yet, until within the last ten years, the English officers of our Sepoy regiments were obliged to shave. The moustache is but a portion of that provision of nature for the health of man labouring much in heat and frost, in wind and rain, for which soldiers should be allowed to thank God in the use. As to the miseries of shaving, even with the best razors, the finest of Naples soap, the softest of badger-hair brushes, the hottest of hot water, and the most comfortable of dressing-rooms, shaving is a nuisance to which no man would submit unless "custom" required it. But what must the operation be when performed with one of the cheap razors wherewith soldiers have to attack their chins, on a dark morning, with cold water and hard soap, in a comfortless barrack-room? In the matter of military shaving, the French are behind us. Except in the Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Afrique, they make the soldier shave his cheeks and throat: the very parts for which nature especially has given the protection of the beard. In the Crimea, our troops wore their beards, and found the use of them, as every man must who wears his beard, whether under exposure to great heat or to severe cold. Shaving brings in its train sore-throats, toothaches, sun-burning, and other ills. An English soldier has to encounter all climates, from the cold of Canada to tropical heat. And I have no doubt whatever that ten years hence our soldiers' knapsacks will no more contain the materials for shaving than they now contain the ingredients for making up pigtails.

Having clothed the soldier's face and throat with what he would find to be his greatest comfort, I would next, at once, entirely and for ever, abolish that infinitely worse than useless instrument of torture—the leather stock. It is true that of late years the stock has been somewhat modified both as to material and size, but why should it be worn at all? Would any man, not a maniac, wear such a thing willingly at any time, more especially when about to undergo as much physical exertion as a soldier has even on a common field-day? Why should our troops be the only men in England or the Colonies whose windpipes must be compressed before they are considered fit for duty? Have we not the written testimony of the best writers on military surgery, and the verbal opinion of nearly every medical man who has done duty with soldiers, that the stock has caused or aggravated innumerable diseases, and is answerable for a number of deaths in the ranks? What is the last article of dress every soldier puts on when getting ready for parade, and the first he takes off when parade is over? The stock. When a man falls out of the ranks sick or faint, what is the first—the only—part of his dress of which his comrades relieve him? The stock. Or, when too ill to speak, to what does his hand move mechanically, if it be still griping his neck? Always the stock! I have seen again and again, both in England and India, men fall out from the ranks during the manœuvres, looking deadly pale, and almost as if about to die; but when their stocks were removed they at once revived. Yet to this abominable relic of stiff Prussian dress, which Frederick the Great considered soldierlike, our military authorities adhere with a tenacity that would be absolutely incredible, if it were not within our positive knowledge.

Every sportsman and every good walker knows that only when a man's neck is left free and unfettered is he able to go through bodily exertion and fatigue. The French military doctors say—and my own experience as a sportsman in India confirms the statement—that any one who is very much exposed to the sun and wants to avoid sunstroke, should wear nothing whatever on his neck, but leave the circulation to and from the brain perfectly free. Thus the Zouaves, who although in the field they wear no other protection for the head but a fez or skull-cap (winding the turban about it in Algeria only on Sundays), suffer much less than any other troops from the effects of the sun, and this is supposed to be owing to their necks being entirely uncovered. In the French army, however, experience is allowed to teach more quickly than in our service. The Emperor is now abolishing the stock and substituting for it a black neckerchief. Surely if the soldier's neck must be kept warm, it were better done by means of a neck-cloth than a stock. If the coat or tunic have a stand-up collar, how can it matter what is worn under that collar? I look upon the stock—no matter of what it is made—as a murderous means of inducing all kinds of diseases of the brain and eyes, and as a certain means of reducing the amount of work to be got out of four-fifths of our men. I have, in India, often seen soldiers who could not go through either a march or a field-day unless they slipped their stocks off "on the sly," and then they could do their work as well as any one. I never yet asked a soldier—and I have questioned very many on the subject—what he thought of the stock, who did not say that he hated it. And yet what follies, what cruelties, have I known committed on soldiers by commanding officers, for the sake of main-

taining the full rigours of this instrument of torture! I have known more than one regiment stationed in India of which the men were not allowed to sit down to dinner, even in the hottest of the hot weather, with the thermometer at a hundred and fifteen degrees in their barrack-rooms, unless they had their white jackets buttoned up and their stocks on. I, who write, when a subaltern, was more than once severely reprimanded by the captain of my troop because, when inspecting my division before parade or field-day, I had overlooked the fact that one or two of the men had not their stocks on. I have seen a dragoon ordered seven days' confinement to barracks by the colonel, because, during divine service, in a crowded church, on a very hot day in India, he had slipped his stock off. I have seen a whole corps of officers shirk dining at mess, and therefore form private parties at their own houses, which ended in cards, quarrels, duels, and what not, because, although during the hot months—this was in India—they were allowed to dine in white waistcoats and open jackets, yet the colonel obliged them to wear stocks. In short, had there been half the pains and trouble taken to make our soldiers good cooks, and to teach them to shift for themselves on occasion, that has been taken to make them compress their windpipes and suffocate themselves, we should not have lost half as many men as we did from want of good management in the Crimean war.

The tunic as at present worn in the English army is, perhaps, the least objectionable of the soldiers' garments; but it has the prevailing fault of English military dress—it is too small, too tight, too *scrimp*, in every way. Why could not the regular army take a leaf out of the great volunteer book in this matter? We seldom, if ever—certainly not among the various London corps—see a volunteer with his coat too tight for him. Surely even the present style of civilians' dress has done away with the old-fashioned idea that to look well a man must feel uneasy in his dress-coat. But it is manifest that soldiers, of all men, should have their arms, chests, shoulders, and loins, as free as possible from anything like restraint; and for this reason I am of opinion that if instead of a tunic the upper garment were fashioned like a blouse, perfectly loose, and only confined at the waist by a belt, it would be a far more useful form of clothing than that now worn in the service. Moreover, it would have another very great and real advantage: that of allowing the soldier to wear under it a waistcoat or other under garment, if he felt it requisite. The tight uniform we have so long patronised makes no allowance for individual differences of constitution. Whatever the season, whether the soldier be in good or indifferent health, just out of hospital, or never sick in his life, all soldiers must, according to the present fashion, have just the same amount of clothing on their bodies, because there is no room for more under the tight-fitting regulation garment. Now, for outward uniformity of dress I am as strong an advocate as any, but I don't think that the secret of making all men sensitive in the same degree to cold or heat has yet been discovered. The evil arising from the present system is very great indeed, more particularly in tropical climates, where fevers are common, and where a man may be well enough to leave the hospital, but will nevertheless require for a time warmer clothing and more care of his health than a stronger comrade. I have often seen a man just out of hospital shivering in the ranks on a cold raw morning, while right and left of him his robust companions were pictures of health. It is the want of additional underclothing that sends so many men back again and again to the doctor, and ends by their having to leave the service while yet young.

There is another matter in which the Horse Guards authorities might with advantage take a lesson from the volunteers: namely, the bayonet and pouch belts. Throughout the English infantry, we used to wear the white cross-belts, so manifestly cumbersome and inconvenient that they have been abolished, I believe, by every army in Europe. We have moved in the right direction in this matter, but have got only half way. We have abolished one of the two cross-belts, substituting a waist-belt for the bayonet; but we still leave the heavy pouch of the old pattern, most inconveniently hung, and we still retain the old white belt, which requires to be daily cleaned with the filth called pipeclay. Nothing can be more inconvenient than this way of slinging the pouch, to say nothing of its requiring more than twice the quantity of leather used for the belt worn by the French troops and by most of our volunteers: namely, the single black waist belt, on which pouch and bayonet can both be slung, and which the wearer can slip round to any part of his body: thus enabling him to sleep or lie in comparative comfort, even when fully accoutred. I believe that ours is the only army in Europe which has not discarded the white belts, that require to be daily smudged over with a thick mess of pipeclay, in favour of the neat black belts that a damp sponge readily cleans. Even the Turkish troops have seen the advantage of the black belts, and have adopted them. The French army discarded white belts about thirteen years ago. When the present emperor first formed the Imperial Guard, he restored as far as possible the uniform worn in the days of his uncle, and among other things the old-fashioned white cross-belts again came to light. But they were very soon abolished. In our service, I believe more men are punished for "dirty belts," than for any other of our minor military offences, and that pipeclay is the stupid occasion of great injustice being done to the soldier. In India I have often seen a sudden puff of wind raise dust about a barrack-room, and cover with dirt the still wet belts of a whole troop or company, after the men had been busy for two hours in cleaning them. Or, a man may come off guard at eleven A.M.—when, as a matter of course, his belts are

soiled with a night spent in the guard-room—he will have to attend to his stable or other duties, and will be obliged to attend a parade at two or three P.M. He has barely time to clean everything else belonging to him if he look sharp about it, but what time to clean and dry his belts? On parade the men right and left of him have clean belts, as they have not been on guard, and this makes his look the more dirty. Yet for "dirty belts" there is no excuse admitted, and his captain orders him three days' confinement to barracks:—to the damage of his temper, and the probable destruction of his true soldierly feeling.

Within the last three years there has been a general adoption of knickerbockers by most of our volunteer corps and by men taking much exercise on foot. Even in the French army, long trousers have, within the last fifteen months, been gradually abolished, and a modification of the wide Zouave dress (in fact, only a red imitation of the British knickerbocker) has become the universal wear of the French infantry. Not so in our service. The old shape of trouser is still the only one allowed, and the old ammunition boot—perhaps the worst ever invented for a pedestrian—still is the "regulation," although by English volunteers and French infantry the "Balmoral" lace boot is accepted as the best for work. A French officer told me not long ago, that the new pattern of short loose trousers and lace-up boots, which has lately been adopted for their infantry, was copied from the knickerbockers worn by the English volunteers; and he expressed his wonder that so excellent a walking-dress had not found favour in the regular English army. I consider that if two equally strong and healthy men were put to walk a given distance, the one dressed from his waist downward according to the French infantry regulation, the other according to the English, one would be good for a distance of at least five miles more in the day than the other. The short white gaiter over the boot, which also forms part of the new French regulation dress, is an excellent mode of keeping the feet cool during a long hot march, and it is the more wonderful that it has not been adopted in our service, from its good qualities having been for many years proved in our Highland regiments. As with the dress of our troops, so with their arms. I am only forty years of age, yet I held a commission in the service when there was hardly an officer above the rank of major, throughout the army, who did not strongly object to percussion taking the place of flint muskets. Then, again, when Brown Bess gave way to the rifled fire-arms, what a storm it raised amongst all the seniors of the service!

Some years ago, when our troops and those of France were on their way to the Crimea, I saw at Malta a couple of French soldiers who had landed from a transport, and were fraternising with some of our men in the Florianna Barracks. When I passed through the barrack-room in which the Frenchmen, more than half-seas over, were entertaining themselves, they were busy upon an inspection of each article of dress belonging to their hosts, and under pretence of getting a light for my cigar, I remained near them. They did not much approve of anything that was shown them, but when they came to look at the British great-coats, their wonder passed all bounds. One thing is certain, that both in make and material no great-coat, cloak, top-coat, or wrapper, ever was invented more simply and completely an encumbrance to those who are obliged to carry it about. And this in a country where the best of cloth is made, and wherein the art of rendering various textures waterproof, is better understood than in any part of the world! In most garrisons or regular standing camps, the soldier on sentry has a cover called a sentry-box to get under in bad weather, but in the field he must stand or walk about for two hours, exposed to rain, wind, or snow, after which he is relieved and goes to sleep for two hours, again to take his turn in the open air. For such work surely he ought to have an outer covering impervious to weather, or which would at any rate keep him as dry as possible. The English soldier is provided with a long-skirted garment, of a cloth so thin, that, when held up to the light, it looks more like green baize than anything else. This coat is so far from turning off water, that it becomes soaked through and through in half an hour. For his head, ears, or neck, the English soldier has no protection whatever, and the glazed leather of his shako serves as a water-pipe to convey all the rain that falls upon it down his back. The inevitable consequences are, that no sooner does one of our regiments or brigades go on active service, than the men who have to do night duty, fall sick, and our hospitals are full. Not so the Frenchman. He of the line regiments has a compact well-fitting great-coat of stout warm cloth, which in cold weather he wears over his vest, or fatigue jacket, and which, when he marches in summer, he wears by itself. As for the Zouaves and Chasseurs, they have a large cape of very stout waterproof cloth, with an ample hood that comes up over the cap, and keeps all dry and warm about the head and neck. Moreover, besides these garments, there is provided for every man on sentry, and handed over to each man as he relieves his companion, a large Arab cloak with arms and hood,—a waterproof coat that can be put off and on in a moment, and that covers the soldier from head to foot, keeping him warm, and keeping his rifle as well as his knapsack and accoutrements dry. Something of this sort should be introduced into our service, only it would be preferable that every man should have one to himself, and that they were made of stout oil-cloth, so that in camp the men could use them to spread under their bedding. These cloaks should be in addition to good stout watch coats, of a thick warm cloth, coming well down to the knees, and with large hoods which, in very cold weather, or during rain, the soldier could draw over his head. Such an outfit of top clothing might at first be expensive, but the better the

quality the longer it would last. Moreover, the formed British soldier costs the state a considerable amount of money, and for that, if for no other reason, he ought to be well taken care of.

Next after the British soldier's great-coat, the knapsack is, perhaps, the most useless thing he possesses, and is certainly the most useless thing of its kind to be found in any European army. With all other troops, the knapsack, or pack, is a small, handy cover, in which an infantry soldier carries what is absolutely necessary for his comfort and health on the march. What he can want with more than a change of shirt, socks, and shoes, a brush, a piece of soap, and a towel, has only been discovered in the English service. In our army the soldiers are made to carry small portmanteaus on their backs, and so awkwardly is the encumbrance fastened on them, that after a few years' service few men are free from chest complaints. What with razors, pipeclay, brushes, cotton shirts, cotton socks, and a number of things which look very well at "inspection of kits," but are utterly useless on service, our infantry have to carry on their backs at least one-fourth more weight than there is really any need for, and when even the minimum quantity of clothes, ammunition, pack, provisions, and haversack, is taken into consideration, the reduction of only a pound of this would be an act of mercy. By substituting for the present absurdly large knapsack, a small, convenient pack, like that worn by the Italian Bersigliere (rifle corps); by doing away with all that is not positively necessary in a soldier's kit; by abolishing pipeclay, razors, and all such absurdities; by substituting one flannel shirt off and one on, for three cotton shirts, the same number of worsted socks for three pairs of cotton; the weight carried by the soldier could be reduced, not by a fourth, but by a half; and I feel convinced that the wear and tear of human life would be reduced in no trifling proportion. When General Nott's army advanced from Candahar to Cabool, the only two European corps with this force—her Majesty's Fortieth and Forty-first Regiments—carried no knapsacks, nor could the commissariat department provide more camels than were enough to carry the men's bedding. Every soldier had his great-coat folded square and strapped on his back, and in it carried a single change of each article of clothing. With this outfit the troops went through several months of very hard work, and, when they reached British India, at the end of the campaign, had a remarkably small number of men in hospital. If such an outfit be enough for Affghanistan, it is enough for England.

There is one article of dress I would strongly recommend for infantry, cavalry, and every branch of the service: that is, the large sash, or shawl, with which all men in Eastern lands "gird up their loins," and which is generally worn even by Western travellers in those countries. This sash is about two feet broad, and long enough to go three or four times round the body. Nearly all our officers who spent that fearful winter of 1854-55 before Sebastopol, must have grateful recollections of the comfort of the Eastern sash; and many an attack of cholera, or of scarcely less fatal chills of stomach, did it prevent. Few who have sojourned in Egypt, Syria, or any other part of the Levant, can be ignorant of the great support to be derived from wearing this sash. In the French army it has been introduced for all troops going on service, and is, I believe, universally worn by regiments stationed in Algeria. Last year, I observed that all the men of the Syrian expedition wore it; it was made of blue merino, very wide, and long enough to go several times round the waist. I have more than once seen strong symptoms of cholera dispersed, and a sick man restored to health, by the mere winding of this warm sash round and round his loins.

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I.

PICKING UP SOOT AND CINDERS.

"And why Tom Tiddler's ground?" asked the Traveller.

"Because he scatters halfpence to Tramps and such-like," returned the Landlord, "and of course they pick 'em up. And this being done on his own land (which it *is* his own land, you observe, and were his family's before him), why it is but regarding the halfpence as gold and silver, and turning the ownership of the property a bit round your finger, and there you have the name of the children's game complete. And it's appropriate too," said the Landlord, with his favourite action of stooping a little, to look across the table out of window at vacancy, under the window-blind which was half drawn down. "Leastwise it has been so considered by many gentlemen which have partook of chops and tea in the present humble parlour."

The traveller was partaking of chops and tea in the present humble parlour, and the Landlord's shot was fired obliquely at him.

"And you call him a Hermit?" said the Traveller.

"They call him such," returned the Landlord, evading personal responsibility; "he is in general so considered."

"What *is* a Hermit?" asked the Traveller.

"What is it?" repeated the Landlord, drawing his hand across his chin.

"Yes, what is it?"

The Landlord stooped again, to get a more comprehensive view of vacancy under the window-blind, and—with an asphyxiated appearance on him as one unaccustomed to definition—made no answer.

"I'll tell you what I suppose it to be," said the Traveller. "An abominably dirty thing."

"Mr. Mopes is dirty, it cannot be denied," said the Landlord.

"Intolerably conceited."

"Mr. Mopes is vain of the life he leads, some do say," replied the Landlord, as another concession.

"A slothful unsavoury nasty reversal of the laws of human nature," said the Traveller; "and for the sake of GOD's working world and its wholesomeness, both moral and physical, I would put the thing on the treadmill (if I had my way) wherever I found it; whether on a pillar, or in a hole; whether on Tom Tiddler's ground, or the Pope of Rome's ground, or a Hindoo fakeer's ground, or any other ground."

"I don't know about putting Mr. Mopes on the treadmill," said the Landlord, shaking his head very seriously. "There ain't a doubt but what he has got landed property."

"How far may it be to this said Tom Tiddler's ground?" asked the Traveller.

"Put it at five mile," returned the Landlord.

"Well! When I have done my breakfast," said the Traveller, "I'll go there. I came over here this morning, to find it out and see it."

"Many does," observed the Landlord.

The conversation passed, in the Midsummer weather of no remote year of grace, down among the pleasant dales and trout-streams of a green English county. No matter what county. Enough that you may hunt there, shoot there, fish there, traverse long grass-grown Roman roads there, open ancient barrows there, see many a square mile of richly cultivated land there, and hold Arcadian talk with a bold peasantry, their country's pride, who will tell you (if you want to know) how pastoral housekeeping is done on nine shillings a week.

Mr. Traveller sat at his breakfast in the little sanded parlour of the Peal of Bells village alehouse, with the dew and dust of an early walk upon his shoes—an early walk by road and meadow and coppice, that had sprinkled him bountifully with little blades of grass, and scraps of new hay, and with leaves both young and old, and with other such fragrant tokens of the freshness and wealth of summer. The window through which the landlord had concentrated his gaze upon vacancy, was shaded, because the morning sun was hot and bright on the village street. The village street was like most other village streets: wide for its height, silent for

its size, and drowsy in the dullest degree. The quietest little dwellings with the largest of window-shutters (to shut up Nothing as carefully as if it were the Mint, or the Bank of England) had called in the Doctor's house so suddenly, that his brass door-plate and three stories stood among them as conspicuous and different as the Doctor himself in his broadcloth, among the smock-frocks of his patients. The village residences seemed to have gone to law with a similar absence of consideration, for a score of weak little lath-and-plaster cabins clung in confusion about the Attorney's red-brick house, which, with glaring door-steps and a most terrific scraper, seemed to serve all manner of ejectments upon them. They were as various as labourers—high-shouldered, wry-necked, one-eyed, goggle-eyed, squinting, bow-legged, knock-knee'd, rheumatic, crazy. Some of the small tradesmen's houses, such as the crockery-shop and the harness-maker's, had a Cyclops window in the middle of the gable, within an inch or two of its apex, suggesting that some forlorn rural Prentice must wriggle himself into that apartment horizontally, when he retired to rest, after the manner of the worm. So bountiful in its abundance was the surrounding country, and so lean and scant the village, that one might have thought the village had sown and planted everything it once possessed, to convert the same into crops. This would account for the bareness of the little shops, the bareness of the few boards and trestles designed for market purposes in a corner of the street, the bareness of the obsolete Inn and Inn Yard, with the ominous inscription "Excise Office," not yet faded out from the gateway, as indicating the very last thing that poverty could get rid of. This would also account for the determined abandonment of the village by one stray dog, fast lessening in the perspective where the white posts and the pond were, and would explain his conduct on the hypothesis that he was going (through the act of suicide) to convert himself into manure, and become a part proprietor in turnips or mangold-wurzel.

Mr. Traveller having finished his breakfast and paid his moderate score, walked out to the threshold of the Peal of Bells, and, thence directed by the pointing finger of his host, betook himself towards the ruined hermitage of Mr. Mopes the hermit.

For, Mr. Mopes, by suffering everything about him to go to ruin, and by dressing himself in a blanket and skewer, and by steeping himself in soot and grease and other nastiness, had acquired great renown in all that country-side—far greater renown than he could ever have won for himself, if his career had been that of any ordinary Christian, or decent Hottentot. He had even blanketed and skewered and sooted and greased himself, into the London papers. And it was curious to find, as Mr. Traveller found by stopping for a new direction at this farm-house or at that cottage as he went along, with how much accuracy the morbid Mopes had counted on the weakness of his neighbours to embellish him. A mist of home-brewed marvel and romance surrounded Mopes, in which (as in all fogs) the real proportions of the real object were extravagantly heightened. He had murdered his beautiful beloved in a fit of jealousy and was doing penance; he had made a vow under the influence of grief; he had made a vow under the influence of a fatal accident; he had made a vow under the influence of religion; he had made a vow under the influence of drink; he had made a vow under the influence of disappointment; he had never made any vow, but "had got led into it" by the possession of a mighty and most awful secret; he was enormously rich, he was stupendously charitable, he was profoundly learned, he saw spectres, he knew and could do all kinds of wonders. Some said he went out every night, and was met by terrified wayfarers stalking along dark roads, others said he never went out, some knew his penance to be nearly expired, others had positive information that his seclusion was not a penance at all, and would never expire but with himself. Even, as to the easy facts of how old he was, or how long he had held verminous occupation of his blanket and skewer, no consistent information was to be got, from those who must know if they would. He was represented as being all the ages between five-and-twenty and sixty, and as having been a hermit seven years, twelve, twenty, thirty—though twenty, on the whole, appeared the favourite term.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Traveller. "At any rate, let us see what a real live Hermit looks like."

So, Mr. Traveller went on, and on, and on, until he came to Tom Tiddler's Ground.

It was a nook in a rustic by-road, which the genius of Mopes had laid waste as completely, as if he had been born an Emperor and a Conqueror. Its centre object was a dwelling-house, sufficiently substantial, all the window-glass of which had been long ago abolished by the surprising genius of Mopes, and all the windows of which were barred across with rough-split logs of trees nailed over them on the outside. A rick-yard, hip-high in vegetable rankness and ruin, contained outbuildings, from which the thatch had lightly fluttered away, on all the winds of all the seasons of the year, and from which the planks and beams had heavily dropped and rotted. The frosts and damps of winter, and the heats of summer, had warped what wreck remained, so that not a post or a board retained the position it was meant to hold, but everything was twisted from its purpose, like its owner, and degraded and debased. In this homestead of the sluggard, behind the ruined hedge, and sinking away among the ruined grass and the nettles, were the last perishing fragments of certain ricks: which had gradually mildewed and collapsed, until they looked like mounds of rotten honey-comb, or dirty sponge. Tom Tiddler's ground could even show its ruined water; for, there was a slimy pond into which a tree or two had fallen—one soppy trunk and branches lay across

it then—which in its accumulation of stagnant weed, and in its black decomposition, and in all its foulness and filth, was almost comforting, regarded as the only water that could have reflected the shameful place without seeming polluted by that low office.

Mr. Traveller looked all around him on Tom Tiddler's ground, and his glance at last encountered a dusty Tinker lying among the weeds and rank grass, in the shade of the dwelling-house. A rough walking-staff lay on the ground by his side, and his head rested on a small wallet. He met Mr. Traveller's eye without lifting up his head, merely depressing his chin a little (for he was lying on his back) to get a better view of him.

"Good day!" said Mr. Traveller.

"Same to you, if you like it," returned the Tinker.

"Don't *you* like it? It's a very fine day."

"I ain't particklar in weather," returned the Tinker, with a yawn.

Mr. Traveller had walked up to where he lay, and was looking down at him. "This is a curious place," said Mr. Traveller.

"Ay, I suppose so!" returned the Tinker. "Tom Tiddler's ground, they call this."

"Are you well acquainted with it?"

"Never saw it afore to-day," said the Tinker, with another yawn, "and don't care if I never see it again. There was a man here just now, told me what it was called. If you want to see Tom himself, you must go in at that gate." He faintly indicated with his chin, a little mean ruin of a wooden gate at the side of the house.

"Have you seen Tom?"

"No, and I ain't partickler to see him. I can see a dirty man anywhere."

"He does not live in the house, then?" said Mr. Traveller, casting his eyes upon the house anew.

"The man said," returned the Tinker, rather irritably, — "him as was here just now, — 'this what you're a lying on, mate, is Tom Tiddler's ground. And if you want to see Tom,' he says, 'you must go in at that gate.' The man come out at that gate himself, and he ought to know."

"Certainly," said Mr. Traveller.

"Though, perhaps," exclaimed the Tinker, so struck by the brightness of his own idea, that it had the electric effect upon him of causing him to lift up his head an inch or so, "perhaps he was a liar! He told some rum'uns —him as was here just now, did—about this place of Tom's. He says—him as was here just now — 'When Tom shut up the house, mate, to go to rack, the beds was left, all made, like as if somebody was a going to sleep in every bed. And if you was to walk through the bedrooms now, you'd see the ragged mouldy bedclothes a heaving and a heaving like seas. And a heaving and a heaving with what?' he says. 'Why, with the rats under 'em.'"

"I wish I had seen that man," Mr. Traveller remarked.

"You'd have been welcome to see him instead of me seeing him," growled the Tinker; "for he was a long-winded one."

Not without a sense of injury in the remembrance, the Tinker gloomily closed his eyes. Mr. Traveller, deeming the Tinker a short-winded one, from whom no further breath of information was to be derived, betook himself to the gate.

Swung upon its rusty hinges, it admitted him into a yard in which there was nothing to be seen but an outhouse attached to the ruined building, with a barred window in it. As there were traces of many recent footsteps under this window, and as it was a low window, and unglazed, Mr. Traveller made bold to peep within the bars. And there to be sure he had a real live Hermit before him, and could judge how the real dead Hermits used to look.

He was lying on a bank of soot and cinders, on the floor, in front of a rusty fireplace. There was nothing else in the dark little kitchen, or scullery, or whatever his den had been originally used as, but a table with a litter of old bottles on it. A rat made a clatter among these bottles, jumped down, and ran over the real live Hermit on his way to his hole, or the man in *his* hole would not have been so easily discernible. Tickled in the face by the rat's tail, the owner of Tom Tiddler's ground opened his eyes, saw Mr. Traveller, started up, and sprang to the window.

"Humph!" thought Mr. Traveller, retiring a pace or two from the bars. "A compound of Newgate, Bedlam, a Debtors' Prison in the worst time, a chimney-sweep, a mudlark, and the Noble Savage! A nice old family, the Hermit family. Hah!"

Mr. Traveller thought this, as he silently confronted the sooty object in the blanket and skewer (in sober truth it wore nothing else), with the matted hair and the staring eyes. Further, Mr. Traveller thought, as the eyes surveyed him with a very obvious curiosity in ascertaining the effect they produced, "Vanity, vanity, vanity! Verily, all is vanity!"

"What is your name, sir, and where do you come from?" asked Mr. Mopes the Hermit—with an air of authority, but in the ordinary human speech of one who has been to school.

Mr. Traveller answered the inquiries.

"Did you come here, sir, to see *me?*"

"I did. I heard of you, and I came to see you.—I know you like to be seen." Mr. Traveller coolly threw the last words in, as a matter of course, to forestal an affectation of resentment or objection that he saw rising beneath the grease and grime of the face. They had their effect.

"So," said the Hermit, after a momentary silence, unclasping the bars by which he had previously held, and seating himself behind them on the ledge of the window, with his bare legs and feet crouched up, "you know I like to be seen?"

Mr. Traveller looked about him for something to sit on, and, observing a billet of wood in a corner, brought it near the window. Deliberately seating himself upon it, he answered: "Just so."

Each looked at the other, and each appeared to take some pains to get the measure of the other.

"Then you have come to ask me why I lead this life," said the Hermit, frowning in a stormy manner. "I never tell that to any human being. I will not be asked that."

"Certainly you will not be asked that by me," said Mr. Traveller, "for I have not the slightest desire to know."

"You are an uncouth man," said Mr. Mopes the Hermit.

"You are another," said Mr. Traveller.

The Hermit, who was plainly in the habit of overawing his visitors with the novelty of his filth and his blanket and skewer, glared at his present visitor in some discomfiture and surprise: as if he had taken aim at him with a sure gun, and his piece had missed fire.

"Why do you come here at all?" he asked, after a pause.

"Upon my life," said Mr. Traveller, "I was made to ask myself that very question only a few minutes ago—by a Tinker too."

As he glanced towards the gate in saying it, the hermit glanced in that direction likewise.

"Yes. He is lying on his back in the sunlight outside," said Mr. Traveller, as if he had been asked concerning the man, "and he won't come in; for he says—and really very reasonably—'What should I come in for? I can see a dirty man anywhere.'"

"You are an insolent person. Go away from my premises. Go!" said the Hermit, in an imperious and angry tone.

"Come, come!" returned Mr. Traveller, quite undisturbed. "This is a little too much. You are not going to call yourself clean? Look at your legs. And as to these being your premises:—they are in far too disgraceful a condition to claim any privilege of ownership, or anything else."

The Hermit bounced down from his window-ledge, and cast himself on his bed of soot and cinders.

"I am not going," said Mr. Traveller, glancing in after him: "you won't get rid of me in that way. You had better come and talk."

"I won't talk," said the Hermit, flouncing round to get his back towards the window.

"Then I will," said Mr. Traveller. "Why should you take it ill that I have no curiosity to know why you live this highly absurd and highly indecent life? When I contemplate a man in a state of disease, surely there is no moral obligation on me to be anxious to know how he took it."

After a short silence, the Hermit bounced up again, and came back to the barred window.

"What? You are not gone?" he said, affecting to have supposed that he was.

"Nor going," Mr. Traveller replied: "I design to pass this summer day here."

"How dare you come, sir, upon my premises——" the Hermit was returning, when his visitor interrupted him.

"Really, you know, you must *not* talk about your premises. I cannot allow such a place as this to be dignified with the name of premises."

"How dare you," said the Hermit, shaking his bars, "come in at my gate, to taunt me with being in a diseased state?"

"Why, Lord bless my soul," returned the other, very composedly, "you have not the face to say that you are in a wholesome state? Do allow me again to call your attention to your legs. Scrape yourself anywhere—with anything—and then tell me you are in a wholesome state. The fact is, Mr. Mopes, that you are not only a Nuisance——"

"A Nuisance?" repeated the Hermit, fiercely.

"What is a place in this obscene state of dilapidation but a Nuisance? What is a man in your obscene state of dilapidation but a Nuisance? Then, as you very well know, you cannot do without an audience, and your audience is a Nuisance. You attract all the disreputable vagabonds and prowlers within ten miles round, by exhibiting yourself to them in that objectionable blanket, and by throwing copper money among them, and giving them drink out of those very dirty jars and bottles that I see in there (their stomachs need be strong!); and in short," said Mr. Traveller, summing up in a quietly and comfortably settled manner, "you are a Nuisance, and this kennel is a Nuisance, and the audience that you cannot possibly dispense with is a Nuisance, and the Nuisance is not merely a local Nuisance, because it is a general Nuisance to know that there *can be* such a Nuisance left in civilisation so very long after its time."

"Will you go away? I have a gun in here," said the Hermit.

"Pooh!"

"I *have!*"

"Now, I put it to you. Did I say you had not? And as to going away, didn't I say I am not going away? You have made me forget where I was. I now remember that I was remarking on your conduct being a Nuisance. Moreover, it is in the last and lowest degree inconsequent foolishness and weakness."

"Weakness?" echoed the Hermit.

"Weakness," said Mr. Traveller, with his former comfortably settled final air.

"I weak, you fool?" cried the Hermit, "I, who have held to my purpose, and my diet, and my only bed there, all these years?"

"The more the years, the weaker you," returned Mr. Traveller. "Though the years are not so many as folks say, and as you willingly take credit for. The crust upon your face is thick and dark, Mr. Mopes, but I can see enough of you through it, to see that you are still a young man."

"Inconsequent foolishness is lunacy, I suppose?" said the Hermit.

"I suppose it is very like it," answered Mr. Traveller.

"Do I converse like a lunatic?"

"One of us two must have a strong presumption against him of being one, whether or

no. Either the clean and decorously clad man, or the dirty and indecorously clad man. I don't say which."

"Why, you self-sufficient bear," said the Hermit, "not a day passes but I am justified in my purpose by the conversations I hold here; not a day passes but I am shown, by everything I hear and see here, how right and strong I am in holding my purpose."

Mr. Traveller, lounging easily on his billet of wood, took out a pocket pipe and began to fill it. "Now, that a man," he said, appealing to the summer sky as he did so, "that a man—even behind bars, in a blanket and skewer—should tell me that he can see, from day to day, any orders or conditions of men, women, or children, who can by any possibility teach him that it is anything but the miserablest drivelling for a human creature to quarrel with his social nature—not to go so far as to say, to renounce his common human decency, for that is an extreme case; or who can teach him that he can in any wise separate himself from his kind and the habits of his kind, without becoming a deteriorated spectacle calculated to give the Devil (and perhaps the monkeys) pleasure; is something wonderful! I repeat," said Mr. Traveller, beginning to smoke, "the unreasoning hardihood of it, is something wonderful—even in a man with the dirt upon him an inch or two thick—behind bars—in a blanket and skewer!"

The Hermit looked at him irresolutely, and retired to his soot and cinders and lay down, and got up again and came to the bars, and again looked at him irresolutely, and finally said with sharpness:

"I don't like tobacco."

"I don't like dirt," rejoined Mr. Traveller; "tobacco is an excellent disinfectant. We shall both be the better for my pipe. It is my intention to sit here through this summer day, until that blessed summer sun sinks low in the west, and to show you what a poor creature you are, through the lips of every chance wayfarer who may come in at your gate."

"What do you mean?" inquired the Hermit, with a furious air.

"I mean that yonder is your gate, and there are you, and here am I; I mean that I know it to be a moral impossibility that any person can stray in at that gate from any point of the compass, with any sort of experience, gained at first hand, or derived from another, that can confute me and justify you."

"You are an arrogant and boastful hero," said the Hermit. "You think yourself profoundly wise."

"Bah!" returned Mr. Traveller, quietly smoking. "There is little wisdom in knowing that every man must be up and doing, and that all mankind are made dependent on one another."

"You have companions outside," said the Hermit. "I am not to be imposed upon by your assumed confidence in the people who may enter."

"A depraved distrust," returned the visitor, compassionately raising his eyebrows, "of course belongs to your state. I can't help that."

"Do you mean to tell me you have no confederates?"

"I mean to tell you nothing but what I have told you. What I have told you, is, that it is a moral impossibility that any son or daughter of Adam can stand on this ground that I put my foot on, or on any ground that mortal treads, and gainsay the healthy tenure on which we hold our existence."

"Which is," sneered the Hermit, "according to you——"

"Which is," returned the other, "according to Eternal Providence, that we must arise and wash our faces and do our gregarious work and act and re-act on one another, leaving only the idiot and the palsied to sit blinking in the corner. Come!" apostrophising the gate; "Open Sesame! Show his eyes and grieve his heart! I don't care who comes, for I know what must come of it!"

With that, he faced round a little on his billet of wood towards the gate; and Mr. Mopes the Hermit, after two or three ridiculous bounces of indecision at his bed and back again, submitted to what he could not help himself against, and coiled himself on his window-ledge, holding to his bars and looking out rather anxiously.

II.

PICKING UP EVENING SHADOWS.

The first person to appear at the gate, was a gentleman who looked in accidentally, and who carried a sketch-book under his arm. From the amazement and alarm expressed in his look and manner, it was plain that the Hermit's fame had not reached him. As soon as he could speak, he mentioned apologetically that he had been struck, as a stranger in that part of the country, by the picturesquely-ruinous appearance of the yard and out-houses, and that he had looked in at the gate, with the idea of finding nothing more remarkable than the materials for a sketch of still-life.

After revealing the mystery of the Hermit to this bewildered stranger, Mr. Traveller explained that any narrative-contributions towards the enlivening of Mr. Mopes and the morning, drawn from the personal experience of visitors at the gate, would be highly appreciated in that mouldy locality. At first, the visitor thus addressed hesitated; not so much, as it afterwards appeared, from want of means to answer the call made upon him, as from want of resources in his own memory to use on the spur of the moment. Pondering on Mr. Traveller's request, he entered rather absently into conversation with the Hermit.

"I never knew any good to come yet," said this gentleman, "of a man shutting himself up in the way you're doing. I know the temptation to it myself, have experienced it myself, and yielded to it myself; but I never knew any

good—stop, though," he added, correcting himself as a scrupulous man does, who will not accept the help of the smallest false statement to aid his dearest theory—"I *do* remember one good thing which came, in some degree, of a man's leading a solitary life."

The Hermit hugged his bars in triumph. Mr. Traveller, nothing discouraged, requested the stranger to mention the circumstance.

"You shall hear it," was the answer. "But, before I begin, I must tell you that the period of my tale dates some years back into the past, that at the time of which I shall speak I had newly experienced a considerable reverse of fortune, and that, fancying my friends would make me feel the loss if I remained among them, I had determined to shut myself up away from them, and lead an entirely solitary life till I could in some degree retrieve my losses."

IT is a tale, this that I am about to tell, of good deeds revealed, of good instincts roused, of a good work done, and a good result attained, and all through Evening Shadows.

I have often thought what tell-tell things shadows are. I mean the shadows that one who stands outside sees in the windows of a lighted-up room or building; the shadows thrown on a blind by figures interposing between it and the lamp-light. I have noticed these in churches during divine service, when I, wandering about outside, have looked up at the windows and seen the shades of a pair of lovers reading out of the same hymn-book; of children evidently chattering and grinning together; and sometimes a shadow which bobbing forward from time to time in a jerking fashion, then catching itself, still with a jerk, then remaining preternaturally erect and still, and then beginning to bob again, has suggested to me that the fourth head of a sermon in eight compartments was being developed, and that the shadow before me was that of one who was taking refuge from oratory in sleep.

Among the number of the shadows which my memory retains, there are some that lie upon it with no dark and shuddering chill; some that were cast by objects in themselves so pure and noble that the shade itself seemed only a subdued brightness, and the light that cast it—a glory.

My story begins at the time, some years ago, when, as a single man, I was living in a narrow and rather crowded street in one of the old parts of London—one of those streets where very decent houses are mixed with much poorer ones—and in one of the best and cleanest of which I occupied two rooms; a bedroom and a sitting-room. Having at that time, as I have now, a great dread of noise while at work, I made use of the back room as my studio, sleeping in the front of the house, which was quiet at night but not in the daytime, by reason of the day traffic. My painting-room, then, was on the second floor, and at the back of the house, and as there was a street running at an acute angle to that in which I lived, and joining it only a few yards higher up, it will easily be understood that the backs of the houses in this slanting thoroughfare, which was called appropriately enough, Cross-street, were in tolerably close proximity to my painting-room window. I have been thus exact in describing the topography of my place of abode, because then you will be better able to understand how it happened that my attention was directed to the circumstances which I am about to detail.

You will be able to understand how it was that, sitting, especially during the short days, as the dusk was beginning to fall, looking meditatively out of window and thinking of my work, my attention would often be drawn, almost without my knowledge, to some of the windows in the slanting street which I have described, and how I found myself not unfrequently speculating about some of the inhabitants of the rooms which were separated from that in which I was sitting, by so small a space.

There was one window more than all the rest which, for some reason or other, used especially to occupy my thoughts. It was a window exactly level with my own, and exactly opposite to it. During the daytime, though the blind was always drawn up as high as it could be, I could see but little of the room, but what I could make out only showed me that it was a very poor place indeed. Long habits of a speculative use of my eyes, if I may so express myself, have perhaps given me a tendency to attach much importance to the external aspects of things as indicative of what goes on within. Be that as it may, I possess that tendency, and possess it very strongly on the subject of windows. I think that the windows of a house give one a great idea of the dispositions, the habits, and the tempers of the occupants. Who has not felt, in passing by a house whose well-cleaned windows are filled with flowers, where the solid white and green of the Arum, and the delicate shades of colour in the rows of blossoming hyacinths, stand out in pleasant freshness against the dark background formed by the interior of the room—who has not felt that the inhabitant of a house whose windows are thus decorated, are in a calmer and happier condition than their next-door neighbours, where the yellow blind hangs crookedly across the dirty window, and the wire screen beneath has got a bulging ragged hole in it?

Holding, then, the theory which I have ventured thus to put forward, it will be readily believed that I augured the better of the occupants of the room opposite, from the fact that I could see through the lower panes of the window the leaves and branches of a great big fuchsia spread out fan-wise on a wooden frame. Other little contrivances and adornments there were about this poor casement, which, though of the cheapest and most twopenny order of decorative art, showed yet some love of the gentler side of things, and a wish to put a good face on poverty.

But it is, as I have already said, towards dusk and in the evening that my attention has been

oftenest fixed on the window which I have been describing. It is then that, the room being lighted up, the shadows of things and persons within it are thrown upon the blind with a clearness and distinctness which those who have never observed such matters would hardly credit. The shadows tell me, then, that the room is tenanted by a husband and wife both young, I am certain. The man, as I gather from his position, and what I take to be the shadow of a tissue-paper screen behind which he stoops over his labour, is a poor drudging engraver for whom the days are not long enough, sitting cramped up at his patient toil through many hours of the night. As I watch him, he will rise and stretch back his head to relieve the muscles of his neck, and then I see that the shadow thrown on the blind is that of a young figure, spare but well made. The light shows me also that he wears a beard; it is a very strong light indeed, and this makes me more sure than ever that he is an engraver. The shadow of his wife is there beside him—almost always. How she watches over and tends him, how she hangs over his chair, or kneels beside him! I had never, at the time I speak of, seen her, but I could not help fancying that she was pretty and good enough to light up a darker room than that in which she lives, and to make her husband's life of toil—if he can keep it up—not only bearable but delightful.

If he can keep it up—but can he? His shadow is all that I have seen of him, but it looks like the shadow of one in delicate health. I never miss him from his place at night, and I can see the edge of his blind by which he works, at his window all day. "If he sits drudging there," thought I, "he will surely, as is the case in all excess, defeat his own object and end in being disabled altogether."

It was not long before I began to fear that what I had apprehended had taken place. There came a day when the blind was not drawn up to let in the light on the engraver's work, but remained drawn down the whole day. It would be difficult to express how anxiously I longed for the evening, and the shadows which should tell me more.

That evening the light was burning in the room as usual, but the straight-edge of the engraver's blind was not seen cutting against it. There was the shadow of but one person, it was that of a woman, and as the figure which cast it moved so quietly about, I could make out that she was pouring out drugs and mixing the different compounds wanted in a sick-room by the light of the lamp. Sometimes she would pause in these occupations and look towards one end of the room, where I concluded the bed was placed; and sometimes I could even imagine, but this must have been pure fancy, that, looking still in the same direction, her lips would move at times, and that she was speaking. I could even see her tasting the food she was mixing, with her head a little on one side; altering and tasting it often before she carried it across the room to where, I felt sure, the sick man lay. So much will shadows tell.

From my front window I can see a long way up and down the street, even to that corner where the early breakfast depôt is found every morning—a poor stall enough, and driving a poor business, I should have thought; a business, however, in which I am so deeply interested that my first morning act is to go to the window and see if the poor old proprietor has got a customer—nay, once I put on a pilot-coat and a wideawake hat to appear in character, and purchased a cup of his coffee, which was a sound coffee enough, though a little gritty, and perhaps a thought weak. Enough of that. I can see to the coffee-stall one way, and nearly as far the other, and at the back I command a bit of a court, two mewses and a half, and, by great dislocation of neck, a little scrap of Brewer-street, Golden-square. Now in all these regions which are continually under my eye, I have noticed one constantly pervading presence, one figure which comes upon the scene without fail every day in the year and at all conceivable hours. It is the figure of a tallish gentleman of about five-and-thirty, who stoops a little, has a very round back, wears spectacles, is always dressed in a buttoned black frock-coat, is always in a hurry, always expected anxiously at the houses he visits, and always followed to the door, on coming out again, by some who question him eagerly as he leaves them, and who seem to seek for comfort in his most inscrutable face. Of course I have not watched this gentleman's proceedings long, without coming to the conclusion that it is Mr. Cordial, the parish doctor, whose surgery in Great Pulteney-street I am so often in the habit of passing.

If there had been any previous doubt on my mind as to the state of things in the house opposite, it would at once have been put to flight when, on the day succeeding that evening on which I had watched the engraver's wife in her capacity of nurse, I caught a dark glimpse of this gentleman's head (rather a bald head for so young a man) at the window of the room opposite, which he had come to, to prepare some mixture or other.

"Now here," I thought to myself, "is a pretty business. This is just what I feared. Here is this poor fellow laid up, unable to work, and probably not only ill in body, but harassed in mind by the consciousness that as long as he is ill, there can be no money coming in to supply the daily expenses which, however poorly they live, he and his wife must of necessity incur."

I thought over this matter, and turned it all sorts of ways, as people who are unlucky enough, or unwise enough, to live alone do turn and twist things, and was so haunted by the thought of what was going on in the room opposite, that in the course of the afternoon I was obliged to go out and take a long walk, in order to fill up the time that must necessarily intervene before the lamp would be lit, and the shadows thrown upon the blind. When I got

back from that walk I was in such hot haste for such silent news as I might reasonably hope to gain, that I did not even stay to light my candle, but felt my way as well as I could across the room, and stationed myself at the window.

At first I thought that there were no shadows at all on the white glaring blind, except those of the poor bits of curtain and of the spread-out fuchsia before mentioned, but by-and-by, noticing a small and continually moving shadow mixed up with that of the curtain, and observing that it rose and fell regularly and quickly, I presently connected it with another mass of shade a little above it, and arrived at the conclusion that this last was thrown by a woman's head, and by the moving shadow by her hand, as it rose and fell in the action of working with the needle. It was not long before I found out that my hypothesis was well grounded; for a little while the shadow of the hand was still and that of the head was raised, as if the person whose silhouette lay thus upon the blind was in the act of listening—and then it rose, and I saw the well-known figure of the engraver's wife pass the light, and knew that she had moved towards that quarter of the room in which I had made up my mind that the bed with the sick man in it was placed.

During the greater part of that evening, as I watched, and my occupations were frequently interrupted that I might do so, I made out no shadow but that which I have just mentioned. But, at about nine o'clock, I saw another shadow pass before the blind, and as it was that of a man, I had for a moment the hope that it was cast by the invalid. It was only for a moment, another glance showed me that this person wore no beard, and that there was greater bulk of figure than would have been cast by the poor engraver. I soon concluded that it was the doctor; and if I had any doubt on this subject it was removed when I presently observed the workman-like angle of elbow made by the shadow as it stood before the light, pouring something into what I suppose, from its size, must have been a teacup.

Twice a day, then. He was ill enough for the doctor to come to him twice a day.

My determination was taken as I made that reflection. I had got wrought up to a great state of interest and suspense about this case which I could hardly explain to myself. I felt a strange longing to know more of it, and I came to the resolution—it was like what might have been expected of a man half-cracked with living alone—that I would go out then and there, waylay the doctor as he came away from his patient, and ask him all about it.

I had lost some time in reflection, and when I looked hastily across before leaving my room I did not see any shadows on the blind, yet it was reasonable to suppose that I might still catch the doctor in the street; so out I rushed. Sure enough there was the doctor just coming out of No. 4, Cross-street. How lucky I was to be in time!

I found the parish medical authority not very communicative or prone to take a very romantic view of sickness and suffering. He was a good sort of man enough, no doubt, but dry and matter-of-fact. He had seen so much of sickness and misery that he was used to it. He answered all my questions, however, politely, though seeming a good deal surprised at them.

"He had just been visiting a sick man in that house, had he not?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "he had. Bad case of low fever."

"Second floor—a married couple?" was my next inquiry.

Again an answer in the affirmative.

"Was it a case of great distress?"

"Yes, of very great distress."

"They have nothing to live upon but what the husband makes by his labour?" I asked.

"Nothing," was the answer.

"And he is laid up and unable to work."

"That is the state of the case," replied the doctor.

"Ah! I thought so," said I. "Would you be kind enough, Doctor Cordial," I continued, "to take charge of this small sum" (it was a very small one) "for the benefit of these poor people—on no account mentioning how you came by it."

The doctor promised that he would, and I was just going to leave him, when I thought I would ask the poor fellow's name.

"His name is Adams," said the doctor, and so we parted.

I now felt quite a sense of proprietorship in looking at my poor shadows opposite, and watched them more eagerly than ever. There was one action of the shadow, now unfortunately the only action to watch, which used to puzzle me not a little. The sick man's wife used at times to stand before the light, and, as it appeared to me, used to hold some article of clothing, or other piece of drapery, and examine it closely; sometimes I fancied that I could make the object out to be a shirt, or a coat, at another time a pair of trousers. After this she would disappear, and I always noticed that the lamp would then be turned down till its light was very low, and would remain so for a considerable period. I could not understand this at the time, though I did afterwards. She was testing the condition of different articles of clothing before taking them to the pawnbroker's.

And now I began to discover one of the bad results of my solitary life. Though I had given Doctor Cordial a small sum to go towards helping these poor people, it was quite impossible, in my straitened circumstances, that I could spare more. If I had resolutely kept my friends about me, there would have been somebody or other to whom I could apply in behalf of my poor shadows, while now it was impossible to do so. Even when the idea entered my mind of trying to revive some former friendships with this view, the fear that any one so applied to might imagine I wanted the help for myself, at once deterred me.

Whilst I was engaged in turning all these things over in my mind, there came across it the memory of one individual to whom I really felt as if I should not mind applying in this difficulty.

This was a certain Mr. Pycroft, a copper-plate printer, with whom I had formerly had dealings. He was an old man, and it so happened that at one time in my life I had been in a position to do him a service, and had done it. There was something about his age, his position, and our former relations, which made me feel less shy of approaching him than I should have felt with any one else. He was a fat, jolly-looking old boy, and was, as far as I had had opportunities of judging, as good natured as he looked.

There was, however, one circumstance connected with his history which seemed to show him in a less amiable light, and the remembrance of which made me for a time hesitate about applying to him. I remembered to have heard that some short time ago he had acted with great severity towards his eldest son, who, having contracted a marriage against his father's wishes, had been deprived of his share in the business, which he had formerly enjoyed, and left to make a living as well as he could by his own exertions. The fact is, that the old man had had a darling project of marrying his eldest son to a young girl whose father was a business connexion of his own. The old copper-plate printer was not only thwarted in this, but was further outraged by his son's choice having fallen in a direction particularly distasteful to him for private reasons. I suspected also from what I had heard, that the conduct of the eldest son, which had been represented to his father as being violent and rebellious in no ordinary degree, had been made the worst of by the younger brother, who not only stepped into the lion's share of the business on his brother's removal, but himself contracted the marriage which his brother had declined. I could not help thinking when I heard the circumstances of the case that this younger son had had a great deal to do in poisoning the old man's mind with regard to his elder brother's conduct.

At all events, old Mr. Pycroft was the only person I could think of just now as likely to help my unfortunate shadows, and to him I determined to apply, but in a roundabout way. It occurred to me that if I could enlist his sympathy in the fate of these poor people, just as my own had been awakened, by means of the shadows, it would be a far better plan than any other.

It so happened that I had often promised my old acquaintance to show him a collection which I had of Rembrandt etchings, and it occurred to me that now was the time when these might come into play with great effect. So, making an excuse in relation to the matter of business which had formerly brought us together, I called on my old acquaintance, and, in the course of conversation, invited him, naming an evening, to come to my lodgings, and examine these curiosities, intimating that we would moisten that pleasing labour with a glass of brandy-and-water. Punctual to the time named Mr. Pycroft arrived, and we got through the first hour very comfortably, though I could not help feeling rather anxious about the success of my scheme.

After examining the etchings, Mr. Pycroft, over the second glass, began to rally me about living in such a labyrinth of streets, asking me if I did not find it dreadfully confined at the back.

"By-the-by," I said—and here I must own that I was guilty of some small amount of deception, for I spoke as if the matter in hand were of no sort of importance—"by-the-by, Mr. Pycroft, you wouldn't imagine how much recreation I derive from observing my neighbours in that very cross street which you find comes too near my windows."

"If you was to come out of this kind of solitary life," replied Mr. P., "you would have other things to amuse yourself with besides the goings on of a parcel of people whom you know nothing about."

"Now here, for instance," I went on, unmindful of the interruption, as I drew aside my own curtain and pointed out the window of the room occupied by my poor young couple—"here is a window which has revealed to me all sorts of interesting matter—enough to make a story out of almost, I can tell you."

"What, this window opposite? But do you mean to say, Mr. B., that you think it right to look into people's rooms like that?"

"I have scrupulously abstained from doing so," was my answer, "and have made all my observations with the blind down, as you see it now."

"With the blind down? But how could you make any observations with the blind down?"

"By means of the shadows of the occupants of the apartment," was my answer.

"Shadows?" cried Mr. Pycroft, obviously incredulous. "You don't mean to tell me that you could make out what was going on in that room by means of the shadows on the blind?"

"Something of what goes on," I replied, "at any rate. Enough to interest me in the fortunes of those to whom the room belongs."

"Well, really Mr. B.! If I had it on any other testimony than your own I should have thought it simply impossible."

"Would you like to look for yourself?" I said. "I dare say something will take place behind the blind before long, which will give you an opportunity of testing the accuracy of what I have said."

"Well, without doubting that at all," replied my guest, "I really think I should."

Mr. Pycroft was sitting near the window, but my reading-lamp upon the table made the room rather too light for our observations. So I pushed the table away to the other end of the room, turned down the wick of the lamp, and lowered the shade over it as well.

"Well," said Mr. Pycroft, "I see nothing at present but a white blind with a light behind it."

The shadow of the little wife's head was

there in the corner by the curtain, and the shadow of the hand rose and fell as usual; but Mr. Pycroft had not such a practised eye as I had for detecting such matters. I pointed these out to my friend.

"I *do* see something bobbing up and down," he said, "now you mention it. But I should never have found it out without your help. Stop! there's a shadow now covering nearly the whole blind. What's that?"

"I suspect that it is the shadow of the same person," was my answer. "She will probably go nearer the window and farther from the light presently, and then you will see."

In a minute or two the shadow appeared again, and this time not so large.

"I can make it out now," said my friend, "quite easily; it is the shadow of a woman. I can see the line of the waist and of the skirts of the dress."

"Can you make out the face at all?" I asked.

"Oh yes," answered Mr. P. "It is turned sideways, looking to the left there. She's gone now," he added in a moment.

In a few minutes her shadow was thrown again upon the blind.

"What's she about now?" asked Mr. Pycroft.

"Nay, you shall tell me," I answered.

"Well, she seems to have some small object in her hand which she is shaking."

"And now?" I asked again.

"I can't make out, her elbow seems raised—both hands are raised. No, I can't make out at all."

"*I* think she is pouring something out," said I.

"So she is, no doubt," answered my guest, who was evidently becoming much interested. "Stay," he continued, after a moment's pause, and looking at me quite anxiously as he spoke—"shaking, pouring—'to be well shaken before taken'—why, it must be medicine."

"I suspect it *is* medicine," was my answer.

"Is there some one ill, then?" asked Mr. Pycroft.

"Yes," I replied, "her husband."

"And did the shadow tell you that, too?"

"Yes, the shadow of her husband used to appear on the blind as often as hers, now I never see it. Exactly coincident with the disappearance of the husband's shadow has been the arrival of another shadow, which has been that of the parish doctor."

"And pray," asked Mr. Pycroft with the air of one whose credulity had been really too much tasked at last, "*may* I ask how you knew it to be the doctor's shadow?"

"Doctor Cordial has the roundest back you ever saw in your life," was my answer.

"Well, this is really very curious," ejaculated the old copper-plate printer, who was now evidently powerfully interested.

As we continued to look, the light was suddenly removed, and the room was left in darkness.

"What do you suppose has happened now?" inquired my companion.

"I suppose," was my answer, "that she has left the room for a short time. We shall see more presently, no doubt;" and almost as I spoke the light reappeared, and another shadow was in the room besides that of the little wife.

"The doctor?" asked Mr. Pycroft.

"There," I cried, triumphantly, "you see how much may be discovered by shadows. You are expert already."

"He *has* a round back, certainly," said the old copper-plate printer.

The round-backed shadow now faded off softly in the direction towards which the profile of the little wife was turned so often. The white blind remained for some minutes shadowless.

"I suppose he is examining his patient now," said Mr. Pycroft; "here he is again," he added in another minute. The doctor, however, stood so near the light this time and so completely with his back towards us, that we were unable to determine what he was doing. This was, naturally, often the case with the shadows. Much as one was able to make out, there was, of course, infinitely more, an explanation of which it was impossible even to guess at.

In a short time the round-backed shadow was joined by that of the sick man's wife, and then the two stood for some time in conversation; at least it was reasonable to suppose so.

"Giving her directions, I shouldn't wonder," said the copper-plate printer.

"Most likely," I answered.

"I wonder if he's *very* bad," said my companion. After this there was a pause. The two shadows continued standing by the table. At last, we both thought that the doctor's shadow appeared to give something to the shade of the engraver's wife, and immediately after, the light was removed as it had been before: it had been probably taken out on to the landing in order that the doctor might see his way down stairs.

"And so they're very poor," said Mr. Pycroft, as if talking to himself.

"They had nothing but what the husband could earn," I answered, "and he is wholly incapable of working, and will remain so probably for weeks to come."

The light had now reappeared in the room. The shadow of the little wife seemed to linger by the table after setting it down. Her figure was motionless for a considerable time, and then we noted that the head fell forward, and that the face was buried in the hands as if in an agony of silent grief.

We neither of us spoke, and at the same moment I dropped the curtain of my own window which had before been fastened back, for I felt that this was sorrow with which a spectator had no right to intermeddle.

Soon afterwards my old friend rose to go, and we spoke not another word on the matter. Just before I retired to rest, however, I looked out once more. The shadow of the little wife's head was in its usual place, and the shadow of her hand rose and fell as usual. She was at work again.

The next day, by an early post, I received a letter from Mr. Pycroft. He had been thinking a great deal, he said, of what he had seen the night before, and enclosed a little money, which he asked me to see applied to the benefit of the young couple in whose fortunes I had interested myself. He also begged me from time to time to let him have tidings of what "the shadows" were about.

I handed the money over to Dr. Cordial, asking him to apply it as might seem best to his judgment, but making no mention of who it came from. I asked him also to let me have news as frequently as possible of the condition of his patient. These I transmitted pretty nearly as often as I received them to the old copper-plate printer.

For some days there was not much to report, nor did the shadows tell me anything different from what they had before revealed. The poor engraver's shadow was still wanting, and that of his little wife was either stationary in the corner, when she did what she could to earn a little money with her needle, or else was seen flitting about the room in attendance on her sick husband. At length there came a time when the fever reached its crisis, and when it was clear, according to the doctor's report, that the sufferer must sink under it or recover. To make my story as short as possible, I will not dwell on the details of this period of suspense. The one quality of youth, possessed by the patient, enabled his constitution to rally, and after this crisis in his disorder he began to mend.

And now a long convalescence followed, and a time arrived when one evening the shadow of a wasted figure moved slowly past the light, and I could guess as I watched it, and observed that it was accompanied by the well-known shadow of the little wife, that the sick man was moving from his bed to a chair by the fire.

Of course I made this advance known to my friend, the copper-plate printer, and kept him well acquainted with all the particulars of the gradual improvement in our invalid's health, even to the period when it was so far re-established that he was able at last to sit up for a certain number of hours every day at his engraving table, and work once more for his wife's support.

"They are very grateful," I said, when I made this announcement to my old acquaintance, "to the unknown friend who has assisted them from time to time throughout their trouble."

"Oh no, nonsense, nonsense; it's nothing, nothing at all—nothing at all," ejaculated the old fellow, trying to get away from the subject.

"And they are very anxious," I continued, resolutely, "to thank him personally, if he would but reveal himself and give them the opportunity."

"No, no, not for the world," was the answer; "oh dear no, impossible. Here, here's a little trifle extra just to set them going you know, because he mustn't work too much at first."

"And you won't let them see you?" I asked again.

"No, no, no, on no account," said the old boy. "I'll tell you what, though," he continued in a moment, "I should like to see *them*—see them as I did before—the shadows you know," he added. "I'll come and have a glass of brandy-and-water with you some evening, and have a look at the shadows again."

I was obliged to be satisfied with this, and making an engagement with my old friend for an early day, I left him, and went home.

The evening came, and with it an unusual amount of stir and bustle in the quiet room opposite. The figure of the little wife was continually flitting backwards and forwards in front of the light, as if she were engaged in smartening up the poor apartment. Hanging in the very middle of the window, and so close to the thin white blind that I could see it distinctly, there was a birdcage with a bird in it; and it was owing to the presence of this object that I had been chiefly able to form some idea of what my two friends opposite were like. When either of them approached the birdcage, as would sometimes happen, to give a chirp of encouragement to its occupant, I could see the profile of the person who did so, as distinctly as one used to trace the silhouettes of the old black portraits which itinerant artists were wont to cut out at fairs. Except at such times as this, when the engraver or his wife stood thus near the window and far from the light, I could distinguish little but a shapeless mass; and when either of them approached the candle nearly, their shadows became so gigantic that the whole space of the window—an unusually large one—was completely darkened, even by one figure. I must repeat what I have said before, that the opportunities were very rare when I could make out what the shadows were about, and that in all cases in which I could detect such processes of mixing drinks, pouring out of medicines, and the like, it was owing to the fact that some necessary object connected with the proceeding was placed on some article of furniture which stood in or near the window.

Punctual to the appointed time, my old friend, the copper-plate printer, made his appearance, and his first question after the usual greeting had been exchanged, was:

"Well—how are the shadows?"

I placed his chair in the old position, and we both sat down.

The bustle and movement to which I have adverted as going on in the room opposite, were still noticeable, and I had little doubt that the apartment was being "cleaned up;" an impression to which additional force was soon given by the dawning on the scene of a thin, straight shadow, which I took to be a broomstick, and which was now brought into active service.

I must not omit to mention, that at the moment of a certain pause in the career of the broom, the figure of the poor engraver was thrown with great distinctness on the blind. He had come to the window to stick some object, probably a piece of groundsel, between the wires of the birdcage.

When this happened, I noticed a great change come over the countenance of my guest. He raised himself in his chair, and looking eagerly forward, said, in quite a strange tone of voice:

"What did you say was the name of these people?"

"Adams," was my answer.

"Adams—you are quite sure?"

"Quite," I replied. By this time the shadow had vanished again, but I remarked that for a considerable time Mr. Pycroft seemed absent and uncomfortable, and we had talked of many matters foreign to the subject I had at heart, before he again returned to the shadows.

"They seem quiet enough now," said Mr. Pycroft at last.

"I dare say," I answered, "that the cleaning of the room is over, and that they have sat down to a bit of supper."

"Do you think so?" asked the old copperplate printer.

"I dare say they have some little luxury, furnished by your liberality."

"Do you really think so?" said the old boy, who had a great idea of comfort. "What do you think they've got? I wish the shadows would show us that!"

I darted at once at the opening which I saw here.

"The shadows will not show it," I said; "but why not go across and see it in substance? It would make their supper all the sweeter to them, I am sure."

The old gentleman had just finished a tumbler of hot grog. He was in high good humour, and as I finished speaking his eyes began to twinkle, and a latent smile developed itself about the corners of his mouth.

"It wouldn't be bad fun, would it?" he said.

I wanted nothing more, and in another minute I had him on his legs, and we were on our way to No. 4.

A little girl was on the door-step with a pot of beer in her hand, and we had no sooner stopped before the house than she made known a want incidental to the lives of maidens who stand only three feet two inches in their stockings:

"Please, sir, will you ring the second bell from the top?"

"Second floor?" I said, as I complied; "that's where Mr. and Mrs. Adams live, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, and he's my father," said the young lady, who evidently looked upon the couple alluded to as one flesh. I thought it odd I had never seen this child's shadow on the blind.

"Well, I want to see him, then," I replied, "and so does this gentleman."

"Oh, but you can't, though," said the little girl, who, by the way, appeared to be a precocious shrew—"for father's at supper, and there's a fowl, and father's been ill, and you can't disturb him just as he's a little better—so that you can't."

"You just hold your tongue, miss, will you?" said a voice at this juncture, "and let me talk to the gentleman."

I looked up and saw that the door had been opened by a tall gaunt-looking woman, with a large nose.

"Who did you please to want, sir?" she asked in a whining tone, which I disliked very much.

I told her briefly who we were, and the object of our visit.

"Oh, what a joyful surprise!" said the gaunt woman, whining as before in a manner infinitely offensive to me. "Get along up-stairs, Lizzy," she continued, addressing the child, "and tell your father that the kind gentleman as assisted him in his illness is coming to see him; I'm his wife, kind gentlemen"—(*this* the shadow that I had interested myself in!)—"I'm his poor wife that nussed him through his illness, and—take care of the stairs, kind gentlemen—and this is the room, gentlemen; and here's a joyful surprise, James; the gentlemen that's been so kind all the time you've been ill; and be pleased to take a seat, gentlemen, and honour our poor room by sitting down in it."

I was thunderstruck. A little common-looking man was sitting at the table on which a smoking fowl, a bit of bacon, and some potatoes had been placed. He bore the evident marks of recent illness, and rose with some effort at our entry. He resumed his seat, however, as I and my companion sat down. I took a chair, as I should have taken anything that was offered me in sheer surprise and bewilderment. I looked once more at the man's wife. What, was that the substance of the neat little shadow which I knew so well—that great gaunt sloping creature? Were shadows so deceptive as this? Would anybody tell me that my opposite neighbour could have had such a nose as I now saw, and that it would not have stood out in bold relief and left its mark upon my memory every time she approached the window?

The husband, too. That was not my poor engraver. He was an inoffensive man enough, as he sat there full of clumsy expressions of gratitude to my companion for the assistance accorded to him during his recent attack of fever. He was a harmless little man, no doubt. Not quite such a heavy blow as his wife; but still, he was not my engraver.

All this time, even while her husband was speaking, the gaunt woman kept up an undercurrent of gratitude of the slimiest description, to which the old gentleman answered not a word, for he seemed as little prepared for the real Mr. and Mrs. Adams by what he had seen of their shadows as I was. In short, beyond a few words of inquiry as to the state of the invalid's health, which I had managed to utter on first coming into the room, we had neither of us spoken a word.

Suddenly the tremendous idea entered my mind that there must be some mistake. I had been staring some time at the little girl whom we originally met on the door-step, and who, to do her justice, returned the compliment with interest, when it struck me that her head came

considerably above the window-sill, and that consequently, it was a most extraordinary thing that its shadow had never caught my attention. My eyes having in the course of this comparison of the young lady with the window-sill been directed towards this last part of the room, I next observed that there was no birdcage hanging in the window.

"Halloa!" I ejaculated, "you've taken down the birdcage."

"Birdcage, sir?" whined the gaunt woman, deferentially.

"We ain't got no birdcage," burst out the small child of the door-step, "nor never haven't had none—nor yet no bird neither."

"*Will* you hold your tongue, miss?" interposed her mother.

There was an awkward pause. I looked again about the room, I looked at the woman, I looked at her husband—he had no beard, I now observed. I had, however, presence of mind enough not to ask after that missing appendage as I had done after the birdcage. I determined to make assurance doubly sure, and walking towards the window and pulling aside the blind, observed, as an excuse for looking out:

"I am afraid you must be a good deal choked up at the back with houses. Isn't that rather unwholesome?"

A voluble answer on the subject of confined lodgings, their advantages and disadvantages, followed, but I did not hear it. I was looking for my own window in the house opposite. I had left the lamp alight and the blind half drawn up. The window before me, exactly in front of that which I was looking from, was fastened up and secured with shutters. Stretching my neck, and glancing in a slanting direction towards the next of the opposite houses, I saw that the second-floor window was illuminated, and that the blind was half lowered.

"Your supper is getting cold," I said, coming back to the table, and exchanging a glance of meaning with my companion; "my friend and I only wished to come in and see how you were enjoying yourselves, and so now we will leave you to do better justice to the fowl than you could if we remained here."

So saying, and resisting all entreaties to stay and take a share of the good things, I made for the door, and was soon on the staircase, followed closely by Mr. Pycroft, who, speechless as long as we remained in the room, did nothing now but repeat, "Wrong people, eh?—been feeding the wrong people, haven't we?" in a loud and perfectly audible whisper. The gaunt woman was, however, too loquacious herself to hear what was said, and during the time that she lighted us down the stairs, never ceased whining out her gratitude for a single moment.

When we got into the street I turned round and looked my companion in the face.

"It is some comfort, at any rate," I said, "to think that you have been assisting people who were really in need of help, but it is evident that every penny of your bounty has gone to the family we have just left."

"And how do you account for the mistake?" asked my old friend.

"I can only conclude," was my answer, "that by a curious coincidence there have been two second-floor lodgers ill in two houses next door to each other; that after my seeing Dr. Cordial at the window opposite to mine, he had gone from the one house to the other; that he had had time to pay a short visit to the invalid we have just left; and that then I had met him coming away, as I thought, from attending on our poor shadows, but in reality from the deserving personage whose supper has been supplied by your benevolence."

"And the shadows?" gasped Mr. Pycroft, utterly aghast.

"Have, through my unfortunate mistake, not received a single shilling," was my answer.

Mr. Pycroft stared at me for some time in petrified amazement.

"We can never leave the thing like this," he said, at last. "Do you think you could be sure of the house *this* time?"

"I can understand your feeling some mistrust about it," I said, "but I own that I feel none myself. *This* is the house beyond a doubt." I looked up as I spoke at No. 5.

"Then let's bring the matter to a conclusion at once," said the old copper-plate printer, stoutly; and with that we actually rang at the second bell handle on the left hand door-post.

After the proper amount of delay the door was opened by a slatternly woman.

"Second-floor back?" said I, in a mellifluous voice.

"Front," replied the slatternly woman, in rather an injured tone; "you should have rung the bell on the right door-post."

I begged pardon with all humility, and the slatternly woman relented a little.

"The two-pair-back's at home, I know," she said, "and if you're coming up I may as well light you."

We availed ourselves of this offer, and, in a few seconds, we were on the second-floor landing. The slatternly woman pointed out the door at which we were to knock, and opening her own, and letting out in so doing a blast of onions that almost made my eyes water, she disappeared into the refreshing vapour, and shut herself in with it.

My curiosity was now powerfully piqued, and I felt as if some great stake hinged upon the opening of the door at which we stood and knocked.

A clear, cheerful voice called to us to enter, and in another moment we stood inside the room.

Two people, a man and a woman, occupied the apartment. One of them, the man, was at first hidden from view, but in the other, as she rose upon our entrance, I recognised at once the shadow with which I was so familiar.

The room was a great contrast to that which we had just left, which was tolerably well provided with furniture. This room was utterly bare, looking as if all available objects had been

removed, as probably they had, to be turned into money. A mattress and some bedding were on the floor at one end of the room. The table, and a couple of old chairs, were the only articles of furniture I could see. The engraver's lamp was on the table, and the materials for a very poor meal which the two had evidently just been cooking—a very little scrap of bacon and some boiled rice. The birdcage was hanging in the window, if I had wanted any confirmation of my conviction that I had found my shadows at last.

Of course, all these things were taken in by me at a single glance, it being necessary that I should at once account for my visit and that of my friend. I had begun to do so in a few hurried words, when my attention was suddenly arrested by an exclamation from Mr. Pycroft, who had followed me. The second occupant of the room, whom we had at first seen but imperfectly, had now risen to his feet, and stood with the light full upon him, straining his eyes into the shade where my companion stood behind me. I turned hastily round, and met the stern gaze of my old friend.

"If this is a trick, Mr. Broadhead," he said, speaking very thick, and with choking utterance, "I can tell you that it does you little credit."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in utter bewilderment.

"I mean that if this has all been a planned thing to bring about a reconciliation between me and my son——"

"Your son?" I gasped.

"I can only say," continued Mr. Pycroft, "that it shall meet with the success it deserves."

He turned as he spoke and made for the door, but I was beforehand with him.

"Stay, Mr. Pycroft!" I cried. "If you choose to retain this feeling of animosity, which so ill becomes you, you must, but you shall not go away with a false impression of this matter as far as I am concerned in it. I swear to you that your suspicions of me are false, that when we came to this room I had no more idea of who were its occupants than you had, and that I never knew your son was living in this abject misery; though, if I had, I would certainly have done my best to rouse you to a feeling of what, under such circumstances, you owe to one who bears your name."

Mr. Pycroft had glanced once searchingly towards me when I denied his imputation of having been concerned in a plot to trick him into a reconciliation, and now his eyes were directed towards the place where his son stood before him.

He was a fine manly-looking fellow, and as he stood there holding his wife's hand in his, and with the refining influence of recent illness showing on his worn but handsome face, I could not help feeling that surely this picture must complete the work which the shadows had so well begun.

"Look at them!" I said—"look at this room—look at that meal! Can you see such wretchedness and not be moved? If your son has displeased you, has he not suffered? If he has disobeyed, he has paid the penalty."

I looked in my companion's face, and I thought that I saw some shadow of compunction working there.

"Do not," I said, "let the sympathy which you bestowed upon the shadows be wanting for the realities which cast them."

The little wife at this moment left her husband's side, and, advancing to where we stood, laid her hand timidly on that of my old friend. I looked at him once more, and then, beckoning the poor engraver to his father's side, I passed quietly from the room, where I felt that my presence was no longer needed.

About an hour afterwards I was sitting disconsolately in my room, reflecting on the loneliness of my own position, and rather envying my opposite neighbours, when I heard my own name shouted in a cheery voice from without.

I looked in the old direction, and saw my friend Mr. Pycroft standing at his son's open window.

"We want you to come over," said the old gentleman, "and spend what is left of the evening with us."

I assented gladly, and was just drawing in my head, when I heard myself called once more by name.

"And I say," said Mr. Pycroft, in a stage whisper, "as we are rather short of liquor here, perhaps you wouldn't mind bringing a bottle of brandy in your pocket; and if you happen to have such a thing as a lemon——"

In a few minutes I was sitting one of a comfortable party in the room opposite.

"Do you know what is one of the first things we intend to do now," said the little wife, smiling as she looked at me.

"I have not the least idea," was my answer.

"Why, we are going to nail up the thickest curtain we can get, in order to prevent our opposite neighbour from seeing what we are about whenever our lamp happens to be alight."

"You need not be afraid," I said; "and you may save yourself the trouble of putting up the curtain, for the opposite neighbour hopes henceforth to see so much of his new friends in their Substance, that he is not likely to trouble himself much more about—their Shadows."

III.

PICKING UP TERRIBLE COMPANY.

While the artist was still engaged in telling his story, another visitor had come in at the gate, and had politely remained in the background, so as not to interrupt the proceedings. When the story was over, he came forward, and presented himself (in excellent English) as a Frenchman on a visit to this country. In the course of an eventful life, opportunities had occurred to him of learning our language, on the Continent, and necessity had obliged him to turn them to good account. Many years had passed, since that time,

and had allowed him no earlier chance of visiting England than the chance of which he had now availed himself. He was staying with some friends in the neighbourhood—the Hermit had been mentioned to him—and here he was, on the ground of Thomas Tiddler, to deposit his homage at the feet of that illustrious landed proprietor.

Was the French visitor surprised? Not the least in the world. His face showed deep marks of former care and trouble—perhaps he was past feeling surprised at anything? By no means. If he had seen Mr. Mopes on French ground, he would have been petrified on the spot. But Mr. Mopes on English ground was only a new development of the dismal national character. Given British spleen, as the cause—followed British suicide, as the effect. Quick suicide (of which the works of his literary countrymen had already informed him) by throwing yourself into the water. Slow suicide (of which his own eyes now informed him) by burying yourself among soot and cinders, in a barred kitchen. Curious either way—but nothing to surprise a well-read Frenchman.

Leaving our natioual character to assert itself to better advantage, when time had given this gentleman better opportunities of studying it, Mr. Traveller politely requested him to follow the relation of the artist's experience with an experience of his own. After a moment's grave consideration, the Frenchman said that his early life had been marked by perils and sufferings of no ordinary kind. He had no objection to relate one of his adventures—but he warned his audience beforehand that they must expect to be a little startled; and he begged that they would suspend their opinions of himself and his conduct, until they had heard him to the end.

After those prefatory words, he began as follows:

I AM a Frenchman by birth, and my name is François Thierry. I need not weary you with my early history. Enough, that I committed a political offence—that I was sent to the galleys for it—that I am an exile for it to this day. The brand was not abolished in my time. If I chose, I could show you the fiery letters on my shoulder.

I was arrested, tried, and sentenced, in Paris. I went out of the court with my condemnation ringing in my ears. The rumbling wheels of the prison-van repeated it all the way from Paris to Bicêtre that evening, and all the next day, and the next, and the next, along the weary road from Bicêtre to Toulon. When I look back upon that time, I think I must have been stupified by the unexpected severity of my sentence; for I remember nothing of the journey, nor of the places where we stopped—nothing but the eternal repetition of "travaux forcés—travaux forcés—travaux forcés à perpétuité," over and over, and over again. Late in the afternoon of the third day, the van stopped, the door was thrown open, and I was conducted across a stone yard, through a stone corridor, into a huge stone hall, dimly lighted from above. Here I was interrogated by a military superintendent, and entered by name in a ponderous ledger bound and clasped with iron, like a book in fetters.

"Number Two Hundred and Seven," said the superintendent. "Green."

They took me into an adjoining room, searched, stripped, and plunged me into a cold bath. When I came out of the bath, I put on the livery of the galleys—a coarse canvas shirt, trousers of tawny serge, a red serge blouse, and heavy shoes clamped with iron. Last of all, a green woollen cap. On each leg of the trousers, and on the breast and back of the blouse, were printed the fatal letters "T. F." On a brass label in the front of the cap, were engraved the figures "207." From that moment I lost my individuality. I was no longer François Thierry. I was Number Two Hundred and Seven. The superintendent stood by and looked on.

"Come, be quick," said he, twirling his long moustache between his thumb and forefinger. "It grows late, and you must be married before supper."

"Married!" I repeated.

The superintendent laughed, and lighted a cigar, and his laugh was echoed by the guards and jailers.

Down another stone corridor, across another yard, into another gloomy hall, the very counterpart of the last, but filled with squalid figures, noisy with the clank of fetters, and pierced at each end with a circular opening, through which a cannon's mouth showed grimly.

"Bring Number Two Hundred and Six," said the superintendent, "and call the priest."

Number Two Hundred and Six came from a farther corner of the hall, dragging a heavy chain, and along with him a blacksmith, bare-armed and leather-aproned.

"Lie down," said the blacksmith, with an insulting spurn of the foot.

I lay down. A heavy iron ring attached to a chain of eighteen links was then fitted to my ankle, and riveted with a single stroke of the hammer. A second ring next received the disengaged ends of my companion's chain and mine, and was secured in the same manner. The echo of each blow resounded through the vaulted roof like a hollow laugh.

"Good," said the superintendent, drawing a small red book from his pocket. "Number Two Hundred and Seven, attend to the prison code. If you attempt to escape without succeeding, you will be bastinadoed. If you succeed in getting beyond the port, and are then taken, you will receive three years of double-chaining. As soon as you are missed, three cannon shots will be fired, and alarm flags will be hoisted on every bastion. Signals will be telegraphed to the maritime guards, and to the police of the ten neighbouring districts. A price will be set upon your head. Placards will be posted upon the gates of Toulon, and sent to every town throughout the empire. It will be lawful to fire upon you, if you cannot be captured alive."

Having read this with grim complacency, the superintendent resumed his cigar, replaced the book in his pocket, and walked away.

All was over now—all the incredulous wonder, the dreamy dulness, the smouldering hope, of the past three days. I was a felon, and (slavery in slavery!) chained to a fellow-felon. I looked up, and found his eyes upon me. He was a swart heavy-browed sullen-jawed man of about forty; not much taller than myself, but of immensely powerful build.

"So," said he, "you're for life, are you? So am I."

"How do you know I am for life?" I asked, wearily.

"By that." And he touched my cap roughly with the back of his hand. "Green, for life. Red, for a term of years. What are you in for?"

"I conspired against the government."

He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Devil's mass! "Then you're a gentleman-convict, I suppose! Pity you've not a berth to yourselves—we poor forçats hate such fine company."

"Are there many political prisoners?" I asked, after a moment's pause.

"None, in this department."

Then, as if detecting my unspoken thought, "I am no innocent," he added with an oath. "This is the fourth time I have been here. Did you ever hear of Gasparo?"

"Gasparo the forger?"

He nodded.

"Who escaped three or four months since, and——"

"And flung the sentinel over the ramparts, just as he was going to give the alarm. I'm the man."

I had heard of him, as a man who, early in his career, had been sentenced to a long solitary imprisonment in a gloomy cell, and who had come forth from his solitude hardened into an absolute wild beast. I shuddered, and, as I shuddered, found his evil eye taking vindictive note of me. From that moment he hated me. From that moment I loathed him.

A bell rang, and a detachment of convicts came in from labour. They were immediately searched by the guard, and chained up, two and two, to a sloping wooden platform that reached all down the centre of the hall. Our afternoon meal was then served out, consisting of a mess of beans, an allowance of bread and ship-biscuit, and a measure of thin wine. I drank the wine; but I could eat nothing. Gasparo took what he chose from my untouched allowance, and those who were nearest, scrambled for the rest. The supper over, a shrill whistle echoed down the hall, each man took his narrow mattress from under the platform which made our common bedstead, rolled himself in a piece of seaweed matting, and lay down for the night. In less than five minutes, all was profoundly silent. Now and then I heard the blacksmith going round with his hammer, testing the gratings, and trying the locks, in all the corridors. Now and then, the guard stalked past with his musket on his shoulder. Sometimes, a convict moaned, or shook his fetters in his sleep. Thus the weary hours went by. My companion slept heavily, and even I lost consciousness at last.

I was sentenced to hard labour. At Toulon the hard labour is of various kinds: such as quarrying, mining, pumping in the docks, lading and unlading vessels, transporting ammunition, and so forth. Gasparo and I were employed with about two hundred other convicts in a quarry a little beyond the port. Day after day week after week, from seven in the morning until seven at night, the rocks echoed with our blows. At every blow, our chains rang and rebounded on the stony soil. In that fierce climate, terrible tempests and tropical droughts succeed each other throughout the summer and autumn. Often and often, after toiling for hours under a burning sky, have I gone back to prison and to my pallet, drenched to the skin. Thus the last days of the dreary spring ebbed slowly past; and then the more dreary summer, and then the autumn-time, came round.

My fellow-convict was a Piedmontese. He had been a burglar, a forger, an incendiary. In his last escape, he had committed manslaughter. Heaven alone knows how my sufferings were multiplied by that abhorred companionship—how I shrank from the touch of his hand—how I sickened, if his breath came over me as we lay side by side at night. I strove to disguise my loathing; but in vain. He knew it as well as I knew it, and he revenged himself upon me by every means that a vindictive nature could devise. That he should tyrannise over me was not wonderful; for his physical strength was gigantic, and he was looked upon as an authorised despot throughout the port; but simple tyranny was the least part of what I had to endure. I had been fastidiously nurtured; he purposely and continually offended my sense of delicacy. I was unaccustomed to bodily labour; he imposed on me the largest share of our daily work. When I needed rest, he would insist on walking. When my limbs were cramped, he would lie down obstinately, and refuse to stir. He delighted to sing blasphemous songs, and relate hideous stories of what he had thought and resolved on in his solitude. He would even twist the chain in such wise that it should gall me at every step. I was at that time just twenty-two years of age, and had been sickly from boyhood. To retaliate, or to defend myself, would have been alike impossible. To complain to the superintendent, would only have been to provoke my tyrant to greater cruelty.

There came a day, at length, when his hatred seemed to abate. He allowed me to rest when our hour of repose came round. He abstained from singing the songs I abhorred, and fell into long fits of abstraction. The next morning, shortly after we had begun work, he drew near enough to speak to me in a whisper.

"François, have you a mind to escape?"

I felt the blood rush to my face. I clasped my hands. I could not speak.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"To the death."

"Listen, then. To-morrow, a renowned marshal will visit the port. He will inspect the docks, the prisons, the quarries. There will be plenty of cannonading from the forts and the shipping, and if two convicts escape, a volley more or less will attract no attention round about Toulon. Do you understand?"

"You mean that no one will recognise the signals?"

"Not even the sentries at the town-gates—not even the guards in the next quarry. Devil's mass! What can be easier than to strike off each other's fetters with the pickaxe when the superintendent is not looking, and the salutes are firing? Will you venture?"

"With my life!"

"A bargain. Shake hands on it."

I had never touched his hand in fellowship before, and I felt as if my own were blood-stained by the contact. I knew by the sullen fire in his glance, that he interpreted my faltering touch aright.

We were roused an hour earlier than usual the following morning, and went through a general inspection in the prison-yard. Before going to work, we were served with a double allowance of wine. At one o'clock, we heard the first far-off salutes from the ships of war in the harbour. The sound ran through me like a galvanic shock. One by one, the forts took up the signal. It was repeated by the gun-boats closer in shore. Discharge followed discharge, all along the batteries on both sides of the port, and the air grew thick with smoke.

"As the first shot is fired yonder," whispered Gasparo, pointing to the barracks behind the prison, "strike at the first link of my chain, close to the ankle."

A rapid suspicion flashed across me.

"If I do, how can I be sure that you will free me afterwards? No, Gasparo; you must deal the first blow."

"As you please," he replied, with a laugh and an imprecation.

At the same instant, came a flash from the battlements of the barrack close by, and then a thunderous reverberation, multiplied again and again by the rocks around. As the roar burst over our heads, I saw him strike, and felt the fetters fall. Scarcely had the echo of the first gun died away, when the second was fired. It was now Gasparo's turn to be free. I struck; but less skilfully, and had twice to repeat the blow before breaking the stubborn link. We then went on, apparently, with our work, standing somewhat close together, with the chain huddled up between us. No one had observed us, and no one, at first sight, could have detected what we had done. At the third shot, a party of officers and gentlemen made their appearance at the bend of the road leading up to the quarry. In an instant, every head was turned in their direction; every felon paused in his work; every guard presented arms. At that moment we flung away our caps and pickaxes, scaled the rugged bit of cliff on which we had been toiling, dropped into the ravine below, and made for the mountain passes that lead into the valley. Encumbered still with the iron anklets to which our chains had been fastened, we could not run very swiftly. To add to our difficulties, the road was uneven, strewn with flints and blocks of fallen granite, and tortuous as the windings of a snake. Suddenly, on turning a sharp angle of projecting cliff, we came upon a little guard-house and a couple of sentries. To retreat was impossible. The soldiers were within a few yards of us. They presented their pieces, and called to us to surrender. Gasparo turned upon me like a wolf at bay.

"Curse you!" said he, dealing me a tremendous blow, "stay and be taken! I have always hated you!"

I fell, as if struck down by a sledge hammer, and, as I fell, saw him dash one soldier to the ground, dart past the other, heard a shot, and then . . . all became dark, and I know no more.

When I next opened my eyes, I found myself lying on the floor of a small unfurnished room, dimly lighted by a tiny window close against the ceiling. It seemed as if weeks had gone by, since I lost consciousness. I had scarcely strength to rise, and, having risen, kept my feet with difficulty. Where my head had lain, the floor was wet with blood. Giddy and perplexed, I leaned against the wall, and tried to think.

In the first place, where was I? Evidently in no part of the prison from which I had escaped. There, all was solid stone and iron grating; here, was only whitewashed lath and plaster. I must be in a chamber of the little guard-house: probably in an upper chamber. Where, then, were the soldiers? Where was Gasparo? Had I strength to clamber up to that window, and if so, in what direction did that window look out? I stole to the door, and found it locked. I listened, breathlessly, but could hear no sound either below or above. Creeping back again, I saw that the little window was at least four feet above my head. The smooth plaster offered no projections by which I could raise myself, and there was not even a fireplace in the room from which I could have wrenched a bar to dig out holes in the wall for my feet and hands. Stay! There was my leathern belt, and on the belt, the iron hook which used to sustain my chain when I was not at work. I tore off the hook, picked away the lath and plaster in three or four places, climbed up, opened the window, and gazed out eagerly. Before me, at a distance of not more than thirty-five or forty feet, rose the rugged cliff under whose shelter the guard-house was built; at my feet, lay a little kitchen-garden, divided from the base of the rock by a muddy ditch which seemed to run through the ravine; to the right and left, as well as I could judge, lay the rocky path along which our course had been directed. My decision was taken at once. To stay was certain capture; to venture, at all hazards, would make matters no worse. Again I listened, and again all was quiet. I drew myself through the little casement, dropped

as gently as I could upon the moist earth, and, crouching against the wall, asked myself what I should do next. To climb the cliff would be to offer myself as a target to the first soldier who saw me. To venture along the ravine would be, perhaps, to encounter Gasparo and his captors face to face. Besides, it was getting dusk, and, under cover of the night, if I could only conceal myself till then, I might yet escape. But where was that concealment to be found? Heaven be thanked for the thought! There was the ditch.

Only two windows looked out upon the garden from the back of the guard-house. From one of those windows I had just now let myself down, and the other was partly shuttered up. I did not dare, however, openly to cross the garden. I dropped upon my face, and crawled in the furrows between the rows of vegetables, until I came to the ditch. Here, the water rose nearly to my waist, but the banks on either side were considerably higher, and, by stooping, I found that I could walk without bringing my head to the level of the road. I thus followed the course of the ditch for some two or three hundred yards in the direction of Toulon, thinking that my pursuers would be less likely to suspect me of doubling back towards prison, than of pushing forward towards the country. Half lying, half crouching under the rank grasses that fringed the bank above, I then watched the gathering shadows. By-and-by I heard the evening gun, and a moment after, something like a distant sound of voices. Hark! was that a shout? Unable to endure the agony of suspense, I lifted my head, and peeped cautiously out. There were lights moving in the windows of the guard-house—there were dark figures in the garden—there were hasty tramplings of feet upon the road above! Presently a light flashed over the water only a few yards from my hiding-place! I slid gently down at full length, and suffered the foul ooze to close noiselessly over me. Lying thus, I held my breath till the very beatings of my heart seemed to suffocate me, and the veins in my temples were almost bursting. I could bear it no longer—I rose to the surface—I breathed again—I looked—I listened. All was darkness and silence. My pursuers were gone by!

I suffered an hour to go by, too, before I ventured to move again. By that time it was intensely dark, and had begun to rain heavily. The water in the ditch became a brawling torrent, through which I waded, unheard, past the very windows of the guard-house.

After toiling through the water for a mile or more, I ventured out upon the road again: and so, with the rain and wind beating in my face, and the scattered boulders tripping me up continually, I made my way through the whole length of the winding pass, and came out upon the more open country about midnight. With no other guide than the wind, which was blowing from the north-east, and without even a star to help me, I then struck off to the right, following what seemed to be a rough by-road, lying through a valley. By-and-by the rain abated, and I discerned the dark outlines of a chain of hills extending all along to the left of the road. These, I concluded, must be the Maures. All was well, so far. I had taken the right direction, and was on the way to Italy.

Excepting to sit down now and then for a few minutes by the wayside, I never paused in my flight the whole night through. Fatigue and want of food prevented me, it is true, from walking very fast; but the love of liberty was strong within me, and, by keeping steadily on, I succeeded in placing about eighteen miles between myself and Toulon. At five o'clock, just as the day began to dawn, I heard a peal of chimes, and found that I was approaching a large town. In order to avoid this town, I was forced to turn back for some distance, and take to the heights. The sun had now risen, and I dared go no farther; so, having pulled some turnips in a field as I went along, I took refuge in a little lonely copse in a hollow among the hills, and there lay all day in safety. When night again closed in, I resumed my journey, keeping always among the mountains, and coming now and then on grand glimpses of moonlit bays, and tranquil islands lying off the shore; now and then, on pastoral hamlets nestled up among the palmy heights; or on promontories overgrown with the cactus and the aloe. I rested all the second day in a ruined shed at the bottom of a deserted sand-pit, and, in the evening, feeling that I could no longer sustain life without some fitting nourishment, made my way down towards a tiny fishing village on the coast below. It was quite dark, by the time I reached the level ground. I walked boldly past the cottages of the fishermen, meeting only an old woman and a little child on the way, and knocked at the curé's door. He opened it himself. I told my story in half a dozen words. The good man believed and pitied me. He gave me food and wine, an old handkerchief to wrap about my head, an old coat to replace my convict's jacket, and two or three francs to help me on my way. I parted from him with tears.

I walked all that night again, and all the next, keeping somewhat close upon the coast, and hiding among the cliffs during the daytime. On the fifth morning, having left Antibes behind me during the night's march, I came to the banks of the Var; crossed the torrent about half a mile below the wooden bridge; plunged into the pine-woods on the Sardinian side of the frontier; and lay down to rest on Italian ground at last!

How, though comparatively safe, I still pursued my journey by the least frequented ways—how I bought a file at the first hamlet to which I came, and freed myself from the iron anklet—how, having lurked about Nice till my hair and beard had grown, I begged my way on to Genoa—how, at Genoa, I hung about the port, earning a scanty livelihood by any chance work that I could get, and so struggled, somehow, through the inclement winter—how, towards the early

spring, I worked my passage on board a small trader from Genoa to Fiumicino, touching at all the ports along the coast—and how, coming slowly up the Tiber in a barge laden with oil and wine, I landed one evening in March on the Ripetta quay, in Rome;—how all these things happened, and what physical hardships I endured in the mean while, I have no time here to relate in detail. My object had been to get to Rome, and that object was at last attained. In so large a city, and at so great a distance from the scene of my imprisonment, I was personally safe. I might hope to turn my talents and education to account. I might even find friends among the strangers who would flock thither to the Easter festivals. Full of hope, therefore, I sought a humble lodging in the neighbourhood of the quay, gave up a day or two to the enjoyment of my liberty and of the sights of Rome, and then set myself to find some regular employment.

Regular employment, or, indeed, employment of any kind, was not, however, so easily to be obtained. It was a season of distress. The previous harvest had been a failure, and the winter unusually severe. There had also been disturbances in Naples, and the travellers this spring were fewer by some thousands than the ordinary average. So dull a carnival had not been known for years. The artists had sold no paintings, and the sculptors no statues. The cameo-cutters and mosaicists were starving. The tradesmen, the hotel-keepers, the professional ciceroni, were all complaining bitterly. Day by day, my hopes faded and my prospects darkened. Day by day, the few scudi I had scraped together on the passage melted away. I had thought to obtain a clerkship, or a secretaryship, or a situation in some public library. Before three weeks were over, I would gladly have swept a studio. At length there came a day when I saw nothing before me but starvation; when my last bajocco was expended; when my padrone (or landlord) shut the door in my face, and I knew not where to turn for a meal or a shelter. All that afternoon, I wandered hopelessly about the streets. It was Good Friday, of all days in the year. The churches were hung with black; the bells were tolling; the thoroughfares were crowded with people in mourning. I went into the little church of Santa Martina. They were chanting a miserere, probably with no great skill, but with a pathos that seemed to open up all the sources of my despair.

Outcast that I was, I slept that night under a dark arch near the theatre of Marcellus. The morning dawned upon a glorious day, and I crept out, shivering, into the sunshine. Lying crouched against a bit of warm wall, I caught myself wondering more than once how long it would be worth while to endure the agonies of hunger, and whether the brown waters of the Tiber were deep enough to drown a man. It seemed hard to die so young. My future might have been so pleasant, so honourable. The rough life that I had been leading of late, too, had strengthened me in every way, physically and mentally. I had grown taller. My muscles were more developed. I was twice as active, as energetic, as resolute, as I had been a year before. And of what use were these things to me? I must die, and they could only serve to make me die the harder.

I got up and wandered about the streets, as I had wandered the day before. Once I asked for alms, and was repulsed. I followed mechanically in the stream of carriages and foot passengers, and found myself, by-and-by, in the midst of the crowd that ebbs and flows continually about Saint Peter's during Easter week. Stupified and weary, I turned aside into the vestibule of the Sagrestia, and cowered down in the shelter of a doorway. Two gentlemen were reading a printed paper wafered against a pillar close by.

"Good Heavens!" said one to the other, "that a man should risk his neck for a few pauls!"

"Ay, and with the knowledge that out of eighty workmen, six or eight are dashed to pieces every time," added his companion.

"Shocking! Why, that is an average of ten per cent!"

"No less. It is a desperate service."

"But a fine sight," said the first speaker, philosophically; and with this they walked away.

I sprang to my feet, and read the placard with avidity. It was headed "Illumination of Saint Peter's," and announced that, eighty workmen being required for the lighting of the dome and cupola, and three hundred for the cornices, pillars, colonnade, and so forth, the amministratore was empowered, &c. &c. In conclusion, it stated that every workman employed on the dome and cupola should receive in payment, a dinner and twenty-four pauls, the wages of the rest being less than a third of that sum.

A desperate service, it was true; but I was a desperate man. After all, I could but die, and I might as well die after a good dinner as from starvation. I went at once to the amministratore, was entered in his list, received a couple of pauls as earnest of the contract, and engaged to present myself punctually at eleven o'clock on the following morning. That evening I supped at a street stall, and, for a few bajocchi, obtained leave to sleep on some straw, in a loft over a stable at the back of the Via del Arco.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of Easter Sunday, April the sixteenth, I found myself, accordingly, in the midst of a crowd of poor fellows, most of whom, I dare say, were as wretched as myself, waiting at the door of the administrator's office. The piazza in front of the cathedral was like a moving mosaic of life and colour. The sun was shining, the fountains were playing, the flags were flying over Saint Angelo. It was a glorious sight; but I saw it for only a few moments. As the clocks struck the hour, the folding-doors were thrown open, and we passed, in a crowd, into a hall, where two long tables were laid for our accommodation. A couple of sentinels stood at the

door; an usher marshalled us, standing, round the tables; and a priest read grace.

As he began to read, a strange sensation came upon me. I felt impelled to look across to the opposite table, and there . . . yes, by Heaven! there I saw Gasparo.

He was looking full at me, but his eyes dropped on meeting mine. I saw him turn lividly white. The recollection of all he had made me suffer, and of the dastardly blow that he had dealt me on the day of our flight, overpowered for the moment even my surprise at seeing him in this place. Oh that I might live to meet him yet, under the free sky, where no priest was praying, and no guards were by!

The grace over, we sat down, and fell to. Not even anger had power to blunt the edge of my appetite just then. I ate like a famishing wolf, and so did most of the others. We were allowed no wine, and the doors were locked upon us, that we might not procure any elsewhere. It was a wise regulation, considering the task we had to perform; but it made us none the less noisy. Under certain circumstances, danger intoxicates like wine; and on this Easter Sunday, we eighty sanpietrini, any one of whom might have his brains dashed about the leads before supper-time, ate, talked, jested, and laughed, with a wild gaiety that had in it something appalling.

The dinner lasted long, and when no one seemed disposed to eat more, the tables were cleared. Most of the men threw themselves on the floor and benches, and went to sleep; Gasparo among the number. Seeing this, I could refrain no longer. I went over, and stirred him roughly with my foot.

"Gasparo! You know me?"

He looked up, sullenly.

"Devil's mass! I thought you were at Toulon."

"It is not your fault that I am not at Toulon! Listen to me. If you and I survive this night, you shall answer to me for your treachery!"

He glared at me from under his deep brows, and, without replying, turned over on his face again, as if to sleep.

"Ecco un maladetto!" (There's an accursed fellow!), said one of the others, with a significant shrug, as I came away.

"Do you know anything of him?" I asked, eagerly.

"Cospetto! I know nothing of him; but that solitude is said to have made him a Wolf."

I could learn no more, so I also stretched myself upon the floor, as far as possible from my enemy, and fell profoundly asleep,

At seven, the guards roused those who still slept, and served each man with a small mug of thin wine. We were then formed into a double file, marched round by the back of the cathedral, and conducted up an inclined plane to the roof below the dome. From this point, a long series of staircases and winding passages carried us up between the double walls of the dome; and, at different stages in the ascent, a certain number of us were detached and posted ready for work. I was detached about half way up, and I saw Gasparo going higher still. When we were all posted, the superintendents came round and gave us our instructions. At a given signal, every man was to pass out through the loophole or window before which he was placed, and seat himself astride upon a narrow shelf of wood hanging to a strong rope just below. This rope came through the window, was wound round a roller, and secured from within. At the next signal, a lighted torch would be put into his right hand, and he was to grasp the rope firmly with his left. At the third signal, the rope was to be unwound from within by an assistant placed there for the purpose, he was to be allowed to slide rapidly down, over the curve of the dome, and, while thus sliding, was to apply his torch to every lamp he passed in his downward progress.

Having received these instructions, we waited, each man at his window, until the first signal should be given.

It was fast getting dark, and the silver illumination had been lighted since seven. All the great ribs of the dome, as far as I could see; all the cornices and friezes of the façade below; all the columns and parapets of the great colonnade surrounding the piazza four hundred feet below, were traced out in lines of paper lanterns, the light from which, subdued by the paper, gleamed with a silvery fire which had a magical and wondrous look. Between and among these lanternoni, were placed, at different intervals all over the cathedral on the side facing the piazza, iron cups called padelle, ready filled with tallow and turpentine. To light those on the dome and cupola, was the perilous task of the sanpietrini; when they were all lighted, the golden illumination would be effected.

A few moments of intense suspense elapsed. At every second the evening grew darker, the lanternoni burned brighter, the surging hum of thousands in the piazza and streets below, rose louder to our ears. I felt the quickening breath of the assistant at my shoulder—I could almost hear the beating of my heart. Suddenly, like the passing of an electric current, the first signal flew from lip to lip. I got out, and crossed my legs firmly round the board—with the second signal, I seized the blazing torch—with the third, I felt myself launched, and, lighting every cup as I glided past, saw all the mountainous dome above and below me spring into lines of leaping flame. The clock was now striking eight, and when the last stroke sounded, the whole cathedral was glowing in outlines of fire. A roar, like the roar of a great ocean, rose up from the multitude below, and seemed to shake the very dome against which I was clinging. I could even see the light upon the gazing faces, the crowd upon the bridge of St. Angelo, and the boats swarming along the Tiber.

Having dropped safely to the full length of my rope, and lighted my allotted share of lamps, I was now sitting in secure enjoyment of this amazing scene. All at once, I felt the rope

vibrate. I looked up, saw a man clinging by one hand to the iron rod supporting the padelle, and with the other Merciful Heaven! It was the Piedmontese firing the rope above me with his torch!

I had no time for thought—I acted upon instinct. It was done in one fearful moment. I clambered up like a cat, dashed my torch full in the solitary felon's face, and grasped the rope an inch or two above the spot where it was burning! Blinded and baffled, he uttered a terrible cry, and dropped like a stone. Through all the roar of the living ocean below, I could hear the dull crash with which he came down upon the leaded roof—resounding through all the years that have gone by since that night, I hear it now!

I had scarcely drawn breath, when I found myself being hauled up. The assistance came not a moment too soon, for I was sick and giddy with horror, and fainted as soon as I was safe in the corridor. The next day I waited on the amministratore, and told him all that had happened. My statement was corroborated by the vacant rope from which Gasparo had descended, and the burnt fragment by which I had been drawn up. The amministratore repeated my story to a prelate high in office; and while none, even of the sanpietrini, suspected that my enemy had come by his death in any unusual manner, the truth was whispered from palace to palace until it reached the Vatican. I received much sympathy, and such pecuniary assistance as enabled me to confront the future without fear. Since that time my fortunes have been various, and I have lived in many countries.

IV.

PICKING UP WAIFS AT SEA.

Some little time elapsed, after the French gentleman's narrative was over, before any more visitors made their appearance. At last, there sauntered in slowly a light-haired melancholy man; very tall, very stout; miserably dressed in cast-off garments; carrying a carpenter's basket, and looking as if he never expected any such windfall of luck as a chance of using the tools inside it. Surveying Mr. Traveller with watery light-blue eyes, this dismal individual explained (in better language than might have been expected from his personal appearance) that he was in search of work; and that, finding none, he had come in to stare at Mr. Mopes for want of anything better to do. His name was Heavysides; his present address was the Peal of Bells down in the village; if Mr. Traveller had the means of putting a job in his hands, he would be thankful for the same; if not, he would ask leave to sit down and rest himself agreeably by looking at Mr. Mopes.

Leave being granted, he sat down, and stared to his heart's content. He was not astonished, as the artist had been; he was not complacently impenetrable to surprise, like the Frenchman—he was simply curious to know why the Hermit had shut himself up. "When he first skewered that blanket round him, what had he got to complain of?" asked Heavysides. "Whatever his grievance is, I could match it, I think."

"Could you?" said Mr. Traveller. "By all means let us hear it."

There has never yet been discovered a man with a grievance, who objected to mention it. The carpenter was no exception to this general human rule. He entered on his grievance, without a moment's hesitation, in these words:

I SHALL consider it in the light of a personal favour, at starting, if you will compose your spirits to hear a pathetic story, and if you will kindly picture me in your own mind as a baby five minutes old.

Do I understand you to say that I am too big and too heavy to be pictured in anybody's mind as a baby? Perhaps I may be—but don't mention my weight again, if you please. My weight has been the grand misfortune of my life. It spoilt all my prospects (as you will presently hear) before I was two days old.

My story begins thirty-one years ago, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon; and starts with the great mistake of my first appearance in this world, at sea, on board the merchant ship Adventure, Captain Gillop, five hundred tons burden, coppered, and carrying an experienced surgeon.

In presenting myself to you (which I am now about to do) at that eventful period of my life, when I was from five to ten minutes old; and in withdrawing myself again from your notice (so as not to trouble you with more than a short story), before the time when I cut my first tooth, I need not hesitate to admit that I speak on hearsay knowledge only. It is knowledge, however, that may be relied on, for all that. My information comes from Captain Gillop, commander of The Adventure (who sent it to me in the form of a letter); from Mr. Jolly, experienced surgeon of The Adventure (who wrote it for me—most unfeelingly, as I think—in the shape of a humorous narrative); and from Mrs. Drabble, stewardess of The Adventure (who told it me by word of mouth). Those three persons were, in various degrees, spectators—I may say, astonished spectators—of the events which I have now to relate.

The Adventure, at the time I speak of, was bound out from London to Australia. I suppose you know, without my telling you, that thirty years ago was long before the time of the gold-finding and the famous clipper ships. Building in the new colony, and sheep-farming far up inland, were the two main employments of those days; and the passengers on board our vessel were consequently builders or sheep-farmers, almost to a man.

A ship of five hundred tons, well loaded with cargo, doesn't offer first-rate accommodation to a large number of passengers. Not that the gentlefolks in the cabin had any great reason to complain. There, the passage-money, which

was a good round sum, kept them what you call select. One or two berths, in this part of the ship, were even empty and going a begging, in consequence of there being only four cabin passengers. These are their names and descriptions:

Mr. Sims, a middle-aged man, going out on a building speculation. Mr. Purling, a weakly young gentleman, sent on a long sea-voyage for the benefit of his health. Mr. and Mrs. Smallchild, a young married couple with a little independence, which Mr. Smallchild proposed to make a large one by sheep-farming. This gentleman was reported to the captain, as being very good company when on shore. But the sea altered him to a certain extent. When Mr. Smallchild was not sick, he was eating and drinking; and when he was not eating and drinking, he was fast asleep. He was perfectly patient and good-humoured, and wonderfully nimble at running into his cabin when the qualms took him on a sudden—but, as for his being good company, nobody heard him say ten words together all through the voyage. And no wonder. A man can't talk in the qualms; a man can't talk while he is eating and drinking; and a man can't talk when he is asleep. And that was Mr. Smallchild's life. As for Mrs. Smallchild, she kept her cabin from first to last. But you will hear more of her presently.

These four cabin passengers, as I have already remarked, were well enough off for their accommodation. But the miserable people in the steerage—a poor place, at the best of times, on board The Adventure—were all huddled together, men and women and children, higgledy-piggledy, like sheep in a pen; except that they hadn't got the same quantity of fine fresh air to blow over them. They were artisans and farm-labourers who couldn't make it out in the old country. I have no information either of their exact numbers or of their names. It doesn't matter: there was only one family among them which need be mentioned particularly—namely, the family of the Heavysides. To wit, Simon Heavysides, intelligent and well educated, a carpenter by trade; Martha Heavysides, his wife; and seven little Heavysides, their unfortunate offspring.—My father and mother and brothers and sisters, did I understand you to say? Don't be in a hurry; I recommend you to wait a little before you make quite sure of that circumstance.

Though I myself had not, perhaps—strictly speaking—come on board when the vessel left London, my ill-luck, as I firmly believe, had shipped in The Adventure to wait for me—and decided the nature of the voyage accordingly. Never was such a miserable time known. Stormy weather came down on us from all points of the compass, with intervals of light baffling winds, or dead calms. By the time The Adventure had been three months out, Captain Gillop's naturally sweet temper began to get soured. I leave you to say whether it was likely to be much improved by a piece of news which reached him from the region of the cabin, on the morning of the ninety-first day. It had fallen to a dead calm again; and the ship was rolling about helpless with her head all round the compass, when Mr. Jolly (from whose unfeeling narrative I repeat all conversations, exactly as they passed) came on deck to the captain, and addressed him in these words:

"I've got some news that will rather surprise you," said Mr. Jolly, smiling and rubbing his hands. (Although the experienced surgeon has not shown much sympathy for my troubles, I won't deny that his disposition was as good as his name. To this day, no amount of bad weather or hard work can upset Mr. Jolly's temper.)

"If it's news of a fair wind coming," grumbled the captain, "that would surprise me, on board this ship, I can promise you!"

"It's not exactly a wind coming," said Mr. Jolly. "It's another cabin passenger."

The captain looked round at the empty sea, with the land thousands of miles away, and with not a ship in sight—turned sharply on the experienced surgeon—eyed him hard—changed colour suddenly—and asked what he meant.

"I mean, there's a fifth cabin passenger coming on board," persisted Mr. Jolly, grinning from ear to ear—"introduced by Mrs. Smallchild—likely to join us, I should say, towards evening—size, nothing to speak of—sex, not known at present—manners and customs, probably squally."

"Do you really mean it?" asked the captain, backing away, and turning paler and paler.

"Yes; I do," answered Mr. Jolly, nodding hard at him.

"Then, I'll tell you what," cried Captain Gillop, suddenly flying into a violent passion, "I won't have it! The infernal weather has worried me out of my life and soul already—and I won't have it! Put it off, Jolly—tell her there isn't room enough for that sort of thing on board my vessel. What does she mean by taking us all in in this way? Shameful! shameful!"

"No! no!" remonstrated Mr. Jolly. "Don't look at it in that light. It's her first child, poor thing. How should *she* know? Give her a little more experience, and I dare say——"

"Where's her husband?" broke in the captain, with a threatening look. "I'll speak my mind to her husband, at any rate."

Mr. Jolly consulted his watch before he answered.

"Half-past eleven," he said. "Let me consider a little. It's Mr. Smallchild's regular time just now for squaring accounts with the sea. He'll have done in a quarter of an hour. In five minutes more, he'll be fast asleep. At one o'clock, he'll eat a hearty lunch, and go to sleep again. At half-past two, he'll square accounts as before—and so on, till night. You'll make nothing of Mr. Smallchild, captain. Extraordinary man—wastes tissue, and repairs it again perpetually, in the most astonishing manner. If we are another month at sea, I believe we shall bring him into port totally comatose.—Hallo! What do *you* want?"

The steward's mate had approached the quarter deck while the doctor was speaking. Was it a curious coincidence? This man also was grinning from ear to ear, exactly like Mr. Jolly.

"You're wanted in the steerage, sir," said the steward's mate to the doctor. "A woman taken bad, name of Heavysides."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Jolly. "Ha! ha! ha! You don't mean——Eh?"

"That's it, sir, sure enough," said the steward's mate, in the most positive manner.

Captain Gillop looked all round him, in silent desperation, lost his sea-legs for the first time these twenty years, staggered back till he was brought up all standing by the side of his own vessel, dashed his fist on the bulwark, and found language to express himself in, at the same moment.

"This ship is bewitched," said the captain, wildly. "Stop!" he called out, recovering himself a little, as the doctor bustled away to the steerage. "Stop! If it's true, Jolly, send her husband here aft to me. Damme, I'll have it out with one of the husbands!" said the captain, shaking his fist viciously at the empty air.

Ten minutes passed; and then, there came staggering towards the captain, tottering this way and that with the rolling of the becalmed vessel, a long, lean, melancholy, light-haired man, with a Roman nose, a watery blue eye, and a complexion profusely spotted with large brown freckles. This was Simon Heavysides, the intelligent carpenter, with the wife and the family of seven small children on board.

"Oh! you're the man, are you?" said the captain.

The ship lurched heavily; and Simon Heavysides staggered away with a run to the opposite side of the deck, as if he preferred going straight overboard into the sea, to answering the captain's question.

"You're the man—are you?" repeated the captain, following him, seizing him by the collar, and pinning him up fiercely against the bulwark. "It's your wife—is it? You infernal rascal! what do you mean by turning my ship into a Lying-In Hospital? You have committed an act of mutiny; or, if it isn't mutiny, it's next door to it. I've put a man in irons for less! I've more than half a mind to put *you* in irons! Hold up, you slippery lubber! What do you mean by bringing passengers I don't bargain for on board my vessel? What have you got to say for yourself, before I clap the irons on you?"

"Nothing, sir," answered Simon Heavysides, with the meekest connubial resignation in his looks and manners. "As for the punishment you mentioned just now, sir," continued Simon, "I wish to say—having seven children more than I know how to provide for, and an eighth coming to make things worse—I respectfully wish to say, sir, that my mind is in irons already; and I don't know as it will make much difference if you put my body in irons along with it."

The captain mechanically let go of the carpenter's collar: the mild despair of the man melted him in spite of himself.

"Why did you come to sea? Why didn't you wait ashore till it was all over?" asked the captain, as sternly as he could.

"It's no use waiting, sir," remarked Simon. "In our line of life as soon as it's over, it begins again. There's no end to it that I can see," said the miserable carpenter, after a moment's meek consideration—"except the grave."

"Who's talking about the grave?" cried Mr. Jolly, coming up at that moment. "It's births we've got to do with on board this vessel—not burials. Captain Gillop, this woman, Martha Heavysides, can't be left in your crowded steerage, in her present condition. She must be moved off into one of the empty berths—and the sooner the better, I can tell you!"

The captain began to look savage again. A steerage passenger in one of his "state-rooms" was a nautical anomaly subversive of all discipline. He eyed the carpenter once more, as if he was mentally measuring him for a set of irons.

"I'm very sorry, sir," Simon remarked, politely—"very sorry that any inadvertence of mine or Mrs. Heavyside's——"

"Take your long carcase and your long tongue forward!" thundered the captain. "When talking will mend matters, I'll send for you again. Give your own orders, Jolly," he went on, resignedly, as Simon staggered off. "Turn the ship into a nursery as soon as you like!"

Five minutes later—so expeditious was Mr. Jolly—Martha Heavysides appeared horizontally on deck, shrouded in blankets, and supported by three men. When this interesting procession passed the captain, he shrank aside from it with as vivid an appearance of horror as if a wild bull was being carried by him instead of a British matron. The sleeping berths below opened on either side out of the main cabin. On the left-hand side (looking towards the ship's bowsprit) was Mrs. Smallchild. On the right-hand side, opposite to her, the doctor established Mrs. Heavysides. A partition of canvas was next run up, entirely across the main cabin. The smaller of the two temporary rooms thus made, lay nearest the stairs leading on deck, and was left free to the public. The larger was kept sacred to the doctor and his mysteries. When an old clothes-basket, emptied, cleaned, and comfortably lined with blankets (to serve for a make-shift cradle), had been, in due course of time, carried into the inner cabin, and had been placed midway between the two sleeping-berths, so as to be easily producible when wanted, the outward and visible preparations of Mr. Jolly were complete; the male passengers had all taken refuge on deck; and the doctor and the stewardess were left in undisturbed possession of the lower regions.

While it was still early in the afternoon, the weather changed for the better. For once in a way, the wind came from the fair quarter; and The Adventure bowled along pleasantly before it almost on an even keel. Captain Gillop mixed

with the little group of male passengers on the quarter-deck, restored to his sweetest temper; and set them his customary example, after dinner, of smoking a cigar.

"If this fine weather lasts, gentlemen," he said, "we shall make out very well with our meals up here; and we shall have our two small extra cabin passengers christened on dry land in a week's time, if their mothers approve of it. How do you feel in your mind, sir, about your good lady?"

Mr. Smallchild (to whom the inquiry was addressed) had his points of external personal resemblance to Simon Heavysides. He was neither so tall, nor so lean certainly—but he, too, had a Roman nose, and light hair, and watery blue eyes. With careful reference to his peculiar habits at sea, he had been placed conveniently close to the bulwark, and had been raised on a heap of old sails and cushions, so that he could easily get his head over the ship's side when occasion required. The food and drink which assisted in "restoring his tissue," when he was not asleep and not "squaring accounts with the sea," lay close to his hand. It was then a little after three o'clock; and the snore with which Mr. Smallchild answered the captain's inquiry showed that he had got round again, with the regularity of clockwork, to the period of the day when he recruited himself with sleep.

"What an insensible blockhead that man is!" said Mr. Sims, the middle-aged passenger; looking across the deck contemptuously at Mr. Smallchild.

"If the sea had the same effect on you that it has on him," retorted the invalid passenger, Mr. Purling, "you would be just as insensible yourself."

Mr. Purling (who was a man of sentiment) disagreed with Mr. Sims (who was a man of business), on every conceivable subject, all through the voyage. Before, however, they could continue the dispute about Mr. Smallchild, the doctor surprised them by appearing from the cabin.

"Any news from below, Jolly?" asked the captain, anxiously.

"None whatever," answered the doctor. "I've come to idle the afternoon away up here, along with the rest of you."

As events turned out, Mr. Jolly idled away an hour and a half exactly. At the end of that time, Mrs. Drabble the stewardess appeared with a face of mystery, and whispered nervously to the doctor:

"Please to step below directly, sir."

"Which of them is it?" asked Mr. Jolly.

"*Both* of them," answered Mrs. Drabble, emphatically.

The doctor looked grave; the stewardess looked frightened. The two immediately disappeared together.

"I suppose, gentlemen," said Captain Gillop, addressing Mr. Purling, Mr. Sims, and the first mate, who had just joined the party, "I suppose it's only fit and proper, in the turn things have taken, to shake up Mr. Smallchild? And I don't doubt but what we ought to have the other husband handy, as a sort of polite attention under the circumstances. Pass the word forward, there, for Simon Heavysides. Mr. Smallchild, sir! rouse up! Here's your good lady——Hang me, gentlemen, if I know exactly how to put it to him."

"Yes. Thank you," said Mr. Smallchild, opening his eyes drowsily. "Biscuit and cold bacon, as usual—when I'm ready. I'm not ready yet. Thank you. Good afternoon." Mr. Smallchild closed his eyes again, and became, in the doctor's phrase, "totally comatose."

Before Captain Gillop could hit on any new plan for rousing this imperturbable passenger, Simon Heavysides once more approached the quarter-deck.

"I spoke a little sharp to you, just now, my man," said the captain, "being worried in my mind by what's going on on board this vessel. But I'll make it up to you, never fear. Here's your wife in, what they call, an interesting situation. It's only right you should be within easy hail of her. I look upon you, Heavysides, as a steerage-passenger in difficulties; and I freely give you leave to stop here along with us till it's all over."

"You are very good, sir," said Simon; "and I am indeed thankful to you and to these gentlemen. But, please to remember, I have seven children already in the steerage—and there's nobody left to mind 'em but me. My wife has got over it uncommonly well, sir, on seven previous occasions—and I don't doubt but what she'll conduct herself in a similar manner on the eighth. It will be a satisfaction to her mind, Captain Gillop and gentlemen, if she knows I'm out of the way, and minding the children. For which reason, I respectfully take my leave." With those words, Simon made his bow, and returned to his family.

"Well, gentlemen, these two husbands take it easy enough, at any rate!" said the captain. "One of them is used to it, to be sure; and the other is——"

Here a banging of cabin doors below, and a hurrying of footsteps, startled the speaker and his audience into momentary silence and attention.

"Ease her with the helm, Williamson!" said Captain Gillop, addressing the man who was steering the vessel. "In my opinion, gentlemen, the less the ship pitches the better, in the turn things are taking now."

The afternoon wore on into evening, and evening into night. Mr. Smallchild performed the daily ceremonies of his nautical existence as punctually as usual. He was aroused to a sense of Mrs. Smallchild's situation when he took his biscuit and bacon; lost the sense again when the time came round for "squaring his accounts;" recovered it in the interval which ensued before he went to sleep; lost it again, as a matter of course, when his eyes closed once more—and so on through the evening and early night. Simon Heavysides received messages occasionally (through the captain's

care), telling him to keep his mind easy; returned messages mentioning that his mind was easy, and that the children were pretty quiet, but never approached the deck in his own person. Mr. Jolly now and then showed himself—said "All right,—no news," took a little light refreshment, and disappeared again, as cheerful as ever. The fair breeze still held; the captain's temper remained unruffled; the man at the helm cased the vessel, from time to time, with the most anxious consideration. Ten o'clock came: the moon rose and shone superbly; the nightly grog made its appearance on the quarter-deck; the captain gave the passengers the benefit of his company; and still nothing happened. Twenty minutes more of suspense slowly succeeded each other—and then, at last, Mr. Jolly was seen suddenly to ascend the cabin stairs.

To the amazement of the little group on the quarter-deck, the doctor held Mrs. Drabble the stewardess fast by the arm, and, without taking the slightest notice of the captain or the passengers, placed her on the nearest seat he could find. As he did this, his face became visible in the moonlight, and displayed to the startled spectators an expression of blank consternation.

"Compose yourself, Mrs. Drabble," said the doctor, in tones of unmistakable alarm. "Keep quiet, and let the air blow over you. Collect yourself, ma'am—for Heaven's sake, collect yourself!"

Mrs. Drabble made no answer. She beat her hands vacantly on her knees, and stared straight before her, like a woman panic-stricken.

"What's wrong?" asked the captain, setting down his glass of grog in dismay. "Anything amiss with those two unfortunate women?"

"Nothing," said the doctor. "Both doing admirably well."

"Anything queer with their babies?" continued the captain. "Are there more than you bargained for, Jolly? Twins, for instance?"

"No! no!" replied Mr. Jolly, impatiently. "A baby apiece—both boys—both in first-rate condition. Judge for yourselves," added the doctor, as the two new cabin-passengers tried their lungs, below, for the first time, and found that they answered their purpose in the most satisfactory manner.

"What the devil's amiss then with you and Mrs. Drabble?" persisted the captain, beginning to lose his temper again.

"Mrs. Drabble and I are two innocent people, and we have got into the most dreadful scrape that ever you heard of!" was Mr. Jolly's startling answer.

The captain, followed by Mr. Purling and Mr. Sims, approached the doctor with looks of horror. Even the man at the wheel stretched himself over it as far as he could to hear what was coming next. The only uninterested person present was Mr. Smallchild. His time had come round for going to sleep again, and he was snoring peacefully, with his biscuit and bacon close beside him.

"Let's hear the worst of it at once, Jolly," said the captain, a little impatiently.

The doctor paid no heed to this request. His whole attention was absorbed by Mrs. Drabble. "Are you better now, ma'am?" he asked, anxiously.

"No better in my mind," answered Mrs. Drabble, beginning to beat her knees again. "Worse, if anything."

"Listen to me," said Mr. Jolly, coaxingly. "I'll put the whole case over again to you, in a few plain questions. You'll find it all come back to your memory, if you only follow me attentively, and if you take time to think and collect yourself before you attempt to answer."

Mrs. Drabble bowed her head in speechless submission—and listened. Everybody else on the quarter-deck listened, except the impenetrable Mr. Smallchild.

"Now, ma'am!" said the doctor. "Our troubles began in Mrs. Heavyside's cabin, which is situated on the starboard side of the ship?"

"They did, sir," replied Mrs. Drabble.

"Good! We went backwards and forwards, an infinite number of times, between Mrs. Heavysides (starboard) and Mrs. Smallchild (larboard)—but we found that Mrs. Heavysides, having got the start, kept it—and when I called out, 'Mrs. Drabble! here's a chopping boy for you: come and take him!'—I called out starboard, didn't I?"

"Starboard, sir—I'll take my oath of it," said Mrs. Drabble.

"Good, again! 'Here is a chopping boy,' I said. 'Take him, ma'am, and make him comfortable in the cradle.' And you took him, and made him comfortable in the cradle, accordingly? Now, where was the cradle?"

"In the main cabin, sir," replied Mrs. Drabble.

"Just so! In the main cabin, because we hadn't got room for it in either of the sleeping-cabins. You put the starboard baby (otherwise Heavysides) in the clothes-basket cradle in the main cabin. Good, once more. How was the cradle placed?"

"Crosswise to the ship, sir," said Mrs. Drabble.

"Crosswise to the ship? That is to say, with one side longwise towards the stern of the vessel, and one side longwise towards the bows. Bear that in mind—and now follow me a little farther. No! no! don't say you can't, and your head's in a whirl. My next question will steady it. Carry your mind on half an hour, Mrs. Drabble. At the end of half an hour, you heard my voice again; and my voice called out—'Mrs. Drabble! here's another chopping boy for you: come and take him!'—and you came and took him larboard, didn't you?"

"Larboard, sir, I don't deny it," answered Mrs. Drabble.

"Better and better! 'Here is another chopping boy,' I said. 'Take him, ma'am, and make him comfortable in the cradle, along with number one.' And you took the larboard baby (otherwise Smallchild), and made him com-

fortable in the cradle along with the starboard baby (otherwise Heavysides), accordingly? Now, what happened after that?"

"Don't ask me, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Drabble, losing her self-control, and wringing her hands desperately.

"Steady, ma'am! I'll put it to you as plain as print. Steady! and listen to me. Just as you had made the larboard baby comfortable, I had occasion to send you into the starboard (or Heavysides) cabin, to fetch something which I wanted in the larboard (or Smallchild) cabin; I kept you there a little while along with me; I left you, and went into the Heavysides cabin, and called to you to bring me something I wanted out of the Smallchild cabin, but before you got half way across the main cabin, I said 'No; stop where you are, and I'll come to you;' immediately after which, Mrs. Smallchild alarmed you, and you came across to me of your own accord; and, thereupon, I stopped you in the main cabin, and said, 'Mrs. Drabble, your mind's getting confused, sit down and collect your scattered intellects; and you sat down, and tried to collect them——?"

("And couldn't, sir," interposed Mrs. Drabble, parenthetically. "Oh, my head! my head!")

—"And tried to collect your scattered intellects, and couldn't?" continued the doctor. "And the consequence was, when I came out from the Smallchild cabin to see how you were getting on, I found you with the clothes-basket cradle hoisted up on the cabin table, staring down at the babies inside with your mouth dropped open, and both your hands twisted in your hair? And when I said, 'Anything wrong with either of those two fine boys, Mrs. Drabble?' you caught me by the coat-collar, and whispered in my right ear these words: 'Lord save us and help us, Mr. Jolly, I've confused the two babies in my mind, and I don't know which is which!'"

"And I don't know now!" cried Mrs. Drabble, hysterically. "Oh, my head! my head! I don't know now!"

"Captain Gillop and gentlemen," said Mr. Jolly, wheeling round and addressing his audience with the composure of sheer despair, "that is the Scrape—and, if you ever heard of a worse one, I'll trouble you to compose this miserable woman by mentioning it immediately."

Captain Gillop looked at Mr. Purling and Mr. Sims. Mr. Purling and Mr. Sims looked at Captain Gillop. They were all three thunderstruck—and no wonder.

"Can't *you* throw any light on it, Jolly?" inquired the captain, who was the first to recover himself.

"If you knew what I have had to do below, you wouldn't ask me such a question as that," replied the doctor. "Remember that I have had the lives of two women and two children to answer for—remember that I have been cramped up in two small sleeping-cabins, with hardly room to turn round in, and just light enough from two miserable little lamps to see my hand before me—remember the professional difficulties of the situation, the ship rolling about under me all the while, and the stewardess to compose into the bargain;—bear all that in mind, will you, and then tell me how much spare time I had on my hands for comparing two boys together inch by inch—two boys born at night, within half an hour of each other, on board a ship at sea. Ha! ha! I only wonder the mothers and the boys and the doctor are all five of them alive to tell the story!"

"No marks on one or other of them, that happened to catch your eye?" asked Mr. Sims.

"They must have been strongish marks to catch my eye in the light I had to work by, and in the professional difficulties I had to grapple with," said the doctor. "I saw they were both straight, well-formed children—and that's all I saw!"

"Are their infant features sufficiently developed to indicate a family likeness?" inquired Mr. Purling. "Should you say they took after their fathers or their mothers?"

"Both of them have light eyes, and light hair—such as it is," replied Mr. Jolly, doggedly. "Judge for yourself."

"Mr. Smallchild has light eyes and light hair," remarked Mr. Sims.

"And Simon Heavysides has light eyes and light hair," rejoined Mr. Purling.

"I should recommend waking Mr. Smallchild, and sending for Heavysides, and letting the two fathers toss up for it," suggested Mr. Sims.

"The parental feeling is not to be trifled with in that heartless manner," retorted Mr. Purling. "I should recommend trying the Voice of Nature."

"What may that be, sir?" inquired Captain Gillop, with great curiosity.

"The maternal instinct," replied Mr. Purling. "The mother's intuitive knowledge of her own child."

"Ay, ay!" said the captain. "Well thought of. What do you say, Jolly, to the Voice of Nature?"

The doctor held up his hand impatiently. He was engaged in resuming the effort to rouse Mrs. Drabble's memory by a system of amateur cross-examination, with the unsatisfactory result of confusing her more hopelessly than ever. Could she put the cradle back, in her own mind, into its original position? No. Could she remember whether she laid the starboard baby (otherwise Heavysides) on the side of the cradle nearest the stern of the ship, or nearest the bows? No. Could she remember any better about the larboard baby (otherwise Smallchild)? No. Why did she move the cradle on to the cabin table, and so bewilder herself additionally, when she was puzzled already? Because it came over her, on a sudden, that she had forgotten, in the dreadful confusion of the time, which was which; and of course she wanted to look closer at them, and see; and she couldn't see; and to her dying day she should never forgive herself; and let them throw her overboard, for a miserable wretch, if they liked,—and so on, till the persevering doctor was wearied out at last, and gave up

Mrs. Drabble, and gave up, with her, the whole case.

"I see nothing for it but the Voice of Nature," said the captain, holding fast to Mr. Purling's idea. "Try it, Jolly—you can but try it."

"Something must be done," said the doctor. "I can't leave the women alone any longer; and the moment I get below they will both ask for their babies. Wait here, till you're fit to be seen, Mrs. Drabble, and then follow me. Voice of Nature!" added Mr. Jolly, contemptuously, as he descended the cabin stairs. "Oh yes, I'll try it—much good the Voice of Nature will do us, gentlemen. You shall judge for yourselves."

Favoured by the night, Mr. Jolly cunningly turned down the dim lamps in the sleeping cabins to a mere glimmer, on the pretext that light was bad for his patients' eyes. He then took up the first of the two unlucky babies that came to hand, marked the clothes in which it was wrapped with a blot of ink, and carried it in to Mrs. Smallchild, choosing her cabin merely because he happened to be nearest to it. The second baby (distinguished by having no mark) was taken by Mrs. Drabble to Mrs. Heavysides. For a certain time, the two mothers and the two babies were left together. They were then separated again by medical order; and were afterwards reunited, with the difference that the marked baby went on this occasion to Mrs. Heavysides, and the unmarked baby to Mrs. Smallchild—the result, in the obscurity of the sleeping cabins, proving to be that one baby did just as well as the other, and that the Voice of Nature was (as Mr. Jolly had predicted) totally incompetent to settle the existing difficulty.

"While night serves us, Captain Gillop, we shall do very well," said the doctor, after he had duly reported the failure of Mr. Purling's suggested experiment. "But when morning comes, and daylight shows the difference between the children, we must be prepared with a course of some kind. If the two mothers, below, get the slightest suspicion of the case as it really stands, the nervous shock of the discovery may do dreadful mischief. They must be kept deceived, till they're up and well again, in the interests of their own health. We must choose a baby for each of them when to-morrow comes, and then hold to the choice, till the mothers are up again. The question is, who's to take the responsibility. I don't usually stick at trifles—but I candidly admit that *I*'m afraid of it."

"I decline meddling in the matter, on the ground that I am a perfect stranger," said Mr. Sims.

"And I object to interfere, from precisely similar motives," added Mr. Purling; agreeing for the first time with a proposition that emanated from his natural enemy all through the voyage.

"Wait a minute, gentlemen," said Captain Gillop. "I've got this difficult matter, as I think, in its right bearings. We must make a clean breast of it to the husbands, and let them take the responsibility."

"I believe they won't accept it," observed Mr. Sims.

"And I believe they will," asserted Mr. Purling, relapsing into his old habits.

"If they won't," said the captain, firmly, "I'm master on board this ship—and, as sure as my name's Thomas Gillop, *I*'ll take the responsibility!"

This courageous declaration settled all difficulties for the time being; and a council was held to decide on future proceedings. It was resolved to remain passive until the next morning, on the last faint chance that a few hours' sleep might compose Mrs. Drabble's bewildered memory. The babies were to be moved into the main cabin before the daylight grew bright—or, in other words, before Mrs. Smallchild or Mrs. Heavysides could identify the infant who had passed the night with her for the time being. The doctor and the captain were to be assisted by Mr. Purling, Mr. Sims, and the first mate, in the capacity of witnesses; and the assembly so constituted was to meet, in consideration of the emergency of the case, at six o'clock in the morning, punctually.

At six o'clock accordingly, with the weather fine, and the wind still fair, the proceedings began. For the last time Mr. Jolly cross-examined Mrs. Drabble, assisted by the captain, and supervised by the witnesses. Nothing whatever was elicited from the unfortunate stewardess. The doctor pronounced her confusion to be chronic, and the captain and the witnesses unanimously agreed with him.

The next experiment tried was the revelation of the true state of the case to the husbands. Mr. Smallchild happened, on this occasion, to be "squaring his accounts" for the morning; and the first articulate words which escaped him in reply to the disclosure, were: "Devilled biscuit and anchovy paste." Further perseverance merely elicited an impatient request that they would "pitch him overboard at once, and the two babies along with him." Serious remonstrance was tried next, with no better effect. "Settle it how you like," said Mr. Smallchild, faintly. "Do you leave it to me, sir, as commander of this vessel?" asked Captain Gillop. (No answer.) "Nod your head, sir, if you can't speak." Mr. Smallchild nodded his head roundwise on his pillow—and fell asleep. "Does that count for leave to me to act?" asked Captain Gillop of the witnesses. And the witnesses answered, decidedly, Yes.

The ceremony was then repeated with Simon Heavysides, who responded, as became so intelligent a man, with a proposal of his own for solving the difficulty.

"Captain Gillop and gentlemen," said the carpenter, with fluent and melancholy politeness, "I should wish to consider Mr. Smallchild before myself in this matter. I am quite willing to part with my baby (whichever he is); and I respectfully propose that Mr. Smallchild should take *both* the children, and so make quite sure

that he has really got possession of his own son."

The only immediate objection to this ingenious proposition was started by the doctor; who sarcastically inquired of Simon "what he thought Mrs. Heavysides would say to it?" The carpenter confessed that this consideration had escaped him; and that Mrs. Heavysides was only too likely to be an irremovable obstacle in the way of the proposed arrangement. The witnesses all thought so too; and Heavysides and his idea were dismissed together, after Simon had first gratefully expressed his entire readiness to leave it all to the captain.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Captain Gillop. "As commander on board, I reckon next after the husbands in the matter of responsibility—I've considered this difficulty in all its bearings—and I'm prepared to deal with it. The Voice of Nature (which you proposed, Mr. Purling) has been found to fail. The tossing up for it (which you proposed, Mr. Sims) doesn't square altogether with my notions of what's right in a very serious business. No, sir! I've got my own plan; and I'm now about to try it. Follow me below, gentlemen, to the steward's pantry."

The witnesses looked round on one another in the profoundest astonishment—and followed.

"Saunders," said the captain, addressing the steward. "Bring out the scales."

The scales were of the ordinary kitchen sort, with a tin tray, on one side, to hold the commodity to be weighed, and a stout iron slab on the other to support the weights. Saunders placed these scales upon a neat little pantry table, fitted on the ball-and-socket principle, so as to save the breaking of crockery by swinging with the motion of the ship.

"Put a clean duster in the tray," said the captain. "Doctor," he continued, when this had been done, "shut the doors of the sleeping-berths (for fear of the women hearing anything); and oblige me by bringing those two babies in here."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Drabble, who had been peeping guiltily at the proceedings—"oh, don't hurt the little dears! If anybody suffers, let it be me!"

"Hold your tongue, if you please, ma'am," said the captain. "And keep the secret of these proceedings, if you wish to keep your place. If the ladies ask for their children, say they will have them in ten minutes' time."

The doctor came in, and set down the clothes-basket cradle on the pantry floor. Captain Gillop immediately put on his spectacles, and closely examined the two unconscious innocents who lay beneath him.

"Six of one and half a dozen of the other," said the captain. "I don't see any difference between them. Wait a bit, though! Yes, I do. One's a bald baby. Very good. We'll begin with that one. Doctor, strip the bald baby, and put him in the scales."

The bald baby protested—in his own language—but in vain. In two minutes he was flat on his back in the tin tray, with the clean duster under him to take the chill off.

"Weigh him accurately, Saunders," continued the captain. "Weigh him, if necessary, to an eighth of an ounce. Gentlemen! watch this proceeding closely: it's a very important one."

While the steward was weighing and the witnesses were watching, Captain Gillop asked his first mate for the log-book of the ship, and for pen and ink.

"How much, Saunders?" asked the captain, opening the book.

"Seven pounds, one ounce, and a quarter," answered the steward.

"Right, gentlemen?" pursued the captain.

"Quite right," said the witnesses.

"Bald child—distinguished as Number One—weight, seven pounds, one ounce, and a quarter (avoirdupois)," repeated the captain, writing down the entry in the log-book. "Very good. We'll put the bald baby back now, doctor; and try the hairy one next."

The hairy one protested—also in his own language—and also in vain.

"How much, Saunders?" asked the captain.

"Six pounds, fourteen ounces, and three-quarters," replied the steward.

"Right, gentlemen?" inquired the captain.

"Quite right," answered the witnesses.

"Hairy child—distinguished as Number Two, weight six pounds, fourteen ounces, and three-quarters (avoirdupois)," repeated, and wrote, the captain. "Much obliged to you, Jolly—that will do. When you have got the other baby back in the cradle, tell Mrs. Drabble neither of them must be taken out of it, till further orders; and then be so good as to join me and these gentlemen on deck. If anything of a discussion rises up among us, we won't run the risk of being heard in the sleeping-berths." With these words Captain Gillop led the way on deck, and the first mate followed with the log-book and the pen and ink.

"Now, gentlemen," began the captain, when the doctor had joined the assembly, "my first mate will open these proceedings by reading from the log a statement which I have written myself, respecting this business, from beginning to end. If you find it all equally correct with the statement of what the two children weigh, I'll trouble you to sign it, in your quality of witnesses, on the spot."

The first mate read the narrative, and the witnesses signed it, as perfectly correct. Captain Gillop then cleared his throat, and addressed his expectant audience in these words:

"You'll all agree with me, gentlemen, that justice is justice; and that like must to like. Here's my ship of five hundred tons, fitted with her spars accordingly. Say, she's a schooner of a hundred and fifty tons, the veriest landsman among you, in that case, wouldn't put such masts as these into her. Say, on the other hand, she's an Indiaman of a thousand tons, would our spars (excellent good sticks as they are, gentlemen) be suitable for a vessel of that capacity? Certainly not. A schooner's spars to

a schooner, and a ship's spars to a ship, in fit and fair proportion. In this serious difficulty, I take my stand on that principle. And my decision is: give the heaviest of the two babies to the heaviest of the two women; and let the lightest then fall, as a matter of course, to the other. In a week's time, if this weather holds, we shall all (please God) be in port; and if there's a better way out of this mess than *my* way, the parsons and lawyers ashore may find it, and welcome."

With those words the captain closed his oration; and the assembled council immediately sanctioned the proposal submitted to them, with all the unanimity of men who had no idea of their own to set up in opposition. Mr. Jolly was next requested (as the only available authority) to settle the question of weight between Mrs. Smallchild and Mrs. Heavysides, and decided it, without a moment's hesitation, in favour of the carpenter's wife, on the indisputable ground that she was the tallest and the stoutest woman of the two. Thereupon, the bald baby, "distinguished as Number One," was taken into Mrs. Heavysides' cabin; and the hairy baby, "distinguished as Number Two," was accorded to Mrs. Smallchild; the Voice of Nature, neither in the one case nor in the other, raising the slightest objection to the captain's principle of distribution. Before seven o'clock, Mr. Jolly reported that the mothers and sons, larboard and starboard, were as happy and comfortable as any four people on board ship could possibly wish to be; and the captain thereupon dismissed the council with these parting words:

"We'll get the studding-sails on the ship now, gentlemen, and make the best of our way to port. Breakfast, Saunders, in half an hour, and plenty of it! I doubt if that unfortunate Mrs. Drabble has heard the last of this business yet. We must all lend a hand, gentlemen, and pull her through if we can. In other respects, the job's over, so far as we are concerned; and the parsons and the lawyers must settle it ashore."

But, the parsons and the lawyers did nothing of the sort, for the plain reason that nothing was to be done. In ten days the ship was in port, and the news was broken to the two mothers. Each one of the two adored her baby, after ten days' experience of it—and each one of the two was in Mrs. Drabble's condition of not knowing which was which. Every test was tried. First, the test by the doctor, who only repeated what he had told the captain. Secondly, the test by personal resemblance; which failed in consequence of the light hair, blue eyes, and Roman noses, shared in common by the fathers, and the light hair, blue eyes, and no noses worth mentioning, shared in common by the children. Thirdly, the test of Mrs. Drabble, which began and ended in fierce talking on one side and floods of tears on the other. Fourthly, the test by legal decision, which broke down through the total absence of any instructions for the law to act on. Fifthly, and lastly, the test by appeal to the husbands, which fell to the ground in consequence of the husbands knowing nothing about the matter in hand. The captain's barbarous test by weight, remained the test still—and here am I, a man of the lower order, without a penny to bless myself with, in consequence.

Yes! I was the bald baby of that memorable period. My excess in weight settled my destiny in life. The fathers and mothers on either side kept the babies according to the captain's principle of distribution, in despair of knowing what else to do. Mr. Smallchild—who was sharp enough, when not sea-sick—made his fortune. Simon Heavysides persisted in increasing his family, and died in the workhouse. Judge for yourself (as Mr. Jolly might say) how the two boys born at sea have fared in after-life. I, the bald baby, have seen nothing of the hairy baby for years past. He may be short, like Mr. Smallchild—but I happen to know that he is wonderfully like Heavysides, deceased, in the face. I may be tall like the carpenter—but I have the Smallchild eyes, hair, and expression, notwithstanding. Make what you can of that! You will find it come in the end to the same thing. Smallchild, junior, prospers in the world, because he weighed six pounds, fourteen ounces, and three-quarters. Heavysides, junior, fails in the world, because he weighed seven pounds, one ounce, and a quarter. There is the end of it, anyhow; and, if Mr. Hermit's outer crust will only let him, I recommend him to blush for his own grievance, whatever it is. As for Mr. Traveller, if he happens to have any loose silver about him, I'm not above taking it—and so I leave you, gentlemen, to settle the argument between you.

V.

PICKING UP A POCKET-BOOK.

Several people came in at the gate, not only when the last speaker had withdrawn, but at various times throughout the day, from whom nothing could be extracted by the utmost ingenuity of Mr. Traveller, save what their calling was (when they had any), whence they came, and whither they were going. But, as those who had nothing to tell, clearly could tell nothing in justification of Mr. Mopes the Hermit, Mr. Traveller was almost as well satisfied with them as with any of the rest. Some of the many visitors came of a set purpose, attracted by curiosity; some, by chance, looking in to explore so desolate a place; many had often been there before, and came for drink and halfpence. These regular clients were all of the professed vagrant order; "and, as I observed to you," Mr. Traveller invariably remarked with coolness when they were gone, "are part of the Nuisance."

When any one approached, either purposely or accidentally, to whom the figure in the blanket was new, Mr. Traveller, acting as a self-constituted showman, did the honours of the place: referring to the Hermit as "our friend in there," and asking the visitor, without further explana-

tion—lest his own impartiality should be called in question—if he could favour our friend in there with any little experience of the living and moving world? It was in answer to this inquiry, that a sunburnt gentleman of middle age, with fine bright eyes, and a remarkable air of determination and self-possession (he had come over from the assize-town, he said, to see the sight in the soot and cinders), spake thus:

OFFICE-HOURS were over, and we were all taking down our straw-hats from the pegs on which they dangled; ledgers were clasped, papers put away, desks locked, and the work of the day was at an end, when the white-haired cashier came sidling towards me. "Mr. Walford, sir, would you stay a moment? Would you step this way? The firm wish to speak to you."

Good old Job Wiginton always described his employers, collectively, as "the firm." They were sacred beings in his eyes, were Spalding and Hausermann, and he had served them for a quarter of a century, with exemplary fidelity and respect. Job Wiginton, like myself, and like the senior partner in that great mercantile house, was an Englishman born and bred. He had kept the books of Spalding and Hausermann for twenty years at Philadelphia, and had cheerfully followed them to California, when they decided on settling in San Francisco City, five years before. The younger clerks, French or American for the most part, were rather disposed to make a butt of the simple honest old cashier; but he and I had been very good friends during the four years of my employment, and I always entertained a sincere respect for the old man's sterling good qualities. Now, however, for a reason I will presently explain, I was considerably taken aback by the communication which Mr. Wiginton made in his own formal way.

"The firm wish to see me?" I stammered, with a tell-tale colour rising in my face. Old Job nodded assent, coughed, and carefully wiped his gold-rimmed spectacles. I had noticed, in spite of my own confusion, that the cashier was dejected and nervous; his voice was husky, his hand trembled as he rubbed the dim glasses, and there was an unwonted moisture in his round blue eyes. As I followed Job into the inner parlour, where the merchants usually sat during business hours, I marvelled much what this wholly unexpected summons might portend. I had formerly been on terms of great and cordial intimacy with my employers; but for the last three months, my intercourse, with the senior partner in especial, had been strictly confined to business matters and dry routine. It was not that I had done anything to forfeit the good opinion of the firm. My employers had still the same confidence in me, the same regard for me, as heretofore; but there was an end, if not of friendship, at least of cordiality. This partial estrangement dated from the day when, with Emma Spalding smiling through tears and blushes at my side, I had ventured to tell the rich merchant that I loved his only daughter, and that my love was returned. It is an old, old story. We were two young persons of the same country and creed, alike in tastes and education, and in other respects, wealth excepted, not so ill matched; and we were together on a foreign shore, among strange people. We had been suffered to associate familiarly together, to read poetry, sing duets, and so forth; for Emma had no mother to watch against the approach of poverty-stricken suitors, and Mr. Spalding was a proud man, and not given to suspicion. Hence we glided—as millions of couples have done before, and will again—down the smooth rose-strewn path that leads from friendship to love. I am sure of one thing: it was not my employer's wealth, or the idea of Emma's probable expectations from her father—who had but two children, a son and a daughter, between whom to divide the accumulations of a life spent in honourable toil—which allured me. But the time came when soft words and fond looks had to give place to an avowal of attachment. I spoke out to Emma, without premeditation; and, once across the Rubicon, other considerations, undreamed of as yet, came to beset me, mockingly. What would Mr. Spalding think of me? Surely, he could form but one judgment of the poor clerk, with no property beyond his pitiful savings, who had dared to entangle the affections of his master's daughter? My course was clear. I must tell him the truth, at whatever cost to myself.

I did so. The disclosure was hurried on by some slight unforeseen circumstance, as my proposal had been, but I was at least candid in my avowals. To do Mr. Spalding justice, he rejected my suit in as gentle and courteous a fashion as the harsh operation would admit of But, cut to the heart, I withdrew from his presence, very very wretched, and had for many days afterwards, serious thoughts of excluding myself from observation, becoming a solitary man, and leading a gloomy and moody life. Better thoughts, however, lying deeper within me, admonished me of the utter worthlessness of a purposeless existence, and of the utter contemptibility of the soul that can sink into it. And thus it fell out that I ceased to visit my employer as a private friend, and yet remained in his employ.

Was I mean-spirited for staying on thus? I cannot pretend to decide so nice a point, but I know that it was a great stimulant to me to have obtained a moral victory over myself, and some relief to the disappointment of my dearest hopes that I was still allowed to breathe the same air as Emma Spalding, to catch a glimpse of her sweet saddened face, were it but on the way to church, though for three weary months we never interchanged a word.

So I was not a little surprised when Job Wiginton summoned me to the presence of "the firm." My heart beat quickly as the old cashier turned the handle of the door. What could Mr. Spalding want of me? I had kept the promise he had wrung from me; I had

abstained from any intrusion, any unlicensed correspondence. Surely, surely he could not send for me merely to say that a rejected suitor was ineligible even as a servant, and that our connexion must cease? In the larger of the two adjacent rooms, a room hung in Spanish fashion with stamped and gilded leather, and heavily furnished with dark mahogany from Honduras, I found the firm. Mr. Spalding, a tall thin grey-headed gentleman, was pacing up and down the apartment in great agitation. Mr. Hausermann, a German, as his name implies, sat before a table covered with papers, ejaculating guttural exclamations of wonder from time to time, and with a look of hopless perplexity in his fat pink face. The cashier entered along with me, and closed the door.

"Ach, mein Himmel!" muttered the junior partner: a hale, portly man, but of a flabby nature, morally and physically, compared with the energetic chief of the house: "ach! we were petter to have never peen porn, than live to see this!"

Job Wigintongave a groan of sincere sympathy. I quickly perceived that something had gone wrong, and as quickly did I see that this mysterious something had no direct reference to my audacity in winning the heart of Emma Spalding. What was amiss? There is one grisly ghost that always haunts the imagination of the more intelligent subordinates of a commercial firm—Bankruptcy. But the house had been such a prudent house, so steady and well ballasted, had glided so demurely along in safe old-world groove, that it was rather ridiculed in consequence by the mushroom firms that daily arose or collapsed around us. But I had little time to think, for Mr. Spalding stopped in his walk, came abruptly up to me, and took me by both hands. "George Walford," said the old merchant, with more emotion in his voice and features than he had ever shown before, "I have not been kind to you lately. You were a good friend to me—before—before——" and here he reddened somewhat, and ceased speaking.

I glanced towards Mr. Hausermann, but he looked so fat and helpless as he sat in his arm-chair, murmuring phrases in his native tongue, that I saw no explanation was to be looked for in that quarter. So I told Mr. Spalding, in as firm a tone as possible, that our mutual esteem had, I hoped, survived our intimacy, and that I still felt myself a faithful friend to him and his, and would gladly prove myself one.

"I thought so—I thought so," said the merchant, looking pleased for a moment; "you are a good lad, George, and that's why I come to you for help in my sore need, hard and harsh as you may have thought me the other day—when——Never mind!"

"I was first to say it," exclaimed Mr. Hausermann. "'Let us call Shorge Walford,' say I. 'He has got ver goot prains; ver goot young man.'"

A quarter of a century spent among Anglo-Saxons had never taught Mr. Hausermann the English language in its purity. Indeed, his life, out of office hours, was spent entirely with Teutons like himself, who swarm all over America, and with whom he could enjoy German conversation, Rhine wine, and the black coffee of the fatherland. I should never get to the end of the interview if I described it verbatim, chronicling the broken sentences and vague talk of the junior partner, and the comments of Job Wiginton. The confidential cashier sympathised with the distress of his employers as a faithful dog might have done, and was about as likely to suggest a practical remedy. Mr. Wiginton was worthy of all trust; he was as close as wax and as honest as the day, but he was a mere machine for the casting up of sums, the balancing of books, and locking of safes. Mr. Hausermann was not much cleverer than the cashier; he was an admirable arithmetician, could detect an error of a halfpenny in a problem involving billions, and his penmanship was magnificent. But, with these attainments, he owed his present position in commerce, not to his abilities, but to the florins he had inherited, and to the talent and keenness of his English partner. It was from the chief of the house himself that I heard the following tale:—Mr. Spalding, as I have said, had but two children, Emma, and her brother Adolphus; his wife had died on the voyage from Philadelphia, and his affection centred in his boy and girl. Unluckily, Adolphus did not turn out well, was wild and extravagant, and squandered his liberal allowance among horse jockeys and gamblers. Mr. Spalding, strict with all the world besides, was rather lax and indulgent where his son was concerned. The young man was very good-looking and of pleasing address; he had been the darling of his dead mother; and the father was very patient and forbearing with him, for her sake. The youth went from bad to worse, got deeper into debt and evil company, seldom came home, and seriously impaired his health by a long course of excesses. All this I knew, for Adolphus was a clerk in the house, nominally at least, though he hardly ever occupied his stool in the office. But what I did not know was, that Adolphus Spalding, in his eagerness to settle a number of so-called debts of honour, had been led to rob his father. He had forged the signatures of Spalding and Hausermann to a cheque for thirty thousand dollars, payable at sight, and purporting to be drawn by the merchants on their bankers in New York. More than this: he had abstracted from his father's desk a Russia-leather pocket-book, containing bills and securities to a great amount, and this he had placed in the hands of the same vile associate who had undertaken to present the cheque at the counter of the New York bank.

"The scoundrel is gone northward already. He started last Tuesday, by the way of Panama, along with the mail," said Mr. Spalding. "You know the man, I dare say, for he was very notorious in the town—Joram Heckler."

"Dr. Joram Heckler!" I exclaimed, as I re-

called to mind the dark clever face of the young man alluded to: a plausible, well-mannered person, who had been sub-editor of a San Francisco newspaper.

"Yes, Doctor, or Colonel, Heckler," responded Mr. Spalding, with a bitter smile, "for it appears that he has assumed a military title on the journey back to the north. He possessed great influence over the mind of my misguided son; he was the tempter in this accursed robbery; and I doubt not that he intends to appropriate the entire spoil to himself."

I now asked Mr. Spalding, as delicately as I could, *how* he had obtained his information.

It appeared that Adolphus, whose feeble frame, exhausted by hard living, was ill fitted to sustain the fierce excitement of the felonious act he had committed, had sickened of a fever, immediately after the departure of his accomplice.

"The wretched boy lies on his bed up-stairs, quivering betwixt life and death," said the father, with a faltering voice, "and in his delirium he has betrayed his guilt. His sister, who has watched at his bedside like an angel as she is, dear girl, she was frightened at his ravings of self-accusation. She called me, and with my own ears I heard the son I was so proud of—my petted boy—tell how he had cheated and plundered me."

The old merchant staggered to a chair, and I saw the tears trickle between the fingers with which he tried to hide the workings of his wrinkled face.

After a time he grew more calm. Then he developed his plan, in which broke out his habitual decision and force of character. Before all things, the honour of the house must be saved. The value of the money at stake (though a large sum) was trifling, compared to the disgrace, the loss of credit, the blot upon the name of Spalding. Yes, at any cost, the young man's shameful act must be hidden in darkness. The cheque must not be presented, the bills must not be negotiated. But how to prevent the tempter from realising the benefits of his ill-gotten booty? He was off—he was speeding towards New York by the quick Panama route; in a few weeks he would be there. No pursuit seemed possible. The delay till the start of the next mail would be fatal. I remembered the Pony Express, the swift overland mail whereby we Californian residents can most rapidly communicate with the civilised world, and I suggested this resource.

Mr. Spalding shook his head. "No, that would never do; I might send a despatch, no doubt, to stop the payment of the cheque. I might perhaps procure Heckler's arrest on his arrival in New York, but thence would spring inquiry, doubt, suspicion, and the whole black affair would creep into the journals before a week was out. No. I have but one hope, one chance: I must send a trustworthy person—I am too old to go myself—a trustworthy person to hasten to New York by the perilous route across the Rocky Mountains, and he must arrive before Heckler, and must get the papers from him by violence or stratagem. George Walford, you are the man I have selected."

"I, sir?"

I was stupified. Before my fancy rose, like a panorama, the long route, then but lately explored, that traversed the enormous continent from sea to sea: a route teeming with dangers. All I had ever heard or read of prairie travel, of famine, fire, the assaults of wild beasts, and of human foes more pitiless still, crowded on my memory at once. I thought of the vast distance, of the almost herculean fatigues to be undergone, of the icy barrier which the Rocky Mountains stretched across the track, as if to bar the progress of presumptuous man; and though I am no fainter of heart than my neighbours, I dare say my countenance expressed dismay and repugnance. Indeed, I am sure it did, for Mr. Hausermann groaned, and said, "Donner! what shall we to now?"

"Walford," said Mr. Spalding, "I don't wish to dissemble with you. I am asking you to incur the certainty of very great fatigue, hardship, and danger. I am asking you to risk life itself to save the honour of the house and that of my own family. I do not make such a request without proposing a proportionate reward.—There, hear me out! I don't offer you money for such a service. Come back successful, and you shall be a partner in the house of Spalding and Hausermann; and if you and Emma are still of the same mind three months hence——"

I trembled with joy as I interrupted my employer. "I'll go, sir, gladly and most willingly."

"That's a prave poy. I knew he would!" ejaculated the German; and the cashier rubbed his hands joyfully.

"When can you be ready to start?" asked Mr. Spalding.

"Directly. In half an hour, if you please."

"An hour will do," said Mr. Spalding, with a smile at my eagerness. "Bodesson shall be at the door by that time, with his carriage and his best horses. You must save your strength as much as you can for the prairie. You have a six-shooter, I know. Get ready what requisites for the journey will go into small compass. You shall have an ample supply of money—spend it freely, lavishly, and don't spare horseflesh or gold upon the way. I would give half my fortune to place you speedily on the pavement of New York. You are an ambassador with full powers, George, and your own wit and courage must carry you through. Now, you had better prepare for the road."

I lingered.

"Anything more to say?" asked the merchant, good humouredly.

"If I could speak for a moment—just an instant—to Miss Spalding?"

"She is at her brother's bedside," replied the old man, hurriedly. "But—yes, you are right. You *shall* see her before you start."

I seemed to make but one step to the house

where I lodged. I spent ten minutes in hastily arranging my belongings—and it is wonderful how much a man can condense into ten minutes when he is under the influence of strong excitement—charged my revolver, packed a few things in a small bag, and ran back like a greyhound. Mr. Spalding gave me some fuller instructions, and handed to me a heavy parcel of gold and silver, as well as a bundle of bank-notes. I was to keep the bank-paper until I reached the civilised world; in the desert, my only hope would be to bribe in specie the half-tamed wanderers of the west. Mr. Spalding was still talking when Bodesson, one of the principal liverymen of San Francisco, drove his spanking pair of Spanish horses up to the door. Then the merchant went up-stairs, and returned with his daughter. Dear Emma! she was pale, and thinner than of old, but her eyes were bright and loving, and her words, full of hope and constancy, gave me fresh courage, and a resolve to do or die. Our parting was very brief. A few hurried whispers—a hasty renewal of the old vows and troth-plight—and for a moment I caught her in my arms and kissed her cheek, and in the next I was gone. I sat by Bodesson's side; the whip cracked; off flew the foaming horses along the street; and I looked back and waved a farewell in answer to Mr. Spalding's waving hand and Emma's handkerchief. Then we turned the corner, and darted along the road.

Bodesson was well paid, and he kept the mettled horses at their work over many a mile of ground. I seemed to start cheerfully, and under good auspices. My heart was full of hope. The gay French Creole by my side was a merry companion; he sang Canadian songs, whistled, chirruped to the bounding bays, and chattered incessantly.

"Monsieur was going to the prairies! Ah, très bien! The prairies were ver intéressantes, ver moch so. But monsieur must take care when he got there—must not stir from the protection of ze dragoons, or les sauvages, ze ferocious Indians, would carry off monsieur's cheveux—what you call scalp!"

So the Frenchman prattled on. He believed I was going to Salt Lake City on business, and never doubted that I should voyage with a caravan under escort of the States dragoons. What would he have said had he known that I was to traverse that land of danger and hunger *alone?*

My journey to the eastern border of California was not remarkable enough to justify me in dwelling here on its details. Spending money freely, I was able to proceed almost entirely in wheeled carriages more or less rude, and I contrived to push along over sorry roads at a respectable pace. I slept in the vehicles during the dark hours, snatching a broken slumber as best I could, in the midst of jolting and swaying. Sometimes even a bribe could not induce my Mexican or American drivers to risk the perils of a stony road at night, and then I recruited my strength by rest, but was always ready to start at cock-crow. I knew well what was before me, and that all the fatigue I endured was child's play to what was in store. I had been on the prairies before—those, at least, which lie east of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Spalding was well aware that I was a good horseman, expert in the use of fire-arms, and of a robust constitution. These are not the common attributes of a clerk, but I had not been bred to the desk. My father had been esteemed rich, till at his death, in embarrassed circumstances, I had been left to battle with poverty as I might; I had kept hunters at Oxford, and had been passionately fond of field sports. I had kept up the habit of taking brisk exercise, and now I was about to find the benefit of trained muscles and robust health. I did not disguise from myself that I was embarking on an enterprise full of risks. I might starve in the desert, whitened as it was by the bones of many an emigrant. I might perish miserably in one of those fires that rush like flaming serpents through the boundless sea of grass. And if my scalp did not blacken in the smoke of some Indian wigwam, fever or sheer fatigue might make an end of my life and hopes at once. Or, I might reach New York too late. It was gall and wormwood to me to think that Joram Heckler was pressing on towards the north with all the speed of a fast steamer. The very thought made me bound and stamp my foot on the floor of the rude mail-cart, as if I could quicken my progress by such a gesture. How I prayed that contrary winds might delay the packet on its passage from Aspinwall to the Empire City!

I reached Carson City, on the border of the desert, and there I made a brief halt that I might prepare for the coming effort. I was perfectly well aware that the most dangerous and difficult part of the road was that lying between California and the Mormon settlements. Once beyond the Utah territory, I might well hope to escape the arrows and tomahawk of the savage. I found Carson full of returning emigrants, diggers going back with their pelf to the Atlantic states, Mormon converts, and traders who had emptied their waggons in Californian markets. These good folks were all waiting for the regular escort of national dragoons, under whose guard they were to travel. It was impossible for me to move so slowly, and I accordingly bought a bag of sun-dried beef, another of parched corn, some blankets, and such matters, and a powerful horse handsomely accoutred with a bridle and saddle of Mexican make. I bought the latter from an American dealer, who was mightily tickled at the idea of my making my way alone over the prairies. "I give you credit for your grit, sartainly, mister," said he: "it is good, and no mistake; but I guess you'd better sleep upon the idea a few times more. Them Indian scalpers will lift your ha'r, sure as hogs yield bacon. Won't you believe me? Come along, then, and ax another man's opinion!" And he dragged me towards a sort of tavern, the porch of which was crowded by men and women,

French, Spanish, German, Yankee, and mulatto, all of whom were gathered round a lathy dark-haired young fellow in a trim half-military dress, that would have passed for that of a policeman but for the red flannel shirt and Mexican sombrero he wore. This man had keen mobile features, and was hardened by constant work and weather into little more than muscle and bone; he wore spurred boots and thick "savers," and was cracking a whip as he gaily chatted with the crowd, who laughed at his wit in a way that proved him a prime favourite. He was, in fact, one of the salaried riders of the "Pony Express," ready to start with the bag of despatches, the instant the courier from San Francisco should arrive with it.

"Yes, colonel; yes, gals," I heard him say; "I'm downright sorry to leave, but duty is duty, ain't it? If the Indians don't rub me out——"

"Rub you out, Shem? Catch a racoon asleep!" cried one of the rider's admiring friends.

"Waal!" said Shem, with a modest voice, but a boastful twinkle in his restless eye, "the varmints have tried a time or two, but they've found Shem Grindrod rather a tough nut to crack, they have. When a chap's Kentucky bred, real right down hard hickory, 'taint so easy to lift his ha'r as——Service to ye, stranger!"

For his eye had lighted on me.

"Shem," cried the horse-dealer, "here's a gentleman wants to cross the parara, all alone, on hossback, Broadway fashion. What do *you* say to that?"

There was a general laugh. Shem took off his hat with mock respect.

"Whoop!" he cried. "If that ain't clear grit in the down-easter dandy! You'll see snakes, mister, I reckon. There's no accommodation for gen-teel persons, and you'll jest get your hoss stole, or chawed up by the wolves, and you'll lose yourself and die for want of a dinner, if you don't fall in with the Injuns—and if you do, Jehoshaphat!"

All this would have been provoking to some men, but I knew the American character too well to be out of temper. Shem evidently took me for a presumptuous townsman, plunging wantonly into the lion's mouth, and was good naturedly discouraging my rashness. With some trouble, I drew him apart, and commenced a private conversation. I told him that I was bound for the eastern states, that my business was imperative, but that if he could help me I would pay him most liberally for the aid rendered. For I had formed a crude idea that if I could procure the privilege of using the relays of spare horses kept at the different stations on the route, for the use of the mail-bag riders, I might accomplish the most awkward part of the journey with great rapidity. Shem, however, though not ill natured, dashed my hopes to the ground. Such a concession would be "agin all rule." The servants of the Express Company "darn't do it." It was not to be thought of. I must wait for the caravan.

I did not wait for the caravan, but set forth that very day. The people gave me a half ironical cheer as I rode out of the straggling street of Carson, but I saw the Yankee dealer shake his head and screw up the corners of his mouth, as if he considered me little better than a suicide.

There was no use in letting the grass grow under my feet, so I pushed briskly ahead. I was riding a powerful horse, one of those bred in Kentucky or Tennessee, and which will sell for a high price on the western border of prairieland. To find the way in broad daylight was easy. There was a broad track made by the passage of countless waggons and beasts of burden. I had a compass, but I really did not need it. I covered many a weary league of ground in the course of that day's ride. Here and there, among the forked streamlets which were feeders of the Carson, I came to farms where I easily procured corn for my horse and food for myself. I had come to two resolutions: one, to economise my little store of jerked beef as much as possible; the other, to refuse all hospitable proffers of whisky, being convinced that on water only could such trying work as that before me be accomplished. I kept on, with brief pauses, through the day, and held to the track as long as the moonlight served me, urging on my flagging steed to the very limits of his strength. Then, in the dark, I dismounted, took off saddle and bridle, hobbled my horse, and tethered him so that he had ample space to graze. Then, I lay down, wrapped in my blankets, pillowed my head upon my saddle, and fell asleep with my weapons by my side.

I awoke with a start, in the pitch dark night, and could not well remember where I was. My horse was uneasy, and his abrupt motions had disturbed me. I heard a rustling in the long grass, a scratching, a pawing of light feet amongst the herbage, and a whining sound as of hungry dogs whimpering for food. Dogs? There were no dogs there. Wolves! And my horse, on whose security my life might depend, was trembling and bathed in perspiration. I had kindled no fire, apprehensive lest the light should attract some band of prowling savages; and now the coyotés were gathering around us like flies about honey. For myself, I felt no fear: the wolf of America is very different from the "grey beast" of German forests or Pyrenean snows. But my poor nag was in danger, and his very tremors were adding perilously to the exhaustion of the long and hurried ride. I rose, and began groping about for brushwood. Luckily I was still in a well-watered region, where shrubs and undergrowth abounded, and where the gigantic cotton-wood trees reared their majestic forms beside the streamlets. I soon came upon a clump of brush, and cutting with my sharp and heavy knife as much as I could carry in both arms, I returned with it, and cleared a little space of the grass, which was long enough to be dangerous

in the event of its catching fire. I then took out my tin box of lucifers, struck a light, and kindled a fire: though not very easily, for the heavy dew stood in great glistening beads on grass and shrub, and the moistened wood emitted many a cloud of pungent and dark smoke, before I could coax the sullen embers to burst forth in the required blaze. All this time, I had to give an occasional halloo, rattling a tin cup against the barrel of my revolver, for the purpose of intimidating the wolves; while it was necessary to pat and soothe by voice and hand the poor horse itself, which was tugging at the tethering-rope in a way that threatened to break it every instant. At last, to my great joy, the fire leaped up, red and cheery, its bright beams illumined a little radiant patch of prairie, and, hovering in the shadows on the edge of this illuminated spot, I saw the slinking coyotés, the smallest and most timid, but also the most cunning, variety of the wolf of America. Presently I flung a firebrand among the pack, and they vanished into the darkness, but for half an hour I could hear their howls of disappointment, growing fainter and fainter, as the distance increased. My horse was quieter after the disappearance of the wolves, and in about an hour I ventured to return to my blankets and my repose, after piling a fresh heap of brush on the steadily glowing fire. Not very long afterwards, a feeling of intense cold awoke me by slow degrees. I opened my eyes. The fire was low; its embers glowed crimson, fading gradually into blackness. Overhead was the dim sky, the vast host of stars having the peculiar pale and sickly hue which heralds the dawn. It was very cold. There was a rushing sound in the air, and the grass of the prairie was tossed to and fro in wild confusion; a strong wind was blowing—the norther. This was the first blast of the chilly north wind that annually sets in at the close of the unhealthy season in the south. It had a piercing and glacial effect, coming, as it did, from the Polar ice-fields, and across the Rocky Mountain range; but I gladly hailed it, for I remembered that it would be dead against the mail steamer that was breasting the waters of the Mexican Gulf with Joram Heckler and his plunder on board. I might beat him yet!

But the wind increased in force; it was blowing like a hurricane, and I shivered in spite of my warm poncho and blankets. My horse had lain down, and was trembling with cold. I was obliged to spare him a blanket; he was a "States" horse, swifter, but not so hardy and useful for prairie travel as the mustangs of the plains. The wind did not diminish as the sun rose, red and angry, and a new cause of alarm began to haunt me. I had heard of travellers utterly weatherbound for days among the prairies, on account of the fury of the resistless wind. And time was so valuable to me! I felt sick at heart as the chilly hours of early morning crept on, and almost despaired of success. I was benumbed and stiff; the dew had been turned to icicles by the sudden cold; and now every waving blade of grass seemed crested with a diamond, glittering and flashing in the level sunshine. By nine o'clock the wind began to abate; it slackened very gradually, and at half-past ten I considered that I might resume my journey. My breakfast was not a luxurious one; a mouthful of beef and parched maize, swallowed in the intervals of saddling my horse and rolling up my blankets. Then, I drew up the iron peg to which the halter was attached, rolled up the halter, lasso fashion, at my saddle bow, and mounted. I was less awkward in the every-day routine of prairie life than might be supposed. Years ago, before I entered Spalding and Hausermann's employ, I had spent some weeks in a frontier fort, as the guest of the officers of a United States Ranger regiment. I had accompanied my hosts on several hunts and scouting expeditions against hostile Indians, and had found some amusement in picketing my steed, lighting camp fires, and so forth: little dreaming that my whole earthly happiness would ever depend on my proficiency in such arts. As the sun rose in the pale blue sky, nature assumed a more cheerful appearance; the icicles and hoar-frost melted, and the air became merely bracing and agreeable, as the bitter cold passed away. On we went, following the plain trail of the waggon trains, up and down the gently rolling slopes of the undulating prairie. I noticed with some dismay that my horse was no longer the mettled creature that had pranced so gaily out of Carson the day before. At first he certainly answered my voice and the pressure of my knee, by stepping out gallantly; but after a while he began to flag, bore heavily on the bit, and required a frequent touch of the spur. It was clear I had taxed his powers too severely on the previous day. He was going weakly under me, in a spiritless way that spoke volumes. What was I to do? I had plenty of money, but money cannot prove a talisman in the wilderness. There was not a farm between the place where I stood and the Great Salt Lake itself. My only chance in procuring a remount, lay in meeting some one who would sell me a steed, and this was far from a certainty. I was chewing the cud of bitter reflections when I heard the light tramp of a galloping horse behind me. Quickly I turned my head, and saw a booted rider dashing gaily along over the swells of the prairie; his trim coat, half opened, showed a red flannel shirt; and his Mexican sombrero was bound with a cord of tarnished gold. He had a revolving carbine pistol at his saddle-bow, and at his side hung from his shoulder-belt his leathern despatch-bag. It was my acquaintance of yesterday—Shem Grindrod.

"Mornin', stranger!" he called out, cheerily; "I didn't skear you, yesterday, it seems, by my yarns about Injuns. 'Twas Gospel truth, for all that. Camped out, I reckon? Your hoss does look a little the wuss for wear, mister, though. You've pushed him a goodish stretch, you have."

We rode on for some distance side by side. My poor horse was inspired to do his best by the presence of the other horse, and together we

sped over the country: my steed trotting, Shem's mustang galloping, for Spanish-American horses have but one pace when urged beyond a walk. Shem was much more kind and even polite in his manner than on the previous day. He told me, bluntly, that he respected a fellow that proved himself a man, but that what he hated worse than copperhead snakes was a Broadway dandy giving himself adventurous airs. My horsemanship had won Shem's esteem, and he sympathised heartily with me when he saw that I was really bent on crossing the desert at any risk.

"Your hoss is a good bit of stuff, mister," said he, "but I'm afraid he's pretty nigh used up for one while. Now you listen to me. The best thing you can do, is to buy a mustang fust chance you get. There'll be hunters passing south, and p'raps they'll trade. When you get right out among the plains, you stick to the trail well, and if a grass fire blinds it, you take your compass and bear up for east by north. Keep that pistol of yourn ready, and if you do see Injuns, keep cool. Don't waste a shot. Every round bit of lead is worth a life on the parara. Good-by, wish you luck."

Shem headed his horse for one of the Express stations, a little lonely block-house, with a stockaded yard, which was garrisoned by a few of his comrades, and where a relay of fresh horses was kept. I looked wistfully at the block-house and the well-stocked corral, and then turned away with my tired steed to resume my weary travel. I knew that early in the afternoon I should reach another station of the same kind, and there I meant to apply for refreshment and shelter, in case my horse should knock up altogether. Before I had gone a mile, I saw my friend Shem, on a fresh steed, scouring the plain. He waved his hand, and gave me a cheer of recognition, and I looked after him enviously as he flew like an arrow up the slope, and vanished in the distance. By good luck, however, I almost instantly encountered a party of white men, the first travellers I had seen. These turned out to be three trappers returning from Oregon, with a fair stock of peltry loaded on two mules. They were all well mounted on "Indian ponies," and one of them led by a lariat a powerful and shapely mustang, whose bright eye and wide nostrils matched well with his wiry limbs. He had been captured on the plains, not two months before, one of a wild herd; but he was sufficiently broken in to be useful in prairie fashion. I struck a bargain with the trapper, by which my exhausted but more valuable quadruped was bartered for the half-wild mustang; the trapper also receiving four gold eagles. The arrangement was mutually satisfactory, and as the tall Kentuckian helped me to shift my saddle and bridle to the spotted nag I had just acquired, I saw his eyes twinkle with self-congratulation.

"One word of advice, colonel," said the trapper, as I placed the gold in his hard brown hand; "keep your eyes skinned as you go along, and don't let the cussed Redskins double upon you. There's Indian sign about, there is. I saw the print of a moccassin, down yonder by the spring, where the Indians never come for any good, mister. You mind—Utahs ain't to be trusted, and Shoshonies are worse. As for Rapshoes, Heaven help you, colonel, if they ketch you alone! There's Indians about. I smell 'em."

"I wish you'd got a good rifle on your shoulder, mister," said another, as I mounted; "six shooters is very handy tools, but nothing sickens the Indians like a good five-foot bit of holler iron, that air true."

I took leave of these good fellows, who wished me a safe journey in the heartiest way, though evidently disbelieving in the likelihood that a "greenhorn" could carry his property and scalp safe across the desert. The mustang was fresh, and darted along at that untiring though not very speedy gallop which animals of that hardy race can maintain for a very considerable time. We made capital progress: the country grew drier, and the grass shorter, and the swampy bottoms and trickling brooks were fewer. I met with no adventure, except that my new purchase put his foot into an outlying burrow, as we skirted a "village" of prairie dogs, and gave us both a roll on the turf; but we were unhurt, and I had luckily kept my grasp of the bridle, or I should have lost my horse. Once I thought I saw something hovering on the edge of the horizon, but whether savages, buffaloes, or wild horses, I could not determine. After riding several miles I came to a place where the trail dipped suddenly into a low tract of alluvial earth, intersected by a stream of some magnitude, and shaded by a belt of lofty cotton-wood trees. I traced here the fresh footprints of a horse which must just have passed, for the bruised grass had but partially risen around the edges. "Crack, bang!" went the sharp report of fire-arms ringing from the thicket below, and with the reports mingled the horrid war-whoop of the savage. Grasping my pistol, I dashed in among the trees, and beheld poor Shem Grindrod, bleeding, reeling in his saddle, and beset by a party of six or seven Indians, mounted, and in their hideous panoply of war. Shem had been pierced by three arrows: he was fainting with loss of blood; but he fronted the savages boldly, and one Indian lay at his feet, rolling in the agonies of death. My arrival changed the current of the fight; two rounds from my revolver, the second of which laid low a muscular barbarian, smeared with yellow ochre, who was pressing on Shem with an uplifted tomahawk, sufficed for their discomfiture. Probably they took me for the advanced guard of a party of whites. At any rate, they fled at speed across the plain.

I was just in time to break Shem's fall, as the poor fellow dropped from his saddle, feebly murmuring, "Thank ye, mister. You've saved my scalp, any way, if 'twas just too late to save——" His voice was hushed here, and he fainted in my arms.

There was a metal flask of whisky dangling at the mail-bag rider's saddle-bow, along with his

blanket and havresack; I hastily unscrewed the stopper, and contrived to force a few drops into the mouth of the wounded man. Then, I tore my cravat into strips, and with it and my handkerchief tried to bind up the hurts Shem had received, after vainly attempting to withdraw the barbed arrows. Two of the injuries were mere flesh wounds, more painful than dangerous; but the third was of a serious character: the shaft was imbedded in Shem's side, though the hemorrhage was trifling in appearance when compared with the abundant flow of blood from the other injuries. In about a couple of minutes Shem revived sufficiently to look up. I was touched by the gratitude his eyes expressed. Probably, poor lad, he had received but a scanty share of kindness in his scrambling life.

"Do you suffer much pain from the arrow wounds?" I asked. "Take a drop more of the whisky; it will give you strength, and if I can once help you to proceed as far as the block-house——"

"'Tain't no manner of use, stranger, my duty to ye, all the same," replied the rider, after swallowing a small quantity of spirits. "I've got my finish at last. A chap that's fit in the border fights ever since he could squint along a gun, don't need no doctor to tell him when he's got goss, *he* don't."

I could not disguise from myself that Shem was right. His face showed a ghastly change; it was ashen white, pinched, and thin; while the lips twitched, and the eyes had acquired that peculiar eager glance, and restless craving brightness, which we never notice except in those over whom death hovers. But I tried to cheer the poor fellow; succeeded in stanching the blood that flowed from his arm, transpierced by two of the iron-tipped reeds; and begged him to keep up his hope and courage.

"'Tain't worth wasting words upon, mister," gasped Shem; "I knowed I'd my call; onst I felt the cold and the rankling pain that follered the smart of that cussed arrow in my ribs. I'm jest bleeding to death, inwardly, I am, and all the surgeon chaps in the States couldn't help me, no, nor yet the cleverest bonesetter in the pararas. But you cheated the curs out of my scalp, stranger. They had a hanker to get this child's ha'r, they had, to dance round in their darned village, them Shoshonies. My! How the squaws will jeer and mock 'em when they go back empty-fisted, and leavin' two of the pack behind 'em, too!" And Shem, with death in his face and at his heart, actually laughed. He had to catch painfully at his breath before he spoke again. "Stranger, it's an ill wind blows nobody any good. You hark to me. What I couldn't give you, nouther for dollars nor axin', you'll get now. Go on to the station; take this here mail-bag along; give it 'em, and tell 'em the rights of what's chanced. They'll turn out fast enough, I'll warrant, and they'll put me under the turf afore the wolves pick my bones. And another rider must go on with the bag. And tell 'em 'twere my dyin' wish, they'd give you a fresh hoss at each block, and so let you go with the rider, and push ahead. The Co. won't be riled at the breach of rules—seein' you saved the bag, let alone my scalp, and——"

He broke down here. I was quite melted at the unselfish thoughtfulness of this poor dying creature, this untaught, half-wild frontiers-man, who could care for my speedy journey while his own vital breath was trembling on his livid lips. I gave him a third sup of whisky, begging him to let me know if I could communicate his last wishes to any distant friend or relation?

"There a gal that lives to Hampton Town," said Shem, almost in a whisper, "the darter of a dealer that trades in mules, she be; and Ruth and I——Oh, 'tis a pity the wedding day were put off, cause the Co. gives pensions to wives, but none to sweethearts, and Ruth's father met with misfortins in trade, and she'd ha' been glad of a few dollars a year, poor thing!"

I asked his sweetheart's name, for, as I assured him, I felt certain that the house of Spalding and Hausermann would befriend her for his sake, if through the service I had rendered Shem I were really enabled to do my errand with a success otherwise unattainable.

"Ruth Moss," said Shem, in his weak voice; "that's her surname and given name. She's a good girl, pretty and good, is Ruth, and only too tender a flower for a rough borderman like me; goes to chapel reg'lar, and writes like a print book."

He then begged that I would send to Ruth a certain knot of ribbon which he had received from her as a keepsake, or merely snatched in a lover's whim, I do not know which; at any rate, I found it carefully wrapped in deerskin, in the bosom of his dress, but ah! with a deep dark stain of blood marring the gay blue of the silk. The arrow had passed nearly through that humble love-token. Shem further prayed me, that as I passed by the Round Pond Station, between Fort Bridge and Red Creek, I would tell his old father, Amos Grindrod, that he, Shem, had "died like a man."

"The old man'll be cut up, I'm afraid," murmured Shem, whose eyes were getting dim; "but he'll be glad to know my ha'r warn't lifted. Tell him I were wiped out by the band of Mad Buffalo, the Shoshonie. 'Twar Mad Buffalo hisself that sent the arrow through me, just as I kivered him with the carbine. The shunk! Many a noggin of drink I've given him when he come tradin' to the fort. But there war a grudge atween him and me, and he's ped it; but let him mind how he ever comes within range of old Amos Grindrod's rifle!"

Shem was anxious to know whether the Indian I had shot was quite dead, and what painted device his half-naked body bore. His own glazing eyes could not distinguish; but when I described the yellow ochre barred with white, he said it must be the "Little Owl," one of Mad Buffalo's best warriors. The other Indian was of slighter make, and daubed with black and vermilion. Both were stone dead. Shem asked me, half timidly, if I would be

so good as repeat "a bit of Scripture." He had not been much of a chapel-goer, but Ruth had "got religion," and his mother, too, had been "a Christian woman," as he quaintly observed. I knelt beside him and held up his head as I uttered aloud the words of a brief and simple prayer, such as little children are taught to lisp with their innocent lips; and once or twice I heard the husky tones of the dying man repeat the words. But there was a strong shiver through his frame, and poor Shem Grindrod was dead before the prayer was prayed out.

About an hour later, I rode up to the station, mounted on my own horse, and leading Shem's by the bridle.

"Halloa! pull up, pull up, or I'll plug ye, sure as my name's Bradshaw!" shouted a stern voice through a loophole of the lonely block-house. And I saw the long clouded barrel of a frontier rifle pointing in my direction. I halted, of course.

"That's one of our hosses," cried a second voice; "the critter's stole it, I reckon. What is he?"

"I am a friend," I called out; "a traveller from California. Let me come in, and I will explain all."

The garrison held a short but animated debate. One man avowed his belief in the truth of my story, another broadly hinted that I might turn out a "renegade" or "white Indian," that I merely wanted to open the doors of the fortress to my ferocious allies, ambushed somewhere hard by, and that it would be as well to shoot me, as a provisional act of prudence. But the majority carries the day in America; and, luckily for me, the majority decreed my admission. Loud was the surprise, and sincere the sorrow, with which the little garrison received the news of their comrade's murder. Three of the men caught up such rude tools as they possessed, and, slinging their rifles, prepared to take the "back trail" to the spot where the unfortunate young man's body lay, and where his remains would be hastily laid in earth, after the custom of the frontiers. Another hurried, with all the instinct of discipline, to saddle a horse for the purpose of carrying forward the mail-bag which poor Shem had resigned only with his life. This rider was the most affected of the group, by the melancholy tidings I had brought. He would have preferred to be one of those who were to lay his old associate beneath the prairie turf, but this could not be. He was "next for duty," he said, simply, with tears standing in his hardy eyes. So, he hurried to equip himself and steed for the perilous road. I now ventured, rather timidly and awkwardly, to prefer my request for the accommodation of fresh relays of horses along the rest of the route, speaking as modestly as I could of my own preservation of the despatches. The men looked puzzled as they scrutinised me and weighed my demand. One of them, he who had taken me for a renegade white in the Indian interest, gave me a piercing glance, and gruffly said, "How do we know he ain't been bamfoozling us with a pack of lies? He may have murdered Shem, ye see, jest to get a remount, and——"

"*You* jest shut up!" thundered, in tones of deep indignation, the rider who was to carry on the mails. "You oughter to be ashamed of that tongue o' yourn, Jethro Summers. Here's a gentleman, and what's more, an honest chap, has fit by poor Shem's side, has saved his scalp from them Shoshonies, and brought on the bag for us, and you're to insult him with your mean talk. See! his hoss is fresh, and he's brought in Shem's hoss; and you to go telling him he'd murder a white Christian to get a lift. It's a burnin' shame, Jeth Summers!"

"'Tis, 'tis!" exclaimed the other two men. "Did ye ever know a darned renegade look a chap in the face, bold and honest, like the colonel, there? He's a good chap, is mister; and if ever he wants a friend in a rough-and-tumble fight, we're his men, sure as minks can swim."

The trio shook hands with me with genuine warmth. Now, when the iron was hot, was the time to strike. I therefore made an energetic appeal to them to supply me with horses, assuring them that my whole prospects and happiness, as well as those of others, depended on my speed. They listened with interest; but when I concluded with the words, "Shem Grindrod wished it; he bade me ask it of you, as he lay dying," the game was won. To be sure, the one ill-conditioned member of the community grumbled out something about "soft sawder, breach of rules, cunning Yankees, and dismissal." But the tall rider cut him short, by affirming with an oath, that "if the Co. chose to ride nasty on such a point, after the stranger's services, why the Co. was a mean scamp, and he wouldn't serve 'em, for one." I did not at first exactly comprehend this frequently-recurring phrase of the "Co.," and was disposed to regard it as the name of some overlooker, or superintendent, but afterwards discovered that this monosyllabic impersonation meant the Express Company.

"Look sharp, mister. You shall have a mount, but there's time lost a'ready, and we shall have to ride whip and spur. Come and pick a nag out of the corral. There's a brindled mustang your saddle will fit like his skin. The roan's best, but his back's rubbed raw. Ask Jonas to give you some beef and biscuit: we shan't pass many hot-els, that air positive. Charge that revolver o' yourn, colonel; I see two bullets a-missing. Have a horn of whisky—old Monongahela? No! Do be spry with the saddle, you Jeth—a man should help in a case like this. Easy, mister, with the bridle—the mustang bites—so! We'll take care of your nag, and you'll find him as sleek as a slug, if you come back our way. Good-by, boys!"

So saying, the impatient rider finished his preparations, sprang to his saddle, waved his repeating carbine over his head, and set off at furious speed. I followed as rapidly as I could, shouting a farewell to those left behind, who were on the point of starting for the place

where poor Shem was lying beside the corpses of his copper-hued foes, stiff and stark.

The brindled mustang was fat and lazy, compared with the nimble cream-coloured pony on which my guide was mounted. It took all my exertions to overtake 'Demus Blake, whose name was probably Aristodemus, though thus curtailed by usage. We rode at a tremendous pace.

"Larrup your beast, colonel," cried the rider, "we're woful behind. Don't be stingy with the spur-iron, for that brindle does allays shirk when he can. Mind—'ware the sappy ground, where you see them clubby mosses! Jordan! they'd take a hoss up to the girths, and there you'd stop, like a tree'd coon. Push on, sir. Rattle him across them riv'lets: not that a parara hoss can jump like the critters from the U-nited States."

It struck me that 'Demus Blake was bawling and flogging in this excited way, for no other purpose than to quiet his own nerves, and drown care. I was confirmed in this view by the fact that, after six or seven miles had been swallowed up by the rapid career of our foam-flecked steeds, the rider reined his horse into a steady hand-gallop.

"There, mister," said he, "we'll go quiet now. I feels kiender easier under my left ribs. Tell'ee, colonel, little as you think it, to look at such as me, I was as near making the biggest baby of myself—there, I was! Poor boy Shem! I knowed him, sir, oncommon well, and oncommon long. We played about together, when we were as high as a ramrod, in Pequottie village, nigh to Utica, in old Kentuck. And when old Amos and my daddy, Jonathan Blake, calculated to move west, they chose the same location. Sad news for old Amos—a white-haired old chap now, but pretty tough, too. He's at Brown's Hole—no, at Round Pond—trading for peltry. I wouldn't care to have the tellin' on him."

The rider was silent for a good while after this. He did not speak again till I paid a merited tribute to Shem's courage. I had found him, I said, fronting seven Indians like a stag at bay. The frontiers-man's eye glittered proudly:

"A brave boy, sir. I was with him, first fight—that is, Shem's first, cause I'm two year an older man. 'Twarn't hereaway. South of Fremont's Pass it wur, and bloody Blackfoot Indians war the inimy, three to one, on'y they'd no fire-arms. 'Twarn't child's play that day, mister!" The backwoodsman expanded his broad chest, while his nostrils dilated, and his lips tightened, as he recalled the arduous struggle long past.

He was a much stronger man than Shem, of a spirit less gay and lightsome, but not without a certain amount of rude practical poetry in his disposition. He knew Shem's sweetheart: a very nice-looking girl, of rather a quiet, subdued, and pious nature. "Not too common on the border, nouther, where even gals mostly has a spice of the wild-cat, but, mebbe, that pleased Shem."

Of the distress in store for old Amos Grindrod: a hunter, once renowned for his prowess and skill, whether in warfare or the chase: Blake spoke feelingly and with deep conviction.

"'Twill shorten the old man's days, sir, but it's lucky the old woman's not alive to hear it: she was that tender of Shem, if his finger ached she'd flutter like a robbed hen. Good old soul she was, Mrs. Grindrod, and nursed my old mother when she took the fever in that murderin' swamp."

Honest 'Demus had too much innate good-breeding to be inquisitive as to the purport of my unusual journey. In this respect, as in some others, he far surpassed in tact and politeness many an accomplished citizen in varnished boots and satin vest. But he offered me some well-meant advice.

"Take it coolly," said he, "and don't flurry yourself, colonel. You've got more colour in your cheeks than need be, and your hand was as hot, when I shook it, as a bit of deer-meat toastin' over the fire. I don't know as you ain't right, shirking the whisky, though 'tis food and comfort to such as me. But a smart touch of fever would tie you by the leg, stranger, so don't fret overly, and sleep all you can. As for Injuns, they'll hardly trouble *two* white men, when there's nouthin' to be got but a kipple of nags that can be bought for a cast of the lasso, or larist. The emigrant trains is different, for the Red devils scent plunder in the waggons, and only the dragoons skear 'em. Twar spite med the Mad Buffalo fall on Shem Grindrod. Shem give him a coat o' tar and turkey feathers one night, at Bridger's Fort, when the Injun got so drunk with whisky some rascal sold him, he lay like a hog on the ground. They never forgive, them Injuns. Shoshonies have no pity, compared to the savages east of the Rocky Mountains. Keep a look out for outlying war parties, mister, when you get to the mountain parks. Crows will take hoss and clothes; Blackfeet allays hanker arter ha'r!"

I took my guide's well-meant advice, and endeavoured to get through the journey as phlegmatically as might be. I snatched every opportunity of repose, if only for a few minutes, while the reeking saddles were being shifted to the backs of fresh horses; and it is wonderful how much refreshment I at times derived from a nap so brief as not much to exceed the traditional "forty winks." More than once, my companion said to me, "Colonel, you're about dropping with sleep. Shut your eyes, if you like, and give me your reins. I'll guide both hosses, and you can't hardly roll out of that cradle o' yourn." And, indeed, the deep Mexican saddle of demipique cut, which I had luckily provided on starting, was admirably adapted, with its lofty pommel and cantel, to the use of a dozing equestrian. Curious spells of slumber those were, when my head would nod like that of a porcelain mandarin, and my eyelids droop as if weighted with lead, and when, after a few minutes, I would start up, broad awake, as my mustang stumbled over broken ground.

Once—it was while 'Demus Blake was still with me—I had a long and most delicious period of slumber, uninterrupted by jerks or concussions; and when I awoke, quite a new man, and revived to an extent at which I now wonder, I found myself supported by the strong patient arm of my conductor, who had been galloping by my side for miles, managing both bridles with his disengaged hand. "I thought it would fresh you up, colonel!" said the brave fellow.

Not all my mentors throughout that phantom ride across prairieland were as frank as Blake, nor as merry as Shem. But the mail-bag riders turned out good fellows in all main points, and I can safely say that I found but two or three surly or ill-natured persons among all those who garrisoned the block-houses: while fortunately it fell to my lot on no occasion to be accompanied by one of these. In the prairie, as in the world at large, I found good-feeling the rule, cynicism or malice the exception, though I am bound to say that the ill-conditioned individuals made twice as much noise and stir as their more amiable mates. The first start had been difficult, but at each succeeding station I received my remount without much delay or parley. The "privilege of the post" was conceded to me, while I was always welcome to a share of the rations in each little community. On the whole, I found the men cheerful in their strange isolation. They were liberally paid and not ill-fed, and they looked forward to a pension in the event of becoming crippled by some Indian hatchet-stroke or arrow-shot. Planted in the wilderness, with the prospect of being presently encompassed by deep drifts of snow, over whose frozen surface the wolves would come to howl and scratch at their doors, like dogs seeking admittance, they were in fair spirits and undismayed. Their habitual talk was of the wild adventures that formed the every-day life of that frontier of Christendom; of Indian stratagems and cruelty, of panthers and "grizzlies," pronghorns and buffaloes. Several of them had consorted familiarly with the painted tribes of the desert, and spoke sundry Indian dialects as fluently as their mother tongue. I found these hardy men kind hosts enough; they would hush their talk, not to disturb me as I lay down on a heap of skins and blankets, to sleep, while the guide saddled the horses; and they soon ceased to ridicule my apparently capricious refusal of whisky. "Mebbe the colonel's right!" (Colonel is the Western title of courtesy), they would say in their blunt politeness. Once I found the inmates of a station, built on swampy ground, quite helpless and prostrate with fever. The fever had abated when the healthy norther began to blow, but the poor fellows were cramped with pains, and very feeble, and only one of the party could crawl about to cook and feed the fire. I had need to fix my mind on the reward of success, on the distant goal glittering far ahead, for it was no light task that I had undertaken. The thought of Emma nerved me, and I felt an Englishman's dogged resolve to win, to fight on, and to break sooner than bend. But the fatigues of that journey surpassed all my conceptions. By day and night, under a glaring sun or through the frost and cutting northerly winds, on we pressed, fording streams, threading the way through marshes, stumbling among the burrows of prairie dogs, or dashing across boundless plains. I almost learned to hate the long terraces of turf, the illimitable sweeps of dark green surface, the blue horizons, the swells of gently sloping earth, smooth enough for the passage of wheeled carriages. On we went, till the long grass, mixed with flowers and wild tufts of the flax-cotton, gave place to a shorter and crisper herbage, the true "buffalo grass" that the bisons love; or till water became scarce, and the sage plant replaced the blossomed shrubs of the west, and the springs were brackish, and here and there our horses' hoofs went crunching over a white stretch of desert, strewn with crystals of salt that glittered in the sun. We saw little of Indians, and of game still less. The latter, my guides told me, had been chiefly scared away, by the constant passage of emigrants. As for the savages, we sometimes saw the plumed heads, the tapering lances, and the fluttering robes, of a troop of wild horsemen, against the crimson sky of evening; but they offered us no molestation, and the riders said they were Utahs on the look-out for "buffler droves" returning from the south. Of the fatigue of that interminable ride, the aching joints, the stiffened sinews, the pains that racked my overstrained muscles, I can give no just idea. Still less can I convey any sense of the continual strain upon the intellect and the perceptive faculties, or how my brain grew as weary as my limbs.

I shall never forget the evening of my arrival in Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah territory, and New Jerusalem of the Mormons. I had been encouraged by the guides, to look upon this town in the deserts as a turning-point in the journey, beyond which I should be in less peril from Indians, and after which a comparatively short ride would carry me to more civilised regions. But, to my surprise, I found the inmates of the station at Salt Lake City quite as lonely as, and more suspicious and moody than, in the far-off posts among the prairies. They were Gentiles in the midst of a fanatic population, wholly swayed by the hierarchy of that strange creed whose standard had been set up in the lawless wastes of the west. Nor was it long before I heard the cause of their dark looks and low spirits.

"Where's Josh Hudson?" asked the rider who had come with me, when the first greetings had been exchanged.

"Who knows?" answered the man addressed; "*I* don't. Seth said he went to the town, while I were in the corral with the hosses. If so, all I can say is, he never come back."

"When was that, Seth?" asked the newly-arrived rider.

"Two days agone," answered Seth, as he scraped the surface of a half-exhausted quid of

tobacco with his long sharp bowie-knife, "jest afore sundown."

"He's not desarted. Josh was too honourable to make tracks, that way," said the rider, confidently.

"Desarted! Not he. But that's what'll have to be put in the report—leastways, missin'," said Seth.

The rider looked Seth in the face, and drew his forefinger, with a meaning look, slowly across his own throat. Seth nodded.

"Least said, safest," said Seth, looking dubiously at me.

"Colonel's safe. You may speak afore him, same as myself, boys!" cried the mail-bag rider, who had come with me; "do ye mean them bloodthirsty Mormons——?"

"Whist, Jem! Whew! You'll get all our throats cut," cried the oldest man, starting up in great alarm; "there may be one of the brutes within earshot." He looked through the window, and opened the door, to satisfy himself that no cavesdroppers were near.

"I forgot," apologised Jem; "but about Josh Hudson?"

"I'm afeard," answered Seth, in a voice dropped almost to a whisper, "that he's gone for good. Josh was troubled about his sister, Nell Hudson, that jined the Mormons last winter, up in Illinoy, and was coaxed off, and is here, somewhere."

"Ah," said the listener, "I heerd as much."

"It's my belief," continued Seth, "that Josh got on this station a purpose to seek the gal out, and get her to go home to the old folks and the Church she were bred in. Mormons won't stand that."

"Ah!" said the guide Jem again.

"So, in short, Seth and me some think, we do," said the oldest of the group, "that Josh has been at his scoutin' onst too often, and met 'shanpip.'"

"Shanpip!" I repeated; "what is that?"

The man eyed me curiously. "Never heerd of 'Shanpip brethren,' then, harn't ye, mister? So much the best for you. P'raps you've heerd tell of Danites?"

I *had* heard, vaguely and obscurely, of that spiritual police of Mormondom, of those fierce zealots who obey their Prophet blindly.

"Then you have reason to fear that your comrade is——"

"Is lyin' under the salt mud of one o' them briny pools nigh to hand," interrupted the man, "and not alone, nouther. Theer's been a many missin', that never went back to settlements nor on to Californey. And theer they'll lie hid, I reckon, till the Day of Judgment, when Great Salt Lake shall give up its dead, like the rest of the airth and waters."

I asked if an appeal could not be made to the Mormon elders themselves?

"'Twouldn't answer, colonel. Suppose I goes to-morrow to Brigham's own house, or Kimball's, or any of their big men—elders, or angels, or high priests, or what not—and asks after Josh Hudson. Brigham's very mealy-mouthed, afraid the man's run away; what could be expected from a benighted Gentile, and that; gives his own account of it in preachment next Sabbath. P'raps one of 'em gives me a glass of wine or a julep, and mebbe it disagrees with me, and I die of it. You may stare, but didn't the States treasurer die that way, arter takin' refreshment at Angel Badger's house? And a pretty angel *he* be. P'raps I don't drink under a Mormon roof, and then, mebbe, I walk home late, and lose my way, or some other accident happens me—true as death, mister, on'y last week, as I passed Big Lick, I saw a dead woman's face looking up at me, all white and still, at bottom of the salt pool."

Thus far the elder man had spoken, but now Seth, who had evinced great uneasiness, jumped up with an oath, and cautiously opened the door. No one was listening.

"Tell'ee what," said Seth, "we'd best keep this discoorse close, till we're outside the territory. They're that sharp, Mormons, blessed if I don't think they're all ear. And if they get's a notion what we're sayin', the colonel won't never see New York, and I shan't never happen home to Montgomery agin. Indian Walker and his pesky Utahs mostly got a knack of tomahawking them as Mormons don't much like. And mebbe we'd meet other Indians, with blankets and red paint on their faces, jest like the real Utahs, and pretty sharp knives in their belts."

"Seth's right," said my former guide; "we don't want to set up any chaps to paint Injun on our account, as Angel Brown and Young Harris and the Danites did, when Martha Styles and Rachel Willis chose to go home to Illinoy—so, colonel, you get a snooze, and Seth, you needn't hurry about saddlin'—we've rode awful quick."

I was not sorry when day-dawn found me, after a hard gallop by moonlight, approaching the confines of the Mormon territory. The rest of the journey was unmarked by adventure. Hardships there were, but no great perils. We traversed a route on which the bleached bones of many horses and mules lay white and ghastly, and on which many a low turfen mound marked the last resting-place of an emigrant, or his wife or child, never to reach the Promised Land of Hope.

But provisions were more plentiful now, and water more regularly stored and easy of access, than when the expelled Mormons made their famous march across the desert, marking the untrodden route with graves. We narrowly escaped being smothered in the snow, in passing the outlet in the Rocky Mountains, and this was our last semblance of peril.

Previous to this, it had been my sad duty to tell old Amos Grindrod, whom I found at the Round Pond Station, of his son's death, and to commit to his care the bit of ensanguined ribbon that was to be returned to poor Shem's sweetheart. The old man tried to bear the tidings with the stoicism of those Indians among whom he had passed much of his life,

and expressed great pleasure at hearing that Shem had "died like a Kentucky man, clear grit," and that I had come up in time to save his scalp. But in a few minutes, nature conquered. The old man's bronzed features worked and twitched, and tears trickled from his aged eyes, as he sobbed out, "Shem! dear boy Shem! 'twas I that oughter be dead, not he."

At last the weary ride was over: we had passed outlying farms guarded by a strong stockade, then the farms grew thicker and the stockades were dispensed with, and at last the roofs of a village, called by courtesy a town, came in view. Gladly did I dismount, gladly did I shake the hard hand of the last rider of the Express Company! Leaving that honest fellow puzzling over the cabalistic flourishes of a ten-dollar note I presented to him, I hired a pair-horse waggon of light build, and set off at once. The waggon bore me on until I exchanged it for a coach, the coach did me the same good office until I heard the snort of the steam-horse, and took my ticket by railway. How delicious, how snug and luxurious was such a mode of travel, after so much hard saddlework! Corduroy roads seemed smooth, and American railroads not in the least addicted to cause the trains to jerk or rock. The gliding motion was charming, and I made amends for lost time, by sleeping in a manner which provoked more than one fellow-traveller, eager to know my business and station in life.

I had already telegraphed to New York briefly thus:

"Has the Californian mail, viâ Panama, arrived?"

Briefer still was the answer:

"No."

That was right, so far. My toil was not yet purposeless. I might hope to be in New York before Dr., or Colonel, Joram Heckler. The victory, to be sure, was not yet won. The valuable papers remained in the scoundrel's keeping. But my presence in New York would be unsuspected by him, and any overt act on my part would have the effect of a surprise. I was too exhausted, to devote myself to spinning air-drawn schemes for outwitting the intriguer. I should have need of all my faculties when the tug of war began, and I must sleep now. Sleep I did, over miles and miles, over leagues and leagues, of the iron way: resting obstinately, and being as passive as possible.

"Massa get out? Dis New York, sare."

Some one was shaking me by the arm: some one else held a lantern to my face. A black man and a white. The conductor, and a negro porter.

"I'm going to the Metropolitan Hotel. I want a hack: no luggage. Has the Californian mail arrived?"

"Yes, it has," said a newsvendor, who stood by, with a heap of journals under his arm; "got all the news here. Herald, Tribune, Times. Which will you have?"

I bought one of the papers, and glanced at the list of arrivals viâ Panama. So much gold dust, so much bullion, distinguished European traveller, postmaster-general, Signora Cantatini, Colonels Thom, Heckler, &c. The driver of the hack-carriage was an Irishman, as usual, and, luckily, not a new arrival. He readily conducted me (at that late hour all other stores and shops were closed) to the emporium of a Jew dealer in ready-made clothes, who was willing to turn a cent even at irregular time. I purchased a new suit, linen, a portmanteau, and so forth, and shaved off my stubbly beard with razors supplied by the Jew, and before the Jew's private looking-glass. My driver drove quite a trim, ordinary-looking gentleman to the Metropolitan Hotel, instead of the shaggy flannel-shirted Californian who had first engaged him.

Before I engaged a room, I civilly asked the bookkeeper to let me look at the addresses of guests: I was expecting my brother, I said, from Albany. I took good care to say nothing of Heckler or California, and the bookkeeper had no suspicion that my voyages had commenced at any more remote spot than Philadelphia or Baltimore. Yes — Heckler's name was down.

I had guessed he would put up at the Metropolitan, for I had heard him mention the house approvingly in conversation. I hung about the bar and the staircases until I happened to hear that he had gone to bed. Then, I withdrew to think over my own plan of operations. I own I was puzzled. I tossed and tumbled uneasily on my pillow. While hurrying onward it had appeared as if I had but to arrive in time, and the difficulty was at an end; but now, what was I to do? The battle had yet to be fought. What *should* I do? In the morning, no doubt, Heckler would repair to the bank, to present the forged cheque, if not to get the bills discounted. I must stop him. But how? Should I go to the police, and return with the police myrmidons? Not to be thought of! Scandal, exposure, must follow such a step; nay, in the eyes of the law, Heckler might seem an innocent man, and I a false accuser. I next thought of confronting him boldly, and forcing from him, with a pistol at his head, if need be, the property of the firm. But this was too Quixotic a proceeding to be adopted in a first-rate hotel in New York. I was at my wits' end.

Heavens! What a smell of burning, and how stifling and thick the air! Smoke! The house is on fire. Up I sprang, and flung on my clothes in hot haste. "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good." I thought of Joram Heckler as I rang my bell to alarm the people.

"Fire! fire!" The awful cry broke upon the ears of the sleepers, like the trump of doom. Dark clouds of volleying smoke poured along the corridors, flecked here and there by thin ribbons of flame that licked the walls and floors like the tongues of fiery serpents. Shrieks were heard; doors were burst open; men, women, children, rushed out, half-dressed and screaming. There was panic terror and wild confusion. The fire gained ground, the smoke was

blindingly thick, and all fled before it—all but myself. I steadily groped my way towards Joram Heckler's room. I knew the number, and where to find it. I knew that I risked my life, but the stake was worth winning at such a risk. I was very nearly suffocated as I pushed on, holding by the wall, into the thickest of the smoke. Some man, half-dressed, and winged by fear, came rushing by with extended arms, and nearly overturned me. He uttered a savage oath; the red glare of the fire fell on his face; it was Joram Heckler.

He did not recognise me, but dashed on, only mindful of his danger. Had he the papers with him? I thought not. I hoped not. That was *his* room then, the door of which was ajar, and into which the smoke was rolling. Not the smoke alone; I saw a thin red tongue of fire creeping in over the floor, beside the wainscot. I dashed in. My eyes smarted with the smoke, and I gasped for breath, but smoke and fire could not turn me now. Heckler's clothes and dressing-case were as he had laid them; the latter was open: no papers! His valise, too, lay open: no papers! I struck my forehead despairingly. He had them about him then! I was risking life idly. Emma was lost to me! The smoke choked me: the intolerably hot fire had gained the bed: valance and curtains were flaring high in a tall yellow pillar of flame. The subtle tongues of flame almost touched my feet. I must fly, if I would not perish. Outside, I heard the noise of the engines and the cheers of the mob, and then the dash of water, as prodigious efforts were made to extinguish the fire.

I was staggering away, when I saw, peeping from under the bolster of the bed, a Russia-leather pocket-book. The rascal had forgotten it in his blind terror. The blazing curtains fell in fragments upon me, and my hands were a good deal scorched, but I rescued the precious prize. I tore it open. Yes, cheque and bills, all were there! Thrusting it into my breast-pocket, I left the room, and struggled as I best could down the passage. Dash after dash of water, flung from hand-buckets, had partially subdued the flames, and the firemen were gaining the victory. Half smothered, singed, blackened, but with a proudly beating heart, I forced my way down the heated and crowded staircase—reached the outer air, and fainted.

I have little more to tell. I am a partner in the firm: Emma is my wife; her brother recovered from his illness, and is now, in another land, an altered and penitent man. The house of Spalding, Hausermann, and Co. (I am Co.) have granted a pension to the poor girl who was to have been the bride of the luckless Shem Grindrod. Of Heckler we heard no more.

VI.

PICKING UP MISS KIMMEENS.

THE day was by this time waning, when the gate again opened, and, with the brilliant golden light that streamed from the declining sun and touched the very bars of the sooty creature's den, there passed in a little child; a little girl with beautiful bright hair. She wore a plain straw hat, had a door-key in her hand, and tripped towards Mr. Traveller as if she were pleased to see him and were going to repose some childish confidence in him, when she caught sight of the figure behind the bars, and started back in terror.

"Don't be alarmed, darling!" said Mr. Traveller, taking her by the hand.

"Oh, but I don't like it!" urged the shrinking child; "it's dreadful."

"Well! I don't like it, either," said Mr. Traveller.

"Who has put it there?" asked the little girl. "Does it bite?"

"No,—only barks. But can't you make up your mind to see it, my dear?" For she was covering her eyes.

"O no no no!" returned the child. "I cannot bear to look at it!"

Mr. Traveller turned his head towards his friend in there, as much as to ask him how he liked that instance of his success, and then took the child out at the still open gate, and stood talking to her for some half an hour in the mellow sunlight. At length he returned, encouraging her as she held his arm with both her hands; and laying his protecting hand upon her head and smoothing her pretty hair, he addressed his friend behind the bars as follows:

MISS PUPFORD'S establishment for six young ladies of tender years, is an establishment of a compact nature, an establishment in miniature, quite a pocket establishment. Miss Pupford, Miss Pupford's assistant with the Parisian accent, Miss Pupford's cook, and Miss Pupford's housemaid, complete what Miss Pupford calls the educational and domestic staff of her Lilliputian College.

Miss Pupford is one of the most amiable of her sex; it necessarily follows that she possesses a sweet temper, and would own to the possession of a great deal of sentiment if she considered it quite reconcilable with her duty to parents. Deeming it not in the bond, Miss Pupford keeps it as far out of sight as she can—which (God bless her!) is not very far.

Miss Pupford's assistant with the Parisian accent, may be regarded as in some sort an inspired lady, for she never conversed with a Parisian, and was never out of England—except once in the pleasure-boat, Lively, in the foreign waters that ebb and flow two miles off Margate at high water. Even under those geographically favourable circumstances for the acquisition of the French language in its utmost politeness and purity, Miss Pupford's assistant did not fully profit by the opportunity; for, the pleasure-boat, Lively, so strongly asserted its title to its name on that occasion, that she was reduced to the condition of lying in the bottom of the boat pickling in brine—as if she were being salted down for the use of the Navy—undergoing at

the same time great mental alarm, corporeal distress, and clear-starching derangement.

When Miss Pupford and her assistant first foregathered, is not known to men, or pupils. But, it was long ago. A belief would have established itself among pupils that the two once went to school together, were it not for the difficulty and audacity of imagining Miss Pupford born without mittens, and without a front, and without a bit of gold wire among her front teeth, and without little dabs of powder on her neat little face and nose. Indeed, whenever Miss Pupford gives a little lecture on the mythology of the misguided heathens (always carefully excluding Cupid from recognition), and tells how Minerva sprang, perfectly equipped, from the brain of Jupiter, she is half supposed to hint, "So I myself came into the world, completely up in Pinnock, Mangnall, Tables, and the use of the Globes."

Howbeit, Miss Pupford and Miss Pupford's assistant are old old friends. And it is thought by pupils that, after pupils are gone to bed, they even call one another by their christian names in the quiet little parlour. For, once upon a time on a thunderous afternoon, when Miss Pupford fainted away without notice, Miss Pupford's assistant (never heard, before or since, to address her otherwise than as Miss Pupford) ran to her, crying out "My dearest Euphemia!" And Euphemia is Miss Pupford's christian name on the sampler (date picked out) hanging up in the College-hall, where the two peacocks, terrified to death by some German text that is waddling down hill after them out of a cottage, are scuttling away to hide their profiles in two immense bean-stalks growing out of flower-pots.

Also, there is a notion latent among pupils, that Miss Pupford was once in love, and that the beloved object still moves upon this ball. Also, that he is a public character, and a personage of vast consequence. Also, that Miss Pupford's assistant knows all about it. For, sometimes of an afternoon when Miss Pupford has been reading the paper through her little gold eye-glass (it is necessary to read it on the spot, as the boy calls for it, with ill-conditioned punctuality, in an hour), she has become agitated, and has said to her assistant, "G!" Then Miss Pupford's assistant has gone to Miss Pupford, and Miss Pupford has pointed out, with her eye-glass, G in the paper, and then Miss Pupford's assistant has read about G, and has shown sympathy. So stimulated has the pupil-mind been in its time to curiosity on the subject of G, that once, under temporary circumstances favourable to the bold sally, one fearless pupil did actually obtain possession of the paper, and range all over it in search of G, who had been discovered therein by Miss Pupford not ten minutes before. But no G could be identified, except one capital offender who had been executed in a state of great hardihood, and it was not to be supposed that Miss Pupford could ever have loved *him*. Besides, he couldn't be always being executed. Besides, he got into the paper again, alive, within a month.

On the whole, it is suspected by the pupil-mind that G is a short chubby old gentleman, with little black sealing-wax boots up to his knees, whom a sharply observant pupil, Miss Linx, when she once went to Tunbridge Wells with Miss Pupford for the holidays, reported on her return (privately and confidentially) to have seen come capering up to Miss Pupford on the Promenade, and to have detected in the act of squeezing Miss Pupford's hand, and to have heard pronounce the words, "Cruel Euphemia, ever thine!"—or something like that. Miss Linx hazarded a guess that he might be House of Commons, or Money Market, or Court Circular, or Fashionable Movements; which would account for his getting into the paper so often. But, it was fatally objected by the pupil-mind, that none of those notabilities could possibly be spelt with a G.

There are other occasions, closely watched and perfectly comprehended by the pupil-mind, when Miss Pupford imparts with mystery to her assistant that there is special excitement in the morning paper. These occasions are, when Miss Pupford finds an old pupil coming out under the head of Births, or Marriages. Affectionate tears are invariably seen in Miss Pupford's meek little eyes when this is the case; and the pupil-mind, perceiving that its order has distinguished itself —though the fact is never mentioned by Miss Pupford—becomes elevated, and feels that it likewise is reserved for greatness.

Miss Pupford's assistant with the Parisian accent has a little more bone than Miss Pupford, but is of the same trim orderly diminutive cast, and, from long contemplation, admiration, and imitation of Miss Pupford, has grown like her. Being entirely devoted to Miss Pupford, and having a pretty talent for pencil-drawing, she once made a portrait of that lady: which was so instantly identified and hailed by the pupils, that it was done on stone at five shillings. Surely the softest and milkiest stone that ever was quarried, received that likeness of Miss Pupford! The lines of her placid little nose are so undecided in it that strangers to the work of art are observed to be exceedingly perplexed as to where the nose goes to, and involuntarily feel their own noses in a disconcerted manner. Miss Pupford being represented in a state of dejection at an open window, ruminating over a bowl of gold fish, the pupil-mind has settled that the bowl was presented by G, and that he wreathed the bowl with flowers of soul, and that Miss Pupford is depicted as waiting for him on a memorable occasion when he was behind his time.

The approach of the last Midsummer holidays had a particular interest for the pupil-mind, by reason of its knowing that Miss Pupford was bidden, on the second day of those holidays, to the nuptials of a former pupil. As it was impossible to conceal the fact—so extensive were the dress-making preparations—Miss Pupford openly announced it. But, she held it due to

parents to make the announcement with an air of gentle melancholy, as if marriage were (as indeed it exceptionally has been) rather a calamity. With an air of softened resignation and pity, therefore, Miss Pupford went on with her preparations; and meanwhile no pupil ever went up-stairs, or came down, without peeping in at the door of Miss Pupford's bedroom (when Miss Pupford wasn't there), and bringing back some surprising intelligence concerning the bonnet.

The extensive preparations being completed on the day before the holidays, an unanimous entreaty was preferred to Miss Pupford by the pupil-mind—finding expression through Miss Pupford's assistant—that she would deign to appear in all her splendour. Miss Pupford consenting, presented a lovely spectacle. And although the oldest pupil was barely thirteen, every one of the six became in two minutes perfect in the shape, cut, colour, price, and quality, of every article Miss Pupford wore.

Thus delightfully ushered in, the holidays began. Five of the six pupils kissed little Kitty Kimmeens twenty times over (round total, one hundred times, for she was very popular), and so went home. Miss Kitty Kimmeens remained behind, for her relations and friends were all in India, far away. A self-helpful steady little child is Miss Kitty Kimmeens: a dimpled child too, and a loving.

So, the great marriage-day came, and Miss Pupford, quite as much fluttered as any bride could be (G! thought Miss Kitty Kimmeens), went away, splendid to behold, in the carriage that was sent for her. But, not Miss Pupford only went away; for Miss Pupford's assistant went away with her, on a dutiful visit to an aged uncle—though surely the venerable gentleman couldn't live in the gallery of the church where the marriage was to be, thought Miss Kitty Kimmeens—and yet Miss Pupford's assistant had let out that she was going there. Where the cook was going, didn't appear, but she generally conveyed to Miss Kimmeens that she was bound, rather against her will, on a pilgrimage to perform some pious office that rendered new ribbons necessary to her best bonnet, and also sandals to her shoes.

"So you see," said the housemaid, when they were all gone, "there's nobody left in the house but you and me, Miss Kimmeens."

"Nobody else," said Miss Kitty Kimmeens, shaking her curls a little sadly. "Nobody!"

"And you wouldn't like your Bella to go too; would you Miss Kimmeens?" said the housemaid. (She being Bella.)

"N—no," answered little Miss Kimmeens.

"Your poor Bella is forced to stay with you, whether she likes it or not; ain't she, Miss Kimmeens?"

"*Don't* you like it?" inquired Kitty.

"Why, you're such a darling, Miss, that it would be unkind of your Bella to make objections. Yet my brother-in-law has been took unexpected bad by this morning's post. And your poor Bella is much attached to him, letting alone her favourite sister, Miss Kimmeens."

"Is he very ill?" asked little Kitty.

"Your poor Bella has her fears so, Miss Kimmeens," returned the housemaid, with her apron at her eyes. "It was but his inside, it is true, but it might mount, and the doctor said that if it mounted he wouldn't answer." Here the housemaid was so overcome that Kitty administered the only comfort she had ready: which was a kiss.

"If it hadn't been for disappointing Cook, dear Miss Kimmeens," said the housemaid, "your Bella would have asked her to stay with you. For Cook is sweet company, Miss Kimmeens; much more so than your own poor Bella."

"But you are very nice, Bella."

"Your Bella could wish to be so, Miss Kimmeens," returned the housemaid, "but she knows full well that it do not lay in her power this day."

With which despondent conviction, the housemaid drew a heavy sigh, and shook her head, and dropped it on one side.

"If it had been anyways right to disappoint Cook," she pursued, in a contemplative and abstracted manner, "it might have been so easy done! I could have got to my brother-in-law's, and had the best part of the day there, and got back, long before our ladies come home at night, and neither the one nor the other of them need never have known it. Not that Miss Pupford would at all object, but that it might put her out, being tender-hearted. Hows'ever, your own poor Bella, Miss Kimmeens," said the housemaid, rousing herself, "is forced to stay with you, and you're a precious love, if not a liberty."

"Bella," said little Kitty, after a short silence.

"Call your own poor Bella, *your* Bella, dear," the housemaid besought her.

"My Bella, then."

"Bless your considerate heart!" said the housemaid.

"If you would not mind leaving me, I should not mind being left. I am not afraid to stay in the house alone. And you need not be uneasy on my account, for I would be very careful to do no harm."

"Oh! As to harm, you more than sweetest, if not a liberty," exclaimed the housemaid, in a rapture, "your Bella could trust you anywhere, being so steady, and so answerable. The oldest head in this house (me and Cook says), but for its bright hair, is Miss Kimmeens. But no, I will not leave you; for you would think your Bella unkind."

"But if you are my Bella, you *must* go," returned the child.

"Must I?" said the housemaid, rising, on the whole with alacrity. "What must be, must be, Miss Kimmeens. Your own poor Bella acts according, though unwilling. But go or stay, your own poor Bella loves you, Miss Kimmeens."

It was certainly go, and not stay, for within five minutes Miss Kimmeens's own poor Bella—so much improved in point of spirits as to have

grown almost sanguine on the subject of her brother-in-law — went her way, in apparel that seemed to have been expressly prepared for some festive occasion. Such are the changes of this fleeting world, and so short-sighted are we poor mortals!

When the house door closed with a bang and a shake, it seemed to Miss Kimmeens to be a very heavy house door, shutting her up in a wilderness of a house. But, Miss Kimmeens being, as before stated, of a self-reliant and methodical character, presently began to parcel out the long summer-day before her.

And first she thought she would go all over the house, to make quite sure that nobody with a great-coat on and a carving-knife in it, had got under one of the beds or into one of the cupboards. Not that she had ever before been troubled by the image of anybody armed with a great-coat and a carving-knife, but that it seemed to have been shaken into existence by the shake and the bang of the great street door, reverberating through the solitary house. So, little Miss Kimmeens looked under the five empty beds of the five departed pupils, and looked under her own bed, and looked under Miss Pupford's bed, and looked under Miss Pupford's assistant's bed. And when she had done this, and was making the tour of the cupboards, the disagreeable thought came into her young head, What a very alarming thing it would be to find somebody with a mask on, like Guy Fawkes, hiding bolt upright in a corner and pretending not to be alive! However, Miss Kimmeens having finished her inspection without making any such uncomfortable discovery, sat down in her tidy little manner to needlework, and began stitching away at a great rate.

The silence all about her soon grew very oppressive, and the more so because of the odd inconsistency that the more silent it was, the more noises there were. The noise of her own needle and thread as she stitched, was infinitely louder in her ears than the stitching of all the six pupils, and of Miss Pupford, and of Miss Pupford's assistant, all stitching away at once on a highly emulative afternoon. Then, the schoolroom clock conducted itself in a way in which it had never conducted itself before—fell lame, somehow, and yet persisted in running on as hard and as loud as it could: the consequence of which behaviour was, that it staggered among the minutes in a state of the greatest confusion, and knocked them about in all directions without appearing to get on with its regular work. Perhaps this alarmed the stairs; but be that as it might, they began to creak in a most unusual manner, and then the furniture began to crack, and then poor little Miss Kimmeens, not liking the furtive aspect of things in general, began to sing as she stitched. But, it was not her own voice that she heard—it was somebody else making believe to be Kitty, and singing excessively flat, without any heart—so as that would never mend matters, she left off again.

By-and-by, the stitching became so palpable a failure that Miss Kitty Kimmeens folded her work neatly, and put it away in its box, and gave it up. Then the question arose about reading. But no; the book that was so delightful when there was somebody she loved for her eyes to fall on when they rose from the page, had not more heart in it than her own singing now. The book went to its shelf as the needlework had gone to its box, and, since something *must* be done—thought the child, "I'll go put my room to rights."

She shared her room with her dearest little friend among the other five pupils, and why then should she now conceive a lurking dread of the little friend's bedstead? But, she did. There was a stealthy air about its innocent white curtains, and there were even dark hints of a dead girl lying under the coverlet. The great want of human company, the great need of a human face, began now to express itself in the facility with which the furniture put on strange exaggerated resemblances to human looks. A chair with a menacing frown was horribly out of temper in a corner; a most vicious chest of drawers snarled at her from between the windows. It was no relief to escape from those monsters to the looking-glass, for the reflexion said, "What? Is that you all alone there? How you stare!" And the background was all a great void stare as well.

The day dragged on, dragging Kitty with it very slowly by the hair of her head, until it was time to eat. There were good provisions in the pantry, but their right flavour and relish had evaporated with the five pupils, and Miss Pupford, and Miss Pupford's assistant, and the cook and housemaid. Where was the use of laying the cloth symmetrically for one small guest, who had gone on ever since the morning growing smaller and smaller, while the empty house had gone on swelling larger and larger? The very Grace came out wrong, for who were "we" who were going to receive and be thankful? So, Miss Kimmeens was *not* thankful, and found herself taking her dinner in very slovenly style—gobbling it up, in short, rather after the manner of the lower animals, not to particularise the pigs.

But, this was by no means the worst of the change wrought out in the naturally loving and cheery little creature as the solitary day wore on. She began to brood and be suspicious. She discovered that she was full of wrongs and injuries. All the people she knew, got tainted by her lonely thoughts and turned bad.

It was all very well for Papa, a widower in India, to send her home to be educated, and to pay a handsome round sum every year for her to Miss Pupford, and to write charming letters to his darling little daughter; but what did he care for her being left by herself, when he was (as no doubt he always was) enjoying himself in company from morning till night? Perhaps he only sent her here, after all, to get her out of the way. It looked like it—looked like it to-day, that is, for she had never dreamed of such a thing before.

And this old pupil who was being married. It was insupportably conceited and selfish in the old pupil to be married. She was very vain, and very glad to show off; but it was highly probable that she wasn't pretty; and even if she were pretty (which Miss Kimmeens now totally denied), she had no business to be married; and, even if marriage were conceded, she had no business to ask Miss Pupford to her wedding. As to Miss Pupford, she was too old to go to any wedding. She ought to know that. She had much better attend to her business. She had thought she looked nice in the morning, but she didn't look nice. She was a stupid old thing. G was another stupid old thing. Miss Pupford's assistant was another. They were all stupid old things together.

More than that: it began to be obvious that this was a plot. They had said to one another, "Never mind Kitty; you get off, and I'll get off; and we'll leave Kitty to look after herself. Who cares for *her?*" To be sure they were right in that question; for who *did* care for her, a poor little lonely thing against whom they all planned and plotted? Nobody, nobody! Here Kitty sobbed.

At all other times she was the pet of the whole house, and loved her five companions in return with a child's tenderest and most ingenuous attachment; but now, the five companions put on ugly colours, and appeared for the first time under a sullen cloud. There they were, all at their homes that day, being made much of, being taken out, being spoilt and made disagreeable, and caring nothing for her! It was like their artful selfishness always to tell her when they came back, under pretence of confidence and friendship, all those details about where they had been, and what they had done and seen, and how often they had said "O! If we had only darling little Kitty here!" Here indeed! I dare say! When they came back after the holidays, they were used to being received by Kitty, and to saying that coming to Kitty was like coming to another home. Very well then, why did they go away? If they meant it, why did they go away? Let them answer that. But they didn't mean it, and couldn't answer that, and they didn't tell the truth, and people who didn't tell the truth were hateful. When they came back next time, they should be received in a new manner; they should be avoided and shunned.

And there, the while she sat all alone revolving how ill she was used, and how much better she was than the people who were not alone, the wedding breakfast was going on: no question of it! With a nasty great bride-cake, and with those ridiculous orange-flowers, and with that conceited bride, and that hideous bridegroom, and those heartless bridesmaids, and Miss Pupford stuck up at the table! They thought they were enjoying themselves, but it would come home to them one day to have thought so. They would all be dead in a few years, let them enjoy themselves ever so much. It was a religious comfort to know that.

It was such a comfort to know it, that little Miss Kitty Kimmeens suddenly sprang from the chair in which she had been musing in a corner, and cried out, "O those envious thoughts are not mine, O this wicked creature isn't me! Help me somebody! I go wrong, alone by my weak self. Help me anybody!"

"—Miss Kimmeens is not a professed philosopher, sir," said Mr. Traveller, presenting her at the barred window, and smoothing her shining hair, "but I apprehend there was some tincture of philosophy in her words, and in the prompt action with which she followed them. That action was, to emerge from her unnatural solitude, and look abroad for wholesome sympathy, to bestow and to receive. Her footsteps strayed to this gate, bringing her here by chance, as an apposite contrast to you. The child came out, sir. If you have the wisdom to learn from a child (but I doubt it, for that requires more wisdom than one in your condition would seem to possess), you cannot do better than imitate the child, and come out too—from that very demoralising hutch of yours."

VII.

PICKING UP THE TINKER.

It was now sunset. The Hermit had betaken himself to his bed of cinders half an hour ago, and lying on it in his blanket and skewer with his back to the window, took not the smallest heed of the appeal addressed to him.

All that had been said for the last two hours, had been said to a tinkling accompaniment performed by the Tinker, who had got to work upon some villager's pot or kettle, and was working briskly outside. This music still continuing, seemed to put it into Mr. Traveller's mind to have another word or two with the Tinker. So, holding Miss Kimmeens (with whom he was now on the most friendly terms) by the hand, he went out at the gate to where the Tinker was seated at his work on the patch of grass on the opposite side of the road, with his wallet of tools open before him, and his little fire smoking.

"I am glad to see you employed," said Mr. Traveller.

"I am glad to *be* employed," returned the Tinker, looking up as he put the finishing touches to his job. "But why are you glad?"

"I thought you were a lazy fellow when I saw you this morning."

"I was only disgusted," said the Tinker.

"Do you mean with the fine weather?"

"With the fine weather?" repeated the Tinker, staring.

"You told me you were not particular as to weather, and I thought——"

"Ha, ha! How should such as me get on, if we *was* particklar as to weather? We must take it as it comes, and make the best of it. There's something good in all weathers. If it don't happen to be good for my work to-day, it's good for some other man's to-day, and will

come round to me to-morrow. We must all live."

"Pray shake hands!" said Mr. Traveller.

"Take care, sir," was the Tinker's caution, as he reached up his hand in surprise; "the black comes off."

"I am glad of it," said Mr. Traveller. "I have been for several hours among other black that does not come off."

"You are speaking of Tom in there?"

"Yes."

"Well now," said the Tinker, blowing the dust off his job: which was finished. "Ain't it enough to disgust a pig, if he could give his mind to it?"

"If he could give his mind to it," returned the other, smiling, "the probability is that he wouldn't be a pig."

"There you clench the nail," returned the Tinker. "Then what's to be said for Tom?"

"Truly, very little."

"Truly nothing you mean, sir," said the Tinker, as he put away his tools.

"A better answer, and (I freely acknowledge) my meaning. I infer that he was the cause of your disgust?"

"Why, look'ee here, sir," said the Tinker, rising to his feet, and wiping his face on the corner of his black apron energetically; "I leave you to judge!—I ask you!—Last night I has a job that needs to be done in the night, and I works all night. Well, there's nothing in that. But this morning I comes along this road here, looking for a sunny and soft spot to sleep in, and I sees this desolation and ruination. I've lived myself in desolation and ruination; I knows many a fellow-creetur that's forced to live, life long, in desolation and ruination; and I sits me down and takes pity on it, as I casts my eyes about. Then comes up the long-winded one as I told you of, from that gate, and spins himself out like a silkworm concerning the Donkey (if my Donkey at home will excuse me) as has made it all—made it of his own choice! And tells me, if you please, of his likewise choosing to go ragged and naked, and grimy—maskerading, mountebanking, in what is the real hard lot of thousands and thousands! Why, then I say it's a unbearable and nonsensical piece of inconsistency, and I'm disgusted. I'm ashamed and disgusted!"

"I wish you would come and look at him," said Mr. Traveller, clapping the Tinker on the shoulder.

"Not I, sir," he rejoined. "*I* ain't a going to flatter him up, by looking at him!"

"But he is asleep."

"Are you sure he is asleep?" asked the Tinker, with an unwilling air, as he shouldered his wallet.

"Sure."

"Then I'll look at him for a quarter of a minute," said the Tinker, "since you so much wish it; but not a moment longer."

They all three went back across the road; and, through the barred window, by the dying glow of the sunset coming in at the gate—which the child held open for its admission—he could be pretty clearly discerned lying on his bed.

"You see him?" asked Mr. Traveller.

"Yes," returned the Tinker, "and he's worse than I thought him."

Mr. Traveller then whispered in few words what he had done since morning; and asked the Tinker what he thought of that?

"I think," returned the Tinker, as he turned from the window, "that you've wasted a day on him."

"I think so too; though not, I hope, upon myself. Do you happen to be going anywhere near the Peal of Bells?"

"That's my direct way, sir," said the Tinker.

"I invite you to supper there. And as I learn from this young lady that she goes some three-quarters of a mile in the same direction, we will drop her on the road, and we will spare time to keep her company at her garden gate until her own Bella comes home."

So, Mr. Traveller, and the child, and the Tinker, went along very amicably in the sweet-scented evening; and the moral with which the Tinker dismissed the subject was, that he said in his trade that metal that rotted for want of use, had better be left to rot, and couldn't rot too soon, considering how much true metal rotted from over-use and hard service.

THE END OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR 1861.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S SERIAL,

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